

The starry flag is to be raised over every schoolhouse in Missouri.

The King of Portugal's precious life is insured for \$400,000. London companies carry the risk.

"The nations of Christendom are everywhere arbiters of the fate of non-Christian nations," boasts the New York Observer.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, believes in making temperance a part of the compulsory education in our public schools.

Hypnotism is becoming a too convenient cloak for all kinds of human weakness and wickedness, protests the New York Mail and Express. It is an exceedingly popular substitute for the worn-out insanity ploy.

The Pittsburg coal men say they are not afraid of the long-distance transmission of electricity generated by water power, as they can send a ton of coal by water a thousand miles at a cost of twenty-five cents.

Under a recent law foreign dogs are no longer admitted into Iceland. The measure is due to the fact that in 1893 a foreign dog was proved to have introduced a malady previously unknown which killed the greater part of the shepherd's dogs on the island.

Some idea of the extent of the trade in chewing gum may be gained from the shipment recently of three cars of one kind of gum to Louisville. The shipment was one single order and was not considered especially noteworthy by the firm making the shipment from Chicago.

The competition of electric cars in Connecticut causes the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad so much apprehension, says the American Agriculturist, that statistics are being prepared to show the legislature how the great road will suffer if electric roads are allowed to parallel it. The New Haven road will also fight in the courts to shut out electric roads.

The distance which derelicts traverse is much greater than is generally supposed. A careful record of observations has resulted in the preparation of a chart which shows that the hulk of the schooner Fannie E. Wolston has drifted, during the last five years, more than 10,000 miles. This calculation is based on forty-six reports of its having been sighted. Another derelict, which began its wanderings in 1891, drifted about 3,500 miles up to the time it was last seen, when it had been afloat 615 days. The W. L. White, another floating terror of the sea, roamed over the North Atlantic for 310 days, covering in that time about 6,000 miles.

Statistics are demonstrating that embezzlement, like suicide, is chronic, laments the San Francisco Argonaut. It had its periods of epidemic, when it seems to be almost universal, and then again it subsides, and assumes a sporadic form, when a single case attracts general attention. The figures are quite curious. During the eleven years beginning with 1884 and ending with 1894, the total amount of bank embezzlements footed up \$127,000,000. Prior to 1884, they averaged about \$2,000,000 a year. But in 1884 the Grant & Ward catastrophe raised the total above \$20,000,000 and the footing for the year was \$22,154,000. It then fell back to an average of about \$3,000,000 until in 1889 when it jumped to \$8,000,000 and hung round that figure till 1892, when it nearly reached \$20,000,000 and 1894 when it amounted to \$25,234,112. Statisticians now figure that for the next eight or ten years it will be safe to reckon on \$45,000,000 a year. Of the \$25,234,000 lost by defalcations in 1894, \$9,147,000 were lost in New York, the banking centre of the country. The next state in the list, strange to say, was Tennessee, where the leading banks had been unsound for years, and liquidation long postponed led to a disclosure of defalcations amounting to \$4,161,000. Illinois, with defalcation amounting to \$1,813,000, fills the third place; here the losses and frauds may be traced to speculations connected with the World's Fair. Iowa, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Michigan and Ohio follow in order, and California joins the procession with defalcations amounting to \$622,000. The other States figure for comparatively small sums. It is manifest that the heaviest embezzlements take place in the cities where clerks handle the largest sums, and where the opportunities of speculating with stolen money are most frequent.

Three Kisses of Farewell.
Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer lavished heat.
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again,
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye or hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Barred, forgiven before it comes
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We always will,
We shall retrace until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling all for joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O, my darling,
My love, I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may die and never see each other,
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breath,
This one last kiss my darling, seals
The kiss of death.

—SARAH HOLMES.

RIDING TO DEATH.

