

FEW ELOPEMENTS NOW.

DEATH OF ROMANCE LAID TO FEMINE ATHLETICS.

Nowadays a Runaway Marriage is Much Easier Than the More Orthodox Style of Ceremony—Parents Are Much More Sensible Than They Were in the Past.

"It seems odd at first glance that, considering all the facilities which now make runaway marriages such an extremely simple thing, elopements have to a great extent gone out of style," said a clergyman. "There are hardly one-fourth the number of runaway marriages now recorded that there were 20 years or more ago.

"In the old days runaway couples had to go to all kinds of trouble to carry out their plans. In the first half of the century, when elopements were quite common, the young people had to hire coaches or riding horses, ford rivers in leaky boats, for which they had to pay big sums to the owners, and go long distances to find some one who would consent to marry them. Nowadays a runaway marriage is much easier than the more orthodox style of ceremony. With justices of the peace on every corner and a most obliging coterie of officials waiting on the docks over at St. Joseph, Mich., ready to perform the ceremony, kiss the bride, and present the groom with a half-tone marriage certificate, all inside of three minutes it does not seem that any young couple in Chicago who had the slightest wish to elope would find the least bit of trouble, and similar conditions exist all over the country.

"Stern fathers and relatives on sturdy steeds no longer follow fast behind eloping couples or stand on the shore with arms outstretched and wall: 'Come back, come back,' he cried in grief.

"Across the stormy water; And I'll forgive thy Highland chief, My daughter, O, my daughter."

"But in this fact may be found one of the principal reasons why elopements are no longer popular. An elopement appealed to sentimental young people because it was so romantic. If there are no angry papas mounted on fiery chargers or a retinue of relatives in pursuit a large element of romance is eliminated. The papas of ye good old days had a much finer appreciation of true romance than the prosaic and commonplace dads of today. The old-time father, with sundry 'Ods bodkins,' 'gadzoos' and 'by my halldom' gave the true romantic finish to an elopement and made the sentimental maiden feel that indeed she had not lived and loved in vain. But the father of today spoils the romantic element by simply lighting a fresh cigar when told that his daughter has run away to get married and remarks: 'Run away, eh? Well, they'll run back quick enough when their money is gone.'

"A runaway marriage with nobody to run after the runaways is not at all a success. It is 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out.

"Yet the greatest and possibly the real reason why elopements have gone out of style is because of the better conditions of life which women of today enjoy—compared with their mothers and grandmothers. Until quite recently the women of the upper and great middle classes of the country passed their lives either in unhealthy pastimes or complete idleness. It used to be considered unadvisable to be strong and healthy like modern girls, and even when they were children girls would often be repressed, if not forbidden, to romp with their brothers. Such things as golfing, bicycling, rowing and tennis that make the modern girl big and strong and tans her face a good sailor brown were unknown to the girls of the old generations. They had to sit in the house and keep their hands soft and their complexion of pearly whiteness, and any girl that dared to assert her independence was set down as a hoydenish tomboy, whom all good men looking for a proper helpmate would shun.

"The girls of the former days, too, were fed on a sickly sentimental literature. They read nothing but novels, which invariably had for their themes the story of a maudlin sort of girl who left home and wealth and defied her parents in order to marry for 'love alone' with some ninny who was from every standpoint entirely unsuited to marry anybody.

"Yet for love alone' was the phrase which sentimental young girls, cut off from knowing men and being unable to form a proper estimate of their character and ability, had continually ringing in their ears. Any number of the old-time girls no doubt arrived at young womanhood with the idea firmly planted in their breasts that a formal engagement and marriage was something entirely at variance with love, which invariably demanded of its votaries that they defy parental counsel and advice and make all sorts of sacrifices in going to the altar, and that otherwise marriage was but a business arrangement in which the heart had no part.

"The dull, listless lives that girls of former times led often drove them to elope, as much as a protest against boredom as anything else. It was about the only way they had of showing their utter disgust for the existing social conditions.

