

There isn't a man in the German Empire who could climb into Bismarck's chair and sit down in it without feeling wobbly and lonesome.

The nearest approach to the \$200,000,000 earned by the American hen last year is offered by the total value of miled cows, representing an investment of \$268,955,515, closely followed by the entire cotton crop, valued at \$259,171,540, with wheat, the money standard of the farmer and the bread-stuff of the nation, a weak fourth with its offering in round figures of \$238,000,000.

They have queer ideas of taxation in Hamburg, Germany, where dogs are taxed according to their size. It might be more fitting to levy upon the canines according to the volume, or pitch, of their barks, or as logical to tax them according to the respectability of their appearance. Whether there are more small dogs proportionately in Hamburg than in other cities, the census informs us not.

In the very midst of an exciting war the United States issued \$200,000,000 of bonds at the low rate of three per cent. They were all taken up at par by the people without the intervention of any syndicate or any bank. And so great is the country's credit that with the war still on these bonds rose to 101 even before their issue. That is to say, investors are so eager to get them that they are willing to surrender a year and a quarter's interest for that purpose. Was there ever such national credit in the world as ours?

An interesting decision on the subject of "compulsory" tips has just been made by the Higher Court at Vienna. The suit arose out of a dispute between a gentleman who had passed a considerable time at a summer resort and a hotel porter. A Mr. D., who, with his family, had stayed for thirty-eight days at the hotel, presented the servant who conveyed the baggage to the station with six florins, about \$2.50. This the man emphatically declined to accept, demanding instead ten florins. On the departing guest declining to give that amount, the servant refused to part with the visitor's baggage, which he carried back to the hotel and deposited with the manager. Mr. D. then brought, through the Public Prosecutor, a charge of extortion, accompanied with threats and injury to property, against the porter. The Lower Court acquitted the servant on all the accounts. Then the suit was carried to the Higher Court, which has confirmed the previous decision. The charges of threats and injury to property the court considered unproved, and declared that the servant, who received no wages, was thrown for his subsistence upon the generosity of the visitors; that of this Mr. D. was aware; and that personal service for thirty-eight days, according to the local usage, at ten kreuzers a day, amounted to at least twelve florins, to which the man had a legal claim; and that he was quite within his rights in retaining the baggage to secure himself from pecuniary loss.

When Charette, a Merrimac hero, was asked by a Spanish officer in San Diego the object of that intrepid action, he said, standing at attention: "Sir, in the United States Navy it is not the custom for a seaman to know or to ask to know the object of his superior officer." Fine words, these—instinct with the qualities that make nations entirely great—and yet not finer than the acts they have voiced so nobly through many a trying year. Discipline, subordination, drill and a passionate devotion to the flag, these are the lessons taught at the beginning and end of duty to the American officer and his jacket. Both accept this self-effacement and denial without question as to their reasonableness in a scheme of living which so often may offer no higher reward than the consciousness of giving its best for love of country. There is a pathos in this patriotism of the sailor, says the New York Telegram. To an officer here and there may come material advancement, the plaudits of admiring countrymen, the fame which endures in naval annals. But rare indeed is it that the blue jacket may count upon more than the hand grip of his shipmates, the soon forgotten story of gallant deeds, the blurred tradition of sacrifices that should have been deathless. And yet knowing this and accepting this as a part of the duty imposed he never falters, never questions, and where the fight is hottest and the chance is least he goes forward, eager to prove that what his brain and brawn may achieve belongs not to himself but to the nation. Honor them, then—care for them—for these nameless heroes in blue are the vanguards of American liberty on every sea.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming.
A moment's looking backward on the way.
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming.
To stand and think of life of yesterday.
A little time to dream of sunlit hours
Spent where white towers rise against the sky.
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers.
To hear again the greeting and goodbye.
What is there, say you, in that far off city,
Of my past living and past loving, left
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity
And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?
The memory of a touch, warm, trusting, clinging,
The memory of that touch grown cold as leucy.
A voice hushed that was sweet as wild bird's singing,
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice.
Only a grave! Life of to-day will teach me
Its stream flows fast for sorrow and regret.
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me,
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—
A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment's looking backward on the way.
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming.
To stand and think of life of yesterday! —Donnhoo's.

