

Most Kansas counties pay a bounty on wolves killed. Yet wolves in that State have in a year killed only 1150 sheep, according to statistics collected by a member of the State Board of Agriculture, while the 155,570 dogs owned there have killed 1294 sheep.

Russia will have a new labor law after January 1. The working day is fixed at a maximum of eleven and a half hours; for Saturdays and the days preceding holidays it is ten hours, and on Sundays and holidays there is to be no work. Workmen who are not Christians will not be compelled to work on the days held sacred by their sects. For night work eight hours will constitute a day's work.

Elwood S. Leary, a lawyer of Newark, N. J., will be a model husband if he keeps the pledge he has taken, predicts the New York Press. He had to choose between it and a suit for divorce. He promises to cease absolutely the use of spirituous and malt liquors of every description; to spend his evenings in his wife's company at home or elsewhere, at her pleasure, and to give to her all the money he earns.

Bicycles are not yet very common in Spain. The authors of "Sketches Aweel in Modern Iberia" were constantly frightening animals and angering their owners; in one case a murderous assault by a drunken driver was narrowly averted. The writers comment on the noisiness of Spanish towns, the badness of country roads, the beauties of the scenery, and so forth. Postal affairs do not seem to improve at all. The writers mailed from Granada seven small articles to the post in other countries, and only one of them reached its destination; and this was but a sample of their experiences.

The New York Herald remarks: Science is at work on some difficult matters, and up to date it has made a good record as a miracle worker. We are living in an exceptional epoch and the word impossible will very soon be expunged from the dictionary. Tesla tells us that he can telegraph without wires. He has been at work on the problem for a long while and has at last solved it. We are on the threshold of great changes, and every man who didn't die fifty years ago ought to shake hands with himself. There are two puzzles which remain. Somebody must discover the secret of the fish's tail, which puts our best propeller to shame as a sort of stage coach affair, and then we shall have rapid transit across the ocean with a vengeance. Some one else must find the secret of the bird's wing, and then we shall have air ships for passengers and merchandise. When we have made these two discoveries and applied them we shall look for the millennium.

David R. Brackett, who recently returned to his old home in Portland, Me., after a residence of many years in Alaska, claims that he is the man who found the first nugget of gold in what is now known all over the world as the Klondike region. Brackett went to Alaska in 1877, and for a long time divided his energies between running a sawmill at Sitka and buying furs of the Indians. To carry on the latter industry he made long trips into the interior on foot, and in the course of them he kept open an attentive but not very hopeful eye for signs of gold. "It was while on one of these journeys in 1879," he says, "that I found the nugget. I had crossed the great backbone of the Alaskan mountain range and traversed the valley where Circle City, Fort Cudahy, Dawson City and Fort Reliance have since been built. One day I camped on the ledges above what I am sure is now called Bonanza Creek. Two of my Indian guides came in with furs at 10 o'clock that night, and I traded with them. Then, as it was still light, I walked down to the mouth of the creek, and there picked up a stone which had gold in it. I looked around for more, but, not finding any, I put the stone in my pouch and did not think much more about the matter. Later, at Sitka, I showed the nugget to an old miner, who offered me \$75 for it. I took the money, but wouldn't tell where I found the gold. I went up the Yukon in 1881 and tried to locate my creek again, but failed. Clarence Berry, of Fresno, Cal., went up the river in 1890, and, I suppose, located near Klondike and Bonanza Creek. He and Frank Phiscator, but I have always claimed that I picked up the first nugget on Bonanza Creek." Brackett declares that the mountains on the American side of the line are the real backbone of the range, and that all the creeks and tributaries of the Yukon River are full of gold. There, he thinks, is the real source of the gold streak that reaches down through California.

WAITING.
Do the little brown twigs complain
That they haven't a leaf to wear?
Or the grass when the wind and rain
Pull at her matted hair?
Do the little brooks struggle and moan
When the ice has frozen their feet?
Or the moss turn gray as a stone
Because of the cold and sleet?
Do the birds that the leaves left bare
To strive with their wintry fate,
In a moment of deep despair,
Destroy what they cannot create?
Oh, nature is teaching us there
To patiently wait, and wait.
—Boston Transcript.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.
HEN a man who is yet young arrives at the conclusion that life holds nothing more for him and that he can only devote himself to the good of others, there is still plenty of keen wretchedness in store for him. If he gets up after a bad blow and is actively miserable and somewhat hateful and resentful, he can yet be happy. But self-immolation is not natural, and anything unnatural brings its own punishment. Another person and other people can not be the centre of the universe for very long. There may come a jar that will put you out of plumb for a bit, but you swing back to your normal position.