"In the days of our grandparents and our great-grandparents the sexes never met on terms of equality and comradeship as young people do now. Young women hardly ever met their social equals of the male sex except at parties and receptions, where the strictest formality prevailed. And so unscrupulous music teachers, or handsome servants, or young men blessed with more good looks than manners

of regard for conventionalities often played havoc with the hearts of young girls and drew them into elopement.

"Parents are much more sensible than they used to be. The craze for securing rich sons-in-law is dying out, and few men of means object to a decent and persevering young fellow paying his addresses to their daughters, providing the affection is reciprocal. They argue, with wisdom, that poverty in the outset is no great drawback to a girl's career provided she possesses integrity and intelligence. This in itself is a powerful reason for rendering elopements comparatively uncommon.

"But more than all other reasons that operate against elopements by the girls of today is that the present conditions give them an opportunity to meet many men, to study them and understand them, and when they decide to marry they usually select men who are in every way worthy of them and to whom the parents can make no valid objections. And, even if they were inclined to object, they will not, for the idea has become generally popular that marriage is a thing which concerns most the young couple who wish to become husband and wife, and that if they are satisfied no one else should say anything to the contrary, and a wedding of the orthodox kind is permitted to take place without the necessity of secrecy and elopements."—Chicago Tribune.

BONAPARTE MOTTETTE.

How He Lives With His Goats and His Big Dogs.

Shunning human beings and cultivating the friendship of wild animals, Bonaparte Mottette, an aged Frenchman, has obtained a section of land on the Los Pinos river, 50 miles from Durango. His nearest neighbors are miles away, and they first learned of his eccentricities when he undertook the task of taming Jules Barriller's wild goats which were described at length some time ago. Although the old man is reticent, it is the common impression around there that Barriller, when he found himself about to die, wrote a letter to some friend asking him to carry on the work he had taken up.

Meanwhile, however, the goats grew wild. Many of them were killed by hunters, and now they are quite as shy as mountain sheep, excepting the few the old man has succeeded in taming. It seems to be his intention to elaborate Barriller's idea and establish a park where all hunted wild animals may find refuge. Already he has made preparations to fence his possessions, and has posted signs that no animal must be killed within the boundary lines of his land. Readers will remember that Barriller, a lone prospector, obtained two goats as pets, and before he died there were numbers of them about his place. At his death only one old goat was left that did not desert the place. He was killed while hurrying to greet a posse of hunters, who, he apparently believed, would treat him as Barriller had done.

Barriller's successor has a number of wild animals domesticated already. To a prospector who ridiculed his idea he said the work would go on long after he was dead. The Frenchman seems to have plenty of money, as twice a year he drives a team of goats to Durango and hauls out the few supplies necessary to last him until he can make another trip. At such times his cabin and premises are guarded by four Great Dane dogs, far more savage than any bear or wolf in the mountains. The dogs have been trained not to molest deer or goats, and they confine their attentions to would-be trespassers.

The wild goats seem to be increasing in numbers, notwithstanding the ravages of mountain lions, wolves, bears and eagles. The birds carry off the kids, but other animals destroy the old ones as well as their offspring.

George Taylor, a Denver man, who lives at 1932 Lawrence street, has been in the vicinity of the Frenchman's preserves all summer, and a few days ago he killed a Mexican blue goat. It was a great curiosity when brought to Durango, and Fish Commissioner T. J. Holland, who returned from that place today, said the goat was one of the largest he had ever seen. Taylor also killed two white goats, and has incurred the enmity of the old Frenchman, who thinks they all belong to him because he inherited them from Barriller. George Smart, another Denver man, has killed one white goat this summer. He says they are very hard to get a shot at, and he would not believe Mottette had succeeded in taming any of them until he saw the domesticated goats. The flock of wild goats would increase much more rapidly if it were not for the eagles. The birds are most rapacious in their destruction of the kids.—Denver Post.