PROVING HIS WORTH.

By EDMUND W. BENNETT.

THE thing I would like to know, Papa Zan, is when I may ask the superintendent for an office?" and Lyle planted his sturdy fourteen-year-old legs far apart as he leaned back against the telegraph table, for once heedless of the insistent, metallic clattering of the little brass instruments.

"When you are old enough, my son," was the mechanically given answer.

"Oh, that's the same old answer," disgestedly.

"To the same old question," calmly.

"You know you said yourself that there was not a better operator on the whole road than I."

"Yes."

"And I do so want my name on the pay roll," pleadingly.

"Are you not my assistant at a stated salary?" asked Mr. Loomis, looking up from his desk for the first time during the conversation.

"Yes, Papa Zan, but that is just 'make-believe.' I asked the paymaster last payday if my name was on the rolls, and he only smiled and said it would be some day."

"Should that not satisfy you, my boy?" and a look of pain came into Mr. Loomis' eyes at this repeated suggestion of the inevitable parting.

Lyle slowly shook his head. But now that it came to broaching his secret plans to his father he could not talk so fluently as he had thought. Something would keep rising up in his throat, but finally he said:

"Papa, if you will let me go and see Mr. Chelton, the superintendent of telegraph, and ask him for an office I will be satisfied." This was not nearly so elaborately stated as Lyle had planned, but it was straight to the point.

Mr. Loomis drammed a moment on his desk and then said:

"Very well, my son, you may take the down train for the city in the morning and see Mr. Chelton."

For one ecstatic moment Lyle doubted his ears. Then, as he finally realized what this permission might mean, his nimble feet flew together, and as he divined out of the open office door he cried:

"Hurrah for Papa Zan!"

Mr. Loomis arose and stepped to the window in time to see Lyle's sturdy form skipping from the end of the tie to the end of the tie as he went down the track to the big curve, where a long bridge was being built across the deep gorge. He could not but smile bitterly as he thought how, in his anxiety to have his boy always by his side since the death of Lyle's mother three years before, he had deflected that very desire. He had at first interested the boy in learning telegraphy to keep him in the office by his side, and now the lad wanted to try his new-found wings.

"To-morrow! To-morrow, my name on the pay roll!" buzzed and bounded through Lyle's busy brain as he bounded along to the edge of the gorge, where the bridgemen were working.

All that night his mind was busy with the approaching interview with the superintendent. He thought the train would never come, and the ride to the city, across the sky-piercing mountain, was but a blur.

In some way that was never quite clear to him he found himself in the superintendent's office, staring at the broad back of a man he knew to be the superintendent. An audience with the Emperor of all the Russias would not have been half so terrifying to him. Slowly the chair and its occupant turned around. Then, in what sounded even to himself as a very small voice, Lyle made his errand known.

"Want a position, eh?" asked gruff John Chelton, slowly, looking poor Lyle over from head to foot. "I believe that we are not in need of any messenger boys at present."

"I do not wish a position as messenger," said Lyle. "I am an operator."

"An operator! An operator! Hold on, let me have a witness to this interview," touching a small call bell on his desk. Then as a man answered the call he turned to Lyle and nodded for him to proceed.

"Yes, sir; I am an operator," said Lyle, as boldly as he might.