The jar that came to Osborne was a hard one. The girl to whom he was engaged told him that her parents were forcing her to marry a certain rich man. Now parents, in these days, do not force one to marry anybody; but Osborne would have believed whatever the girl had chosen to tell him. He believed this, and thought she was a beautiful, suffering martyr, and there was a tragic scene, which she did not even know of, and after that Osborne lost even ambition, which had been a ruling passion almost above his love. The girl was mean enough, too, to keep his misery alive by writing to him, now and then, bewailing her gilded captivity.

Life, he told himself, was henceforth a vain thing, only fit to be used in the service of others. It is not easy to serve others picturesquely in the army. There is no need, and no fallen ones—because when they fall they cease to be in the army. So Osborne brought him of his brother Alexander.

Alexander lived on a ranch—as Osborne had done. At sixteen Osborne had been the support of a widowed mother and two children. He had had no boyhood in particular. He had all been work, making the ranch pay. Only those who have tried it know what that means. Alexander was not afflicted after this fashion. He lived on his new stepfather, and was envious of his brother.

Now when Osborne brought Alexander on to San Antonio, the first evening of his arrival he spoke to him thus: "There's a first-class school right in the town, Alex." Silence. "I want you to study hard, youngster, to make up for the time you've lost up there in the wilderness."

Alex braced his feet against the porch railing and tipped back his chair. "It strikes me I've lost more fun than about anything else. It ain't fair, Herbert. You've been having a picnic for the last eight years, while I've been slaving in the fields; and I don't see it in the light of settling down right away to digging at books. I want a swing."

If nature is ambitious it cannot be altered. The ambition may transfer its object from self to someone else, but it will not die. Osborne's had transferred itself to his brother. So his heart sank. But he had learned toleration. "Well, I'll give you three months. But you must study to make up for it."

ing in cult, and Ambition filled him. He rejoiced in his brother's beauty, which was of the Bertie Cecil type, in his magnificent stature, in his agility and his athletics. He mounted him on the finest horse to be had in that part of the country—and wore a shabby uniform himself all winter. He read with him for two hours daily, and was well pleased when the boy remembered just enough to give his conversation a peculiarly brilliant turn. He argued great things from this when Alexander should go to school. But when he went to school, Osborne saw the truth.

"Alex, the account of you is very bad. You've barely scratched through on two things, and you've failed on mathematics altogether. I've told you that mathematics is the test at the Point," Osborne admonished.

"Oh! come, I say, up, Herbert. I'm trying to learn this piece." He picked up with beautiful absorption at the guitar the lieutenant had given him.

"Put up that thing and listen to me." Alexander obeyed, as all men did when Osborne willed.

"I am going to get you into West Point at twenty. When I say I am going to do it, you know it is going to be done. Don't you? None of it depends on you except the study. I can't make you drink, but I'll take you to water and keep you there until you find it will be easier to drink. You can go back to the ranch if you like, but I'm not afraid you'll like. I don't want to treat you as a small boy unless you act the part of one. You can learn, and you must learn, or the theatres will stop, and the hops will stop, and the guitar will stop—also the tennis. You have been cutting time, but henceforth you will study four hours a day and I will sit with you to help you and see that it is done."

So four hours out of every twenty-four Osborne put to the use of teaching one who did not wish to learn. Density can be bored through with patience. It is the india-rubber of indifference cleverness that resists. After some of the struggles Osborne would lie awake for the rest of the night from sheer nervousness. The boy slept with untroubled brain. The lieutenant almost came to forget the girl. But never quite. A letter would come when Alexander was most inert, and Osborne would stare straight in front of him and grit his teeth, and wonder that a man could live with both sides of his nature thwarted and cut back.

But he had his reward. Alexander went into the Academy at twenty. He was the handsomest and most popular cadet in his class—and he failed in the first year.

Just how such things are done no one is ever quite sure; but in Osborne's case it must have been sheer force of determination. Alexander was reappointed, and he himself was made instructor at the Point.

He stood over the cadet with the stinging lash of his ambition; and Alexander was graduated fifteen. Osborne wisely took some credit to himself.