A Unique Subject.
Difficult as it is to believe, says the Liverpool Post, King Edward has an aged subject in these islands, who cannot speak our language. She is Miss Mary Stewart (a descendant of the Stewarts of Appin), and was born at Ardnurchan, Argyleshire, in 1791. So that she has seen five sovereigns on the throne. She has been 53 years in service at different places between Appin and Inverary district. She is still hale and hearty, and able to get up and about. The old lady does not know any English, but speaks Gaelic.

A Whole Year!
"Mamma, how can you ask me to marry him when he has no social position?"
"But, my dear, he tells me has made a million."
"But even with that it will take him a year to get into society."—Life.



Late Seed Wheat.

Wheat that is seeded late will seldom be attacked by the Hessian fly. One difficulty with wheat is the liability of being thrown out by frost in the spring, but when such is the case the cause may be due to lack of proper drainage. When a field has been properly tilled there will be but little liability of wheat being injured by alternate freezing and thawing.

Soil for Forcing Crops.

Soil for crops under glass is the same as that in the field. It is merely a part of the field which has been covered with glass, and its superior mechanical condition is owing to extremely high manuring, which with the decay of plant roots renders the texture very loose and light. Fresh land, however, may be used at once for greenhouse crops, and such soil is usually free from blights and disease germs for a year or two. The soil is manured and forked over before every crop.

One Way to Keep Cabbages.

An excellent way to keep cabbages is to pull them up and put them close together, roots in the ground, and cover them, so as to protect them against rain, first placing salt hay or straw over the heads. By this plan the cabbages will keep until late in the spring, as the stalks will take root and throw out sprouts or greens, after the heads are gone. By burying the heads with the roots up the frost prevents their use, and when the frost leaves the ground is damp and the heads rot. It will be found of advantage to use the stalks in the manner stated, if for no other purpose than to secure the early greens.

Poultry Houses.

There is no one point in poultry raising which requires more consideration than the house—especially that portion where the fowls stay during inclement weather. The roosting room need not be large, because the fowls will huddle together any way, and the small houses are not so hard to keep warm. The scratching shed should be both large and cheerful, so that the fowls will be contented to remain there and hustle all day. Clean straw or leaves should be kept on the floor and all grain should be raked into it. It is a very good plan to scatter the grain in the evening and if the weather will permit, leave open the small door, thus letting the fowls begin the work scratching as soon as it becomes sufficiently light.

In selecting grain do not forget that whole oats will give the best results. An occasional change will be relished, but the principal food should be oats. Unthreshed oats thrown into the scratching shed will furnish exercise for the fowls. Look over the houses carefully and see if the walls and roof are tight and see that the floors are kept clean.—Home and Farm.

Pick Out the Best.

A saving of dollars in the purchase of breeding stock is often false economy, as this often means a lower grade of stock. The higher priced birds are often the cheaper in the long run and are much the better investment. There are, of course, exceptions, but it usually pays to buy the best, if you are going to raise poultry for market or for eggs, for good layers are usually the descendants of good layers.

It will be noticed that even under very unfavorable circumstances a few hens in the flock will lay, while the others seem to live for no other purpose, apparently, than to eat. The hens that lay the best should be placed by themselves during the breeding season, and made the foundation of the future flock. By forethought and persistently following this plan, the laying habit may be so fixed in a flock in a few generations as to almost double the egg yield.

One farmer built up his egg record from an average of 86 eggs per hen the first year to 179, then to 186, then 195, and his last year's record was 198. His method has been the simple one of picking out the earliest and best layers to breed from.—Poultry Review.

Destroying Insect Pests.