My name is Morgan Grenoble and today I have reached the turning point of my thirtieth year.
People say that I look "odd," with almost snow white hair, and wonder how it came to be thus to one so young.
Eight years ago, come the 29th of this very month, I stood at the altar with Laura Comstock.
I was a telegraph operator and was stationed at Wayburg, a station twenty miles from Stockton, and at the terminus of the then D. G. & C. R. railway.
Returning from our honeymoon I left my wife in Stockton and proceeded to Wayburg, intending to remain at my old post until relieved, which I thought would be in a few days, as my offered resignation had been accepted at headquarters.
The engineer on the "up" train was Mark Moore, a rather handsome young fellow, who had been my rival for the hand of the woman I called my wife.
When the train stopped at Moreland's I alighted from the passenger coach and walked forward to the engine. Mark was busily engaged oiling the machinery.
"How are you, Morgan?" he said, as he espied me, and held out his hand.
His disappointment seemed to have left him and he was very pleasant.
"Going to Wayburg?" he asked.
"Yes."
"Just get in with me, then," he said.
I replied that I would do so, and when the train moved away I was occupying a seat in the engine, chatting with the engineer.
"One hardly notices the ascent, but the descent is an entirely different thing. I was thinking, Morgan, what a terrible thing it would be if an engine, with full power on, were to become unmanageable at the top of the grade and dash away."
I shuddered.
"And if a man bent on revenge were to place a fellow creature bound on the engine, what a terrible death he would hasten to, with almost lightning rapidity."
"Suppose the engine should encounter the C— passenger?"
"Then death would spread his wings over the spot of the collision."
I had no desire to pursue the conversation further, but he persisted in it, and I was greatly relieved when the train ran into Wayburg.
The following night was dark and tempestuous, and I alone occupied the station, watching the little machine before me.
That day a new engine had arrived and Mark Moore had been put in charge of it.
From two o'clock in the afternoon to five I saw him moving about the engine.
Until ten I watched the little machine. Then Mark opened the door and stepped into the small apartment.
"Are you receiving a despatch, Morgan?" he asked.
"No, Mark; why do you ask?"
"Because if you are not I wish you would leave the clicker a bit and come

and look at my Red Bird by lantern light. I am going to run down grade to Chalmers, reverse the engine and run back. The train will not be due here for an hour, and I can go to Chalmers and return within twenty minutes."
We walked into the great temporary shed where the new and beautiful engine stood, ready to run off at the command of its master.
"I dare not be so long absent from my post at this hour, Mark."
"Pooh, man, there's no danger. You must go with me."
"But I cannot, Mark."
He put his lantern on the ground and then sprang erect.
"You shall, Morg Grenoble!" he cried, and before I could answer him, he dashed me to the earth and planted his knees on my breast.
"Not a word out of you, Morg," he said, fiercely, producing a rope. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You know we were discussing the consequence attending the rush of a maddened engine down the grade. I reckon I won't go to Chalmers, but will send you clear to the bottom of the grade."
"Mark Moore, you are mad," I said.
"Would you murder me in cold blood and others who are coming up on the 11.10 passenger?"
"Yes," he said coldly.
I might have resisted, but resistance would have availed me nothing, for I was constitutionally weak while he was a lion.
"Now for the ride to death!" he cried, lifting me up and bearing me into the little engine room.
Again I pleaded for mercy; but as well might I have pleaded to stone, for he met my prayers with taunts.
"What will it profit you, Mark," I asked, "to wreak your vengeance on me? The hounds of justice will run you to earth, and you will suffer for your crime."
"What care I?"
"There!" he said, at last, as he closed the furnace door. "Everything is ready for your ride. You'll go right through Stockton; but I reckon you won't have time to stop to speak to loving Laura. Goodbye, Morg; write when you get to the foot of the grade."
The engine was moving and he leaped off.
"May heaven have mercy on your soul, Mark Moore!" I shouted after him.
The grade between Wayburg and Chalmers was quite steep, and before I reached the little town the speed of the Red Bird and its tender seemed to rival that of the telegraph.
The towns, with their glimmering lights, appeared and were gone in a flash.
The manner in which I was bound permitted me to look out of the window.
I did so, and Stockton, the home of my wife, greeted me with its many lights.
Ahead, I saw many people waiting for the 11.10 passenger.
The next moment I was carried past them.
I saw their astonished faces, and heard a piercing shriek.
I recognized the voice as my wife's. There was one hope for me—just one.
Perhaps the operator at Stockton had telegraphed down the grade, and, thus warned, the coming train would switch, and save its passengers from death.
Looking out, I saw far ahead the glaring headlight of the southern train.
To me it looked as though it stood on my track. Evidently the train had not been warned.
Suddenly I heard a man shout, "Stand back!" and then, crash!—all was dark!
"Is he injured much?" somebody asked.
Sympathizing faces bent over me, and a surgeon was examining my wounds.
The ties stopped the engine," said the surgeon. "We received a telegram from Stockton, informing us that the new engine was rushing down the grade. The southern train was switched off upon its arrival here, and we set to work to pile innumerable ties on the track, which, thank heaven, checked your mad career."
"Telegraph to Stockton," I said, "to my wife."
It seemed as though every bone in my body was broken, and I cannot tell how I ever survived through the prostrata that followed.
But I did, to find my hair rivaling the spotless purity of the snow, and crow's feet on my youthful forehead.
My rival was never tried, for the third day following his arrest he was conveyed to an asylum, a hopeless maniac.—Boston Globe.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