"Well," eyeing him again from head to foot, "when did babies take to learning telegraphy and wanting positions, I should like to know?" and Mr. Chelton stood up in all the towering height of his six feet and stared down at the boy. Lyle felt his woeful lack of nature more than lack of age, but said bravely, if a little shakily:

"To a m-a-y test me, if you don't believe me."

of night were creeping down the slopes and out from every gulch and gully. The headlights of the freight were flitting from side to side of the high-walled pass like a will o' the wisp, and finally to Lyle's excited mind they seemed to take on a sinister and pursuing glare. He could stand it no longer, so he made bold to address the brakeman, who snapped:

"My very precocious kid, I know how to protect the rear of this train without any instructions from you."

Lyle sank back in his seat and the blood fled to his face to think he had been so misunderstood.

"He don't understand," Lyle whispered to himself, "how different it is flagging a train after you're stalled in Summit tunnel."

"If I don't protect this train," said the brakeman a moment later, with a sneer, "you'll be on hand to do it."

Lyle walked back to the rear coach and stood outside on the platform to hide his shame. They were almost at the tunnel's mouth, and the grade was very steep. —lost twenty minutes—rang in his ears. Why, if this train lost half of that in the tunnel the freight would crash into them. Then, as the engines struck the tunnel, Lyle saw from the quickly slackening speed that they would lose more time in its passage, if they did not come to a full stop, with that badly steaming engine.

"If I stop that freight, and there is no need, the boys will never let me hear the last of it," he thought. Then:

"I am sure that Ben Parr will not blame me for being too careful," he whispered to himself as he grasped a red light sitting just inside the coach and swung off of the now slowly moving train just as it was swallowed up in the black darkness of the tunnel. Even then he was in doubt, but stumbled back a few rail lengths in the thickening gloom.

"Well," he said aloud to himself, half covering the red danger signal with his hand, "if the freight is far enough back I will not flag them," and then he slithered to think of letting the train by him and that black tunnel between him and home!

Then a great roar filled the rocky cut and a flare of light lit up the blackness. The freight was upon him, both massive engines working in powerful unison and running much faster than the passenger had been. A few frantic swings of the lantern brought an answer from Ben Parr that was music to Lyle's ears, and with a shower of sparks flying from the reversed engines' wheels they soon came to a parting step.

"What's the matter, little one?" asked cheery Ben, as he saw who the flagman was.

"No. 3 will hardly get through the tunnel without stalling, so I flagged you down, Ben."

"I don't see anything of her rear lights," said Ben, peering out into the black darkness, and his tone held a touch of irritation.

"Didn't they have a crew on that train to do the flagging?" asked the fireman.

But just then a little speck of light, such as a firefly would make, was seen wavering in the tunnel's black mouth, and soon the brakeman staggered out into the fresh air, choked almost to fainting with the smoke made by the two puffing engines in the narrow space. Coughing up black soot and smoke the brakeman said:

"If you hadn't stopped you would have been into us, sure," and then he swore at being sent over such a division with a "jams" engine.

And old Ben Parr took out his watch, and patting Ben on the head, said:

"You have probably made a present of their lives to several people this day, my boy. God bless you!"

And the brakeman peered up at him from his watery eyes, caused by the smoke undoubtedly, and said:

"You here! I know an old lady back East who will thank you for keeping her son from being a murderer through carelessness."

Strange how things will leak out. A few days later Lyle received a handsome autograph letter from Mr. John Chelton—"begging" him to accept the position of assistant operator at Las Palmas, under his father, who was being "entirely too hard worked," and containing assurances of promotion as opportunity offered.

"But why didn't he change his mind so suddenly, papa?" asked Lyle.

"On account of your bravery," with a look that implied he could tell more if he would.

"Oh, that tunnel matter," said Lyle. "That did not take half the courage it did to ask him for a job."

"I guess it depends on the point of view," said his father.

The "Footage Silkworm."

Ten tons of silkworms' eggs are reported by the British Consul at Batavia to have been brought into that port during 1897, representing a money value of \$319,429. The cultivation of the mulberry and the silkworm is destined to be one of the great industries of Northern Italy. The bears are said to be the greatest enemies of the trees, which they break down to eat the fruit. Pedigree silkworms are much sought after. Some breeds are renowned for quantity, others for quality, and others for resistance to disease.

