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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office.

Including stocks and bonds the railroads of the United States are capitalized at \$60,000 per mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at \$220,000 per mile, or nearly 400 per cent. higher than in this country.

Dr. Conan Doyle picked up considerable "literary material" and \$12,000 during his trip in this country. "No wonder he finds America a great field for the successful author," exclaims the Chicago Record.

The New Orleans Picayune exclaims: "General Booth is begging money in this country for his 'Dark-est England' schemes. America takes care of enough foreign paupers on her own soil without exporting money for the purpose."

The South in 1894 raised about fifty bushels of corn to every bale of cotton. The farmer who comes out even on his cotton at present prices is fortunate. The farmer who has a surplus of corn is ahead. The salvation of the South during 1894 was its great corn and hog product. It is useless, in the judgment of the Atlanta Journal, to say more.

"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. With a climate unapproached anywhere else on this continent, a soil unsurpassed for its natural fertility, a wealth of fertilizers under the surface, and a dogged perseverance of which they have heretofore given ample evidence, they are successfully proving their fitness to survive in the struggle for life, prosperity and happiness."

There has been a singular dearth of invention in naming the many small lakes of the West, laments the Chicago Herald, and fine old Indian names have been deliberately discarded in order that persons of unlovely surnames might be honored geographically. The Indian names when translated are often found to embody an almost photographic picture of the lakes upon which they were bestowed. The French names that superseded some of the Indian names, and are likely to be superseded in their turn by modern commonplaces, are often pretty and historically suggestive.

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. The crop bulletins of the States have been improved, and are now more complete than at any previous time, and the increased circulation that these bulletins have attained amply attests their value. 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 dear 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 curls; With you they'll never 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.

A handful of men picked under Jaggi had been taken by surprise, and the regiment, which was raw, was badly mauled.

Not until noon were the Paythans forced under, and a straggling remnant of "black imps" fled like an ink cloud toward the hills. As the dark stain merged into distance, the search for the living among the dead began.

The sun licked 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 festered the flesh of gaping wounds, while the men sweltered helplessly beneath the flaming sky. The continual movement of the litters 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.

Moaning and fevered mutterings mingled with the breaths of the sleepers as the captain opened his eyes and spoke, for the first time coherently since he had been borne from the field. The man bending over him detected life's last flicker in the burning eyes and stooped lower to catch the feeble murmur. Between these two men existed a mighty friendship. Even in the Sandhurst days they had been nicknamed "David and Jonathan," and the joint sobriquet had followed them to the barrack-room and into camp. Now one of them was dying, and didn't know it!

"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 skrimishing about the country, Dick, I shall be peeted at home—and Marion—Marion—" His speech became inaudible and he fumbled about his breast among the bandages. At last, from the ripped lining of the coat, he brought to view a faded photograph. "You've never seen her, Dick," he whispered. "I've even been jealous of her picture. But—you may look at her now, old man."

Thrust under the other's gaze was the likeness of a woman with deep eyes and a tender, smiling mouth. "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."

"As faithful as she is beautiful," sighed Dick, looking at his comrade, and wondering how long this spur of vitality would last. Then an involuntary pity for the patient girl in England rushed into his eyes as the first gray tint shadowed the tortured face before him. "Philip, dear old chum," he said chokingly, "what message shall I take her?"

The captain stared up stupidly. "Don't look at me—like that, Dick! I—Don't let me die!" The soldier who had feared nothing when under fire now prayed feebly for his life, and in the brief subsequent delirium shrieked piteously about the horrors of death. When Dick's hands, as tender as a woman's, touched him, the dying man kissed them and called his friend "Marion." At nightfall reason gleamed again for an instant; it was the final spark.

"Nine years she's waited, Dick, and this is the end. Don't let her be lonely, Dick. I could trust her with you—you'll take my place, if you can—promise, if you can."

Dick groaned "Yes." There was no woman's memory to prevent the pledge, and in that moment of parting he would have granted anything.

