

The California courts have decided that a Chinaman born in this country is a citizen.

Chicago business men have organized a committee of 100 to stop the 'rapine robbery of the aldermanic bandits.'

The Arkansas Supreme Court has ruled that makers of native wines cannot sell them in prohibition counties. It is said that this will kill the native wine industry.

Some time ago, to make them cheaper, California undertook to print her own school books. It is reported that \$200,000 have been lost in the experiment, and the end is not yet.

According to her new census, Germany has twenty-eight cities of over 100,000 population. Hamburg, Munich and Leipzig are running close together near the half million post.

John Bull's wheat acreage has fallen off nearly one-half in five years. His oats and barley have barely held their ground. In fact says the New York Journal, the British farmer is in a melancholy plight.

A scholar of British Columbia holds that the Indians of that region are descended from the Syrians. He says that their language has many pure Syrian words, and Syrian names are common among them.

It is shown by the official statistics that in a given 1,000 of the people of Massachusetts there are now more individuals possessed of moderate and fair-sized estates than ever before, and that the average size of such estates is more than double what it was sixty years ago.

Missouri has been surprised by a man who defaulted in 1859 making restitution to the amount of \$10,000, half of the sum being interest. A conscience that can survive after being knawed that number of years is a rare article, confesses the San Francisco Examiner, and some way seldom gets into the personality of the defaulter.

Belgium proposes to facilitate marriage by reducing the legal age of both sexes to twenty-one years instead of twenty-five for the man and twenty-one for the woman, as the law is now, and by making the consent of the father alone necessary, instead of that of both parents. This is the first break of tyrannous marriage laws of continental Europe.

Brass plates bearing appropriate inscriptions now mark the sites of the pews in old Christ Church, Philadelphia, once occupied by Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag; Francis Hopkinson and his son Joseph Hopkinson, author of the National hymn "Hail Columbia"; the Penn family, Benjamin Franklin, and George and Martha Washington.

In a report with the significant title, "German Fears of American Competition in the World's Market," William D. Warner, United States Consul at Cologne, tells of the alarm of the German people at the decline of their foreign trade, and the manner in which the United States is looming up as Germany's principal competitor. The vast resources of the United States and its wonderful productive capacity are referred to by the Germans, says Consul Warner, with great anxiety. Mr. Warner quotes some newspaper headlines. "The threatening competition of America—a cry of warning to be heeded." And, "America, thou art better off than our old Continent."

To Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the South African republic is brought still closer home by the claim that President Kruger was in his youth a resident of Carbon county, and by the fact of which there is no doubt at all that General Joubert, who so successfully put the English to rout at Majuba Hill and Krugersdorp, is a native of Uniontown, Fayette county. Gen. Joubert's parents came to Pennsylvania from Holland, but his name would indicate that he was a descendant of the French Huguenots, who took refuge in Holland when it was an asylum for the oppressed of all lands after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Like the president of the Swiss republic, General Joubert did gallant service for the Union in the American Civil War, serving in the navy and as Admiral Dupont and as captain of a company under General Godfrey Weitzel. These facts help to explain the British defeats in South Africa. Dr. Jim had run foul of a soldier, who had had as much experience in war, both in America and Africa.

Pleasureland.
Little lass, pressing onward, inform me I pray,
Where spread the savannas of Pleasureland—
Please pause 'mong the flowers—cease singing
And tell me where the sprit may bask in
joy's smile,
"Ah, Pleasureland spreads in the gloaming
ahead,
Where the skies of the Future, cerulean,
spread,
And the sunsmiles are Godsmiles, and star-
beams are dreams
Of the angels who fly 'bove the murmuring
streams."
Worn woman, whose eyes seem with tears
sadly filled,
You are aged and wise—have your hopes
been fulfilled?
Now answer, as onward you're journeying
along—
Where is Pleasureland, filled with its visions
and song?
"Ah, world-wide and weary and ready to die,
I'm weeping, for round me but blighted hopes
lie:
Far behind me the long-for savannas I see—
There in beauty the regions of Pleasureland
be!"
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

CADDIE'S SUITORS.
"A valentine for ye, Cad, sure's
you're a foot high!"
Farmer Benbow came bustling into
the kitchen with a market-basket full
of brown paper packages on his arm,
an agricultural paper sticking out of
his pocket and a huge, square white
envelope in his hand, directed to
"Miss Caddie Benbow" in sprawling,
rather awkward writing.
An innocent-looking maid of eight-
teen years' age came out of the
pantry, with very pink cheeks, and
received the document in a little flut-
ter; but her face fell as she noted the
handwriting.
"That's from Jud Pitcher—it's his
writing," she said, with a tone of dis-
appointment in her voice.
"An' you needn't to snarl up your
nose of 'tis, young lady," returned
her father, with emphasis. "You
ort to be proud to hev him send you a
valentine—a feller like Jud, that's
got lots of good land 'inin' our'n, to
say nothin' of mules an' such. Now
open it, an' don't be a-stannin' still
there a-studyin' about that there Jim
Page that's allus a-hangin' round ye."
"Yes, open it, honey," said good
Mrs. Benbow, bustling from her
churning, while Miss Sue Benbow, the
elder daughter, and Mrs. John Ben-
bow, the daughter-in-law, also crowded
up to see Caddie's "Valentine."
With fluttering fingers, the young
lady opened the envelope, and drew
forth a wonderful combination of
hearts and arrows, Cupids and roses,
and some sentimental verses, purport-
ing to lay the treasures of the sender's
heart and hand at the feet of the lovely
recipient.
"An' it means something," said
Mrs. John Benbow, with solemn con-
viction.
"Of course it does," said Miss Sue,
who being herself comfortably en-
gaged, had plenty of time to devote to
Caddie's little love affairs. "It's good
as an offer."
"But—but I don't think I want Jud
Pitcher to make me an offer," faltered
Caddie, her pretty mouth taking a
plaintive curve.
"Yes, you do, miss," interrupted
her father, briskly; "an' you'll take it
too, of that's what it means."
"Oh, yes, honey, do!" besought her
mother, whose policy was always to
coax people into any disagreeable
task, from taking a dose of quinine to
accepting an unwelcome suitor. "I
think Jud's real nice, so tall and kind
of slick!"
"You ought at least to send him a
valentine in return, Caddie," said Mrs.
John.
"He wouldn't get it today," mur-
mured Caddie. "It's too late now."
"That don't make any difference,"
put in Miss Sue. "You can send 'em
any time during the month."
"An' if it's the thing to send a Val-
entine in answer to his'n, that's what
you'll do Cad," said Mr. Benbow,
bristly, "an' a slap-up one too of it
costs a dollar!"
"I think it's all right and proper to
send it any time this month," argued
Miss Sue, wrinkling her square fore-
head thoughtfully. "But to make
sure I'll ask Miss Atherton when she
comes tomorrow for the setting of
guinea eggs I've been saving up for
her. She'll know what's what."
And Miss Atherton the village heiress
and antocrat, when the question
was submitted to her, detected a love
story at once, with pretty Caddie, her
her especial subject of admiration, for
heroine, and at once fell good-naturedly
into the family views.
"Of course it will be all right to
send one," she said, smiling at Cad-
die, who was blushing shyly and un-
comfortably in a corner, "and I'll tell
you what I'll do; I'm going into town
this very day, and I'll pick you out

the prettiest valentine I can find. So you can go right on dreaming, you dear little thing, and needn't worry your pretty head about it. I'll get one that'll make your Adonis go wild with delight.

And all the afternoon Caddie went about with a dismal feeling in her heart, and her soft eyes all misty with tears. For Caddie was the most timid of beings, and felt that she could never hold out against the combined will and efforts of her parents, sisters, and Mr. Judson Pitcher himself, wretched as it would make her to resign her youthful lover, Jim Page.

He might have sent me a valentine, she said to herself, "not that it would do him any good, or me, either, for they are bound to marry me to Jud Pitcher, and what shall I do if they do?"

Meantime, Miss Atherton, under the impression that Caddie was as deeply in love with the sender of her valentine as he was with her, took a benevolent delight in selecting an elegant valentine, presenting a flight of silver-winged doves, with long, lily stalks waving above them, two hearts entangled in a dainty true-lover's knot and some charming verses, the sentiment of which was unmistakable.

And Caddie's heart sank lower than ever, as she beheld the lovely fabrication ensconced that same evening in its dainty envelope, and directed by Mrs. John Benbow to Mr. Judson Pitcher.

"Tain't likely he knows my hand-writing," remarked that lady, "but he'll know mighty well where it came from all the same."

"Christopher Columbus! Who'd a thought it? If that don't beat me!"

Mr. Judson Pitcher's pale eyes grew a trifle deeper than usual with wonder as he surveyed the valentine so carefully chosen by Miss Atherton. He had crumpled it somewhat in his awkward efforts to slip it from the envelope, and left a "smudge" on the creamy edge.

Mr. Pitcher was a slim, tall, oily-looking young man, with a linty-white fuzziness of whiskers, stiff, white eyelashes, and a general expression of ill-humored stubbornness.

He had just returned from the post-office with his prize, and now stood gazing at it with his open mouth.

"Hit's a bonner an' no mistake," ran his cogitations—"pigeons an' ribbons an' flowers an' things! An' who'd ever a'dremp' of Athy Atherton, 'at I've always thought was stuck-up an' proud as she could live, a-sendin' me sich a fine valentine, with all them verses a sayin' 'how she loves me? Granny! I wouldn't a b'lieved it, an' you couldn't a' made me b'ieve she done it, if I hadn't a' seen her with my own eyes a-buyin' it an' a-pickin' out the finest one she could find. An' a lucky thing it was I was a-standin' behind them other fellers so's she couldn't see me, or she wouldn't a bought it then, and I'd never knowed where it did come from."

"An' it says she's been a-lovin' me for years, an' daren't make no sign. Well, great guns! Course I'd be willin' enough to hev her. She's got the stuff an' ain't bad lookin' neither. Not so purty as Caddie Benbow, an' I'd rather hev Caddie all things being eke! But take Caddie if I can get the heiress? Not much, Mary Ann! Wish I hedn't a' wasted my half a dollar on that valentine for Cad. But, howsoever, I'll go straight off an' see Athy, an' hev it all settled in a jiff. Just to think of the heiress a-lovin' me so hopeless all this time, an' me in my modesty not a-suspectin' it! She might of hed me long ago."

And so absorbed was Mr. Pitcher in his reflections that he nearly rode over Farmer Benbow, who was plodding down the lane in search of his cows.

"H'lo there, Pitcher! Watch out where you're a-going at!" was the farmer's greeting. "Don't be a-runnin' over your friend's. Comin' over to dinner a-Sunday?"

"No-o," drawled Mr. Pitcher; "reckon not."

"H'm!" grunted the farmer. "Reckoned you would. Caddie's kinder expectin' of ye."

"Is, hey?" queried Jud, with an arrogant indifference inspired by his new prospects. "Dunno es she's got any partickler grounds. 'Spect I'll be a-goin' over to Miss Atherton's. Wouldn't wonder if her an' me'd marry 'fore harvest time gets here."

"Hey?"

Mr. Benbow stared with great round eyes, and nearly dropped the pipe he was smoking.

"What'er air you a-meanin', Jud?"

"Jest what I say," retorted Jud, joggin' forward without another glance at the old farmer. "Don't none of ye be s'prised if ye git invites to the weddin'; that's all."

Mr. Pitcher disappeared up the lane, and Farmer Benbow went home in a tempest of wrath, to communicate the news to his family, and great was the general consternation thereof.

"He's a base deceiver," quoth Miss Sue, indignantly.

"He's a mean, good-for-nothing scamp," declared Mrs. John.

"An' oh, lar! whatever'll I do?" moaned Mother Benbow. "Yere I've went and tole Miss Bibbins that Caddie was a-goin' to be married soon, an' she'll tattle it all over the county, an' now I'll be a laughin'-stock. Oh, dear!"

This phase of the affair struck dire dismay to all hearts.

"Only thing to fix it 'ud be for her to marry some one else right soon," suggested Mrs. John.

"Yes, but who?" demanded Miss Sue.

Whereat Caddie, gathering up her small stock of courage stole forward and with her round face all flushed made her plea.

"I—I've got another valentine," she murmured—"from Jim Page; but instead of sending it through the post office, he brought it himself today, so's I'd be sure and get it. He forgot that Valentine's Day was the fourteenth, and thought it was the sixteenth, and—and he'd like me to marry him, he says."

"An' I don't care shucks et you do—now!" snorted Farmer Benbow.

"Oh, yes, honey, do," coaxed mild Mrs. Benbow, while Miss Sue and Mrs. John signified their approbation of the plan, all things considered.

As for Caddie, the blue old world grew brilliantly rose-colored all at once, and she and her hero sailed away in a golden boat down love's enchanted stream.

An hour or so later Jud Pitcher came riding sheepishly along the lane, (having gotten a very lively "bee in his bonnet" from Miss Atherton), and as it happened, encountered the old farmer again at the bars.

"Hello, Uncle Nat!"—he greeted him familiarly—"I'm comin' in a spell. Ye know I was a-foolin', don't ye, about me and Miss Atherton?"

"Hit don't make no difference to me ef you was or wasn't," returned Mr. Benbow, grumpily.

"Don't get huffy," advised Jud, with cool assurance. "Kin I see Miss Caddie?"

"No, ye can't," growled back the old gentleman, "fer the very good reason that she's a-entertainin' some one else in the settin' room, an' they might think three's a crowd, 'ording to the old sayin'."

Explanations, appeals and anger were alike unavailing with the obstinate old farmer, and Mr. Pitcher finally realized his defeat and rode sourly away.

"Reckon he wouldn't a made a very agreeable son-in-law," meditated Mr. Benbow, as he started to the house, "an' I reckon we done wrong in tryin' to make Caddie take him. Anyhow, she's a good little creeter, an' seems like sence. I seen how plumb happy she is with Jim Page. I couldn't hev the heart to upset it all now, even ef Jud had of had any good excuse fer actin' so like time."

Origin of the Word "Canard."
What is the origin of the expression "a canard" when a wonderful story that has no foundation in fact is meant? Even Frenchmen cannot say. It is now claimed that the honor of the invention belongs to M. Cornelissen, a member of the Academy of Brussels. He had noticed some wonderful "yarns" in the daily paper to which he subscribed, and in order to satirize the writers, he sent in one himself, as a joke.

It was about a pretended experiment with twenty-five ducks, and tended to show that ducks are cannibals. He had, he said, killed the ducks one by one by one and fed the survivors exclusively on the body, and in course of time there remained but one duck of the whole twenty-five. This last of the ducks was said to have had a post-mortem examination made of its body, when it was found to be suffering from certain internal injuries as the supposed consequence of its strange diet.

The paragraph, which the writer never expected to see in print, was published and sent the round. It got to America, whence it was constantly coming back, and the phrase "It is another canard," or duck, became common in newspaper offices.—London News.

He'd Examined Carefully.
"Do you notice any change in Dumley?" asked the tall man.

"No, I don't," snapped the other man sourly.

It was Dumley's tailor.—Rockland Tribune.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.
FLAXSEED MEAL FOR CALVES.
Linnseed-oil meal as now made has most of its oil pressed out of it, and is a less fattening feed than it used to be. We like better flaxseed than is merely ground, or where this is not possible boiled until it has swelled all it will. If it is then mixed in very small amounts with the ordinary dry ration of hay or straw which the calf receives, it will make an enormous and favorable difference in its growth. The rough, starting coat so common with calves and yearlings during their first winter will be avoided altogether by giving them a little flaxseed. It prevents the constipation which is more often the cause of loss than anything else.—Boston Cultivator.

PRIVATE DAIRY.
The creamery is all right in its place, but the private dairy is at home or can be made so on any well managed farm. Private dairying for market purposes has a range of adaptability far beyond that of the creamery, and the output of private dairies is increasing faster than that of creameries ever did. Those who declare that dairy farming is doomed are away off in their conclusions. They are multiplying as they never did before. The Southwest is developing this branch of agriculture rapidly, and as people learn its requirements and merits it will grow in importance and in favor. When a man can control his own products, and learns the best methods of production, dairying will become more popular.—Texas Ranch.

ALFALFA AS A HONEY PLANT.
The cultivation of alfalfa has added considerably to the honey crop of the United States. No other honey plant has given such a "boom" to beekeeping, especially in the western states. This plant stands the drouth, and when well rooted seldom fails to produce heavy crops of hay and seeds when almost everything else fails, as its roots penetrate very deep in the ground, in many cases reaching water at 15 feet deep. I have seen a continuous flow of honey from this plant, commencing the middle of May and lasting until the first of September, for several years, without any regard to drouth or season. Alfalfa honey differs but little from white clover. It is in every respect as good, and is quoted in the markets at the highest price.—American Agriculturist.

COST OF EGGS.
Estimates have placed the cost of one dozen eggs at as high a figure as twelve cents, but some experimenters find the cost to be six cents. At the experiment stations, where every pound of food is weighed, and but little waste material can be used, the cost is greater than the average on the farms.

It has long been accepted among poultrymen that five pecks of corn or wheat, or the equivalent thereof, will maintain a laying hen one year. At present prices this would be about sixty-five cents a year. We do not believe that the cost is so much when hens are on ranges, as they need little or no feed in the summer.

The prices of all kinds of grain of course regulate the cost of eggs, but in our experience the cost of a dozen eggs at the present prices for feed provided (and that is the main point) the hens are good layers, should not exceed six cents. This does not include shelter or labor in caring for the flock. If the hens are indifferent layers and the egg production is small, the cost may reach as much as fifteen cents a dozen but such is a seldom occurrence.—Hartford Times.