"Lieutenant Osborne," he said to the junior, "go and report to the officer in command, Captain Clarke. I shall have preceded you and have reported you for cowardice."

He went in search of the captain, and made his report, and Second Lieutenant Osborne was sent under arrest back to the dismounted horses in the rear. Then the first lieutenant threw open his blouse and covered his breast with a wide, white silk handkerchief that gleamed even in the shadow, and walked out into the full moonlight.

It was a matter of only a moment before the hidden Apaches saw him with the white target on his bosom. And two of them, at least, took aim at the target and hit it full in the centre—and First Lieutenant Osborne pitched forward on the stones.—The Argonaut.

Remarkable Juggling feat.
There is always an abundant supply of stories of the expertness of Hindoo jugglers and acrobats, says the Boston Transcript. One who moves about perpetually on a single long stick is the latest novelty. This performer is mounted on a bamboo pole about fifteen feet high, the top of which is tied to a girdle worn around his waist. A small cushion is fastened a few feet down the pole, which acts as a leg rest. The acrobat hops around a large space in the liveliest way, uttering cheerful shouts, and accompanied by the tapping of a curious drum. He also executes a sort of dance, and goes through a little pantomime. It is a marvellous feat of equilibrium. To walk on a pair of stilts as high as this would be a performance worthy of exhibition on our variety stage. But to hop around on one is quite another thing.

The same man can do many other wonderful things. He appears absolutely perfect in the art of balancing. He can balance a very light stick on his nose and a heavy one on his chin, and then throw the heavy one into the air with his head and catch it on the end of the light. When balancing these two sticks, end on end, he will make one revolve in one direction and the other in the other. He puts one hand on a flat circular stone, throws his feet up into the air, and balances a stick on each of them. At the same time he revolves rapidly on the pivot formed by his arm and the stone.

Money Stops a Train.
A few days ago an engineer of a Boston and Maine train, while running between Winchester and Montvale, with an empty engine, discovered what looked to be money, whirling in the suction caused by the locomotive drivers, says the Boston Herald.

He stopped the machine, ran back a few feet and picked up a \$50 bill. Near by were two \$10 bills. The engineer then started for Winchester, and the engine was rolling along at a good clip when a large bill book, wide open, was seen beside the track. The engine was stopped and the wallet captured. It contained valuable papers and the name of the owner. The money and papers were returned to the proper person with not a cent missing. A few hours later the man whose property had been restored by the honest engineer made his appearance and handed a package up to the knight of the throttle. It contained a half-pint of cheap whiskey. Railroad men who heard of the case are wondering if poor whiskey is the proper reward for honesty. Some of them claim that the offering of liquor to an engineer is an insult that should not be overlooked.

It seems that the owner of the money lost it from a passing train, and he had no definite idea as to where the incident occurred.

The Spider as a Barometer.
The spider is a good example of the living barometer. Close observation of the work on its web castle will soon enable one to forecast the weather. When a high wind or a heavy rain threatens, the spider may be seen taking in sail with great energy—that is, shortening the rope filaments that sustain the web structure. If the storm is to be unusually severe or of long duration, the ropes are straightened as well as shortened, the better to resist the onset of the elements. Not until pleasant weather is again close at hand will the ropes be lengthened as before. On the contrary, when you see the spider running out the slender filaments, it is certain that calm, fine weather has set in, whose duration may be measured by their elongation.



Moral Courage of Women.
Lady Cook, nee Tennessee Claffin, asserts that it is in moral courage that women shine, although they are not at all behind in the physical variety.

"Just as the greater strength and training of man makes him physically superior," she says, "so the moral strength and training of woman makes him morally her inferior. In loyalty, truthfulness, chastity, fidelity, pity, sobriety, honesty and general perseverance in well-doing she is immeasurably above him. This has been noticed by great writers in every age, and it would not be difficult to discover why she is so much man's moral superior. Braille thought it was because her brain was more accurately balanced. We think, however, that it is largely owing to a higher standard of moral conduct having been constantly demanded from her from remotest times."—New York Tribune.

The Revived Jersey.
This autumn the revived Jersey will have a successful inning. These trim, neat, rather smart, and decidedly comfortable garments are a boon to women for many reasons. The former objectionable features of these Jerseys are removed by the addition of slight trimmings both on bodies and sleeves, and they are thus made no more outlying to the figure in their style than many of the closely adjusted dress-waists formed with outlining darts and curving seams. While fitting the figure perfectly, they are the easiest garments imaginable to wear. A finely fitting waist can be selected in twenty minutes, with no trouble of standing by the hour at the dressmaker's, no choosing of linings, buttons, trimmings, etc.

