

## McHenry Plaudaleader

J. VAN SLYKE, Editor and Publisher.

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### ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Hi and a whoop-hooray, boys!  
Sing a song of cheer!  
Here's a holiday, boys,  
Lasting half a year!  
Round the world, and half is  
Shadowed by the day,  
Now we're where the laugh is—  
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and mutter,  
Strut high and low,  
Where the sunbeams enter  
Through the stable door.  
Here the chickens coo, boys,  
And the hens, who are  
Clucking them to sleep, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Here the clover grows,  
Here the cattle mow,  
Here the horses whinny,  
Looking out at you!  
On the blushing-bow, boys,  
Grandly satisfied,  
See the old peacock, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach tree,  
Blue-birds in the elm,  
Blossoms on each tree  
In the orchard there,  
All the world is gay, boys,  
Glad and glorified,  
As a roving boy, boys,  
On the sunny side!

Where's a heart as 'flow'  
Where's a heart as free?  
Where is any fellow  
We would rather be?  
Just ourselves, boys, boys,  
World around and wide,  
Laughing in the sun, boys,  
On the sunny side!

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHER.

Across the meadows of the Not,  
We chase the gruesome When,  
And hunt the Itness of the What  
Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness  
We track the hazy What,  
We speak the Ergo What, and beard  
The Ergo in his lair.

With lassoes of the brain we catch  
The lances of the 'As,  
And in the quiver of the Whence  
We hear the Think-bee buzz.

We climb the slippery Which-bark tree  
To watch the Thenceful root,  
And pause beneath in gnomic rymes  
To woo the O'er-Soul.

—Washington Hatcher.

### A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"Ah, sir, I see you are admiring my flowers! Well, they are pretty—that they are—though I doubt as some would call the marigolds and carnations common and old-fashioned. You don't see many of 'em now in your fine new-fangled gardens, do you? It's a pretty little place this, ain't it, sir? And it's my own, too—my very own—and will go to my grandson after me. He's a good lad, he is—it's him as looks after the garden. Mighty fond of flowers, he is, and proud he'll be, sir. I know, when he hears as a fine town gentleman has taken notice of 'em. Ah, I was fond of gardening, too, in my time! But I'm getting an old man now—85 I am come Christmas—and I can't expect to be spared much longer, though I'm hale and hearty yet, thank Heaven! Ah! times have altered, sir, since my young days! For the better, you say? Well, things are grander now than they were then, but somehow I seem to like the old times the best, perhaps because I was young and strong in 'em. And talking of old times reminds me of something that once happened to me. Like to hear it, sir? Well, so you shall, and welcome, if you don't mind waiting an hour or so with an old chap like me. Sit down, then, on that bench, and make yourself comfortable.

"You've been to Chelmsford, perhaps? Then maybe you know the Sarsen's Head? Well, close to where that now stands there used to be an old inn called the 'Swan.' A queer old place it was, to be sure, with its casement windows and overhanging gables. I was living at Ralphan then—it's high upon sixty years ago—a farmer I was, and had been married only a short time to a dear little wife as I loved well and true till she died, poor lass!

"One cold December day I started for Baintree to look at some stock as I thought of buying. As it was a two days' journey, I meant to stop at Chelmsford for the night, and go on early the next day. I didn't leave home till about 2, and I had a weary road to travel, so that the darkness came on before I reached the gibbet on the edge of the common; and as I tell you my flesh crawled, as the saying is, when I galloped past at full speed. It was a bleak, cold night, and the road was bad, so that it was late before I rode into Chelmsford.

"I put up at the 'Swan'—that being the first inn I came to—and was standing watching the ostler rubbing down my good old mare—for I always attended to that first thing, when the landlord came slowly to the door with a short, sharp-faced man, with great black eyes that had an uneasy sort of look in 'em. I told him I'd had a long ride and was glad enough to get safe into his yard—for I'd gold about me and we'd heard horrible tales of the robberies and murders on the king's highway. Well, he showed me into a long low room—the kitchen it was—a brick floor and a bright fire burning.

"There's a noisy lot in the parlor, sir," said he, "very quiet and cozy here, for maybe you're tired and chilly after your ride in the wind."