The recent developments in the tests as to the possibility of mosquitos conveying contagious diseases seem to have effectively proven that they do so, and though it has cost some human lives, it may teach us a lesson that may save more. Experiments at shore resorts in covering swamps and stagnant waters with kerosene or some cheap form of the petroleum product have proven that the mosquito can be greatly reduced in numbers if not entirely exterminated by this method, and though undertaken with a view to the comfort of their present and prospective guests than as a sanitary measure, the fact that it will also serve that purpose is an additional incentive to its general adoption. But we want to see the work go farther and reduce the number of flies as well as mosquitoes. We know their favorite breeding places, the manure heaps, the droppings of the cattle, dead animals, or fish offal, places where kitchen waste is thrown out, swill barrels, and almost all the receptacles of filth and decaying matter. Let it be a rule, or even enact a law that all such places shall be saturated every day with some form of petroleum, and let the oil companies learn what form will do the most effective work at the least cost, and send it out for public sale, and health, comfort and cleanliness, that we are robbed of by these flies that

come loaded with filth from such places, to invade our sleeping, sitting and dining rooms or pantries and dairy rooms, to torment us and our domestic animals, would soon become so rare that we should wonder how we ever endured them so long. The annual loss by other insects has been computed at millions of dollars in some cases, but who every undertook to compute the loss from the plague of flies.—The Cultivator.

The Farm Repair Shop.

I often wonder how I got along without a repair shop. The building need not be extensive, but tight and warm. One end should be rigged up for blacksmithing. Build a hearth of stone and ordinary clay mortar, with a good sized flue, about nine bricks to the round. An opening should be left at the proper place for the admission of a five or six-inch stove pipe. Procure a blower or bellows, an anvil, a drill press, a vise, some dies and taps, one-fourth to five-eighths inch, for cutting thread, a hammer, tongs and two or three sizes of heading tools. Steel punches for hot iron are also necessary, but these can be made.

After some experience, many other tools can be made that come handy. Much of the equipment mentioned can be gotten second-hand from machinists or blacksmiths. Collect all kinds of scrap iron, bolts, old horse-shoes, etc., from about the farm. Much useful iron may often be gotten for a trifle at public sales. Old horse-shoes welded together and worked out are very useful for making nails, rivets, links for chains, etc. I have been using for several years a heavy farm chisel made entirely from old horse-shoes. As to the actual work in this line, many valuable hints may be gotten from a good natured blacksmith. One may need instruction particularly on the working and tempering of steel. For a time the novice may be discouraged by his seeming awkwardness, but after he gets the set of his hammer and the hang of his tongs, some experience in welding, etc., there will be little repairing that need be taken away from the farm.

Put in the other end of the building a bench or table. Provide a cross-cut hand saw, nine teeth to the inch, a square, a smoothing, a jack and a fore plane, a brace with at least seven bits differing in size one-eighth inch, three or four sizes of chisels, a drawing knife, miter square and a hand ax or bench hatchet. A supply of different sized nails and wood screws. This will equip the wood working end of the shop for all ordinary repairing. Many new implements can be made and ironed complete later. Now get or make a sewing or sadler's horse, procure some needles, wax and thread, harness rivets, etc. Put up a stove, fix up the harness and gather the plows, harrows and other implements that need repairs.—J. F. Thomas, in New England Homestead.

Secrets of the Dairy.

There are some secrets which are no secrets, and the experience of years has shown me that the art of butter making may be known and read of all faithful and persistent men. A few of the points that every one who aspires to good butter making must observe I believe to be as follows:

The man or woman who sets out to be a dairyman must love his work. Unless he does failure lies just before him. There must be the essentials of a good cow in every individual of the dairy. No man can succeed with poor cows, any more than a carpenter can do his best with worn-out, rusty and dull tools.

Good water and plenty of it must be available. Impure water has more to do with our failures than most of us are inclined to admit. Rolly, stagnant or bacterial water never should be tolerated in the dairy. This applies to the source of supply in the pasture just as much as that used in washing the butter. We might better be to the expense of drilling a well and putting up a windmill than to attempt to get along in the dairy room without pure water.

Every man, woman and child who has anything to do with the work of butter making, from cow to package, should be cleanly and neat. Uncleanliness is the rock upon which thousands go down. It is possible to do something in a slovenly manner and yet succeed fairly well. This is not true of butter making. Every pail, can, churn, ladle, package, cloth and work must be scrupulously free from anything which will impart a taint to the finished product.