HOW TO DE-HORN.
This is the way I de-horn cattle writes Andrew Doty. When they are small calves two to four weeks old, wet the place where the horns grow with cold water, and then rub in concentrated lye thoroughly. This has been tried with good success, as the horns never grow after that is done.

DELICATE FLAVOR OF BUTTER.
As a rule, the supposed delicate flavor of fresh butter just from the churn is due to the small quantity of buttermilk left in it, for perfectly fresh butter is wholly insipid and without any marked flavor at all. Very soon the buttermilk develops the usual strong flavor, and this is found in the butter, unless it has been thoroughly washed free of buttermilk. Then the true butter flavor develops itself in a few days, and at first it is very pleasant, and has a delightful aroma, but this soon becomes strong by the development of the fatty acids of the butter, and gradually increases to what is called rancidity. It is best to wash butter thoroughly, if it is to be kept more than two or three days, but for immediate use it will not need so much washing.—American Farmer.

OILING THE HARNESS.

Before the busy season commences on the farm is a good time to oil the harness, and if any seams are beginning to rip repair them, either with a few stitches or as we commonly do with copper rivets. First thoroughly wash the harness so as to have it free from sweat and dirt. We find the easiest way to accomplish this is to take the harness to pieces and soak it over night in strong soapuds, having the water as warm as is comfortable to hold the hand in when the harness is first put in. If too hot it will scald the leather. When taken out in the morning, most of the dirt is gone and a little rubbing with a coarse rag will remove the spots that did not soak off.
Neat's-foot oil is in the long run the cheapest oil we have ever found for oiling leather of any kind, and especially harness, as it is exposed to the action of dirt, sweat, and very often is out in the rain. If the harness is not very dry, a half gallon of oil will be enough for an ordinary set of harness, though we have seen harness so dry that a gallon would be none too much. A nickel's worth of ivory black will give a beautiful color and polish to the leather if it is mixed with the oil before using. Be sure, though, to get ivory black and not lamp black, as the latter rubs off badly. Have the oil warm and as you take the straps out of the water run them a few times through the oil, wipe off with a rag and hang up to dry. If not then soft enough repeat the operation.
Treat your harness in this way and it looks like new and if it is oiled about three times a year will outlast three or four sets that never receive any oil. It is an old saying that "five oilings equal a new harness."—Farmer's Guide.

BEARING YOUNG TURKEYS.

