

Don't pay any attention to the disagreeable things people say about you — if they are not true, advises the Indianapolis News.

Exclaims the Philadelphia Record, what a paradise would be this earth, especially that part of it known as the United States, if all ante-election promises were realized!

"Death by electrocution," asseverates a New York physician, "is painless if the shock is rightly administered." Still, objects the Louisville Courier-Journal, it is undignified and injurious to the reputation.

The code of ethics which governs the legal profession is perhaps less rigid than that which controls the medical men. Perhaps it is more rigidly enforced, suggests the Louisville Courier-Journal, but as to this there are likely to be two opinions. At any rate the lawyers have a chance at one another in public.

As Niagara attracts by its very grandeur, muses the New York World, so every human movement either for good or for ill, and whether formidable or insignificant, exercises an influence far greater than those who direct it may imagine. There is a lure to life and progress as well as a lure to disgrace and death.

The best defense that is made of boxing is that it familiarizes men with the art of self-defense, maintains the New York World, and the most that can be said in behalf of prize fighting is that it is favored in those countries whose people are more likely to resent injury with their fists than with knives or firearms.

Proposes the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle: One of the future reforms for making city life tolerable will be an ordinance requiring milk and delivery wagons to have their wheels shod with solid rubber tires. An iron tire and a brick pavement make a combination as disturbing to the quiet of a neighborhood as an old fashioned Fourth of July.

The Louisville Courier Journal contends: Legislation or no legislation, its struggle with the problems of farm life—if nothing else be ever done—may do something to arouse the rural population of the United States to the expedience of bringing more ease and more aestheticism into their lot and to the economical value of making life on the farm more attractive, that sons and daughters may stay.

It is reported to the Washington Post, that many letters have been received already pointing out some of the handicaps under which farmers labor and suggesting more or less novel remedies. Among the farmers' grievances are bad roads, excessive charges by middlemen, poor educational facilities and scarcity of competent labor. Doubtless a few score additional drawbacks to perfect farm life will come to light as the commission pursues its inquiries.

It is reported by army officers that Virginia produces the sturdiest and strongest horses known to this country, notes the New York American. The famous Shenandoah Valley, where the waters are clear and pure, the grass nutritious and plentiful, and the air bracing and invigorating, the best saddle animals known to the cavalry are raised. Heretofore the belief has been that Kentucky thoroughbreds; and, in a measure, this continues to be true. But now Virginia becomes a rival. Of late years, too, this industry has thrived throughout the country as never before. Prices, also, have more than trebled. It was not so long ago that a good roadster could be had for \$100. Now the figure is from \$250 to \$400.

The author of "The Cossacks," of "War and Peace," and of "Anna Karenina" is secure of fame. He is one of the glories of Russian literature, which he did more than any other writer to make a living force in the literature of the world, asserts the Philadelphia Ledger. There had been Gogol before him, but "Dead Souls" is too narrowly Russian to be cosmopolitan; and there had been Turgenieff, but he was too cosmopolitan to be distinctly Russian, and his influence was diffused from Paris. Tolstoy, intensely Russian, was also intensely human, and his work had a depth and strength, a searching truthfulness, a largeness of proportion and a certainty of artistic execution that seemed to open a new vista in modern fiction. He changed its whole outlook and its method, and every important novel that has been written since has in some way shown Tolstoy's influence.

A PALACE OF THE PAST.

I have looked on marble mansions
Crowned with turrets and with domes,
I have revelled in the beauty
Of earth's rare palatial homes;
But not one of these seems shining
With a glory that shall last,
Like that dear old home of childhood,
My fair palace of the past.

Never once guessed I its glory
White as yet I lingered there,
For on every side were houses
That to me seemed far more fair;
But long years of tears and trials
Have a halo o'er it cast,
Till I see now, oh, how plainly,
This a palace of the past!

In that home I dwell in grandeur that
Kings can never know,
For my mouth was filled with laughter
And my heart had not a woe;
And in arms of love entwined I was
Dowered with riches vast,
For affections were the treasures of that
Palace of the past.

What a retinue of servants—
Waited on my bidding there;
Clad each one in loveliness—
Richer robes than princes wear!

How those hands would haste to help me,
And those feet would follow fast
To supply each childish craving
In my palace of the past!

