Reports of the exports of domestic products show that this country will be depended on more than ever this winter to feed the world.

The demand for Southern pine increases and it is already shipped to all parts of the world. The extent of the lumber export trade of the South is not generally appreciated, declares the Atlanta Journal.

More than one invader of the Klondike region will be ready, before spring, to paraphrase the cry of the ocean castaway. With them it will be, "Gold, gold everywhere—but not a loaf of bread!"

A Maine man says he will try to cross the Atlantic in a barrel. Many a man has succeeded in getting "half seas over" by sticking to a barrel, but this is the first time that the second half has been attempted, observes the Chicago Times-Herald.

To facilitate the transportation and preservation of hay, an apparatus has been devised at Buenos Ayres for compressing it to one-tength its normal bulk. In this form, as "hay biscuits," it can be preserved dry and sound an indefinite period, without losing its flavor or value as food.

Adirondack "camps" are not as primitive as the name would imply, some of them, on the contrary, being as costly and as elegant as Newport cottages. H. McK. Twombly owns one in the St. Regis region, which is said to have cost not less than $90,000. Collis P. Huntington fitted up a camp in the same region a few years ago which cost about $35,000, and Whitelaw Reid has a camp constructed on the same expensive scale.

As a result of some experiments on cows supposed to be infected with tuberculosis, Director Phelps, of the Storrs (Conn.) Agricultural Experiment Station, says: "Above all things, the experiments made by this station show that we are deplorably in the dark regarding this disease and its danger to our herds, and through them to the human family, and that there is need of further study and research before we can deal with tuberculosis wisely, either as individual farmers or as a State."

According to the New York Ledger a reconstructed adage reads, Eternal vigilance is the price of safety of valuable property, and in pursuance of this idea an ingenious inventor has devised an electric safe, which is made with an electric lining, consisting of thin metal sheets and strips of such delicacy that the slightest rupture will close the circuit and give the alarm. The thrust of a pin point will penetrate this metal. The casing is of steel and is built inside of a cover, which is also lined with thin metal. There are several sets of bolts, which are so arranged that a considerable length of time is required to move them. The slightest displacement starts off the alarm and long before the burglar can get to the treasure in the heart of the safe the neighborhood gets altogether too warm for him.

"The growth of the iron industry in the South during the past few years has been truly phenomenal. For the year 1896 the total output of iron in this section amounted to 1,833,235 tons; for the current year it will exceed 2,000,000 tons. When the Southern iron manufacturers first sent their product to Pennsylvania," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "it was thought most extraordinary that they should be able to invade that territory. At the present time, however, they ship to England at least ten per cent. of their product. Southern iron, like Southern cotton, now finds its way to all parts of the globe, and some of it has recently been used in the manufacture of basic steel by the Martin process. It has been possible to lay it down in England at $7.50 per ton, and it can be manufactured for even less, as the cost of production in the Birmingham district is reduced from year to year. The chances are that nearly one-third of the total iron product of the country will come this year from the South, the largest share of this industry it has ever had. Nor will its field be limited to iron, for the metal is now being extensively converted into steel, and it is predicted that the South will ultimately furnish the steel plates for our men of war, which it has been found impossible to get in the East on reasonable terms. Much of the Southern iron is being converted elsewhere into steel, and the new steel mill at Birmingham, Ala., is now operating ten revolving steel furnaces, turning out 1600 tons of steel ingots per day, the latter being converted at once into billets, steel rails or bar steel."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There's many a rest on the road of life,
If we could only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soil that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in idle pleasure,
That is richer far than a jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

—M. E. Crouch.

IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

THE fact that he was riding a bicycle should have kept him to remembering that he was not living in an age of romance. But he forgot it. And to live in the midst of a matter-of-fact world and forgot that it is such is what makes most of the tragedies of that world.

There were excuses for him, of course. The first, that he was young; the second, that he was care-free, and the last—and as the nursery rhyme has it, the best—that he had come from the early spring of New York to that of Southern California.