It is best to confine the brood for a week at least after hatching. Should the mother hen then become restless, she may be let out during the middle of the day. As the turkey retires early and dislikes being disturbed after setting down for the night, be sure and coop them before the sun sets. The young turkeys will eat but little the first week. Feed separate from the mother, for she will devour all the food within reach. For downright greediness, an old hen turkey has few equals. Dry bread soaked is sweet milk is one of the best foods for the young, as is curd from fresh buttermilk. A whole flock has been raised on warm curd. A custard made of one egg to a pint of milk, thickened with bread, (no sugar), is a good food.
When about two months old, feed whole wheat, part of the time and mix corn meal with their feed; this should not be fed exclusively. Allow plenty of liberty, as confinement will kill young turkeys. When the mother hen begins tramping wildly from one side of the coop to the other, better let her out unless the weather is unfavorable.
When about the size of partridges and old enough to follow the mother in long rambles, the young will need but little attention, simply a little feed morning and evening. They much prefer bugs, grasshoppers, insects and seeds to a more civilized ration. Do not neglect to bring them home at night and put under shelter until old enough to fly into trees and care for themselves. Turkeys do not always select wisely the best resting place for

the night, hence vermin sometimes attack and annoy them. Teach them to come at the sound of your voice; it will save many a weary tramp in searching woods and fields.
Six weeks' time is sufficient to fatten for market. Feed twice a day all the whole corn they will eat, but do not attempt confinement, as a turkey chafes under restraint and will lose flesh rather than fatten. They will not take more exercise than is necessary to keep in good health.—American Agriculturist.

SHORT BEE TALK.

"Every one has a way of their own" is an old adage, and I suppose just as applicable to those that handle bees as it is to any other work. But as we are never too old to learn, oftentimes we are benefited by comparing notes, facts and experience. To be sure there is not a fortune for everyone in bees, yet if properly conducted "bee keeping" is not to be despised.
For the benefit of those who have had little or no experience with bees, I will drop a few suggestions. As bees are very much annoyed by noise, place them as far as possible from such, and where there is the least danger of their being disturbed. It is a good plan to have your hives where they can readily be seen from the house; in that way much trouble is avoided. But see that they are well protected from the sun and wind. We never oppose our bees, but always work quietly, using plenty of smoke; fluid that decayed wood is preferable to sulphur.
Those that are afraid of being stung might find it a good idea to protect the hands by a pair of rubber gloves, and a veil for the head and face; veil should be long enough to reach well under the coat.
As the bees are busy about noon, we plan to work among them then as they are easier handled, in transferring there is little danger of attracting robbers.
In the fall if there are any weak swarms, always unite. Some make the mistake of housing their bees too soon; they should not be put in their winter quarters until severe weather begins, and then care should be taken to give good ventilation from above. Never place them where it is damp or poorly ventilated unless you want dead bees. If your cellar is inclined to dampness, a pipe two and one-half inches in diameter passed up through the floor and connected with the stove pipe will serve to overcome the dampness.
Unless the winter is exceptionally cold, bees may be safely wintered on their summer stands, provided they have the hive well protected with straw, and are given plenty to live on, from thirty-five to fifty pounds of honey makes a good allowance for bees wintered out. Generally speaking, I would not advise all to leave the hives on the summer stands still I assert it may be done if precaution is taken, and think, on the whole the chances would be no greater than to undertake to house them in a damp or poorly ventilated cellar.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Good drainage, natural or artificial is essential to success.
The busy season is now approaching. Are you ready for it?
Remember on ploughing days that a horse's endurance has a limit.
Do not be in a hurry to keep the cows out of the stable at night.
In the spring when the roads are heavy don't overload the team.
See that all the farming utensils are in order for the spring and summer campaign.
Potash is the chief fertilizer to be applied to fruit trees, particularly after they come into bearing.
Don't work the horses too hard at first. Let them gradually become accustomed to it after their long Winter's rest.
Barn manures are generally more economically used when applied to farm crops than when applied to orchards; yet they can be used with good results, particularly when rejuvenating old orchards.
A lesson to learn in the poultry business is that egg production is far more profitable than chicken raising as commonly followed. A dozen eggs brings as much in winter as a chicken of 2½ or 3 pounds, and are much easier to raise.
The tin cans filled with sweetened water and placed at various points in the orchard of the Oklahoma Experimental Station proved very efficient bug traps. Several hundred May beetles, crickets and grasshoppers were caught. This plan of utilizing these hitherto useless articles is fully justified by results.