Marion Temple looked wonderingly at the visitor's card, until a flash of remembrance rendered the name intelligible to her. There was the slightest possible flutter about her fingers as she turned the handle of the drawing room door, but the man who rose to meet her was far less composed. "You will pardon my intrusion," he faltered. "I—I was Philip's friend."

regarding him now with a pale, lusterless gaze, resembling drenched forget-me-nots. He noted the incipient lines about her tired face, and the lack of freshness about her smile, as if that, too, had perished. Only her voice and her black dress had any link to the vividly-imagined "Marion."

He had been prepared for a somber frown, and her tones were so soft and sweet as he had fancied.

"I'm very glad to know you," she was saying. "Tell me all you can about—about it. The official announcement was the only news I had."

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

She detected the kindly lie, as well as the tears in his voice, and impulsively held out her hand to him. It looked like a snowflake on the bronze of his, and in the emotion of the moment he bent his lips to it, at the same time conscious of a disappointment gnawing at his senses. Dick was distinctly human and it was with a revulsion of feeling that he recalled the death-cry of his Jonathan and his own promise. It was easy then to pledge himself to lift the loneliness of the beautiful, bereaved girl, but its fulfillment with this calm, faded woman seemed a thing so different.

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

A few days later Dick was with her again, conscious-stricken. At that second visit he assigned a regular day for what he considered his duty. He was quartered at Portsmouth, and one afternoon a week he sacrificed in the little green-shuttered villa facing the sea. He knew that she looked for his coming, because she had told him so, but the yoke of his promise continued to weigh heavily.

"Why don't you leave this off?" he asked one day, touching her black gown. "It's more than a year ago, you know, and I think you would brighten with brighter surroundings."

They were sitting on a patch of lawn, and the searching sunlight revealed all the weariness of her face.

"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?"

She had never lost her apathy until this moment, when, leaning toward him, she confided something of her past.

"... And it was so awful, cherishing a love with folded hands, doing nothing day in and day out but pray and wait, and wait and pray, for my lover, that, to make the dreariness seem less—I got my trousseau ready. When the idea first struck me I worked with feverish haste, but, little by little, the stitches were made more slowly to fit with the gap that yawned in front of me. Even then the marriage things were finished too soon, for nothing happened until—"

The unuttered allusion, following the revelation of a life fretted threadbare of hope, softened him toward her as he had never felt before. In a dim way he realized the pathetic patience of this woman, who had mutely allowed her prettiness to slip from her grasp, whilst drifting down the river of years, which had borne her from the chore of youth to the dead level of despair.

The ravages of time upon her face stirred his deepest pity, and with an impulse he did not pause to question, Dick asked Marion to yield her life into his keeping.

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. There was a restfulness in her glance when it met his which stilled any lurking regret that may have existed, and gradually he looked forward to his marriage with Marion with a certain degree of contentment.

"When is it to be?" he asked toward the end of the year, and was startled at his spasm of relief when she answered indefinitely. Juggling with his conscience, Dick explained the feeling to himself as a reluctance to "settle down yet"—anything but a shrinking from the final step of his promise!

It was nearing Christmas, and Marion was sticking holly about the house; a spray of scarlet berries glistened warmly against her dress, which was no longer black, and Dick thought her almost pretty as she laughed down at him from the height of a flight of steps.

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

"So you are to be my brother!" she said, smiling up at Dick. "Hada't you better kiss me?"

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. Presently she turned from the brilliant room, with its glare of flags and colored lights, and passed slowly up the staircase, glancing furtively behind screens and fern bowers, which were everywhere about the corridors and landings.

Once she halted, and her heart missed a beat when, through the green of a bank of plants, she caught a glimpse of yellow hair beside a patch of scarlet. "The little sister's" voice reached her faintly, but the tones of Dick were distinct. Marion stood there only a moment, then hurried away to the cloak-room, the man's words throbbing in her brain, and an insistent ache oppressing her like a nightmare.

Marion was one of those brave women with an insignificant outside, whom nobody credits with emotion. Her pain was expressionless when, afterward, she faced the girl whose joy added gall to the bitterness of disillusion.