"I ordered a steak and some wine, and, as I ate my supper, I thought to myself that I couldn't well have chosen a better place than the 'Swan' to stop at. After I had finished I called for pipes and grog and sat by the fire with the landlord, but I might as well have been alone, for he never spoke a word, but sat staring into the fire with a wicked look in his eyes that I didn't like, though I didn't take much notice of it then. Ah, I know now what his thoughts were as he gazed moodily into the glowing coals. He was thinking of the disgrace brought upon his name by his only son, and wondering where the money was to come from that must be procured somehow if his boy was to be saved from ruin. And then, no doubt, he planned to murder me—ah, it's all true, sir, I've got his confession by me now—and bury me down by the riverside, in the meadow behind the stable. Then he meant to turn my mare out behind down so that the servants might think I had left early; and then, you see, when it was found, people would think something had happened to me on the road to Baintree. Well, my companion roused himself after a time and began asking me what I thought of the country, if I had ridden far, whether I had been advised to put up at the 'Swan,' and such like questions. I answered them freely enough, never supposing that he asked them for any other reason than just to keep up the conversation. I asked him to call me early, and he promised he would do so.

"'I'll do it myself,' said he, 'for the girl and the mother will be sad.'"

"Then he called his wife and told her to bring me a candle, which she did. She was coarse-looking, care-worn, and I noticed, when she showed me to my room, that her voice, sounded thick as she bade me an evil 'Good night.'"

"My bed-room was a long, low room with queer old furniture, quaint carved chairs and a great four-post bedstead which seemed as big as a hearse. There was no lock to the door, and the bolts were rusty, so I could only put the latch down. I thought of putting a chair against it, but that seemed childish and no protection after all. The night was wet and windy, and the sky black as ink. Try as I would, I couldn't get to sleep, and there I lay and listened to the ghostly tapping of the ivy leaves against the window, and thinking of the evil look in the landlord's eyes, and all the horrid stories I had ever read come crowding into my mind, when suddenly I started up in bed, wide awake enough, for I heard something or some one climbing up the ivy to my window. I lay with palpitating heart and straining eyes, listening to the horrible ghostly rustling which every moment seemed nearer.

"Suddenly I thought struck me; and I arose hastily smoothing the bed-clothes, as though the bed had not been slept in. I had just time to creep under the bed, when the window was shaken open, and somebody softly slipped in. It was a man, and, listening intently, I heard him sigh wearily to himself, as if he were tired out. Then he got into my bed, drew the clothes over him, and in a few minutes I heard him snoring. You can imagine how pleasant I felt, and the scamp had my money-bag under his pillow too! What was to be done? I thought of my happy home and the little wife now perhaps dreaming of me, and the thought of her gave me courage. I determined to snatch my money and fight for it with the unseen visitor to the death, if need be. I was crawling from under the bed, when I heard another sound, nearing the door this time. In a minute the latch was quietly lifted, the door was gently pushed open, and I saw the landlord glide into the room. Then a hand holding a candle stole in at the door—only a hand; but I knew those fingers well enough. The man crept on tiptoe to the bed, and leaning softly over the sleeper, stabbed him to the heart. There was one deep groan and all was over. The murderer drew the money from under the pillow and crept stealthily to the door, glancing behind him as though he feared the dead man would get up and follow him.

"Shaking all over with hair on end I crawled from my hiding place, groped about for my clothes, and, after standing a moment, dazed with horror, followed the guilty couple. Their room was almost opposite mine, and I could see the light under their door, which was barely closed. I pushed it open and peeped in. The table faced the door, and there they stood with their backs to me, so intent upon the money that I crept close to them without being heard.

"'Look, look,' I heard the man whisper—'there is more than enough to save our boy! How they shine! And all ours, wife—ours!'"

"No, mine, murderer! I snorted with a voice of thunder, and, snatching the bag from his nerveless grasp, I dashed the light from the woman's hand and fled back swiftly to the room where the dead man lay.

"Opening the window, I groped about with one hand for the ivy bough, clinging somehow to the sill with the other, and at last managed to scramble down, reaching the ground bruised, shaken, and breathless. As I rested a moment, I got my breath, I heard from the room above an awful cry sung out in a woman's voice—

"'My boy, my boy, my only son!'"

"I clambered over the gate which led into the street. A watch-box stood close by in the square, and I hurriedly told my story to the watchman. He started in horror, as well he might, and wanted to fetch his mate; but I told him we were more than a match for those we should find at the inn, so he came with me. A frightened servant opened the door, and I led the way to the room I had just quitted. The watchman bent down and peered into the dead man's face.

"'Ah,' he whispered, 'it's as I feared! It's their own son—they didn't know he was at home, and so they mistook him for you, sir.'"

"I felt myself turn queer and giddy, for I knew the meaning of that pitiful cry, 'My only son!'"