Gutta Serena Artificial Teeth.

Artificial teeth that have become firmly implanted in the jaws of dogs and men have been made by Dr. Zamesky from gutta serena, porcelain or metal. Holes are made in the base of the tooth, which is then placed in a cavity formed in the jaw, and in a short time a soft granulated growth enters the holes in the tooth and, gradually hardening, firmly holds it in place.



A Serviceable Stable Floor.

A stable floor that is cheap and serviceable may be made of stiff clay by adding one-third clean gravel not larger than a marble. Mix to the consistency of this mortar, put it on the floor or ground surface, after smoothing it down well, eight or ten inches deep and pound down hard. Go over it every few days and pound down solidly any portion that shows a tendency to crack, until all is hard. Such a floor will last for years, and if plenty of bedding is used is not apt to get muddy.

Renewing Raspberry Patches.

A raspberry patch, of the black-cap varieties, needs to be renewed every four or five years, as the red rust comes in and will injure so many of the plants that the plantation will cease to pay. The black-cap raspberry will not last so long as this if it has been grown from suckers. Those grown from the tip ends of this year's shoots will keep free from disease longest. But after four or five years it is too much labor to keep the plantation free from weeds, and a new plantation, after the first year, will give more fruit, with less cost of labor in caring for it.

Preventive For Bloat in Cattle.

If the farmers would haul a load of dry hay or straw into the clover pasture there would be no danger of losing cows with the bloat. If the cow is already badly bloated let her get where she can eat the hay or straw, and it will cure the worst case.

While this knowledge was gained by accident it has nevertheless been tried since with the best of success by my brother. He never turns the cattle into a clover pasture without first hauling a load of dry hay or straw where the cattle have free access to it, and has never lost a cow with the bloat since using this precaution.—Mrs. W. C. Lane, in Agricultural Epitome.

Pool Brood and Its Treatment.

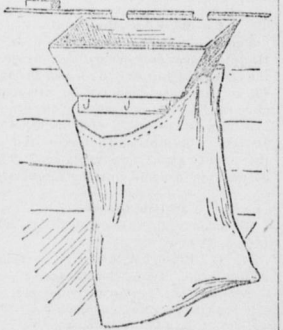
In Cowan's guide for the English beekeeper he suggests as a treatment for foul brood the thorough disinfection of hives and utensils. When a diseased hive is to be treated and not destroyed he recommends that the hive be washed out with phenol—phenol two teaspoonfuls, water one-quarter gallon—and the diseased brood frames sprayed with a weak solution—one-half teaspoonful to one gallon of water. From other frames the honey is to be extracted and boiled and the frame treated like the brood frames. The bees are to be fed a syrup containing phenol at the rate of one-quarter teaspoonful to one-quarter gallon of syrup. If it is accepted by the bees more phenol should be added.

Paris Green For Squash Borers.

One of the worst pests of the garden is the squash or cucumber stalk borer. All its operations are confined to a part of the main stem near the root, or at most not more than two or three feet from it. Once inside the stalk the borer is safe from any outward application. But if his presence is seen quickly enough, the borer may be dug out with a knife and the plant will be saved. Prevention is better than cure. If a strong solution of Paris green in water is spread over the squash or other vine stem for two or three feet from its roots, the parent fly will lay her eggs as usual, and when these hatch out, as they do in two or three days, when the young borer begins eating his way into the stalk, his first mouthful will be his last.

Convenient Bag Holder.

Sketched here is a simple and inexpensive arrangement for holding bags or sacks, one that will be especially useful when handling grain. Strong hooks fasten the box to the bin while smaller hooks in either corner and in front hold the bag. The box may be easily made by any one handy with tools, and the arrangement will



A HANDY ARRANGEMENT FOR BAGS.

greatly facilitate handling grain when one man has to do all the work. This box is an improvement on the funnel sometimes used by millers, which is only handy when a second person can attend to shirring the string that holds the bag about the lower end of the funnel.