He had ridden through willow paths along the gravel roads that a month before had been the bed of the San Gabriel; he had crossed the shallow gleaming branches of the stream time and again; he had looked from the green swell of the divide over as green a valley, where wild flowers were thick on the ground and where peach and almond trees made pink and white patches. Just across the valley the mountains were half covered with snow, but the air was warm from the sea and the sky was bright blue. So there was excuse for his forgetting the bicycle and thinking the world a place for romance.

A place for romance, but there can be none without a woman. And there was no woman.

He coasted down the incline of the divide and made for the Monte road, by tree-bordered byways and paths. There was not a flake of dust in the splendid air. All kinds of picturesque, Old World things ought to happen. In a garden of this sort man ought certainly not to be alone. Some nymph should come dripping and glittering out of the zanja; some slender figure should push its way through the high, green barley and the fluffy branches of the peppers and stand beside him. He forgot the barbed wire fence between the barley field and the road. The grasses and flowering weeds and the peppers hid it. But the zanja rippled and purled on, the barley waved in the wind from the sea, and the sun gleamed on an uninhabited world.

Then a bell rang out, just ahead, by the road side, and the silence of the spring high noon was filled with the voices of children and young girls.

The woman entered the garden. She was neither nymph of zanja nor sprite of the field, only a black-gowned school girl, who stood on the school house steps and waved a handkerchief at the passing tourist. The tourist was a man and young—which was all the school girl cared about. The girl was pretty and willowy—which was all the man cared about. He raised his cap and motioned to a clump of trees down the highway. Of course she would understand.

It was all a part of the romance and the country, and she understood. She left the calling, screaming children and her older companions and strolled toward where he sat, on the grass under the trees. It was out of sight of the school house. He watched her black, lithe figure moving through the flecked sunshine that came in through the plumy branches of the peppers. They were all alone in the midst of spring and the garden, birds were singing from the earth, the sun was shining from the sky, and the soft wind blew from the sea beyond the valley. The snowy mountains were far away, and the world on the other side of them yet further.

Her name, she said, was Alicia. How sweet the double e's of the vowels, how different the stern Nelson to which he had to confess. But even that was pretty when she said it. How old was she? She was fifteen. The heroines of the poets were that age. Where did she live? Some vague way over there among the pink blossoms. He remembered that when he was a child those questions had always begun an acquaintance: "What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live?" All the wisdom he had accumulated in the years between then and now had vanished. He did not want it. He forgot that he had meant to reach the hotel of the valley by luncheon time. He was not hungry; but Alicia was. She put her plump brown hand into her pocket and brought out a newspaper roll. Inside of the paper there was a tortilla and boiled meat. She ate these while she talked to him, and when she had finished she started to draw the back of her wrist across her mouth; but remembering the teachings of school and the presence of the foreign young man, she took out her handkerchief. He had meant to ask for that handkerchief, the white signal which had fluttered in the air; but he saw that it was grimy and ink-spotted, so he asked for the wire ring she wore instead. Alicia parted with it as though it had been very precious.

Then she brushed the crumbs from her black frock and stood up. "I must go now," she said, with an accent that kept the words from being commonplace.

"First tell me where you live," he asked.

She pointed over to the patch of feathery pink. "In the white house in them trees."

"What is your father's name?"

"Mateo Manzelo," she answered, winding one of her heavy braids around her hand.

"I will come to see you to-night," he told her.

"Yes," she murmured, with musical indifference, as she went leisurely up the pathway and never once looked back.

The man rode on to the hotel and returned to real life as he asked if a valise and a trunk had come and if there were any letters for Nelson Cameron. There was one. After he had had his luncheon he sat on the long piazza, from which the snow-capped mountains could be seen through the climbing roses, and read it. But the letter was dull, and the memory of the brown hair and eyes that had always seemed the most beautiful in the world paled beside that of two soft black braids and two orbs as soft and as black. There was a vague promise that the owners of the brown hair and eyes might be in California, too, ere long. Cameron was not so pleased as he tried to think he was. He began to imagine the meeting of that night.

It came about. Old Manzelo and his fat, black-wrapped wife did not object to him in the least. He walked for hours up and down the moonlit road, with Alicia's hand in his and went from her—a Lord Lovel on a steed of glittering steel—at midnight.