"And what of the murderers? They had not so much as tried to escape, and the door wasn't even barred against us. The woman lay moaning on the floor; the bed was huddled up in a chair by the bed. When we entered I held out my hands to be manacled without uttering a word. When I told him how it happened that his son had fallen a victim instead of me, he just stared in my face and made no sign that he heard my ghastly tale.

"Well, sir, that's about all. The mother, poor soul, died raving mad, and the man was hanged at Tyburn; but not another word did he speak from first to last, save once—and that was when the judge passed sentence on him. Then he raised his head, and with a look in his eyes which I never forgot, he said—

"'An old, old man, my lord—my only son!'"

"That's all, sir. The strangest story you ever heard? Well, I dare say it is; but it's all true, every word of it; for I've got the papers to prove it, and you'll be pleased to come in and see 'em, you'll be welcome as flowers in May, that you will! Not now? Well, then, I bid you good day, and thank you kindly for letting me talk to you, for it does me good to chat a bit sometimes, that it do! Good day, sir, and a pleasant walk to you!"

Prairie Fires.

A prairie fire is not the most picturesque or dangerous thing in the world, though I have often read of this red regiment in line charging across the plains, driving before it herds of buffaloes, wolves, and grizzlies, and following men at a mouthful. When in the Northwest I asked many old settlers if they had ever known any man in danger from a prairie fire. The answer was always "No." The reason is that the fire does not advance in a uniform line; the head fire, which is the small fire, is strong and rapid; but the side fires are easily stepped over.

"The only fire," said an old fire king, "that I ever saw that may be dangerous for a few minutes was caused in a singular way. The grass was thick, and the prairie had been burning some time, and side fires stretched as far as the eye could reach. Suddenly the wind shifted, ten miles or more of side fire turned into a head fire, and for a brief period raced over a thick grass like a cavalry regiment."

—John Swinton's Paper.

### AGRICULTURAL.

L. H. BAILEY, a large fruit grower in Michigan, says that he can make more money out of apples at 25 cents a bushel, than out of wheat at \$1.

Let the horses' litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot, fermented manure makes the hoofs soft and brings on lameness.

It has been a common opinion that the horn of the steer or heifer gave indications of the age of the animal, but this is now denied by Dr. Stewart, of New York, who states that at no time is such evidence to be relied upon.

The honey locust has been extensively used in Massachusetts for hedges of late years on account of the hardness. It is a very vigorous growth and is difficult to keep within proper limits; thorough cutting back is required to secure a thick mass at the bottom.

The Hon. C. M. Clay says that the Jerseys are the native cattle of Russia, and he could load a fleet with them at from \$3 to \$10 per head. It is true there is no use in the farmers of the Channel Islands allowing the supply to fall off. It is more than probable if we would import directly from Russia little careful judgment would give us a stock of Jerseys that would be hardy, vigorous, and able to "hoe her own row."

"Full feeding from the start," says the New York Times, "should be the maxim of the stock feeder, whether his object is beef, mutton, pork, or poultry. Let there be a way of high feeding by which an enormous carcass is fattened prematurely produced by rich feeding in a short time. And it is a question whether this high feeding is as profitable as a longer period of more moderate feeding, since it is the moderately fed and not overfatted beast which meets the customer's views, rather than the animal which takes the prize at a fat-stock show."

FARMERS in New Jersey use goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, and two are about all each farmer puts with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters a field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment causes the dog to leave the field, limping and yelling.

Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them, they form in line behind the goat and seem to enjoy the fun.

JAPAN clover made its appearance in North Carolina in 1856, and has since spread to other sections. It is a leguminous, perennial trifoliate, scientifically known as *Lespedeza striata*, and is said to be excellent for grazing, fattening stock and improving land. It has a deeply penetrating root, and like a clay soil, growing and thriving on the naked banks of gullies, and brings its supplies from below. It has more ash than clover, half as much potash, two-thirds phosphoric acid, and more nitrogenous matter. It thrives in an exhausted soil, where red clover will not catch at all, and stands the summer well.

Prof. FAIRLEY, of the Kansas Agricultural College, gives some excellent suggestions in the college paper, the *Industrialist*. He gives the results of his own personal experience: "From a somewhat varied experience in feeding all the ordinary materials, including corn, bran, shorts, rye-chop, corn-chop, and mixed chop, I have come to the conclusion that by plenty of good hay and a mixture of either rye-chops or shorts with corn-chop, in the proportion by weight of two of the latter to one of the former, best results in butter are obtained. Turnips and other roots are noted for increasing the yield of milk. They have not a corresponding effect on the yield of butter; but often have an indirect effect of great value. I have found that for profit one can not feed too high, provided always that the food is properly digested. A good cow—and none other should be kept—will turn this additional feed into butter; and, of course, a greater per cent is realized on the entire ration."