And those faces that bent o'er me
In that happy home once mine,
Lo, they gleam like stars at midnight,
And forever shall they shine!
Time has touched all those that linger
And o'er some death's veil is cast,
But to me they are immortal
In my palace of the past!

And one face above all others
Must with peerless lustre glow—
Yes, a sweeter, nobler vision
All bright memories are hushed,
On this earth I never shall know!
Round that face like clustering jewels
For my mother was the princess,
Of my palace of the past!

O thou haunt of happy childhood!
Shined for aye within my heart,
More art thou than recollection,
For when God unveils that mansion
Thou a holy prophet art!
Where all hope shall be surpassed,
Lo, on heavenly heights, transfigured,
See, the palace of the past!

—Louis M. Waterman, in Christian Herald.

Between Bears and Bees

By HERBERT COOLIDGE

Mr. H. is one of the most successful mining men in California. It seems odd to some that a man of his wealth and influence should look back to the poverty and hardships of a prospector's life and say, sometimes a little wistfully, "Those were good old days."

Like most men who have long roamed the mountains and deserts, he is an extremely interesting talker. Some years ago, when he came to visit a son who was a classmate of mine at Stanford University, I had the pleasure of meeting him. The following is his account of an experience with bees and bears.

I have what is sometimes called a "sweet tooth." About my only extravagance is to buy a dime's worth of chocolates occasionally, and eat them at one sitting. This fondness for sweets once made a bear family and a colony of bees and me a great deal of trouble.

When I was working a prospect in Shasta county I ran out of sugar. One day, after I had lived several weeks on the plainest of camp fare minus sweetening, I discovered a bee cave in a canyon wall that overhangs Pitt river. I at once lost all interest in mining, and hurrying to my camp, worked all afternoon and evening on a bee-smoker. The finished product was crude to look at; but when I considered that it was made of a rubber-boat top, a piece of "whang leather," a couple of shakes and an oyster can with a hole in the bottom, and, moreover, that it worked perfectly, I was very well satisfied.

Some people sulphur bees, thus destroying every member of a colony to get their store; but I had learned from an old apiculturist that by means of a bee-smoker loaded with burning cloth, one could render them too stupid to sting without doing them injury. Early the next morning I set out after honey. The cave opened about ten feet from the top of the cliff. A stout juniper-tree afforded safe anchorage for my rope, and made my descent an easy matter. The aperture, which was large enough to admit me in a half upright position, went back into the cliff about five feet, to a couple of fissures. These fissures varied from a foot to a foot and a half in width, and must have contained tons of honey, being hung full of comb, and judging from the humming that ensued from the bowels of the cliff, of great depth.

So far things had worked out so well that I already saw myself returning to camp with a couple of water buckets full of honey. Then the tide turned. When I began pumping smoke into one fissure, the bees came boiling out of the other. I turned the bellows on them, and unsmoked re-enforcements came from the inner recesses of the first fissure.

They were little black rascals of the wild variety; and to save myself from being smothered by their swarming on my veil, I turned the bellows upon myself, held my breath till I could get out of the tunnel, then climbed my rope.

I popped up over the edge of the cliff, and found myself confronted by a big she grizzly. Evidently she had just emerged from the brush. We were both greatly surprised.

Heretofore my experience with bears had been limited to an occasional glimpse of one clawing up the earth in frantic haste to escape the scent and sound of man. There were a dozen bees under my veil, as many more were burrowing in my hair, and I awaited the bear's plunge for the brush with some impatience. Then a fat, saucy cub came lapping out from the brush, and the mother, with the stern glint of maternal duty in her eye, made a lunge forward.

I retired. I went back to the unfriendly bees. The smoker was lying where I had let it fall, and I grabbed it up and worked the shake handles back and forth until the punctured oyster can emitted smoke in volumes. The bees became the central fact now. I forgot that there were such things as bears.

I might have died in that cave had I not kept my wits about me. But before the bees became too thick, I thought to wrap my coat about my head and throw myself on the floor. I lay there, working the bellows for all it was worth, until I nearly smothered. When I could stand it no longer, I ventured to uncover my head, and was rejoiced to find that the bees were pretty well "under the influence," and that there was a little stream of good air at the bottom of the cave. The moment I got my breath, I reloaded my magazine with rags and pumped

smoke into both of those fissures until the wrathful hum of the occupants became a low, drawsy murmur.