The poison was in his blood. He had eaten of the lotus, and he forgot home and the past. He gave reckless rein to the course of young blood. And so a fortnight passed away. There were no more letters. They were being sent to Santa Barbara, where he had told the brown-eyed girl that the first weeks in March would find him. He had not written to her. He had meant to. But it was the land of poco tiempo.

In pursuance of the romance he was living, he one day put on the dirty overalls and coat of old Manzelo and went with Alicia to the San Gabriel railway station to wash and pack oranges. Alicia was dressed in faded dark blue, with a yellow handkerchief around her neck and a pink bow in her hair. She was very pretty, and very open in accepting the open devotion of the American. It was still just a lark for him. It was rather more for her—a little more.

A tally-ho drove up to the station and the driver stopped it, that his party of tourists might watch one of the really picturesque scenes left to the United States. Some of the washers looked up. Cameron and Alicia Manzelo were talking together and did not. Both were gazing light love into each other's eyes. The boss of the gang came up to the tally-ho with a handful of oranges. The finest one, all wet and glistening with its scrubbing, he offered to the girl on the front seat.

"Thank you. What a splendid one!" she praised. "I am so thirsty that it will taste good."

"May I peel it for you?" he asked, with an inflection that showed him English at once.

He had not offered to peel them for the others, but this was a very beautiful woman, with brown hair and a skin that reminded him of the women at home. While he prepared it, she looked at the workers. And when he handed it to her:

"Thank you," she said again, "and can you tell me who that man by the girl in the blue gown is? He is evidently not a Mexican."

He wondered why she should care to know, but he answered:

"No; he is an American. All I can tell you about him is that his name seems to be Nelson. It is what the girl calls him."

"The girl?"

"Yes. It's a picturesque flirtation, I gathered from her father. It has been going on for some weeks, and the old man says Nelson, or whatever his name really is, means to marry her. But it is unsafe."

"Very, I should say," said the girl, reflectively.

"They rarely do, these whites that make love to pretty Mexicans," added the Englishman.

The pretty Mexican cast up her dark eyes just then and took notice of the tally-ho. She had known it was there all along, but she had not been interested in it.

"The lady on the front watch you," she murmured to her companion.

Cameron glanced up. He caught the unfaltering look of the brown eyes, and the scales—the rosy scales of romance—fell from his own. He dropped the orange that he held into the water in his tub and started to the tally-ho. But he took only a step, then went back. The girl on the front seat had turned to the others.

"Can't we get out for a while? I'm sure we are all cramped and tired, and I should like to watch this pretty scene for a bit."

The Englishman helped her down, but she thanked him and walked away. Her manner implied that she would make her own investigations. She wandered among the boxes and the tubs and trays, hazarding a word to the washers here and there. Most of them did not understand her. She came up finally beside Cameron's tub and spoke to him. The on-lookers fancied that she might be asking how many oranges he had cleaned that day. Alicia, a half dozen feet away at the end of the tray, was unconcerned. So the Anglo-Saxon conducts his tragedy.

"It is evidently more attractive here than in Santa Barbara," the fair American said, in cool, placid tones.

Cameron stammered.

"I can't blame you. It breaks my heart, of course. But that can't be helped. I can stand it—and better now than later. Only I cared for you a great deal—a great, great deal."

She stopped.

"Don't you now?" asked Cameron baldly.

"Yes. I suppose I always shall, too. But, of course, I shall never see you again."

He started to protest, a little outraged in feelings at her severity.

"Please don't make a scene," she said, anxiously. "It won't do any good. You ought to know me well enough to know that."

Cameron reflected that Alicia would have screamed, and cried, and stabbed, perhaps, but would have forgiven. That was her Latin blood. This girl was Anglo-Saxon. She would never forgive, but neither would she ever forget. He understood—he was of her race. So he kept silence.

"Did you tell her you would marry her?"

"Yes." He did not attempt to evade.

"Then you will keep the promise, will you not?"

He did not answer.

"I must leave that to you," she finished. "If you think you should, you will do it. Good-by."

The cool possessors of hot young blood parted after the manner of the well-bred of their kind. The girl drove away through the country of romance. She was in Elysian fields and her heart and soul were in hades, but no one knew that.

The man washed his fruit in silence while the little daughter of the land stood beside him, patiently waiting for him to speak. When he did, he said:

"We shall be married in a week at the mission, Alicia."

