

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. For instance: Grover Cleveland 28 June 85.

Including stocks and bonds the railways of the United States are capitalized at \$50,000 per mile.

Dr. Conan Doyle picked up considerable 'literary material' and \$12,000 during his trip in this country.

The New Orleans Picayune exclaims: 'General Booth is begging money in this country for his 'Darkest England' schemes.'

The South in 1894 raised about fifty bushels of corn to every bale of cotton.

'The fact,' declares the New York Tribune, 'that the Southern farmers are going ahead in a quiet, unobtrusive way, saying nothing, but minding their business in the most exemplary manner.'

There has been a singular dearth of invention in naming the many small lakes of the West, laments the Chicago Herald.

According to Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, of the National Weather Service, the weather crop service of the National bureau ranks next in importance to the work of making forecasts.

The system of gathering reports upon which the weather crop bulletins are based has been greatly perfected in recent years.

It is believed that there is no other class of information to which so much space is devoted in the public press to-day.

A file of these bulletins for all the States for a year will form the most complete history of the weather conditions attending the growth and development of the several crops throughout the country.

More than ten thousand crop correspondents are to-day co-operating with the National Weather Service through the State organization; three thousand voluntary observers are furnishing monthly reports of daily observations of temperature and rainfall.

And over eleven thousand persons assist in the work of distributing the weather forecasts of the National Weather Service.

This latter work has been more rapidly pushed during the past year than any other feature of State Weather Service work.

With the continuation of the present liberal policy toward these services there will be in a comparatively short time no important agricultural community in the United States, with the proper mail facilities, that will not receive the benefits of the forecasts.

THE WINTER GIRL.

When winter comes with its icy blasts, And the north-wind chill with its fleecy snow, In my room so drear I watch you, dear, As your dainty footsteps come and go, My fur-clad Winter Girl.

Though the maid of spring may be divine, And the autumn maiden fair, And the summer girl with flaxen curl; With you they'll ne'er compare, My fur-clad Winter Girl.

When the world is sad in the winter days, The earth is white and the sky is gray, And I am blue; it rests with you To make us all feel glad and gay, My fur-clad Winter Girl.

So, here's to the health of the Winter Girl! Though the maids of warmer times are fair; With freckles and tan, there's none that can With you, O Winter Girl, compare, My fur-clad Winter Girl.

—Truth.

DICK'S PROMISE.

HE handful of men picketed under Jagai had been taken by surprise, and the regiment, which was raw, was badly manled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a struggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an inky cloud toward the hills.

The sun leaked with a tongue of fire the bullet-ridden field, and from throats dry as ovens cries and groans went up on the fetid air, which fostered the flesh of gaping wounds.

When the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky, the continual movement of the littered among the stricken ones went on until evening, when the deep dug trenches were thickly packed, and the tent-cloth of the temporary hospital bulged with the forms of the wounded.

regarding him now with a pale, lusterless gaze, resembling drenched forget-me-nots. He noted the inept lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished.

Dick pulled himself together, and, with much gentleness, recounted the scene at Jagai, speaking of Philip's death as a painless one.

"Let us be friends for the sake of our dead," she said, as he left her, and he winced.

"Do you think so—really?" she said, with earnestness. "I have so many pretty frocks upstairs, but—may I tell you something? You won't laugh at me?"

"I'm only chipped," panted the captain. "That confounded knife sliced me from the shoulder strap to the breastbone. Praps they'll give me sick leave; and while you're skimming about the country, Dick, I shall be petted at home—and Marion—"

"That's my girl," said the sick man proudly. "You used to wonder why I raved so over one woman. Can you now? Nine years she's waited, Dick, for a man with only a captain's pay and vague expectations."

They were engaged. No words of love had passed between them, but their compact was tense with sincerity. Dick found a newly awakened interest in the face that now smiled without effort.

"I know," he murmured; "I mean I have a photograph of yours which—" "It must be a very old one," she interpolated, hastily.

Her gaze hung upon Dick yearningly, and he, feeling convinced of his dead friend's loyalty, allied her fears with fervor.

A week later "the little sister" arrived from her Paris school, fresh as a newly fledged butterfly.

The officers' ball of the season was nearly over and only a few couples were enjoying the last waltz, while others, shrinking in dim corners, were making the most of final moments.

Marion Temple stood alone by the door, scanning the dancers. She looked very tired, and the fresh white dress seemed out of keeping with her haggard weariness.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage.

When engaged in breeding up a native stock to some one of the improved varieties, there should be a definite point aimed at from the first.

THE QUESTION OF WHICH IS THE BEST BREED OF FOWLS narrows down to this: What fowl do you like best? Which style and color takes your eye?

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CARE OF THE RASPBERRY. If the old wood of the raspberry bushes has not already been cut out, leaving only the last summer's growth, it should be done now.

GROWING ONIONS FROM SETS. Onion sets are the small bulbs produced from late-sown seed on poor land and taken up in the fall and dried.

BREEDING UP STOCK. When engaged in breeding up a native stock to some one of the improved varieties, there should be a definite point aimed at from the first.

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CHANGE.

Have you seen the full moon Drift behind a cloud, Hiding all of nature In a dusky shroud?

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A silent worker.—The yeast cake. 'Hold by the enemy'—The ulcer which we are unable to redeem.

When a woman begins to show a dislike to being called by her pet name she may be considered as officially out of the matrimonial race.

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