A Samson's Powerful Tug.

The examining surgeons of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, New York National Guard, recently found a Samson at Buffalo. Among the candidates examined was Bert Bartram, a cartman, about 32 years old. When he had stripped for the examination he sat on a chair and asked the physicians to stand on his ankles. One stood on each ankle, and then, apparently without any great effort, Bartram raised his legs until they stood like parallel bars, and held the doctors in the air for two minutes. Four Hebrew clerks in a wholesale clothing house found this Samson a week earlier. They knew that he prided himself on his strength and put up a job on him. He gets the wages of two men on account of his great strength.
Bartram was delivering some heavy cases at the clothing house and lifted the cases on and off the dray without the aid of skids. One of the clerks pointed to a big case on the floor and asked Bartram if he could lift it. They told him it held 700 pounds of cloth. He offered to bet that he could, and agreed to return as soon as he had delivered the other packages on the wagon and do the trick for them. While he was gone the young men emptied the case, drove four long nails through the bottom of it into the floor, and went into the cellar and clinched the nails. Then they returned the goods to the box and waited for Bartram. He appeared at the appointed time, strode over to the case and took hold of it. It didn't budge.
"Sure there's only 700 pounds in it!" said he.
The four young men assured him that that was all it contained, and then offered to bet him that he could not lift it. Bartram put up \$20 against \$20 raised by the four clerks. Then he removed his coat, fastened his big hands on the case, gave a powerful tug and the case rose in the air with a crackling of timber and a cloud of dust. Six square feet of the floor came up with the box. Bartram pocketed the money and after reproving the young men for the attempted fraud went away. The carpenter bill of \$8 was paid by the crestfallen clerks.—New York Sun.

Lesson From the Far East.

In Japan there lives a native scholar and writer than whom no one has done more toward introducing education and civilization into his country. Repeatedly he has refused both titles and remunerative offices.
This man had never sought for wealth, but he had acquired during a long life of usefulness a moderate sum for his support in later years—about ten thousand dollars in our money. When the war with China broke out, he at once gave this money to his government as his contribution toward the war expenses, saying that individuals must make sacrifices for the cause of patriotism.
This splendid example of love for the native land illustrates the intensity of the patriotic spirit in Japan. The general absence of this unselfishness in China has been one cause of her defeat. Office has been used to satisfy personal greed. The government has been feared and cheated, not loved and strengthened.
A Japanese student in this country, talking with an American, said naively, "In Japan I was a Christian; here I do not know what I am. I do not understand your young men. They do not want to do anything for the country. They want to make money, or get in Congress, or marry rich widows and go to Europe. In Japan every young man wants to do something for the country."
Devotion to the general good, earnestness in advocating what is for the interest of all rather than for that of the class or individual, willingness to give one's own time and trouble to advance needed reform—these are qualities that should be universal. In them lies the hope of the future.—Youth's Companion.

Tit for Tat.

Customer (who has made a collection of some of the choice candies in the store)—Now, if you will wrap these up, I'll take them home, examine them, and let you hear from me.
Confectioner (astounded)—Why, man alive! I can't stand that!
Customer—Can't stand it! Why, your wife comes up to my dry-goods store about twice a week and does the same thing with my dry-goods.—Puck.

It's Advantage.

Dusty Donovan—You're do most reckless man I ever seed. If dat dog 'ud bit yer, yer might 'a got the hyderfobia!
Saturated Sam (ecstatically)—Dat's wot I want. When yer has dat, Dusty, nobody daat offer water ter yer, any shape or form!—Puck.