"Yes," she answered, pleased.

And the romance was closed.—Argonaut.

Housed in a Steeple.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Hezekiah Bradds, the sexton of the Baptist Church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City.

The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. It is just under the bells.

Through the small windows that furnish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room are a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table.

He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied this room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her.

Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Bradds move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a lonesome life.

Sense of Touch Wanting.

One has heard of heartless women and women without feeling, but that a human being can exist without any sense of touch seems marvelous. Yet that is claimed for Mrs. Evartina Tardo, a young widow in the West Indies. Physicians who have known her case pronounce it a physiological freak. She is said to be wholly without feeling, has swallowed poison, been shot, bitten by rattlesnakes, received a puncture in her heart from a doctor's lance and had her neck dislocated, all without experiencing any pain. Besides these experiments, she can without injury drink benzine and light the gas at a hollow needle which pierces her cheek. This strange assertion is backed by the word of physicians of repute. As a child she was bitten by a cobra, and it is claimed that her sensory nerves were paralyzed and her system inoculated with poison.

Peter the Great's Hut.

Two hundred years ago, on August 9th, Peter the Great became a shipbuilder's apprentice at Saardam, a little village a few miles from Amsterdam. It is as trim and picturesque. In a narrow lane by the waterside is the hut in which the Czar lived the life of a workman. Nicholas II. recently inclosed it in a new building of brick and stone in the Byzantine style.

A Corner on the Alphabet.

Chemical names are occasionally curious and long, as everybody knows to his cost. Here is another to be added to the list: Diparaossiacetophenondiphenilpiperazine. It has been given by an Italian chemist to a new compound which he has discovered.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The Cooking of Game Birds.

Most game birds and animals, because of a life of ceaseless activity, do not take on fat, and such should be larded, or cooked with slices of bacon or salt pork placed on them. Do not serve birds with heads on and undrawn, as is quite generally practised—the latter point being a relic of savagery, the former an offense to sensitive nerves. It is pleasanter to enjoy a bit of choice flesh without being so forcibly reminded that we are eating dead birds. This is not the only instance where realism is inartistic.—Woman's Home Companion.

Stuffed Tomatoes.

Stuffed tomatoes are excellent. Select as many large, firm, ripe tomatoes as there are persons to be served, and cut them in halves. Heat a little butter in a porcelain-lined saucepan and lay the tomatoes in it with the flesh side down. Let them fry two or three minutes. Make a stuffing of one small shallott, chopped fine (a small white onion will do); one clove of garlic—no more—also minced; the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a tablespoonful of equal parts of chopped chives, parsley and two salt anchovies, freshened and chopped fine. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly together, stirring in a tablespoonful of butter; season with a little pepper, and salt if necessary. Lay the halves of fried tomato on a buttered tin, flesh or cooked side up, and cover each one of them with one-sixth of the amount of stuffing prepared. Dredge a few fine bread crumbs and sprinkle a few drops of melted butter over each, and put them in a hot oven to bake for ten or fifteen minutes. Place them on a dry, hot platter and serve.

Egg Soup.

Put one quart of fresh milk, with a part of an onion, over the fire in a double boiler. Blend together one tablespoonful of butter with a scant spoonful of flour; moisten this with a little of the hot milk before stirring it into the boiling milk. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Let the mixture boil up at once, and then strain into a heated tureen. Meanwhile furnish as many eggs as are needed, place them on top of the soup and scatter a little chopped parsley over the whole. When serving this soup use great care not to break the eggs. For a quick, sweet omelet use the yolks of seven eggs and add to them three ounces of powdered sugar and whatever flavoring is liked. Beat these ingredients together at least fifteen minutes. Meanwhile add a pinch of salt to the whites of the eggs and have them beaten to a dry, stiff froth. Gradually turn the yolk mixture over them, stirring it in lightly. Put in a frying pan one tablespoonful of butter and place over the fire. When the butter is melted turn in the mixture. The pan will require to be shaken to prevent its "catching" at the bottom. The mixture should rise quickly, and as soon as it is lightly colored turn out on a dish. Sift a little powdered sugar over the top and serve at once.