Then I went to the entrance of the cave, cleared my lungs of burnt rag fumes, and reconnoitered the bear family. Fortunate it was that with my bee stings cause little or no swelling, or I should have had no eyesight for reconnoitering.

There was no trouble in locating the bears. The old grizzly was peering over the edge of the cliff, about fifteen feet from the juniper tree to which I had tied my rope. Apparently she was planning a descent upon me, but did not like the looks of the smoke pouring out of the mouth of my retreat. The cub was sitting near by, staring solemnly down into the chasm.

I now noticed for the first time that just below Mother Bruin there were some irregularities running along the stanting face of the cliff, which gave evidence of having been used by bears as footholds in gaining access to the cavern. I had a light crowbar with me, and I took the tool, and knocked off some knobs, which, by their claw-warm surfaces, gave evidence of having aided generations of bears in entering the bees storehouse. By hanging on to my rope with one hand and using the bar as a club, I managed to clear the cliff of projections for a distance of six feet from the mouth of the cave.

While I was doing this, Mother Bruin stalked back and forth just above me, eyeing my operations beligerently. The little fellow interested himself with the movements of the rope as it twitched convulsively under the shifting strain of my weight, whereupon his wise mother removed him from possible harm by a rough clout over the head that rolled him over and over, and made him whimper mournfully. The cub was a comical mixture of gravity and mischief, and I took a liking to him from the first.

As a finishing touch in making dangerous the trail of the bears, I improvised a swab by tying one of the snudge rags to the end of my crowbar, and with this implement smeared the approach, with a slippery coat of crushed honeycomb. I thought this quite a stroke of genius, and was regarding my work with a grin of satisfaction, when the bear, obviously drawn on by the sight and smell of the sweets, hurried to the end of the trail and began to descend.

My face straightened out with a jerk. Like many a complacent theorist before me, I found myself filled with alarm at the prospect of my scheme being subjected to a practical test. I suddenly remembered that I knew little as to the clinging capacities of the bear family, and was not at all sure that the grizzly could not reach me.

A moment later, when I saw the nimbleness with which she advanced along the face of the cliff, I became quite sure that she could enter the cave on a trot. It was a trying moment for me. I noticed, as I tore off the sticky swab rag from the end of the crowbar, that my fingers were all in a flutter. This passed in a few seconds, though. I awaited the approach of the bear, bar in hand, with a considerable degree of steadiness, but with little stomach for a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly on the face of that precipice.

Apparently the bear did not approve of the place as a site for a battle-field either; for just at this time, to my great relief, she halted, and seemed in more than half a mind to back out. After a few moments she began moving forward again, although more slowly and warily.

She was seemingly drawn on quite as much by the sight and smell of the honey as by the desire to exterminate me. Reaching the "greased" approach, she stopped and began lapping greedily at the crushed honeycomb. She enjoyed the honey, that was evident; but my presence at the feast annoyed her, and she showed her displeasure by skinning her teeth and shooting me baleful glances. The slipperiness of the approach now appeared still more like a baitline, and although nearly right with nervous tension, I began to feel a little foolish.

But in a few minutes it came out that, after all, the laugh was on the bear. She became very busy and worried in search for a knob on which to rest her forefoot, and a little later decided that she dared advance no farther. After polishing the cliff as far as the end of her tongue would reach, she stood shifting from one foot to

another, a very sour-visaged, disgruntled grizzly. I could have laughed her to scorn, but decided to postpone this until I was safe within the four walls of my cabin.

All this time the cub had been squatting above us, watching his mother lapping honey, his jaws dripping saliva. I have a sweet tooth myself, and holding nothing against the youngster for being the son of such a cross-grained brute of a parent, I tossed him up three slabs of honeycomb, each about the size of a home-made pumpkin pie.

A little later his joyful, honey-smearing countenance reappeared over the cliff. But this time he found me busy. I was working out a deep design against his mother.

Below the sharply slanting cliff, along which the bears for generations had worked their way to the cave, the cliff cut inward, leaving a sheer descent of nearly a hundred feet into one of the tank-like pools of Pitt River.

