Nothing is more conspicuous thus far in this campaign than the noble qualities of manhood revealed in the conduct of naval officers.

The Germans foresee a large volume of Siberian trade as a result of the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, with its Chinese connections, and they are early in the field with prepa-

One of the most tangible and stubborn of facts is that two persons may walk the streets or work together, and yet live in worlds entirely unlike. Two men read the news of the day, and two sets of impressions are made which create two unlike worlds of motive and action.

The battleship Oregon has demon strated that there is something in a name after all. With a record of a 13,000-mile cruise at a phenomenal rate of speed she has proved true to the motto of the State after which she was named: Alis volat propiis—she flies with her own wings.

come into general use in this country, the Australian system of land transfers is now proposed, and will probably be adopted. It provides for abolition of the present cumbrous and expensive scheme of searching titles. d is therefore opposed by lawyers who do that work, but by few others. It is worthy of note that the older nations of the world should have so many things to learn of some of the

In every art and science looking to the development and betterment of mankind, the two nations of Great Britain and the United States have gone hand in hand in the forefront of progress, and none the less so in the science of government, notes the New York Mail and Express. Compare Canada with Cuba; compare Poland with Australia; compare the Philip-pines with India; compare the Moors with the American Indians, and see notable the difference in the treatment of dependent nations and peoples between that of the United States and Great Britain, and of Russia, France and Spain.

A careful compilation by the Scientific American shows that at the present time the various maritime powers of the world possess about fifty firstclass armored cruisers, either completed or under construction. England has eleven of these swift and formidable craft built and building. France has fourteen. Spain has nine. The United States has precisely two We are far behind other nations in war vessels combining the speed of racing cruisers with ample armor protection and heavy batteries. These essels have a function all their own in sea warfare. Their place can never be taken by slow sixteen-knot battle

A welcome announcement to many at this season, in Chambers's Journal, is the invention of a new life belt of a description which meets the deficiencies hitherto characterizing devices of this sort. The difficulty with most contrivances for this purpose is, primarily-especially in the case of cork waistcoats-that they are bulky as to impede action to a very considerable degree, if not altogether but this is avoided in the new belt, known as the Louiton float, which, as explained and illustrated in the rench journals, has the appearance of a conger eel with conical ends. Made of sheet rubber, it passes round the neck, across the chest and round the waist, and can be inflated in one minute by the mouth; its weight is about one pound, and it is alike flexi-ble, light and easily placed in position.

Interest Pritain, have been standing around, watching the proceedings and looking to see the United States, inits unreadiness for war, and, as they fancied, our inexperience,—to see us badly beaten at the outset, but, observes the Trenton (N. J.) American, perceiving that in spite of our inexperience and unreadiness we were able to improvise a navy and an army at the shortest possible notice, and that our fleets were the equals in skill and discipline of any that the world can show, they hasten to get over on the side which they realize is the winning side. All right. We shall be duly grateful that even in their own interests they shall stand anside, but we shall be able, after the war is over, to measure exactly what the sympathy of these nations amounts to. England did not wait to see the course of events, but at once declared her sympathy. This is true friendship, and will be duly appreciated. As for the others, we are able to thank them for nothing. The Powers, with the exception of

AUNT LUCINDA'S COOKIES.

ker, you haven't, in all your shop,

A cookie fit to be tried.

For the art of making them came to a stop
When my Aunt Lucinda died.

I can see her yet, with her sleeves uprolled,
As I watch her mix and knead
The flour and egzs, with their yolks of
The butter and sugar, just all they'll hold,
And spice them with caraway seed.

Afta spectification with call and years.

Oh, that caraway seed! I see the nook
Where it grew by the garden-wall;
And just below its the little brook
With the laughing waterfail.
With the laughing waterfail.
And the control of the property of the laughing waterfail.
And all the beauties of earth and air.
Were in those cookies, so rich and rare,

so, add one more to the world's best arts. For the cookies you make are sad, and they haven't the power to stir ou bearts.

hearts
That Aunt Lucinda's had;
For I see her yet, with sleeves uprolled,
And I watch her mix and knead
The flour and eggs, with their yolks of
gold,
The butter and super, just all the with the

. gold, he butter and sugar, just all they'll hold, And spice them with caraway seed. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

GRANDFATHER'S COURTSHIP.