"Hasn't it been lovely, Marion?" cried the little sister, when they were seated together in the carriage. "I have enjoyed my first ball! And all my partners danced superbly; and I don't know whether to laugh or cry with happiness."

Dick commented on Marion looking "rather tired" when he said good-night to them, and involuntarily she shrank from his touch.

"Come around to-morrow," she said, in tones slightly querulous, "I've some news for you, Dick."

When alone in her room she neither sobbed nor fell into melancholy. After changing her ball dress for a loose wrapper, she dragged out a box from a cupboard, and with quiet deliberateness, turned out its contents until the bed and all the chairs were laden with the miscellany of a trousseau. Every stitch, every shred of it was an evidence of her misery, and she fingered the things with the lingering touch of a good-bye. One frock, prettier than the others, and trimmed with little pink rosebuds, she fondled very much, and finally, in guilty haste, put it on, standing before the glass shamed-faced. The candlelight flickered in her shaking hand, casting odd shadows about herself as she turned this way and that admiringly.

"So I shall never wear them after all," she moaned, when at last, she folded and replaced each thing, gazing with unutterable tenderness into the depths of the box, as if into the earth-love of her dead.

Then, for the second time, she turned the key on a hallowed hope, and so began again her desolation.

It was all over. Dick's head was buried in his arms when Marion ceased speaking, and moved to the door. The twilight shrouded them, so he couldn't see how pale was her face when he went toward her with outstretched hands and humble words of thanks.

"No; don't say any more," she pleaded. "It was my fault not to have better understood. You have been very good to me, Dick, and I'm sure that Philip is grateful."

It was Dick who sobbed, not the woman, and as they stood there, their hands clinging together, he realized what a soldier's girl she was.

Someone opened the door and announced that "tea was ready," and perhaps some of Marion's pain melted into the caress she gave "the little sister."

"We were just talking of you, darling—Dick has something to tell you."—London Answers.



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. The long canes should be cut back. Tender varieties can all be bent over one way and weighted down or pegged down and covered with three or four inches of soil. After freezing weather is over in the spring the vines should be loosely tied to single stakes or to a wire if preferred. The hardy varieties, such as the Cuthbert, Turner and other of the newer varieties will need no protection.—American Agriculturist.

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. They are planted on rich land in the spring in rows twelve inches apart, and three inches apart in the rows, requiring about twenty-four bushels to the acre. The plants grow quickly and make marketable onions by July or August. It is necessary to watch the crop, and when the swollen seed stems appear these are twisted and broken down to prevent the formation of blossoms, by which the growth of the bulb will be checked. Onions may be kept quite safely if thoroughly dried and stored in a dry, cool place, and if frozen in the winter will not take any harm if kept in that condition and thawed gradually in the spring.—New York Times.

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. This must be adhered to, or the stock will soon become entirely unreliable for breeding. Our native animals are of no particular breed, but if good specimens of their kind, they are better to breed from than a half-bred or three-quarter-bred animal of some other strain. For example, if you are breeding from a Holstein bull for milk or butter, a half blood of short-horn or Jersey or Guernsey will not give as good results as will a first-rate native cow. In the former case there is propensity on both sides and the offspring will be widely variant. With a native cow and a thoroughbred bull of any kind, the propensity is all in the same line. If the breeding is continued further the same strain of breed should be used as at first. The established breeds are all too firmly established to be crossed more than once with any certainty that the breeding will perpetuate the desirable qualities on either side of the house.—Boston Cultivator.

THE BEST BREED OF FOWLS.

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? Can you give the proper housing and care that the fowls require?