With dark intentions against Mother Bruin's footing, I tossed her a piece of honeycomb, as I thought, well beyond her reach. But instead of making a headlong dive for it, as I had hoped, she carefully readjusted her footing, and reaching far over with her paw, hooked in the dainty morsel and devoured it with great gusto. I threw her another piece somewhat farther from her, but this, she decided, after several cautious trials, was not worth the candle.

It was one of the pranks of my thoughtless boyhood to poke old Tige's bone with a long stick, and laugh to see the faithful, friendly old fellow bristle and snarl like a mad hyena. Reflecting that the untutored and violent grizzly might likewise forget herself, I threw a chunk of comb within easy reach of her and prodded it with the bar.

I hope never again to witness such an overboiling of malignity, at any rate, not as such close range. The brute's demonstration left me with a shaky feeling about the knees and no desire for further experimentation. It instantly occurred to me, however, that I was treading, to all intents and purposes, and that after my smudge rags gave out, the bees would question my intentions of becoming a steady boarder.

This thought revived my courage. I tossed as generous slab of honeycomb on top of the piece she had considered not worth the candle, and with uplifted bar and taunting shout, made as if to drive her back. For a moment she stood dodging at my feints and snarling terribly; then, with blazing eyes fixed on the morsel, she dared too far, her front feet slipped, and over she went.

I had always thought that bears had the faculty of landing on their feet like a cat, and maybe they do; but this bear hit the water flat on her back, making a hole in the river that would have held a small cabin.

For a man it would have been a half-day's journey from the spot where she landed and disappeared in the brush to where the cub was at the top of the cliff. But fearing that the mother grizzly would return by some short cut, I delayed my departure only long enough to fill one of my buckets with honey. Abandoning all the rest of my outfit, I climbed up to the top of the cliff, said good-by to the cub, and set off for camp on a swinging trot.—Youth's Companion.

HOG HEAVEN IN KANSAS.

Alfalfa, on 750,000 of Her Acres, Tempts Porker, and Enriches Owner.

"An alfalfa field is said to be a hog's idea of heaven." So says F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas Department of Agriculture, in a burst of lyric rapture. Mr. Coburn has won national fame for the glamor of poetry he has cast about some seemingly prosaic facts of rural industry, and his muse has never had a more gracious theme than the royal vegetable that has so far surpassed the man who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before that it makes two hogs grow where before there was none. Although the farmers of California knew thirty years ago of the magic possibilities of alfalfa, the great plains are making up for their later start by their present zeal. Kansas is now the first of all the states in its production. Within her borders 750,000 acres of sun-kissed alfalfa tempt the smiling hog. Prosperity hung up her hat and settled down to stay about the time when Kansas farmers began to show a proper appreciation of this divine plant. Alfalfa supplies an apparent oversight of Providence by furnishing just the elements that other foodstuffs lack, and so it puts a solid foundation under the dairy interests of Kansas. It is far superior to red clover as a soil restorer, gives two or three times as much hay per acre, and its seed is often worth more than the hay. It is "a meatmaker, milkmaker and money-maker." It enriches not only the land, but the grower as well. "It makes poor land good, and good land better." "It is the preserver and the conservator of the homestead. It does not fall from old age. It loves the sunshine, converting the sunbeams into gold coin in the pockets of the thrifty husbandman."

This is answered the old question: "What is the matter with Kansas?" Since the advent of alfalfa there has been nothing the matter with Kansas.—Collier's Weekly.

And a Bite.

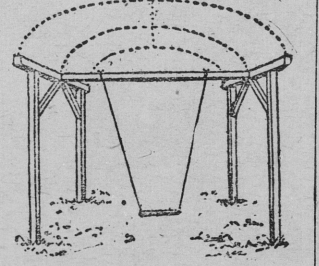
"I don't like mosquitoes."
"Of course you don't."
"They're always trying to take a drink on me."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

NEW YORK PRIZE POLICE STEED



LIEUTENANT CORBETT MOUNTED ON THE FINEST POLICE HORSE IN THE CITY.