A WAR STORY



score of times. "You might tell them about the time you fainted dead away," suggest-ed grandma, with her tender, pensive smile, as she bent caressingly over his latest namesake fast asleep in her

arms.
Yielding to the clamorous entreaties

arms.

Yielding to the clamorous entreaties of more than a dozen young voices, the veteran slowly proceeded: "You see, I was just out of Andersonville, and a little shaky even on an ordinary occasion, being the day your grandma graduated at Holyoke.

"I first enlisted for three months, full of fight and sure of victory, and I looked so fine and tall in my blue uniforn., I thought I'd go and say good-bye to Dr. Miller's daughter. I was only a common farmer, and she had another beau, a student at Amherst, but I remembered once at a party, when she had to choose a partner, she selected me instead of Jim; so I thought I'd go and tell her I was off for Dixie in the morning. I thought I'd go and tell her I was off for Dixie in the morning. I thought maybe she'd cry a little as my mother did, or say something fine about my laying down my precious life for the dear old flag; but she didn't say much, and I didn't stay long, for Jim was there.

"Martha went with me out to the gate. I reached out my big, sunburned hand, and she took it in both her own and held it quite a bit, and she said: "Bennie, I'm sorry you're going to the war; you're too young a man, and too good a man to stand up and be shot at." Then Jim appeared on the scene, and I went away half cursing my honest hand for being so big and so brown, while Jim's was swhite as a lily with a great flashing diamond on the smallest of his slender fingers.

fingers.

"Talk about standing up as a target for bullets; that's nothing—nothing at all compared with lying in a prison. As the days passed into weeks and the weeks so long, into months so much longer, that I lost all count, how many and many a time I looked at my white, bony hands and wished they were as big and as tanned as they used to be, and when I would have prayed for an ending of my misery, how well I remembered that Martha had said I was too young to die, and the way she had held my hand still thrilled me, and kept me alive and out of the clutch of old Giant Despair, and I said over and over to myself a thousand times, with grim determination, what Dr. Miller had so often repeated: 'While there is life there is hope,' and at last I was exchanged and discharged. Oh, how happy I was to be set free! I did not 'regain my freedom with a sigh,' like the poor prisoner of Chillon, but with a great joy that buoyed me up, for the long, weary journey home, and enabled me to assist others who were still weaker.

"When at last the stage set me down." fingers.
"Talk about standing up as a target

ers, requesting that my room should OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

ranged it.
"Oh! how I had cheered myself with "Oh! how I had cheered myself with a picture of that waiting tea table! But I didn't drop down intomy accustomed place, for even the table had been moved into the little, overcrowded kitchen, and the robust woman who did her best to serve me could not understand my simple language, but she did comprehend my sorrow and weariness and bitter disappointment, and after I had taken a glass of milk she allowed me to go right up to my own airy chamber, where everything was sacredly familiar. How deliciously soft and clean the bed seemed, and I cried myself to sleep like a tired, home-sick nyself to sleep like a tired, ho

oaby.
"The first thing I heard in the morn ing was, not the chirping of the robin as in the olden time, but the low bawling of that steer calf under m

bawling of that steer calf under my window. I covered my head with the bedelothes, and was the poor, weak baby over again. When I awoke later in the day good Dr. Miller was sitting by my bedside. He helped me dress, and took me home to breakfast, where the talking, as well as the cooking, was all United States, but somehow I wasn't hungry, and longed to ask what had become of Martha.