The hands especially must be clean. It does not seem as if it should be necessary to speak of this, and yet it is not a week ago that I saw a man who would resent it quickly if I told him he was not neat sit down to his cow, milk on his hands, and wet the teats of a fine Jersey before he began to take her mess into the pail. We look to the Danish people for our pattern of cleanliness, and well we may, for if there be any secret with them it is the secret of neatness. Clean, mate, pasturage, water, care, all pass for nothing without cleanliness.

Finally, the care given to the cow largely determines the quality of the butter made. Good food, cleanly quarters, kindness, freedom from all that might give the cow discomfort, these all enter in to bring about success or failure in butter making. Many other things have a bearing on the art of butter making. They may be said to be adjuncts and not absolute essentials. The principles involved are not many, but they are invaluable. They must be taken into account by all who would win in the beautiful science of good butter making.—E. L. Vincent, in American Cultivator.

DIPLOMATIC BEAVERS.

They Ceased War on Muskrats Because of Valuable Aid.

Charles Nicholas, an Indian guide of Kineo, Moosehead lake, to whom the habits of bird and beast are an open book, tells the following little story which he declares is true, which is certainly good enough to be true.

Near the head of Spencer bay is an extensive marsh, where in the summer time deer are wont to feed and frolic, where in the fall the lordly moose comes from off the mountain to mate and where at all seasons of the year muskrats innumerable have dwelt. Not so far away is a smaller marsh, where, for many years, a colony of beaver has lived in cosy houses built close by the water's edge. These two little communities never exchanged calls, but lived and prospered in happy exclusion.

The going out of the ice from the lake last spring was followed by an almost unprecedented rise of water, and the two marshes in Spencer bay, the large one and the little one, were completely covered. Now, the muskrats did not mind the flood a bit. Driven from one hole, they sought another further back, and when there weren't any more holes these happy-go-lucky vagrants set up housekeeping in a huge pile of driftwood, never losing a meal or a wink of sleep.

But with the beaver it was different. These industrious property owners suffered severely, and when the waters of Moosehead lake at last receded the ruins of the beavers' lodges went with them. The beavers did not sit and sulk, neither did they for a moment think of building again on the same old site. They sought higher ground, where the floods of another spring could not reach them, and so it came about one fine morning when the muskrats came down onto the marsh to play they found the beaver there before them.

It was a large marsh, as has been stated before, but it was not large enough for both muskrat and beaver. War was at once declared, and the war ended in the breaking up of the muskrat colony and the scattering of the rats along the shores of Spencer bay.

Two miles from the marsh and on the farther side of the bay was a clump of poplar trees which the beaver selected as the best material available for their new houses. All day and all night they sawed, until finally they had floating in the lake and compactly rafted several hundred logs just the right length and thickness for up-to-date beaver houses. And then the troubles of these busy but unscrupulous little builders began.

They could not even stir the raft of logs from shore, to say nothing of towing it two miles across Spencer bay to the marsh.

Every beaver in the colony was summoned to the task. Young and old, big and little, weak and strong, they pushed and pulled, but they could not budge that raft of timber.

Then the head of the beaver colony called the other beavers together on the raft and laid before them this remarkable proposition: If the muskrats would lend a helping hand and tow that raft up Spencer bay, they (the beaver) would permit them to return to the big marsh, where they might live without fear of molestation. The rest of the beavers agreed, and the muskrats, when appealed to, also agreed. And the following morning, before the waters of the bay roughed up, the deer and the squirrels and the gulls beheld with amazement beavers and muskrats, shoulder to shoulder, pushing a raft of logs before them up Spencer bay.

The houses are built and the beaver are in them. And all about are muskrats holes, and muskrats in them, too. And beaver and rat, who are at war everywhere else in northern Maine, are living together in peace on the big marsh at the head of Spencer bay.—Boston Herald.

Boy Seesick, but Game.