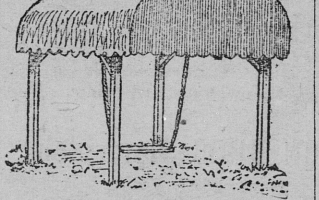
Making a Lawn Swing.
Where there are no trees suitable for attaching a swing rope, an artificial arrangement must be made use of, if the children are to enjoy the delights of a swing. Not only are strong points for the attachment of



Framework of Swing.

the rope necessary, but shade for the swing is also needed, since its use will be in the hot weather of the summer. In absence of suitable trees, then we can erect some such framework as that shown in Fig. 1, the four posts of which are firmly set in the ground, explains Farm and Home. These posts should be four by four inches, with cross pieces and braces three by four. The height may be ten feet, or even twelve, above ground. The width and length can, of course, be what anyone may choose. In any case both length and width should be well proportioned to the height to make the whole look well.

To make a roof covering for this frame, bend three thin strips of ash



The Swing Completed.

or other pliant wood and secure them in the places shown by the dotted lines, running a cross piece of the same along the ridge, as suggested, to hold the whole firmly in place. It remains now only to cover the top with an awning, as shown in Fig. 2, to make the whole complete. This will be provided not only a shady swinging place, but when the rope is thrown up out of the way, there will be a shady spot to which easy chairs may be brought from the house for the use of the "grown-ups," while the children will find it a comfortable place for play of other kinds when enough of swinging has been had.

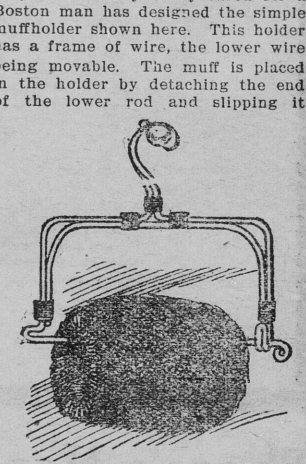
Could Not Plead.

Lugi Pina, a prisoner at Bow street Police Court, London, surprised the presiding magistrate by saying that his original intention was to plead "not guilty," "but," he said, "when I heard the prosecutor swear on the Bible that the purse contained £16, I felt bound to tell the truth and say there was only £9."

Milk For China.

England sends to China every year 6,000,000 pounds of condensed milk and 5,000,000 pounds of biscuits.

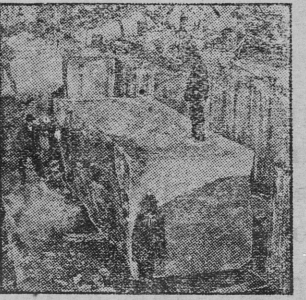
Holder For Muffs.
Up to the present time no provision has been made for properly caring for women's muffs. It is impossible to support them on the hooks on the hat rack, and generally they are allowed to lie on the table, to the detriment of the fur. To show that they can be very easily cared for a Boston man has designed the simple muffholder shown here. This holder has a frame of wire, the lower wire being movable. The muff is placed in the holder by detaching the end of the lower rod and slipping it



through the opening of the muff. The hook is then slipped into position and the holder suspended in a convenient place by means of the hook at the top.—Washington Star.

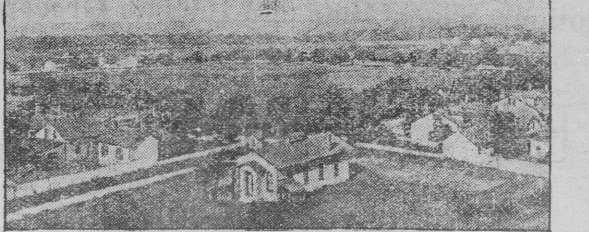
Marvelous Electric Railroad.

Genoa and Milan are to be connected by a marvelous electric railroad, eighty-five miles in length, which is to cost \$47,000,000. The excessive cost of it is owing to the nature of the country through which the line will pass. It will require nineteen tunnels, one of which will be twelve miles long. There will be 372 bridges and the road will be six years in the course of construction. The cost of the line per mile alone will be \$500,000 per mile. The line will be double tracked and there will be no grade crossings. Trains will consist of three cars, each accommodating fifty persons. It is proposed to run twenty trains a day, and it is estimated that the daily traffic will be 6000 passengers. A very complete schedule has been arranged to take care of the express and local traffic as well as the freight of that section of the country. The power will be derived from a 24,000 horse-power hydraulic generating plant.



Largest block of marble ever quarried in the United States. It was taken out of a quarry near Knoxville, Tenn., and contains 1000 cubic feet.—Earle Harrison, Tennessee, in Leslie's Weekly.

A Typical Frontier Army Post.



FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA.