

A. BLUE-SKY BALLAD.

"Hark! hark! Corn will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry,
Though Fate may spill some milk, there
still
Is lots more in the dairy,
But granting that there were no more,
Why growl about our lot or
Feel sore distressed, since milk at best
Is more than four-fifths water.

The true philosopher is one
Who wastes no time in fretting
O'er some fine peach beyond his reach,
But likes the fruit he's getting.
So let's be wise in our affairs,
And, cleverly negotiating
Dame Fortune's frown, go up and down
This good old world a-strolling.
—Nixon Waterman, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE CAPTAIN.

The Story of the Ten Thousand Dollars Bequeathed by Ramon Luis Sanchez, of Santiago de Cuba, to the Poor of His City.

By ALLEN FRENCH.

The men lay and watched the thickets across the clearing. The gray-haired captain walked up and down, up and down, behind the line in khaki.

Of all the men there he was the only one that knew war. He had seen Gettysburg. And yet he was the most nervous. His officers, alert and young, came and spoke to him easily. The men hoped for the sound of shooting. He alone feared the attack, and waited impatiently the order to withdraw.

"The extreme advance post," he muttered, "with unseasoned men! Not a regular to support us. If I had my old company, I shouldn't care, but if these boys break and run my reputation goes, and every chance of promotion."

Promotion! At fifty-five he was still a captain, transferred, by a grim chance, without change of rank, to nurse volunteers in Cuba. He knew his physical defects; he felt that he was wearing out in the climate. Sun was always hard on him, ever since his sunstroke in the lava beds. If he was forced out of service his half-pay would not maintain his family—all girls. To become major before he was mustered out, that would be salvation!

He stopped by a figure that squatted in the grass behind the line of soldiers. "That's right," said the man. "I wanted to speak with you."

The big American looked down at the shriveled Cuban. "You followed on your own risk, you know."

"I know." The little man's face glowed. "I risk. At last I am to strike for my country. There will be shooting soon. Oh, how I feel! And you Americans—I honor you!"

"That's all right," said the captain. "Don't bother about us."

"See, you, captain," said the Cuban. He drew a wallet from his breast and opened it carefully.

The captain saw crisp greenbacks. "Put it up, man," he said.

"But look," said the Cuban. "They are American money—thousand dollar bills. Ten. Do you see? My whole fortune. Spain has taken the rest."

"I see," said the captain, astonished. "You speak of risk," said the Cuban. "But you risk your lives for us. I risk mine, too. If I die you take this money. See?"

"Yes," said the captain. "The money is for the poor of Santiago, my city, which we all besiege. It is to reconstruct—you understand? A legacy from me. The money, you take it if I die. You see that it is properly used. No one else knows. Understand?"

"I understand."

"You are an American. I don't ask you to promise. Ah, look out!"

A dry crackling began in the thickets under the trees across the clearing. One would have said that men were breaking branches for fuel. But looking closely, flashes were visible in the shadow. Bullets began to cut the leaves about the captain's head.

The Cuban twitched his trousers. "Lie down," he said. "Foolish to stand. Lie down."

The captain shook his head. The men were looking at him; he could not afford to betray nervousness. The lieutenants came for orders. "Shall we fire?" Not yet. The captain studied the woods in front, and searched them with his glasses. His worries vanished as he called into play his military faculties. He noted the increasing fire, as from a gathering irregular force. Then his orders came clear and cool. He spread out his line, to give the impression of greater numbers, and gave the word to return the fire.

The Cuban was the first to shoot. In his excitement his gun spoke often. He looked at the captain with shining face. "This is glorious!" he cried. "I fight for my country."

The fire became hotter. The opposing force grew ever larger; the response of the Americans seemed feeble. The captain knew that his strength would be revealed. He feared to be outflanked. But of the courage of his men he soon had no doubt. They fought well. And the Cuban whenever the captain came within sound of his voice, called: "This is glorious!"

In the half hour that followed, the volunteers learned to know themselves and to know their captain. They had been proud of him before; now they loved him. A sudden attack, made by men slipping forward under cover of the grass he taught them to repulse. That pleased and elated them. And yet at the end it might have gone hard, for the Spaniards were beginning to creep around the flanks; but an aide came hurrying through the woods.

"All right!" he cried. "We've done what we came for. Fall back to the main body."

The captain drew his men back skillfully. The Spaniards pressed so close that the company turned often to drive off the pursuit. The men obeyed

every signal of their veteran leader; they relied on him.

The Cuban followed the surge back and forth, calling to each acquaintance: "This is glorious!" but at last he came running to his friend.

"See," he cried. There was a red blotch over his heart. He staggered and fell. "I die for my country!" There was half admiration, half contempt, in the captain's heart for the dramatic southern nature. He seized the slender body and bore it along. Still directing cleverly, even brilliantly, he finished the running fight with every man of his company safe within the lines of his brigade.

But the Cuban was dead. That night the captain stood by his grave. And from that time he carried about with him and ever increasing weight. There was a load on his breast, and in his mind ran over a formula: "Five percent on ten thousand dollars is five hundred dollars a year. Five hundred dollars will pay rent at home and a servant's wages. Five percent on ten thousand dollars is five hundred dollars a year. Five hundred dollars will pay rent—'Oh, heavens! To get rid of the idea—anything! He attended his duty rigidly, spared himself no work. But always the idea forced its return. He even woke himself in the night with the words: "Five percent on ten thousand dollars is five hundred dollars a year."

"Tom," said his colonel, "what's up? You're not right in your mind."

"Oh," said the captain, "it's nothing. It's just—business. Home affairs."

The colonel looked sober. "Home affairs, old lad, have no place for us just now. Haven't we enough to do as it is? What's up? Are the girls sick? Is it Mary?"

"They're all right," said the captain. "Their letters are very cheerful. But I can't help thinking, you know, what if—"

"Yes," said his classmate, looking him in the eye. "I know—the old sunstroke, this cursed climate, and all the rest. Look here, Tom Strong, may I say a straight word to you?"

"Of course."

"Well, if you mean to stand the climate, quit worrying. Get Mary and the girls off your mind, look cheerful, and keep yourself in good spirits. The climate won't break you down as fast as you are breaking yourself. Since that little skirmish the other day, when you got so well, you've gone about moping. See here, that Cuban that was killed was fond of you. Isn't the loss of him that weighs on you?"

"He? Oh no! Ha, ha! Oh, no!"

"Well, go easy now, old fellow. Give yourself a rest."

The colonel went away. Within three minutes the captain, left alone, was saying to himself: "Five percent on ten thousand dollars—'He went out to the trenches, and for the vicious pleasure in it tried his hand at sharpshooting."

Those weary days before Santiago were terrible to him. The news of the naval victory scarcely made him smile. "Five percent on ten thousand dollars—' And in what should he invest the money? "For Heaven's sake, Tom," cried his colonel, "the whole Spanish fleet wiped out, and yet you say never a word!"

"If only," thought the captain, "there could be another skirmish, and I could get killed. The money would be found on me; no one would know whence it came. It would go to Mary and the girls."

But he was in no more skirmishes. The city surrendered. The captain was among the troops that took possession. In a day he saw enough of Santiago's poor to realize what might be done with the money in his pocket. "Really," said his colonel to himself, "Tom is growing terribly haggard. Come, old man," he said, "we've got duty. Let's stroll about the place."

They stood before the city hall, and heard the words of one of the generals, speaking with the Cuban Mayor. "We will do what we can. But we need money, much money, immediately."

"Alas," said the Mayor, "we have little. There will be much misery."

The captain stepped forward, saluted with a shy face, and found himself extending a packet to the general. "Here," he was saying hoarsely, "here. The general took it. It was too late for the captain to take it back.

"Ten thousand dollars," said the general in surprise. "What is this for?"

"It is for the city. From Ramon Luis Sanchez."

"Ramon Luis Sanchez!" exclaimed the Mayor. "One of our exiles!"

"He is dead," said the captain. "His name shall be placed on a tablet of bronze," cried the Mayor. "And yours, too, my friend."

"Never mind me," said the captain. He saluted and turned away. The col-

onel followed and caught his arm. "Tom—"

The captain shuddered. "That is over. I have been a coward!"

"Colonel," said the general from behind, "I must speak with you." The captain went to his quarters alone.

It seemed hours before the colonel entered. "Tom," he cried, "I understand." He held out his hand.

The captain refused it. "I've been a coward."

"Come," said the colonel, "do you suppose I would have been any better, or as good? Don't I know the fear of starvation half pay? Even as colonel I've been no better off than you as captain. My family is larger than yours."

"I know," said the captain.

"But thank heaven," cried his comrade, "it's all right now, if I'm retired to-morrow! Congratulate me, Tom! The general gave me the news this afternoon. I'm advanced. I am appointed a brigadier."

"I can't congratulate. I'm jealous. Another month of this climate, and I'll go under. Half the regiment is sick, with me."

"But you're to take my place as colonel, and we're ordered north!"—New York Daily News.

RATS IN ABUNDANCE.

Driving Them Off From a Government Transport.

When the United States military transport Sherman arrived at Manila recently she was, as is the case of most other ships that arrive from or touch at Hong Kong on the way to Manila, detained for inspection to see if she had any rats on board.

When the big transport dropped anchor in Manila bay therefore the official rat inspector went on board to see what was doing in the way of rodents. If the "Manila American" is to be believed, in less than 15 minutes he hurriedly left the ship, and going ashore, reported that there was on board the Sherman, according to the patent rat enumerator in use at Manila, no fewer than 850,000 rats.

The Sherman was immediately ordered to the quarantine station at Mariveles, as no ship on which the disease-carrying rodents are found is allowed to dock at Manila until they are exterminated. Accordingly the Sherman steamed back to Mariveles.

When she arrived there her hatches had been opened up and enough sulphur carried below to kill millions of rats. As soon as the anchor was dropped the sulphur fires were started in the hold, and in a few minutes the work of the fumes became apparent.

Out of the hatches there poured such a stream of rats as was never before seen in the Orient. First by the hundreds, and then by the thousands, they appeared at the hatches, and then leaped into the water. Every one tried to swim ashore, but the distance was far too great for any rat to swim, and soon the great black line of paddling rodents began to thin out. Some of them reached a point about 300 yards off the ship, but none got any further. After the fumes had been working for about an hour the rats stopped appearing. An inspection of the ship was made, and not a rat discovered. The Sherman then reentered Manila and discharged her cargo.—New York Times.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Sunday Island, in the Pacific, is really the tallest mountain in the world. It rises 2000 feet out of five miles of water, and is thus nearly 30,000 feet from base to summit.

A painstaking meteorologist has succeeded in measuring the dimensions of rain drops. The largest, he states, are one-sixth of an inch in diameter, and the smallest one five-hundredth.

Greencastle, Ind., reports a white robin seen there recently. The bird was almost pure white in color, but in form was exactly like a robin. It mated with an ordinary member of the family.

There is no truth in the statement that the Arab when in want of water kills his camel for the supply contained in its stomach. The accounts of camels going many days without water are greatly exaggerated. They may go three days, but not without suffering.

The pelican does not feed her young from her own blood as is popularly supposed, but brings the food, which is always a fish, out of a pouch. To place it in the mouth of her young she presses the scarlet bill to her breast, and against the white feathers it looks like a blood spot.

At least seven-tenths of the population of the globe never eat fish meat. In India, China, Japan and adjacent countries there are about 400,000,000 people—strong, active, healthy, long-lived—who eat no flesh meat. In Europe are the peasants of Russia, the Corsican farmers, the Scotch highlanders and other vegetarian peoples, well developed physically and capable of great endurance.

The story is erroneous that the bat of hot climates fans a sleeping person into a deeper sleep and applies its needle-pointed teeth into the toe, sucking the blood and discharging the amount taken, filling and refilling itself until the patient expires. Neither is it true that bats are covered with webbed feet, nor that they will dive into the hair of bushy topped individuals. There is a common notion that bats cannot rise easily from a level surface but must find some eminence from which to throw themselves. Any one will be convinced of the fallacy of this who puts a bat upon the floor.



Old Reliable Varieties.

Do not abandon the old reliable varieties. Try all the novelties that are brought out, for some of them may be excellent, but do not venture on them until entirely satisfied that new varieties are adapted to all soils, climates and conditions.

Ventilation Needed for Fowls.

It seems to me that the chicken business is getting demoralized instead of revolutionized. Instead of the big, long and wide sod houses, straw houses or log houses, poultry keepers must have thin wall houses made tight as a drum, with the notion that it is the right way to keep out cold. If they don't open up their poultry houses, let in some air and tear down the fences around the prisons, in a few more years the constitution of the great American hen will be broken down so that roop will be a tame thing alongside of hen tuberculosis and a dozen more constitutional complaints.—J. Hefner, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Notes on Pig Feeding.

Pigs should be well, but not overfed. A good bacon pig of 12 stone ought to be produced in seven months from its birth. It should not be crammed, neither should it be half-starved, but fed steadily and regularly. Pigs fed steadily and regularly will give the most satisfactory results to the feeder when weighed in the factories. A hog which has been half-starved at any period of his life, even though well fed afterwards, will not do so. Feed three times a day at fixed hours; never leave food in the troughs after the pigs have finished. The flesh of the pigs is soft and flabby if fed on brewery or distillery waste or on turnips or beets, and in comparison to their size their weight in the scale is miserable. They may deceive the buyer who buys by "guess," but they will not deceive the scale-weight.

Chickens and Orchards.

As all fruit growers agree that the young orchard must be cultivated during the summer, some put the soil into vegetables which is not objectionable if they do not draw too heavily on the soil fertility; one good way of turning this work to profit is to permit the young chicks to use this orchard as a run. There will be sufficient growth of the trees to provide shade for the chicks, and if light evaporation of the soil is done the chicks will pick up many insects. It is a good plan to do some of the grain feeding for the chicks in this orchard, scattering a small quantity of grain over considerable space, immediately after cultivating, so that the birds will need to do more or less scratching to get the grain. Have some plan of supplying water near the orchard, or in it, and the chicks will grow wonderfully fat while the orchard will in no way be injured by the chicks being there.—Indianapolis News.

Co-operative Egg Selling.

At the present day there are in the province of Hanover, Germany, 95 co-operative societies for the sale of eggs, of which 35 are connected with poultry-breeding societies, 12 with co-operative dairy societies, 10 with agricultural societies and two with societies for the purchase and sale of agricultural produce, 35 being independent of other organization. The eggs are mostly sold to wholesale dealers. The sale of eggs by mail to private persons has not answered expectations, the quantities so sent, added to those sold to private individuals on the spot, being scarcely five per cent of total sales. So far, only a few societies have been in a position to sell eggs by weight; nevertheless, nearly all buy in that manner, a least weight being fixed as a guarantee against under-sized eggs. This manner of selling has, nevertheless, been adopted by other German towns with the best results. For packing the eggs, wooden boxes, with cardboard apartments, are used. The result of this co-operative method has been to increase the price received by producers of eggs.

Speak Softly.

It is a mistaken idea that some drivers appear to entertain that the horse is deaf. They must think so by the way they address him. It is not uncommon to hear a driver speak to his horse in a voice resembling a fog horn. Especially is this noticeable on the part of teamsters and plowmen. There are men that will sit in a wagon and yell at a horse as if the animal was on the far side of a 10-acre lot. There is not the slightest use in boisterous vociferation when addressing the horse. As a matter of fact, the horse is very acute of hearing—much more so than man or even the dog. The trainers of circus horses know better than to yell their commands. They know that it is a useless waste of words and physical energy. They speak to the horse in ordinary tones. Usually the horse in the ring however, does not obey the word of mouth, but the motion of the whip. But suppose the ringmaster in a towering passion should yell and swear at the horse. Need any one be told there would be no performance; that the horse would lose his head like the man? In many places in this country horses are driven to the plow without reins. They are guided entirely by the word. The horse understands the different words of command and obeys them implicitly. We have worked a team day in and day out to plow and har-

row without reins, simply by the word, and we did not yell, either.—Newark (N. J.) Call.

When a Queen Bee is Lost.

It is very important to be able to learn at once when a queen is lost during early summer. The loss of a queen from a hive, even for a single day, will make a marked difference in the strength of the colony, for a good queen will lay from 2000 to 3000 eggs in a day at this season. Whatever you do be careful and not drop the queen off the combs when handling them at this time of year, and do not interfere with her work by changing combs about to expose brood.

By a little attention you may be able to detect a queenless hive by the manner in which the bees act on the outside. When they stand around in a care-for-nothing manner and no bees going in with pollen, it would be well to open the hive and take a look at them. If you find eggs and worker brood you may be quite sure the queen is there; if not, go ahead and find out if there is no queen. Finding none proceed at once to take a frame of brood from another hive and watch if they start queen cells in about 24 hours. If not, then they have been some time queenless, and if such is the case, give them a queen if possible.—George H. Townsend, in New England Homestead.

Importance of Cleanliness.

We do not intend to repeat any further how essential a feature of successful dairying is the observance of proper cleanliness, but at the last meeting of Eastern Ontario Dairymen Dr. Cornell gave some fresh figures on the question which afford further confirmation of the position held by all progressive dairy workers.

The doctor gave the results of analyses of milk taken from cows under the different conditions as to cleanliness. In one case—where the cows were brushed before milking, the udders wiped, the stable kept in a thoroughly sanitary condition, and the person of the milker was also clean—the milk still showed 4,300 bacteria to 16 drops of milk. In another case milk was taken from cows the udders of which had been wiped, which were kept in a fairly clean barn, that were milked into clean pails (but pails that had not been scalded), and by men whose hands had been wiped, but not washed. In this case the number of bacteria were 15,500. In another case, where cows were milked under the average conditions which prevailed on the ordinary farm, the number of bacteria found in the milk taken from cows under the best possible conditions as to cleanliness were, it is believed, for the most part just inside the teat before milking began. The old practice of squirting the first stream of milk outside the pail has a scientific basis to rest upon.

Absolute cleanliness in the stable, cooling of the milk after milking, sterilization of utensils by scalding, cool curing of cheese, and no more sending home of whey in milk cans, are pointers which may also be strongly insisted upon.

In touching on the question of water supply, it was stated that no factory should be considered properly equipped that is without pure water.—The Maritime Farmer.

Tending Young Turkeys.

A little home meal added to the dough mixture promotes growth and is a preventive of diarrhoea, but if the food is always given sweet and fresh the latter complaint should not appear. When about 10 days old, the last meal of the day should consist of cracked wheat or corn, and when they are big enough to eat whole corn, the latter may be substituted; millet and barley can all be given, and also buckwheat if procurable. Up to the time they develop the fleshy protuberances about the head, which is called "shooting the red," they need a good deal of care and attention, but once this stage is reached they become hardy, and are only liable to that form of roup termed "swelled head" if overcrowded at night or made to sleep in a badly ventilated house. They "shoot the red" when from two to three months old. A sharp lookout for lice should be kept, for if these infest the poult they fail to thrive; their coop should be moved daily, and the poult reared by themselves. Fresh water is a necessity, and they need grit or road-sweepings. To prevent their getting wet they should be cooped at first on short grass, and the herbage round the coop kept short. It is not safe to let the hen or turkey mother have her liberty at first when rearing them, as she will run them off their legs. Let the coop have a run in front, and keep them in it the first week or so. "Yit" s'w- by l'p- at- l'w- l'v- d'v- b- s- a. To hasten growth, some meal and green food added to the soft food is to be recommended, though they should be able to pick up natural meat food in the shape of insects for themselves. When the critical time is over, give them a well ventilated house, and feed them four times a day—twice on grain and twice on soft food. If it is safe to let them be out at night, let them sleep in shrubs or trees; when they do this they are sure to be healthy. If space is limited, or the ground much used for other poultry, turkey-rearing should not be attempted; they need space and sweet ground to thrive.—American Cultivator.

The Two Classes.

People one meets are of two classes—the one perfectly satisfied with everything that belongs to them, the other complaining because everything nice belongs to some one else.

SONG OF THE CHEERFUL HEARTED.

I love the sun, I love the showers,
They both bring happy, jolly hours.
Fall, rain! Shine, sun!
Whatever comes, there's still great fun.

I love the boys, I love the girls
With dancing eyes and curling curls.
Come, girls! come, boys!
The world would miss your merry noise.

I love the birds, I love the flowers;
So gay their songs and bright their bowers.
Come, flowers! come, birds!
Your worth can never be told in words.

I love the world, I love its ways,
Its changeful sad and happy days.
Come, sorrow! come, pain!
Though choice is small, let's not complain.

Whatever is, I like that well.
There's good in all, on that I'll dwell.
What comes, that take,
The best of it, 'tis wise to make.

—Sam's Horn.

HUMOROUS.

Mrs. A.—My husband must think a great deal of me. He says I'm a bird.

Mrs. B.—Yes; I heard he married you for a lark.

Will—She takes a very small shoe, doesn't she? Nell—Oh, yes. Will—What size? Nell—Two sizes smaller than her foot.

Bobbs—So Borrowell doesn't strike you favorably, eh? Slobbs—No, quite the contrary. He struck me for ten and didn't get it.

Tommy—Pop, what is a promoter? Tommy's Pop—A promoter, my son, is a man who makes a living by separating the fool and his money.

"Have you ever been married?" asked the magistrate. "No," replied the prisoner at the bar of justice; "but I've been blown up by dynamite."

Customer—I want a ton of coal, Dealer—Yes, sir, what size? Customer—Well, if it isn't asking too much, I'd like to have a 2000-pound ton.

"Poundthekeys has remarkable musical ability. He plays by ear," remarked the Philosopher. "Not by mine," retorted sibilantly, promptly.