Household Hints.

All cold vegetables left over should be saved for future use in soups or salads.

Brushes of all kinds should be rested on the bristles to dry, as otherwise the water will rot the brush.

Before putting away the season's straw hats, go over them thoroughly with a stiff old toothbrush dipped in lemon juice and flour of sulphur. This will effectually remove the tan.

Save fruit pits, those from cherries, plums, peaches and apricots, toward the autumn open fire. A handful then tossed on the coals will add a glowing flame and give out a pungent aromatic odor.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking, wrap each chimney loosely but entirely in cloth; place them together in a kettle and cover with cold water. Bring the water to a boil, continue the heat ten or fifteen minutes and then cool off. By this tempering they are toughened against all ordinary lamp heat.

Corn starch will remove grease most effectually. Rub a little fresh, dry corn starch into the soiled place, and it will at once begin the process of absorbing the grease. Brush the first used off carefully from the garment, and proceed in the same way with more until the disfigurement has entirely disappeared.

The unpleasant odor arising from perspiration may be obviated in the following way: Put two tablespoonfuls of compound spirits of ammonia in a basin of water, wash the face, hands and arms with it and the skin will be clean, neat and fresh. This is a cheap and harmless wash, recommended by an experienced physician.

It is claimed that the best mouth washes may be bought in tablet form. Two of them can be made into a wash that will last a week. Orris root tablets are excellent, imparting the fragrance of violets. Keep the teeth scrupulously clean, and at the slightest hint at decay go at once to the dentist—the best one that can be found.

A piece of chamois skin will remove any spot or stain from tan shoes if applied within twenty-four hours. A nightly rubbing with the same material will keep tan shoes looking fresh and new for weeks. The inside of worn kid gloves will answer the same purpose. These agents are far better than most of the so-called cleaners and polishers.

Corn as Fuel.

A Minnesota farmer insists that corn makes a better and cheaper fuel than coal. He raised enough corn on ten acres to heat his house and feed two horses and a cow through the winter.

H. N. BANCROFT'S

Partial List of Ohio Farms

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

Location of Ashtabula County.

ASHTABULA COUNTY, in which most of the places on this list are located, is the northeastern corner county in Ohio. Our lands are all rolling, gravelly loam soil; with clay subsoil. There are five railroads running through the county, two east and west and three north and south, giving ease and quick communication and markets to Buffalo and the east, and to Cleveland and the west, and the north and south roads put us in direct communication with Pittsburg and Oil City. We have at Ashtabula, this county, the best harbor between Cleveland and Buffalo on Lake Erie, where is handled the most coal and ore of any port in the world. This county for agricultural products, statistics show we average per acre with the best. I will be pleased to furnish any information that may be desired, and would solicit correspondence. Photo.

No. 1—A premium farm of 252 acres, one mile from Jefferson county seat, on the most traveled road in the county; 2 good houses, 2 good barns, one new last year, will hold 150 tons of hay, the other 45x50. This farm is a beauty, all under high state of cultivation, well fenced, all over, well watered with springs and creek, adapted to all kinds of crops grown in Ohio, 65 acres of wheat on the ground, over 150 acres of meadow that will produce 250 tons of hay, and all can be put into meadow if desired, and can work machinery on every acre of it and will produce hay enough in three years to pay for the whole farm at the price asked—$50 per acre, $6,000 down. The farm can be divided with two sets of buildings for each farm. Will give time to suit the purchaser. The farm is actually worth $75 per acre.

No. 2—A splendid farm of 109 acres located on main road from Jefferson to Ashtabula, as nice situation as there is on the road; first class land with two good houses, all in good condition; one house with 10 rooms, the other 7 rooms; the land first class and under high state of cultivation, well watered with small creek and springs. A second growth sugar orchard of 300 trees in open field. A barn, new last year, 30x74. This farm can be divided if desired. Will sell the whole farm for $55 per acre, or will sell 80 acres off first if desired.

No. 3—A farm of 110 acres of fine land for gardening, being the selvage of a marshland is well drained, very rich, half suitable for gardening; new barn 30x50; four miles from city Ashtabula market town. Will sell the whole tract for $4,000, with a down payment of $1,000, the balance on time to suit the purchaser. Buy it if you want a garden farm near market.