PACKING BUTTER.
Good butter may be safely packed to keep six months or more if the right way is taken. It used to be done years ago, when it was the custom to keep the surplus product for sale then, there being no winter dairying to supply the demand. The butter must be naturally good and sweet and worked quite free from the buttermilk by thorough washing. There need be no fear that this will hurt the butter, for it cannot take anything from it, the fat being wholly insoluble in water, and only the buttermilk will be washed out of it, which it must be, or it will be a detriment to the butter, as producing changes of the fat into volatile acids, by which the butter is made strong and finally rancid.

The best packages for this use are glazed earthen jars or sweet, clean white oak or spruce tubs, painted or varnished on the outside. The tubs are soaked in brine, then scalded, then washed in two or three waters, then rubbed with fine salt inside, and while wet the butter is packed in them, being

firmly pressed down so as to leave no vacancies in the mass.

When the package is filled to within half an inch of the top, a clean cloth, or, better, some parchment paper, is fitted closely over the butter and half an inch up the edge of the package, fine dry salt is then put in smoothly to the top, then a dry cloth well washed, is tied down firmly, then parchment paper and then one more cloth. The air is thus excluded, and the butter will be as good or a little better than when it was packed, as it undergoes a ripening process by which the fine flavor of the best butter is developed.—New York World.

BREEDING SHETLAND PONIES.
The smallest perfectly shaped, mature Shetland pony is owned by G. A. Watkins of Michigan. He probably owns the four smallest. He owns two registered Shetlands, each twenty-eight inches in height, one thirty inches, two thirty-one inches, and three thirty-two inches. They are all jet-black, and were imported from the stud of Lord Londonderry. Their sires and dams are untraced. It is certain that they are from ancestors under forty inches in height.

The smaller the pony in height the more it is esteemed in the Shetland Islands and in Scotland. The Scotch stud book admits of no pony over forty-two inches. In America pony-breeders differ widely as to the size of the pony best adapted for usefulness and the market, some preferring ponies of forty-four to forty-six inches and weighing 500 to 550 pounds, and others the smallest type possible—thirty-six inches and under, and weighing 200 to 250 pounds.

It is generally conceded that the smallest ponies sell at the top prices. I am reminded of a buyer saying, when considering the purchase of a little 34 inch stallion at \$500: "If he was just a little bigger I would take him;" and the owner replied: "If he was just a little smaller, I should ask you \$1,000 for him." Shetland ponies are used chiefly in this country as pets and companions for small children. What does a pony mean to a child? It means a tiny horse, and the "littler" it is the more the child admires and loves it.

Breeders should remember that the Shetland is the only breed considered safe and fit to trust in the hands of little children. They never bite, kick or run away, and are never tired out or sick from careless feeding or watering; they stay hitched or unhitched wherever you put them. They are the longest-lived of the equine family. Some are known to have lived sixty to eighty years. They may be used by a dozen different sets of children. As one set grows too large to use them, they are transferred to a younger one, and this repeated again and again.

My advice is to breed small ponies, 35 to 40 inches, and let those who want large ones for park show breed hackney ponies.—(Mortimer Levering, secretary American Shetland Club, in Breeders' Gazette.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
It is safest to grow several varieties, having something to grow at all seasons.

Complete failure in a single variety of berries may come often; entire failure of many varieties come very seldom.

An increase in the size of market fowls is demanded by consumers. There are too many farmers who want prolific laying and large market birds from the same breed. Market fowls are market fowls, and the best for this purpose are not the best for eggs. Either or both can be had, but not in one breed, and farmers are generally not prepared to keep more than one breed pure. Many cannot do even that well from lack of care.

Growing and marketing berries successfully, requires business tact, good taste, industry, honesty, determination, and a natural love for the work. Business tact, in growing best fruits at lowest cost, and in placing same on good markets, in best condition. Taste, in producing attractive fruits, clean, neat packages and arranged to please the eye and invite the taste. Industry, in doing that which ought to be done, at the right time and in the best possible manner. Honesty, in quality, measure and packing, on which reputation and success depend. Determination, to overcome bug blight, frosts, drouth, short crops, low prices and close competition. Steady quality of soil, location and adaptation to your wants. It must be well drained. It should be made rich, and fertility maintained with best fertilizers, at moderate cost. None better than barnyard manure and wood ashes.