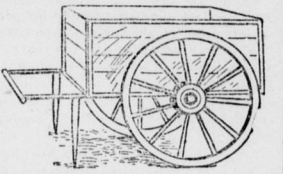
Use of Dust For Poultry.

The fine dry dust on the roads, which is such a nuisance to the traveler, is a blessing to the poultryman. It is an admirable absorbent, and used under the roosts and mixed with the droppings, it preserves the volatile

properties of the hen manure, increasing in a very material degree the fertilizer made by the flock. Used in a dust bath, it penetrates the feathers of the fowls and stops up the air passages of the parasites that dwell upon the bodies and hide among the feathers of the fowls and about the house, it assists in destroying little mites that hide in the cracks and corners of the building, removes noxious odors and exhalations, and makes the poultry house a healthy home for its feathered occupants, instead of a disease breeding prison. It pays to gather and use road dust, which is plentiful everywhere.

A Convenient Cart.

It is the utilizing of little things on the farm that makes agriculture a pleasant as well as a profitable pursuit. A hand or push cart, for instance, is of incalculable value, and the one pictured herewith can be used with comparative ease for conveying light loads of material from one place to another, such as grains and feeds, garden sauce, tools for fence repairing, small quantities of fruit and vegetables, as apples, potatoes, turnips, carrots and the like, and various other things never dreamed of until the moment of their removal has arrived, eliminating thereby the necessity of harnessing up the team or one's undergoing extremely heavy lugging—lugging which is good for no man, in that it stiffens his joints and bends him over with premature age.



A USEFUL PUSH CART.

Have you any old wagon wheels that are still capable of doing good service? Well, then you possess the chief requisites for this cart, the body of which can often be made of a box obtained at the grocery or drygoods store; and in such a case all that requires being done is to prepare a proper axle for the box to rest on, first constructing the frame, however, and inserting into the handles of it pieces of very heavy wire (that which is twisted is preferable) vertically for the purpose of keeping the whole upright when no one has hold of it. This mode of construction renders the cart quite small, but not one iota does it detract from the availability of the cart. Nicely painting the cart adds to its attractiveness, and also makes it more durable; and if it is only properly housed and looked after, as it always should be, it will endure much service and last for a lifetime.—New York Tribune.

The farmer who neglects the garden and fails to grow an ample supply of vegetables for the use of his family falls short of his plain duty. A diet of which meat is the principal part is not wholesome, and those who dwell in cities and towns know this and eat largely of vegetable foods while too many farmers' families live the year through on pork, beef, bread and potatoes. The farmer can consume more pork and other meat than almost any other man, because he works hard in the open air and can digest heavier food than the man who is shut in the house most of the time. Of all men the farmer should be the last to suffer from rheumatism, dyspepsia and other diseases that arise from the blood. A diet composed largely of vegetables insures immunity from all such diseases yet they are very prevalent in the families of the farms of this country. There is hardly a single one of the vegetables that is not medicine as well as food. In the spring comes asparagus first of all, which is a sovereign remedy for kidney complaints, all of which arise from the presence of a particular acid in the blood. Soon after come the various greens that grow abundantly in country places, and later the berries and fruits which purify the blood and invigorate the system at a time in the year when the hot weather enervates and makes languid those who labor out of door. Beets, onions, green peas, string beans, celery, tomatoes all possess important medicinal virtues and all come at a time in the year when we need a cooling and blood purifying diet. During cold weather we can consume quantities of fat meat with benefit, because fats used as food produce heat and help us to withstand cold, but with the temperature as high as it gets in this country during the summer, we really need but little meat, and vegetables are all that we need to supply us with strength to perform the heaviest tasks. If the meats consumed in summer were mostly mutton or poultry, with eggs, we would be better off than we are consumers of so much fat pork, but none of these take the place of an unlimited supply of fresh vegetables and fruits such as any farmer in the land may produce at the cost of a small amount of labor devoted to their cultivation.—Farm News.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

A Brave Soldier Girl—Not Always the Same—None But the Brave Would Apply—What She Was Afraid Of—In Use—A Way to Learn—A Sure Sign.