Will you have to subject your fowls to just ordinary houses and care? The breed one fancies most will in the majority of cases receive the best care, which naturally results in the most profit. If one prefers fine feathers and a beautiful form and carriage rather than a strictly economic fowl, there are many breeds from which to make a selection. If a general purpose fowl is wanted, the list to select from was never so long as it is to-day. If beauty and utility combined are wanted, there are several breeds to select from, either one of which should satisfy any reasonable person. There is much truth in the saying, "feed makes the breed." The best breed in the world, whichever one may be considered by the owner, will be a failure and disappointment if kept under unfavorable conditions and injudiciously fed. Therefore we would add to the above, "feed and care make the breed." We do not know of any breed which with proper care and feed will not prove reasonably profitable both in pleasure and money. In making selection one's circumstances and surroundings should be taken into account; where one breed would be perfectly hardy and thrive well, another breed would not do at all well. Therefore it behooves one to guard against letting a sudden fancy run away with good judgment.

Those who are just considering the subject, I would earnestly advise taking plenty of time to look the field over thoroughly before making up their minds. One is apt to be favorably impressed with the appearance of a certain breed, which after due thought would be rejected for good and sufficient reason, whereas if on the first impulse it had been bought, it would prove a disappointment and entail a loss. Those who are continually changing the breed very seldom are satisfied with anything and usually end by giving the whole up in disgust.—American Agriculturist.

CURRYING HORSES.

The horse is a very cleanly animal, and if he is not running in the fields where he can roll and rub, his hair and skin should be thoroughly cleaned every day to keep him in good health and condition. Mud and manure should be rubbed off with a handful of straw or hay, and the wet hair wiped dry with other clean material. Then the whole skin should be gone over with a currycomb having fine round, pointed teeth, followed by a good, clean brush. Straw and dirt should be untangled from the mane and tail with the fingers. Cards pull out too much hair, though a good, blunt-toothed steel comb may be carefully used. The most of the cleaning should be done with the brush, especially around the head and leg bones, being careful that the brush or dust does not get into his eyes. Then the whole body should be wiped with a soft cloth, beginning with head, and the resulting smooth coat of the horse will well repay such daily care.

The principal reason for regular and thorough grooming is that the health of the horse requires that the pores of the skin be kept open by removing dust and secretions, and that both skin and muscles be rubbed to replace the good results of careful grooming are so apparent that a person with the healthy skin which follows from proper bathing, rubbing and feeding, is said to be well groomed.

Muddy legs and manure stains may be washed off with warm water, being careful to rub the hair and skin dry immediately. In warm weather it is a good plan to give the horse an occasional bath all over, and then rub him dry, so that he does not chill and catch cold. The hard-working farm horse should be groomed three times a day. At noon the harness should be removed and the face and sweaty places rubbed with soft straw or hay. At night the shoulders, the back and the muddy legs should be washed off with warm water and rubbed dry. Then and also in the morning he should be rubbed all over with the brush and cloth or straw, using the currycomb to remove dirt from the hair, and to clean the brush. Cleanliness pays.—Died! McLaren, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

After the leaves drop is a good time to prune the grape. Take your choice, eggs or lice. You can't have both in the same poultry yard.

A teaspoonful of glycerine and a few drops of nitric acid to a pint of drinking water will generally cure a fowl that shows symptoms of bronchitis, when accompanied with a gurgling sound in the throat, as if of choking.

Stirring the soil in warm weather makes it warmer by admitting more outside air. It also stimulates decomposition of any vegetable matter that the soil contains, and thus directly adds to the available supply of fertility.

The more manure that the farmer applies the more thorough should be the cultivation of the crop. Only thus can its full value be secured. Besides, unless the cultivator is kept busy, the manure makes the weeds grow as well as the crop.

Much can yet be done to make the poultry quarters comfortable for winter weather. The roof may be mended, the walls battened, or lined with paper, the broken glass replaced with new, or a sash put into a front that now has none.

A cold was to all appearances nearly dead, the breath of life being barely perceptible. It soon revived by giving it a couple of fresh eggs. The same results have attended the administering of eggs to weak cattle and to feeble, chilled lambs.

All sick or ailing fowls should be at once separated from the rest of the flock. The ounce of prevention in removing them is often worth more than the pound of cure needed for the others, among whom they, by remaining, spread contagion.