"I soon found out. Her father was going to Holyoke the very next day to hear her valedictory, and he took me along with him. It was a long drive, but we took it slow and easy, and I had my fill of fresh air, and recovered my appetite. We were a little late to the exhibition, and found the chapel already crowded, but the good doctor finally succeeded in getting a seat well up in front, and there, right before us, was Amherst Jun, just as slim and white as ever. He fingered his watch chain and petted his mustache and made his diamond glisten and devoured the platform with his eyes, just as he used to in the old red school-house when Martha was going to speak her piece. Now he was a full-fledged physician, and Dr. Miller's partner. We had a long time to wait. The essays were lengthy and learned, and Martha's was the very last. The other graduates wore white, but she was all in black, with a crape collar. I looked questioningly into her father's face. He put his arm around me, and whispered: 'She wears mourning for your mother—and for you.'

"For my mother and for me—oh! the pain of it! oh, the joy of it! and whether it was the pain or the joy, or the crowded room, or the way Jim looked at Martha, I cannot tell, but somehow everything slipped away into nothingness.

"When I came back to consciousness the folks were all gone, all but Dr. Miller and his daughter, and Martha was holding ma as handy as she is holding that blessed baby now, and I was just as quiet and submissive.

"I don't know meh of anything but submission for a long time after that. I didn't know I was helpless in bed in the Miller mansion, with Jim for night watch, mix

tife again, and the good old doctor whispered, 'While's there's life, there's hope,' and after that he was the night watch, and Martha was the day watch, and Jim dropped out, and Martha's mother was my nother.

watch, and Martha was the day watch, and Jim dropped out, and Martha's mother was my mother.

"Martha's children are my children, her grandchildren are all mine, too, and poor Jim never had any. I have outlived him by a quarter of a century, and I'm good for twenty-five years more, but I want you youngsters distinctly to understand this is my last war story—positively the last." Two chubby arms were wound around grandpa's neck, and a reproving little kiss was dropped upon the veteran's forehead. Little Mattue well remembered that he had said those very words, "positively the last," on his very last birthday, and so her grateful caress must needs be a little reproving, for had he not often counseled her, "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and did not grandma sometimes ray, "Consistency is a jewel?"

Possibly the tender rebuke was quite lost upon grandpa, but the others all appreciated it, and truly, a little child shall lead them.—Mrs. H. Mackin, in New York Ledger.

AUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR

Mand Miller—Complimentary— of Promise—And There Are Quits—Preliminary Measures ful—Candor, Etc., Etc.

Maud Miller, in the summer's heat, Raked the meadow thick with wheat, The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"With wheat at a dollar per," said he, "This maid is about the size for me."

Then he smiled at her and she blushed And over the meadow fence he clim.

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, For old designer and wheat-fleid drudge

Lord pity them both and pity us all, For Maud didn't own the wheat at all. And the Judge remarked when he learne the cheat: "Don't talk to me about dollar wheat!" —San Francisco Argonaut.

And There Are Others "What makes Squeemus so intensely disagreeable?"
"He couldn't attract attention any other way."—Chicago News.

A Matter of Promise.

Mrs. Y.—"My daughter is a promising young musician,"
Mrs. C.—"Well, get her to promise that she won't sing any more."

Preliminary Measures

"What makes you think the count is going to propose?"
"He has been around trying to find out what I'm worth."—Detroit Free Press.

Complimentary Amy (modestly)—"My dress is really of a poor quality."

Mamie (wishing to be nice)—"Yes, but so becoming to you."—San Francisco Examiner.

Not so Good.

"I say, waiter, this salmon cutlet isn't half so good as the one I had here last week."
"Can't see why, sir. It's off the same fish."—Punch.

Quits.

"I think," said Mosely, "that you are a confounded fool,"

"I never think of you at all," replied Sockman, crusbingly.—Philadelphia North American.

Youthful Candor.

Teacher—"Of course, you under-stand the difference between liking and loving?"
Pupil—"Yes, marm; I like my fath-er and mother, but I love pie."—Bos-ton Traveller.

ton Traveller.

Satisfied With Results.

Mrs. Browne—"Are you satisfied with the results of your daughter's course at college?"

Mrs. Whyte—"Quite so; she is going to marry one of the professors."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Progress.
estematic—"There's a man in my esthat I'm training to work like a

Inventor—"And there's a machine in my office that I'm training to work like a man."—New York Herald.