THE CHEMISTRY OF ENSILAGE.—It is well known that a mass of green corn fodder, or green hay, if piled or stacked up, will soon ferment, heat, and pass into decay. In the silo, the fodder is closely packed, and the receptacle being airtight, fermentation and heat, instead of being favorable to the preservation of the mass, the presence of air is necessary to decay, and the complete exclusion of air tends to the preservation of perishable substances. Dr. Thurber says that "in green fodder corn we have a mass of succulent stems and foliage, in which preparation has been made for the production of grain. These are filled with juices holding in solution the material that would soon be deposited in the grain as starch, etc., but now largely in the form of sugar. When the corn plant is cut and packed in the silo, fermentation, the first step in decay, at once begins. By the action of the oxygen of the air upon the sugar and other contents of the stalks, etc., various changes take place, one of which is to produce carbonic acid. This acid is a gas in which a candle cannot burn or any animal live, and in which no further fermentation can occur. If the silo air is tight the very first step in the fermentation of its contents produces a gas that acts as a preservative and prevents further change. The more compact the fodder corn, or other succulent material, the less there will be among it, and the sooner will the fermentation stop. The fermentation not only acts upon and changes the composition of the air within the silo, but the fodder itself is acted upon and changed. Sugar, when present in the juices of the forage, is at first converted into alcohol, and, if fermentation continues long enough, acetic acid, or vinegar, will be formed from the alcohol thus produced. If, however, the silo is properly constructed, the walls made of concrete or other material, and the contents be cut fine and well packed, and carefully covered with an air-tight covering, such as a fly of oiled duck cloth, tarpaulin, or sail-cloth, upon which is placed eight or ten inches of sand, and the whole top surface then covered with boards and weighted with about five hundred pounds of stone to each square yard of surface, there cannot be sufficient air present to allow fermentation to go on to any injurious extent. Injury may occur to the contents of the silo by the action of the air, either while filling, or while feeding out the forage, and great care is necessary to prevent damage from this cause. In the beginning of ensilage experiments it was supposed that the fodder was subjected by the heat of fermentation to a kind of cooking, and that the plant tissues were thus made tender. The idea is now abandoned, for it is well known that

the most successful silos are those in which the least fermentation takes place and in which the least heat is produced. Perfect exclusion of the air preserves the contents so far as is possible in the most natural and palatable condition.—Kansas City Journal.

### HOUSEKEEPERS' HELPS.

How to KEEP PIE-CRUST.—Pie-crust can be kept a week, and the last be as good as the first, if put into a tight-covered dish, and kept in a cool place. We have frequently done this, both summer and winter and it has always been successful.

CLAM FRITTERS.—Two cups of milk, three eggs, two cups creamery buttered flour and fifty clams. Beat the eggs well, stir in the flour, adding the milk slowly while stirring; lastly add the clams, which should be chopped very fine. Fry in hot lard.

BOILED HAM.—Slice the meat from the ham raw, as thin as you can, then put it into a pan of cold water; set it on the stove, and let it come to a boil; then have your griddle hot, and broil the meat with a little butter dropped into the pan and a plentiful sprinkling of black pepper.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Chop a pineapple quite fine; take some cake which is a little dry, rub it fine in your hands, or crush it on a kneading board; put it in a pudding dish in alternate layers with the pineapple, sweeten abundantly, moisten with cold water, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

CANTALOUPE PICKLE.—Seven pounds of cantaloupe rind cut from a melon ripe but not soft. Peel thickly; wash and drain thoroughly. To two quarts of vinegar add four pounds of brown sugar, and one ounce each of cinnamon, white ginger, and cloves, with the rind of two lemons. Boil the vinegar and sugar together and remove any scum that rises; add the spice and let it boil a few minutes, then put in the fruit and let it boil until the syrup looks a little thick.

POACHED EGGS.—Eggs are poached by dropping them raw from the broken shells into a pot of boiling water; lift them from the water in a perforated ladle, and do not let them remain long enough in the water for the white to be made opaque. The beauty of a poached egg is the visibility of the yellow yolk as seen through the semi-transparent white envelope. Served on a slice of hot buttered toast, and lightly sprinkled with pepper, a poached egg is most appetizing. In the spring of the year, as a top dressing to boiled greens of any kind, eggs prepared this way are almost universally liked.