Experimenting with mongrel fowls in these days is very poor business at the best, when there is such an abundance of prime stock to commemoate with. It is just as cheap to breed the better kinds of poultry at the outset, as to keep poor trash.

If a little salt were put in food every day and ashes put where the poultry can have access to them, they would never eat their eggs unless the eggs freeze and the shells cracks open. Hens seldom eat their eggs except during the winter months.

It has been recommended, in order to prevent hens from eating eggs, to put two table-spoonfuls of fine salt and one-half pint of wood ashes in one quart of corn meal, or in that ratio, and mix with boiling water; feed once a day until they leave off eating their eggs.

A CHANGE.

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

Have you seen the light snow Change to sudden rain, And the virgin streaks grow Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ashes, When the flame is spent, And the cheerless heartstone Grim and eloquent?

Have you seen the ballroom When the dance is done And its tawdry splendor Meets the morning sun?

Dearest, all these pictures Cannot half portray How my life has altered Since you've gone away? —Harry Romaine, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A silent worker—The yeast cake. "Held by the enemy"—The ulcer which we are unable to remove.—Texas Siftings.

Every man knows in his own heart that the fools are not all dead yet.—Albany Argus. This pig went to market. This one refused to roam; But the one that takes two seats in a car We wish would stay at home. —Inter-Ocean.

"Well, that baits all," remarked the Irish fisherman as he looked into his can in vain for a worm.—Philadelphia Life. The only thing we can recommend to women for the management of a husband, is to feed him and trust to luck.—Atechison Globe.

Sibly—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." "Tipie—"Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yankee Blade. "This now about the time of year When each friend, overboard, Fires off this question in your ear, 'Where did you get that cold?' —New York Herald.

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.—Hudson Register. Her brow was like the snowdrift, Her throat was like the swan, And her hat was the largest He'd ever looked upon. —Inter-Ocean.

Ho—"I could believe that this was one of mother's own pies, dear." She—"Could you, really, darling?" Ho—"Yes; it tastes as if it had been made about ten years ago."—Inter-Ocean. Witts—"Talk about work painting! I know a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watta—"Done something wonderful in books, has he?" Witts—"Er—no; in signs."—Buffalo Courier.

Break! Break! Break! On thy cold, gray stones, oh sea, Thou'lt not, I'll bet, be able to get As broke as I soon shall be. —Washington Star. Stockily—"I hear that your son went into the office to work this morning." Jobly—"He went into the office to work me. I was out, but I guess I'd have been out more if I'd been in."—Philadelphia Record.

A girl isn't going to be married soon if a number of gentlemen call on her on a Sunday afternoon. When anything serious is in prospect all the men except the one who is in earnest drop off.—Atechison Globe. No more he pulls his father's beard And drives him to despair; He has to prefer a handful of His brother's football hair. —Washington Star.

"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely soft pillow."—Detroit Free Press. "Do you think," said the passenger on the front platform of the street car, that it hurts a horse to dock its tail?" "Yes," replied the man who handles the brake, "but not as much as it does a driver to dock his wages."—Washington Star.

Little Ned—"Don't take away the light." Mamma—"I want you to learn to go to sleep without a light." "Must I sleep in the dark?" "Yes." "Well, then, wait a minute. I guess I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."—Good News. "Are you used to serving roast beef rare?" said the lady who was endeavoring to learn whether she suited the new cook. "No, ma'am," was the politely-spoken reply. "Up to me praiseworthy employment O've been used to serving it frequent."—Washington Star.

Jagwell—"I've made an awful mistake. I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cushey's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow." Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—Philadelphia Record. The art of making money leads All other human passions, And mankind generally concedes 'Tis quite an honest fashion. Yet, when a man to make the same Has to learn the meaner wisdom, Then justice 'tumbles to his game' And sends him straight to prison. —Richmond Dispatch.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Gleeman-Baumgartner apparatus. The results obtained were strikingly successful, and in the opinion of experts indicate the displacement of coal as a steam producing fuel wherever petroleum can be procured.—New York Advertiser.