As Was Proper.

"What did you do when that band of ruffians got after you?" asked the girl who had heard something of the

traveler's adventures.
"I," replied the traveler, "ran to beat the band."—Cincinnati Enquirer. No Chance.

"You called on Miss Spritely the other evening. Didn't you find her charming in conversation?"
"I found her charming in monologue. We didn't succeed in holding any conversation."—Chicago Tribune.

The Terrible Infant. The Terrible Infant.
Tommy—"Come, Bridget, play with
us. We're playing soldier."
Bridget—"G'wan, yez little imp.
Oi ain't no soldier."
Tommy—"No, Bridget, but you're
a red cross nurse."—Harper's Bazar.

Tale of Three Cities.

Tale of Three Unies.

"I see," said the ungrammatical Chicago man, "that they are going to try the experiment of mummifying Philadelphia bodies."

"Before death?" asked the imane New Yorker.—Indianapolis Journal.

Quiet Wasted.
"Somebody has invented a noiseless

"That's the way with science—always putting help where itisn't needed, why don't some of those cranks invent a noiseless alarm clock?"—Washington Star.

Detected Them at Once,

He (in the grand-stand)—"Those fellows don't seem to get on to that pitcher's curves at all."

She (new to the game)—"Why, I did as soon as I saw him. He's—he's dreadfully bow-legged, isn't he?"—Chicago Tribune.

asked.
"Even though a man learns to ride
with his arms free," she replied,
blushing, "of what practical value is
it when one is on a tandem wheel?"—
Chicago Post.

(And the conversation flagged.)-

A Delicate Digestion.
Mistress—"Did any one call while I
was out?"
Servant—"No one, ma'am, exceptin' a tramp. He wanted somethin' to
eat, but I told him there was nothin'
ready, an' he'd have to wait till the
leddy of the house got back from the
cookin' school, an' mebbe she'd make
him somethin'."

him somethin'."

Mistress—"Of all things! Did he eait?" Servant—"No, ma'am. Herunned." New York Weekly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

One thorn of experience is worth whole wilderness of warning.— Lowell.

The man who has never been in anger cannot answer for his cour-ge.—Johnson.

age.—Johnson.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.—Montaign.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.—Zimmerman.
It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which expresses the worth of man; but what he is.—Amiel.

A friend that you buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.—George D.

Prentice. Prentice.

Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful; the proud are made sour by the remembrance and the vain silent.—Simons.

Talkativeness has another plague attached to it, even curiosity; for praters wish to hear much that they may have much to say.—Plutarch.

Reading and conversation may five.

Reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation that must form our judgment.—Watts.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Long-fellow.

fellow.

Do your duty and do not swerve from it. Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to God.—B. R. Haydon.

Funny Toothache Cure.

Before the days of dentists, and when people generally believed in the value of charms, there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing toothache.

One of these was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well, and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear.

biting the first young ferns that appear.

The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives, and wearing them, is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking twelve miles—no more, no less—to get a splinter of the tooth-ache tree that grows particularly well in Canada and Virginia, will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world; hence, this cure: Reduce several different kinds of herbs—the greater the variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing coal into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water, and the worm will be gone forever. New York World.

The Sentimental Pickpocket

The Sentimental Pickpocket.

A woman in London recently had her pocket picked, one of the articles being a sealed and unaddressed envelope containing a five-pound note. The next day she received back the stolen articles, with the following explanatory note:

"Dear Madame—The exigencies of my profession led me just now into possession of your purse, where I find sixty shillings, which I appropriate to my own needs and these papers, which I return to you. I do this because I feel specially desirous to restore this little white envelope, which I have not been indiscreet enough to open. I know very well that when a young woman goes out with a little white envelope so carefully carried in her pocketbook that this envelope contains a love letter which she is seeking to address secretly to her beloved. I will not wrong your lover by taking the sweet words and kisses which you meant for him, and I am very sorry that I have even for a short time delayed his receiving his letter. May you be happy, dear girl, with him whom you have chosen and believe always in the good wishes of your obedient servant."—New York Telegram.