He was one of three diminutive messenger boys hired to remain aboard the big ocean going tugboat that followed the yachts. There was quite a ground swell on when the tug got out about the lights and the wind, coming up strong made a nasty sea.

The dipping and rolling of the boat made this boy more sick than the others. He lay on the after deck unable to move, and groaning at intervals. Once in a great while he raised his dull, heavy eyes to note the positions of the yachts.

All day he lay there, refusing to go inside the spacious cabin. When the tug pulled it at the pier he was so weak he had to be helped ashore.

His face was haggard and, supported by his companions, he dragged himself up the pier, eliciting sympathy from all the yachting reporters.

Half way up the pier he hobbled over to the reporter who had been in charge of the boat that day and placed two blue and trembling hands on the wrist of the newspaper man. His wan face was raised and he said in a hoarse, tense whisper:

"Hey, mister! If yer want a boy agin' termorrer, ask fur me, will yer, mister?"

He was game.—New York Mail and Express.

The Largest and Smallest Country.

San Bernardino county, Cal., with an area of nearly 20,000 square miles, is the largest in the United States, and Bristol county, R. I., with an area of only 27 square miles, is the smallest. It Bristol county were in the form of a square man might walk across it in a little more than an hour; but San Bernardino, in the same form, could not be crossed by an express train in two hours. It is larger than Vermont and New Hampshire combined.

ARMY POST AN ISSUE.

Des Moines Citizens Provide a Site, but Council Blocks It.

It is probable that the question of a United States army post may be a considerable factor in the Des Moines city election campaign next spring. The business men of the city nearly a year ago contributed the funds necessary to purchase a site for the post, but the city council dallies. One condition the government insists on before establishing the post is that the city shall annex the territory comprising the proposed site. It is generally desired that the post be inside the city, in order that the more stringent municipal authorities may prevent the gathering of multitudes about the government property.

The Glasgow Student.

His life is plain and hard, and rather poor in color. His class at 8 a. m. calls him early from his bed—how early he who comes to it by train from the suburbs will tell you. And what, after all, comes he out for to see? The tardy moon lighting him up the college hill, the windy quadrangle all dark, the lighted class room windows, a brisk janitor selling the college magazine, the college bell, clattering for five short minutes after the hour has struck, its sudden stop, the scramble of men to enter while yet there is time, the roll call, the lecture, the bent heads of the note takers, the scraping their anxious feet lest a word be missed, the rustling of a sporting paper, the smell of wet waterproof in the hot air, the intolerable dreariness of (let us say) the convalescing student, and then—happy release!—the college clock booming out the hour, and once more the rain and wind in the quadrangle. No handsome reward this for early rising! Classes meet all day long from 8 a. m. till 5:30 p. m.; and, if our friend has a spare hour, and is eager for work, he goes across to the gaunt, warm reading room, where a comrade with a "cell" may invite him to defend everlasting against eternal punishment, or another with a fable for jokes, may, in absent-mindedness tell him the same story thrice in 60 minutes.

Porto Rico's Library Plans.

According to recommended plans the Carnegie Library building for San Juan, P. R., which is to cost \$60,000, will be two stories high, 75 feet wide, fronting on Plaza Colon and 50 feet deep. The second floor will be designed as an assembly hall, the first floor will be provided with shelves for 100,000 books, and in the basement it is designed to arrange two reading rooms, one of which shall be for children.

ENCKE'S COMET A HERALD.

Has Appeared Before the Assassination of Three Presidents.

Encke's comet has heralded the death by assassination of three Presidents of the United States. President Lincoln was assassinated on April 15, 1865; Encke's comet appeared Jan. 25, 1865, and was visible five months. President Garfield was the victim of the assassin's onslaught on July 2, 1881, and died September 19; Encke's comet appeared August 20, 1881, and was visible to the naked eye. President McKinley was attacked on September 6, and died September 14, 1901; Encke's comet appeared on August 15, 1901, and was visible for several weeks.

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The Japanese earthquake of 1703 was the most destructive on record. It killed 100,000 people.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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