No. 4—A little 40-acre garden farm 4 miles from the city of Ashtabula, where there is a good market for all garden truck; new house 18x26, 2 stories, good cellar, splendid good home, all under cultivation, nearly half black muck extending into marsh that is well drained, good onion land, or will raise anything. This farm can be bought for $2,000, down payment $1,000, the balance on time to suit the purchaser.

No. 5—A farm of 77 acres located within 40 rods of the incorporation of city limits of Jefferson, in sight of the court house, good house, two-story upright 18x26, wing 18x24, wood house and kitchen 18x24, one barn 26x36, horse barn 20x50, sheep barn 18x34, the best kind of soil, fruited, sugar orchard of 250 trees, everything in good shape; will sell for $4,000, with a down payment of $1,500, the balance will wait 15 years, with security on the farm, at 6 per cent.

No. 6—A farm of 113 acres, three miles county seat and in plain sight, one mile from Austinburgh, where there is a high grade school, land first best in cultivation and producing largely; good house and barn 50x50; plenty fruit of various kinds, well watered; price $50 per acre. Might exchange for good city property.

No. 8—A very fine farm of 43 acres located ¾ of a mile from the depot of the Lake Shore railroad, 4 miles from the fine city of Ashtabula, and 4 miles from Jefferson, county seat of Ashtabula county, ¼ mile from church, store, P. O. This farm is in high state of cultivation and producing heavily. House has 9 rooms besides pantry, clothes presses, etc.; barn 30x96 with wing 30x60, 8 stalls for horses, 12 for cattle, all in complete order; granery 16x24, corn house 12x30, good orchard of the best fruit, apples, pears, peaches, cherries and grapes; as large as the barn is it was filled with hay and grain this year. The farm will produce as much as an ordinary 100 acre farm. The improvements in buildings cost not less than $2,500 and the whole farm can be bought for $3,000, with a down payment of $1,000, balance in ten equal amount payments, which can be made easily off the farm. Splendid place to live, good society and very pleasant.

No. 9—A farm of 180 acres of fine level land, can work machinery on every acre of it, located within 200 rods of the city of Jefferson, county seat of Ashtabula county, on the most traveled roads in the county, in plain sight of the passing trains of the Lake Shore railroad; the very best improvements in the way of buildings of all kinds, some of which are entirely new, large commodious house with slate roof, plate glass, large verandas, stone walks, house heated with hot water throughout, bath room, finally, all the conveniences necessary to make home comfortable and convenient; barn 40x80, with wing 36x70, new horse barn 40x50, with several box stalls, large granery and corn house, ice house, all buildings lately painted and in perfect order; plenty fruit and water. 12 acres wheat on the ground; title perfect, not a dollar against it. The owner will sell this farm for $10,000, not over two-thirds what it is actually worth, and with the sale will go the plows, harrows, cultivators, mowing machine, horse forks, etc. One-third down, the balance in six equal annual payments. Good reason for selling. Will send photograph if desired. Photo.

No. 10—A farm of 303 acres of choice land well adapted to any kind of crops when put in cultivation, located 7 miles from Jefferson, 2 miles from Dorset Station on Lake Shore railroad, where there is a good market, one mile from P. O., three churches, 20 rods from school, good society, a 6 room house 30x40 feet, barn, 20 acres cleared, 140 acres in a lopping pasture easily cleared, the balance in timber; enough timber on it to pay for the farm at the price asked—$4,500. $1,000 down, the balance on time to suit purchaser; will accept $1,000 in lumber sawed to dimensions. Buy it, you can soon make it worth $50 per acre; no better land by nature in the township and is a great bargain for any body who has got $1,000 in money and a team to make the lumber, with good market for all the lumber.

No. 11—Farm of 158 acres located 2¾ miles from county seat, Jefferson, on a good road, old styled house, two barns, one 26x60, the other 34x70, two orchards, one 113 trees, the best in town, 20 acres in timber, the balance in cultivation. The farm can be divided, making one farm 80 acres and the other 78, both be well watered, a part of it owned by a non-resident, their interests are connected, will sell very cheap and on easy terms. If you want a good farm for less than it is worth, buy it; will take $55 per acre.