Judging Sheep.

It requires familiarity with sheep to enable one to judge beneath its coat of wool whether it is fat or in poor condition. An experienced shepherd will not only know the various sheep in his flock by differences in their faces, but he can also tell by the looks of the sheep what age it is, and whether it is in thrifty or unthrifty condition. Yet to most people a flock of sheep presents no individual peculiarities.

Oat Hay For Stock.

Oats as a green feed are relished by all stock and particularly by sheep and lambs. If the crop is cut before the grain hardens, and is properly cured, oats are a desirable substitute for clover or timothy fed dry during the fall and winter. One of the best of dry fodders for both horses and cows is a mixture of clover, timothy and oat hay, the latter cut and cured as directed. If desired these may be fed separately to give variety to the ration, the oats being fed in the fall and near spring. It is not advisable to cut oats for soiling when crimson clover can be had, but when the clover crop is poor, oats make a good substitute. There is certainly no reason why only the grain should be fed and the hay and straw used for bedding when it has the food value indicated. Oat Hay For Stock.

House With Cloth Run The distinctive feature of this he house is the portion built entirely oilcloth. The frames are made

that they can be easily taken apart They are merely tied together and



MODEL HENNERY FOR CHICKS.

MODEL HENNERY FOR CHICKS.

lightly nailed to strong corner posts.
This cloth run is excellent for chicks
in early spring. When they are a few
weeks old, a hole is made under the
frame to let them out. Do not make
the hole large enough for the older
fowls or for cats. The main henhouse
is 12x6x8 feet high, with slightly sloping roof. The floor of the main house
is raised two feet, allowing an extra
run beneath for the chicks. This
oiled cloth can also be used for doors
and for coverings for hotbeds, and it
has lasted several years.—American
Agriculturist.

Work-Horses in Haying Time,
It is a common experience on the

Agriculturist.

Work-Horses in Haying Time.

It is a common experience on the farm that the horses lose flesh rapidly when used for any length of time in the hay field. The haying season gives, on many farms, from four to six weeks of this work. Mowing and raking hay is, of course, hard work on horses—especially if the fields are somewhat hilly, but it is not so much the hard work that takes the flesh from horses in haying time as it is the want of proper care and the injudicious care that is given them at this season. Many farmers work their horses during the day, feed on corn and hay, then at night turn them out to pasture, "because the horses enjoy it so much." The grass loosens the bowels, weakening the animals, disarranging their digestion, and making hard work tell heavily upon them.

Again, horses come in from work covered with perspiration, which dries upon them. Very few farm horses get the grooming that they need to keep their skin in a healthy condition. Few realize how much proper grooming tends to keep a horse in good flesh, and grooming is specially important during the hard work of summer, because of the great amount of perspiration. Keep the horses on hay and good sound grain; keep them well groomed, with a comfortable bed at night, and if they are not fretted needlessly by their driver; during work hours, they will do a vast amount of hard work without losing flesh.

The Best Way to Keep Up Fertillity. A timely word is well said in the

The Best Way to Keep Up Fertility. A timely word is well said in the following paragraph, which finally sums up a lot of field tests in the maintenance of fertility conducted at the Ohio Station (Bulletin 80):

the Ohio Station (Bulletin 80):
A ton of clover hay čarriss fertilizing constituents to the value of more than eight dollars, as compared with the prices at which mixed fertilizers are sold in Ohio, and assuming that these constituents are equally available with those in mixed fertilizers. It is probable that they are not quite so quickly available, but the apparent fact that commercial fertilizers can be is probable that they are not quite so quickly available, but the apparent feerlas on Ohio soil only when these areas are grown in rotation with clover, and the high value as fertilizers can be used with profit in the production of excessed that was in the handling the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three with his arms free," she replied, blushing, "of what practical value is it when one is on a tandem wheel?" they asked.

She—"She—"Bid you stay long in Venice?"

She—"Olly a couple of days, but I saw everything worth seeing."