The waist lies before you complete, and this year there are numberless colors, effects, and styles to choose from. At a celebrated importing house in this city are exhibited an entirely new invoice of the very prettiest and most graceful Jersey models ever manufactured. They show the approved diminutive sleeve-puffs, yoke or vest effects, strapped seams, braided bolero fronts, jacket-bodies, fronted, double-breasted styles, buttoning from the left shoulder, box-pleated or Norfolk backs, etc. The price of these various garments is not more than one would pay the dressmaker for making a waist, and they will be found more than useful in the making of autumn costumes in black or colors for cycling, tennis, golf, yachting, and traveling likewise for they slip very easily under a traveling jacket or ulster, and they are far more comfortable for long journeys than any sort of boned bodice, and a degree at least more "dressy" than a shirt-waist.—New York Post.

A Co-operative Flat.
Self-supporting women have a harder time to live comfortably and respectably than any other class in the community. Four sisters of this city, who lost both parents and were thrown upon the world, constitute a good example of what bright minds can do under the circumstances. Each went to work, and, being intelligent and courteous, got ahead. Getting ahead, however, with a woman, does not mean very much. With three of the sisters it meant rising from \$4 to \$7 a week in their salaries.

With the fourth girl, who was born lame, it meant building up a little dressmaking and needlework business, which paid about the same. Out of this their board cost \$5 a week, and, what with clothing and the lame sister's medical bills, there was never anything left at the end of the year. One of the sisters studied shorthand and typewriting in the night time, and secured a machine (the hardest way in the world) by paying for it in copying matter sent to her in the night time. Working four and five hours every night, it took four months before the machine was paid for. After she became proficient there was a slight improvement in the family affairs.

She secured a position at \$10 per week, and rose until she was getting \$18. Upon this she put money aside, and when, by rigid economy and hard work on the part of all, they had \$100 saved, they took a large and handsome flat in Brooklyn, near the park, fitted it up on the installment plan, and secured four friends to come and board with them. They did not make it a matter of friendship, but of business. They offered to give better accommodations and fare to their friends for the same price they were paying, or to give the same accommodations and fare for a dollar less a week. The friends accepted the latter, and the eight girls settled down in their flat. The lame one became housekeeper and dressmaker for the rest, and the typewriter became the treasurer and manager.

The first year they paid for all the furniture and also all the expenses. The second year they had a better time, and put by \$200. The third year four of them purchased bicycles, and even then put a little in the bank in addition.

The past year was equally successful. In the meantime they have accumulated a little library of 500 volumes, and are altogether as happy a family group as can be found in the Greater New York.—New York Mail and Express.

bride cut the wedding loaf with her father's sword.

A working girls' home has been established in Denver, Col., where neatly furnished rooms are rented for \$2 per month.

Manhattan, Kan., with three women's clubs in a population of 3500, is said to have more culture than any other town of its size in that State.

Miss Belle Quinn, of Aston Mills, Penn., owns a useful pigeon. Every morning, after breakfast, the bird flies to the postoffice, and carries home the letters for the Quinn family.

Mrs. Ann Cassidy, of Coalport, Penn., who is now in her 100th year, was the mother of eighteen children, nine of whom are yet living. Among her children were four pairs of twins.

Miss Sadie Lipman, formerly of Cincinnati, but now of Philadelphia, is a trained nurse in one of the large hospitals there. A deep sorrow fell upon her life and she left her old home and recently entered upon her professional nurse career. She is a bright, attractive young Jewess.

Mrs. Warren Neal, of Neal, Mich., has recently been appointed Deputy Game Warden for Grand Traverse County. Mrs. Neal has done active work in promoting the protection of game and fish and is described as a bright, plucky, attractive little woman, full of good sense and energy.

Spanish and French women of the higher class are usually expert swordswomen. They are taught to fence as carefully and accurately as their brothers, and there are numerous schools in the two countries where young women are taught not only to fence, but to handle the broadsword.