No. 12—91 acre farm well located, 3¼ miles from county seat, in a good neighborhood; good 2-story house, 30x40 barn, horse barn 24x30, good orchard of apple and other fruits, well watered with springs, well and cistern, all nice level rich land, will produce anything, owned by a non resident and can be bought at a great bargain—$30 per acre, with a payment down of $1,000 the balance on time to suit the purchaser. Buy it if you want a good farm of that size.

No. 13—Farm of 110 acres located at the beautiful village of Austinburgh, town of 1,000 inhabitants, railroad and one of the best institutions of learning in the state, endowed with a capital of $40,000. This farm is under a high state of cultivation and is situated as fine as a farm can be, well watered with springs, well of soft water at the house, house is a good one with 11 rooms, barn 98 by 54, with 5 box stalls, 2 graneries, any amount of stalls for cattle, cheese and butter factory in village; this farm will suit any one wanting to buy nice farm; any amount of fruit of all kinds; price $50 per acre, $2,500 down, the balance on ten years' time, or more time if desired.

No. 14—A fine farm of 92 acres land located ½ mile from railroad depot, 3 miles from the city of Ashtabula and in plain sight of the lake has the finest farm house of any in the county, large and commodious; it also has a good tenant house for workman, two good barns, one a bank or basement, has nice maple grove of several hundred trees around the mansion as you ever saw and as pleasant a home as there is in the county, 40 minutes drive to Woodland Beach on the lake shore, where you can have a picnic every day in the summer if you want it. Will make fine summer resort for city gentleman or a good home for any one. Will sell it for less than the improvements cost—$3,000; might take city property towards it if it would suit. Photo.

No. 15—A number one farm of 149 acres located within ½ mile of railroad station on the Lake Shore railroad, where there is a small village, stores, P. O., schools, etc.; 111 acres in cultivation, the balance in first rate timber with 700 sugar maple orchard, a good 2 story house with 10 rooms, 5 closets, 2 pantries, barn 40x66, with basement under all for stabling, water brought into each stall for watering stock in winter. With this farm goes a saw mill, cider mill, jell factory, feed mill, also sugar fixtures for 700 trees, 600 tin buckets, modern evaporator for making the finest kind of maple syrup, storage gathering tanks, etc., 3 good apple orchards on the farm, wind mill and tank, spring water in pasture, a nice and pleasant location for a home. This whole outfit can be had for $12,000. There is a mortgage of $2,200 on the farm that can run perpetually by the interest being kept paid at 6 per cent, or can pay it off at any time, which the purchaser will have to assume or pay, then pay $1,050 cash and for the balance will take good city property in some good town.

Please keep this list as it will not appear again. Send stamp for circulars.

For further particulars address,

H. N. BANCROFT,

Real Estate Agent, Jefferson, O.

☞Hand this paper to some one wanting to buy a farm. Send for photos.

Newsy Gleanings.

Yellow fever is raging on the Island of Jamaica.

The Russian Czar's yacht, the Polar Star, cost more than $5,000,000.

Remarkable catches of mackerel are being made along the Cape Cod shore.

Secretary Long has decided that the new torpedo boats shall be painted a bottle green.

The big Yerkes telescope was dedicated to science, a few days ago, with fitting ceremonies.

Columbus, Ohio, with 100,000 inhabitants, has 1300 physicians, or one to every seventy-seven persons.

Peanut butter is being pushed into the market. It is said to be as good as ordinary dairy butter.

Pierre Lorillard and Marshall Field declared in interviews abroad that European capitalists are still too timid to invest in America.

As the result of religious revival in the Frankfort (Ky.) penitentiary 250 conversions have been made. Over 110 convicts have been baptized.

The United States Life-saving Service reports 699 maritime disasters during the fiscal year. Of this number but fifty-three vessels were totally lost.

Recent sales of short-horn cattle show an average value for eighty-six cows and calves of $188.33, and for thirty-five bulls an average value of $219.95.

Trouble is possible between France and Great Britain over their conflicting claims in Borgu, West Africa.

Paris is to have a pendulum bridge which will swing passengers over the Seine without exertion on their part.