She—"Really! Then you saw the lion of St. Mark's, I suppose?"

He—"Rather! Saw him fed."

He Earned the Job.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the handling the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three with profit in the production of ereals on Ohio soil only when these cereals are grown in rotation with clover, and the high value as fertilizers which bran and oil meal are shown to have, all combined, most forcibly indicates that through the feeding of live stock, the careful saving of the resultant manure, and its intelligent employment in a scientific rotation of crops, lies to-day, as of old, the road to the conomical main tenance of fertility.

We have noticed that they are not quite so quickly available, but the apparent feets that compercial fertilizers can be used with profit in the production of cereals on Ohio soil only when these cereals are grown in rotation with clover, and the high value as fertilizers can be used with profit in the production of crob holo is oil only when these cereals on Ohio soil only when these cereals o

derful success of alfalfa at the west, which is one of the clover family, has done much to check this neglect, but in the Middle and Eastern States we need a more general return to the good old red clover of former days. In every part of the country, we advocate crimson clover as a summer cover crop for the soil, especially for lightish soils.—New England Homestead.

cover crop for the soil, especially for lightish soils.—New England Homestend.

One Way to Feed Dairy Cattle.

The feeding of dairy cows is a subject well worthy of consideration at all times of the year. As a rule, dairymen will do best, in my way of thinking, to have cows come fresh in milk only a few days or weeks before going on grass. The udder is then relieved of its soreness, if any, before they are forced to their greatest capacity. A cow fed sufficiently with a balanced ration composed of coarse foods almost entirely, if not wholly, while dry, then put upon grain and soon going to pasture, will reach her limit. Then strive to hold her there by succulent feeds, offering such before the pastures begin to show the effects of close grazing. Watch the yield and make changes by having a little land devoted to some kinds of crops which they will relish. Strive to satisfy by plentiful feeding, and the cow suitable for the dairy will very liberally respond.

Rye, clover and green oats will agreeably supply until corn is ready. I run everything through the cutter before feeding, because they take hold more liberally and eat more than if uncut, which therefore meets the intention and causes most liberal flow of milk.

Pumpkins are excellent in the fall, and will please the cow's taste after a trial of light feeding, and will supply the characteristic good milk flow for many weeks, if housed before heavy frosts come and the crop is sorted at storing time and perhaps later sorted again, which will pay if quantity holds out.

Late planted corn, which will be but well tasseled by the last of August, thereby containing a large quantity of succulence until well into the winter, if cut and put into large shocks before frost will be a very profitable investment in labor, as all lend a little toward keeping up a flow of milk until the cows need be dried again, about two months before coming fresh.—H. M. Culbertson, in Western Rural.

M. Culbertson, in Western Rural.

The Sliding Pig.

It is the opinion of the majority of farmers and hog raisers that the "sliding pig," as it is called, is due to a weak back, and many try to cure it by dosing it with liniments and other strong medicines. This is a mistake, as the seat of the trouble is not in the back but in the knee joint of the hind legs. This joint is deformed in such a way that it prevents



the leg being bent forward to any extent, consequently the animal, not being able to walk on stiff hind legs, drags his hind parts, and when he does manage to get upon his feet, it will be noticed that the hind legs will not bend forward and that the hind quarters are shrunken and more flabby than the remainder of the body; this, of course, is due to the lack of ability to use them. It is seldom that one is known to get entirely over this disease. Although they can be fattened and seem healthy in all other respects, they are not suitable for sale in the market.

Partial paralysis is the true name of this trouble in hogs. The nerves of the muscles of the back and hip are the parts affected. It usually begins with a slight stiffness, and it varies very much in its progress. Sometimes it is very rapid and at others slow. When it is slow the muscles will waste and become inactive. In the rapid form it usually kills the animal in a week or two.

In the early stages of the disease give two ounces sweet oil with two drops of Croton oil in it. After this operates, give ten drops of tincture of nux vomica in a tablespoonful of cod liver oil twice a day and continue it for a week or ten days. This is for a FIG. 1.