She was decked with soldier buttons, She was clad in army blue, And she wore a martial ombon On her natty sailor, too.

But absent a little spider Crept across this maiden's hand, And with all her warlike trappings She screamed to beat the band. —Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

None But the Brave Would Apply. "The man I marry," said the Blond Widow, "must be a hero." "He will be," remarked the Savage Bachelor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Always the Same. His Grandson—"A ration is what the soldier gets to eat at one meal, isn't it?" The Veteran—"It is what he is supposed to get."—Puck.

What She Was Afraid Of. Mamma—"Are you afraid of the dark, Bessie?" Bessie—"No, mamma, I ain't afraid of the dark, but I'm awfully afraid of 'ings 'ats in the dark 'at you tan't see."

A Histrionic Triumph. "What did the stage manager say to you?" "He said he wished I would act as emotional on the stage as I do when I strike him for more salary."—Chicago Record.

Empty Talk. Higgins Hall—"Have you heard that empty box story?" Rustic Bridge—"No." Higgins Hall—"It's just as well you haven't; there's nothing in it."—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

A Sure Sign. Smith—"Brown is evidently financially embarrassed." Jones—"Why do you think so?" Smith—"He is beginning to live extravagantly and dresses better than formerly."—Chicago News.

In Use. Mamma (at the breakfast table)—"You always ought to use your napkin, George." George—"I am usin' it mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."—Chicago Tribune.

At the Jungle Picnic. First Monkey—"Did you ever see an animal change himself into another animal?" Second Monkey—"No." First Monkey—"Well, there's the elephant making a hog of himself!"—Puck.

Fin-de-Siècle. Old Lady—"Didn't I tell you never to come here again?" Up-to-Date Tramp—"I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it's the fault of my secretary; he neglected to strike your name from my visiting list."—Tit-Bits.

A Way to Learn. "The only way for a man to learn all about women is to get married." "And study the ways of his wife, eh?" "Nav. Listen to what she tells him about the other women."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Ill-Bred Dog. Mrs. Fiddle—"I thought you warranted that dog I bought of you well-bred?" Dog Dealer—"So it is, munn." Mrs. Fiddle—"Oh, no, it isn't; it bolts its food in the most vulgar manner!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Just Like Her. First Domestic—"There's Mrs. Cameron, that you live with, over on the other side of the street." Second Domestic—"Gracious! I hope she won't see me. It will be just like her to go and get a bonnet like mine."—Boston Transcript.

One of Many. Thompson—"You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day such weather as this?" Johnson—"I am trying to earn money enough to pay the expense of a week's rest in the country."—New York Weekly.

Cross Examination. Attorney—"You reside—?" Witness—"With my uncle." Attorney—"And your uncle lives—?" Witness—"With me." Attorney—"Exactly. And you both live—?" Witness—"Together."—New York Journal.

Beneath Contempt. Mr. De Broker—"I am a defaulter, and I want you to defend me." Great Lawyer—"Certainly, Mr. De Broker, I'll get you off all right. Have no fear. How many millions is it?" "Mr. De Broker (with dignity)—"Sir, I am short only a few thousand, and I hope to pay that some day." Great Lawyer (to second boy)—"James, show this vile scoundrel the door!"

Self-Sacrifice. A small boy belonging to a family of five came into the house one day with five stones, which he cheerfully explained were to be tombstones for each member of the family. Later his little sister, counting them, said:

"Here is a tombstone for father dear! Here is the baby's; but there is none here for Katie, the nurse." Then she quickly added, "Oh, well, never mind; Katie can have mine, and I'll live."—Life.