Almost one hundred of the most beautiful of New Haven's fine old elms are reported dead and will have to be cut down.

Captain Crowninshield, in his report to Secretary Long, recommends that the personnel of the navy be increased by 100 officers, 1500 enlisted men, and 500 apprentices.

A tilemaker named Guillout, his wife, and four children have committed suicide by the use of charcoal fumes at Choisy-le-Roy, France. Poverty was the cause of their self-destruction.

At Danville, Ill., Mrs. Carrie Corbett, a widow, aged thirty-two, was awarded a verdict for $54,333.33 damages for breach of promise. The defendant was John Gernand, aged seventy-one, a retired capitalist.

The report sent out from Fort Smith, Ark., to the effect that the Cherokee Indians are arming themselves to resist any attempt on the part of the United States to abolish their tribal government, is denied by the attorney for the Cherokees, W. T. Hutchings.

For an hour and a quarter a mine engineer near Bourne, Oregon, was whirled around with the fly wheel, into which he had fallen, but when he recovered consciousness after the wheel was stopped, it was found that he was not seriously hurt. The wheel was a twenty-foot one, and was making 125 revolutions a minutes.

CYCLING NOTES.

There are 135 league hotels in Missouri.

Italy is the latest country to fall a victim to the cycle tax.

Sheepskin pads for hard cycle seats are now being largely used in Austria.

Thin manila paper, also, is now being used for making tubes for bicycles.

Cycle frames manufactured from bamboo fiber are a promise of the near future.

Bicycle riding as a remedy for asthma is strongly recommended by Dr. Marcet of London.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, it is said, has been advised to learn to ride a bicycle for the benefit of his health.

Dr. J. A. Austin says that smoking is entirely out of place on the bicycle, owing to its bad effect on the breathing.

The latest sensation is to make a parachute descent seated on a bicycle. This feat was recently performed at the Crystal Palace, London, England.

Cycling tourists in Germany state that the ordinary road tramp does not exist in that country. Government regulations do not allow him the use of the highways.

Bicycle pedals are being made with an adjustable extension at the rear to slide into the hollow of the shoe next to the heel and prevent the foot from slipping forward on the pedal.

Mayor Strong, of New York City, vetoed the amendment passed by the Aldermen requiring bicycles, light wagons not carrying freight, and passenger vehicles to display lights after dark.

To assist in mending tire punctures on the road a spirit lamp is attached to a rod for burning out the puncture hole so the plug will fit, the bicycle pump being used to blow the flame and heat the rod.

Bicycles are now being made with one of the tubes in the frame plugged at each end, to be filled with oil through an inlet at the top, and drawn off below, so that a cycler need not run out of fuel for his lamp.

The Fowler Cycle Company, of Chicago, one of the largest bicycle concerns in the West, assigned. Liabilities are said to be about $500,000, with assets considerably under this sum. The company employed 500 men.

Dr. Conan Doyle, speaking of cycling, says: "When the spirits are low, when the days appear dark, when work becomes monotonous, when hope seems hardly worth having, just mount a bicycle and go and have a good spin down the road, without thought of anything but the ride you are taking."

The idea of a chainless bicycle is not by any means new. As far back as 1893, a firm had put on the market a bevel geared wheel, and not a few of these machines may still be seen upon the road, and are apparently giving satisfaction, although, for some reason, there has never been any great demand for this type.

Master Thompson Epigrams.

Dr. Thompson, the famous master of Trinity College, Cambridge, is regarded chiefly as the sayer of sharp, witty and often bitter epigrams. He said of Ely, where, as professor of Greek, he held a canonry: "The place is so damp that even my sermons won't keep dry there," and at a college meeting, where some of the young fellows were treating with very little respect the opinions of their seniors, he said: "None of us is quite infallible, not even the youngest." Of an amiable and excellent scholar he said: "The time that he spends on the neglect of his duties he wastes on the adornment of his person;" and of an eminent professor, whose first lecture he attended: "I little thought that we should so soon have cause to regret his predecessor, Prof. ——."

The rookeries of the plumed birds of Florida are nearly deserted. The birds have been disturbed so often that they have left the old breeding places. Many species are nearly extinct—even the white egret is becoming scarce.