Miss Gertrude Dwyer, of San Antonio, was crowned "Gertrude the First, Queen of Texas," at the May festival in San Antonio. She has gone on a royal visit to President Diaz in the City of Mexico, and it is said that her Majesty is to negotiate and obtain some valuable commercial privileges for her native State.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.
To Drive Off Flies.
Many mixtures of cotton seed oil, coal oil, etc., have been tried as a remedy for the pestiferous flies which harass cows. Perhaps nothing has proved more successful than fish oil, to which is added a little carbolic acid. It is best applied with a broad, flat paint brush. It is especially objectionable to flies, and probably is a chief constituent of many of the patent remedies.—Atlanta Journal.

Musty Hay.
Much of the baled hay that comes to market is musty. Most farmers when they bale hay think it need not be very dry, as the bales are small. But the amount of hay packed in them is always sufficient to get up a violent ferment unless the hay is properly dried before it is put into the bale. If there were more care used in baling hay the price for it would be much better than it is, as the hay itself would be better worth it.

How to Make a Melon Patch.
I try to select the poorest spot of ground available. In the fall I plow a deep trench where I wish to plant my melons. Then I collect all the weeds and briars which have been cut on the farm, place them in this trench, tramp them down as solidly as possible and then plow back the ground so that it forms a ridge over them. This I leave until spring. At the proper time I plant the seeds on this land without further plowing.—Lewis Wier, of Indiana, in *Agriculturist*.

Lodged Barley.
It is always best to cut barley while it is still green, and the grain is in the milky stage. But if the straw has been beaten down by rains, early cutting is especially necessary. The chief danger with fallen barley is that rust will attack the straw, after which, instead of growing heavier, the grain will rather decrease in weight. So soon as grain is cut the danger of rust attacking it has past, because when its stalk is severed from the root the leaves and stalks contract, and close the pores through which the rust enters the plant. But if the weather is fine, barley that has fallen down will often fill well and make a good crop. It is a grain that ripens more quickly after it comes into head than any other.

The New Feed Stuff.
The new corn product being talked about is obtained by grinding corn-stalks. The pith of the stalk is used for packing between the plates of iron-rod warships. The hard shell of the stalks, after the pith is taken out, is ground into a fine powder. It can be bagged like oats or bran and will keep as well as any other ground feed. Analysis proves that it is richer in muscle makers than the whole corn-stalk, and experience shows that stock will eat it up clean. The stations tell that a balanced ration can be readily made up by mixing the new feed stuff with oil meal or cottonseed meal. A ton of the ground stalks will occupy little more space than a ton of ensilage. There is authority for believing that this new feed stuff will have some effect in reducing the price of hay.—Connecticut Farmer.

Destroying Burdock.
It is a comparatively easy matter to kill the burdock, though it may be hard enough to exterminate it, because it seeds so plentifully and the seed will remain in the ground for years until it has a favorable chance to grow. As the burdock is biennial it dies out after it has seeded the second year, but that is only after it has provided thousands and tens of thousands of seed to perpetuate its kind. All that is needed to kill the plant is to take a dull axe and chop the root something below the surface, and then throw on a handful of salt. The burdock root being soft and moist dissolves the salt, which quickly rots it so that further sprouting of a new top is impossible. No amount of cutting will do the work. The burdock, like most weeds, is a very persistent seeder. We have seen it mown down with the scythe two or three times during the summer, and yet in fall showing several clusters of seed burrs near the ground, containing enough seed to start a hundred burdock plants the very next year. The seed burrs cling to clothing and to the fur of animals brushing against it. Hence the weed is sure to be always widely distributed.

Blight in Pear Trees.
This is the season, especially after the very hot weather we have lately had, followed by rains, when blight is most likely to attack pear trees. It appears to be a disease which especially attacks trees heavily manured and which have an excess of sap. If the tree has been manured in the spring with stable manure, and has since been fertilized, it will almost certainly blight. Manuring with purely mineral fertilizers, without nitrogen, is, we know from experience, a help to prevent trees from blighting. The pear tree to be kept productive and healthy should not make a large yearly growth of wood. Six to twelve inches yearly growth of wood, with a proportionate number of new fruit buds, will give the tree longer life and a greater amount of fruit than will any attempt to force fruit production. Over-bearing is a fruitful cause of blight. It comes just at the time when the pear seeds are forming, and when this imperative demand for more potash robs the sap of that mineral which is so necessary to keep wood and foliage in healthful condition. Yet pear trees on grassland land are in the condition next most likely to be blighted. In their case probably the potash in the soil is inert and the pear tree roots cannot get it.—Atlanta Journal.

There are 48,000 artists in Paris, more than half of them painters.