Knob—Why do you always put "dictated" at the bottom of your letters? You have no stenographer. Knix—Well, you see, I'm a very poor speller.

Naggaby—Do you believe absence makes the heart grow fonder? Waggses, but I've found that with most girls presents are a good deal more effective.

"Mamma," moaned the pale, limp little boy on a lounge in the main saloon of the steamer, "do people ever die of seasickness?" "No, dear," "I wish they did."

Sharpe—Do you remember that bull dog that was always snapping at people? Well, he has lost his teeth. Wheaton—You don't say! I suppose he has a soft snap now.

Mrs. Muggins—They say she is a remarkably well informed woman. Mrs. Buggins—Nothing of the sort. Why, she doesn't know half the gossip of the neighborhood.

"I am like this rug," whispered the gushing youth, "always at your feet." "You do remind me of the rug," said the beautiful girl. "Papa is going to beat it the first chance he gets."

"Oh, yes, I proposed, but when I got through she shook her head." "But, surely, that didn't discourage you?" "Well, no, not as much as the fact that her father came along about that time and shook his fist."

"We have the most progressive nation in the world," exclaimed the patriotic South American. "You surely agree," replied the traveler; "it progresses so fast outsiders can't keep up with half its changes. Who's your president today?"

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hires, sternly, "I met on the street today that policeman who sat in the kitchen with you so long last night. I took the advantage of the opportunity to speak to him." "Oh, ye needn't think that'll make me jealous, ma'am," replied the cook. "O! have got him cinched, all right."

Two Kisses and One Dollar.

On the Kronprinz Wilhelm, one moonlight May night, a young man and a girl were discovered making love. The news of this discovery spread among the passengers, and many a joke was cracked. But Senator N. B. Scott of West Virginia said in the smoking room:

"There is nothing to laugh at here. Innocent love-making is natural in the young. This fact was well brought out by an adventure that happened to a friend of mine years ago, in the mountains of West Virginia.

"The young man was hunting. He came to a lonely cabin, and, being thirsty, he knocked at the door for a drink. The drink was handed to him by a girl so charming that, with a smile, he said:

"'Would you be angry if I should offer you a dollar for a kiss?'"

"'No, sir,' the girl answered, with a little blush.

"So my friend took the kiss and then he gave the maiden the dollar. She balanced it in her hand a moment. She knitted her pretty brows in perplexity.

"'What,' she asked, 'shall I do with all this money?'"

"'Why, anything you please, my dear,' said my friend.

"'Then,' she murmured, 'I think I'll give it back to you, and take another kiss.'"—Kansas City Journal.

A Solemn Reflection.

"If we are not careful," said the amateur statesman, "we will see a condition as appalling as that of ancient Rome."

"I can stand it," said the professional politician, "if we don't repeat the events of modern Serbia."—Washington Star.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

It cost France \$120,000 to send President Loubet to England.

Mr. Balfour, the British Prime Minister, has made an appeal in behalf of the cancer research fund.

The Duke of Buccleuch, who recently entertained King Edward at Dalkeith, is head of the Clan Scott.

John Barrett, the new Minister to Argentina, formerly Minister to Siam, is a Vermont man, a graduate of Dartmouth.

Prince Napoleon Victor Jerome Bonaparte, head of the European house of Bonaparte, recently renounced his forty-first year.

Captain Henry Ingh, of Boston, is the last surviving officer of the old militia company that took part in the famous "Arrowstock war."

Jacob S. Johnson, of Fairhaven, Conn., is the last survivor of Commodore Perry's famous expedition to Japan in 1858. He is seventy-two years old.

Tommaso Salvini, who will make a tour of the United States next season, is probably the greatest actor of living Italian actors. Salvini is a native of Milan.

Major Frederick Muller has just ended a series of successful experiments in raising silk worms from eggs furnished by the Department of Agriculture, at Santa Fe, N. M.

Paderewski is at his castle in Morges, Switzerland, suffering from severe inflammation of the muscles of the right arm. He has been ordered not to touch the piano for at least three months.

Pension Commissioner Ware has undertaken to obtain the great restoration to the Kansas Historical Society the seafoam upon which John Brown was hanged at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

ELKS RAID A FARM.

Forced by Hunger During Snowstorms to Seek Haystacks.

I was snowbound at a ranch in Lost Park, Colo., for three weeks during January and personally know of a case where nine large stacks of hay disappeared in a single night; and when the morning's sun came up, there stood at the gates of the ranch corral a herd of elk so dense that they could not be counted, says Ross