LEMON CUSTARD.—One quart of milk, four eggs, one cup of sugar, half-teaspoonful of salt, and heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch, the juice and grated yellow of half a lemon. Boil the milk in a double boiler, heat the yolks and sugar together until they are light, dissolve the starch and salt in a little cold water. Add the cornstarch slowly to the boiling milk. Then stir in the yolks, sugar and lemon. The cornstarch prevents the lemon from curdling the milk, as it sometimes does. Boil five minutes. Pour into jelly glasses when cool. A meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon can be piled on top, with bits of red currant jelly dotted over it.

How Soda Water is Made.

"Did you ever think how the soda water you drink with such relish is made? queried an attendant of one of the fountains in an up town pharmacy. Yes, but never found out. How is it made?"

"We start in by filling our generator with 14 gallons of water, 71 gallons of marble dust, and 34 gallons of vitriol, the latter poured in very carefully, as too quick precipitation of that ticklish liquid would generate a pressure of gas sufficient to cause an explosion. From the generator a pipe leads to and connects with the cooler. On this is a gauge, and when it indicates a pressure of 185 pounds to the square inch the cooler is connected with our fountain by rubber tubing, and the gas is turned into the ten or twenty gallons of ice-cold water that the fountain contains. Then it is ready to serve out to customers a deliciously cool Arctic soda water flavored with taste, and only costing 10 cents a glass."

"Do you make your own flavoring?"

"Certainly. In our laboratory. We not only make our own flavoring, but also all our mineral water. Just send in your order, and, no matter where the mineral is situated, in this country or in Europe, we will give you a bottle of it freshly made by our own chemist."

"What is the process called by which you make your soda water?"

"Well, it is a process that imitates the 'Matthews process,' and is generally called by that name."

"Did the only ingredients you use are?"

"Water, marble dust, and vitriol. These, well shaken, generate the gas that gives the soda taste to the water in the fountain. That is all."—New York Mail and Express.

Tricks of the Trade.

They say that sales-people in shoe stores have a unique ceremony, and lay aside a pair of shoes to which some trivial objection had been made, and bring forth others, which are tried on without success. Then the sales-person suddenly remembers that a few hours previous their arrival a case of sample shoes which have not yet been put upon the market. After a few moments spent in another part of the establishment the attendant comes forth with the first pair of shoes condemned, done up in an elegant box, which is unwrapped and the shoes are shown to the customer's eyes in a way that is both tempting and convincing. "That is a new style," says the sales-person, and one that will become popular. "Have none of them been sold yet?" asked the customer. "No, madam; let me try this one on you. Ah, that's your fit, and give your foot an uncommonly pretty look!" Nine times out of ten the trick does the work, and the customer makes the purchase, all unconscious of the fact that she has a shoe which has been in the store probably for months, and to which she took exceptions but a short time before. It may be very wicked to deceive the ladies in this kind of a style, but the sales-people's conscience by declaring that it is a deception which has done no harm while it aided him to make a sale.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

If you wish particularly to gain the good graces and affection of certain people, men or women, try to discover their most striking merit, if they have one, and their dominant weakness—for every one has his own; then do justice to the one, and a little more than justice to the other.—Chesterfield.

### CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

In Russia, for locomotive and stationary engines, the use of native mineral fuel as compared with foreign is steadily increasing. Some railways not far from collieries have returned to the combustion of wood.

The weight of any iron bar of wrought iron may be found by these rules: Flat and square iron, multiply the area of the end in inches by the length in feet, and this product by the constant number 3.33; the quotient is the weight in pounds. Round iron: multiply the square of the diameter in inches by the length in feet, and the product by the constant 2.61; the quotient is the weight in pounds.

While there may be danger in houses and factories lighted by electricity from accidental shocks received, it will not be as great as that arising from gas and boiler explosions. Every electrician will need to take care not to arrange leads as to make it impossible almost for any one to touch both at once. In case of fire the electric wire would heat and fuse perhaps, but would not add combustible and explosive material to the flames.

DISCUSSING the resistance of disease germs to disinfectants, the *Gesundheit* remarks that it is extremely probable that the germ which produces smallpox epidemics is present in the form of living bacilli in the fluid which is the principal bearer of the infection—the lymph removed from the pustules. The degree of the vitality of the bacilli varies in the different kinds of lymph, that from cowpox losing vitality much more readily than the so-called human lymph.

The London journal, *Engineering*, says that the irrigation system of Italy is probably the most complete in the world, although it is constantly being increased; and it forms a part of the elaborate system of defense against floods, necessitated by the conformation of the Northern Provinces. According to the latest official statistics, the irrigation canals of Piedmont alone give 125,550 gallons per second, distributed over 1,340,000 acres; and those of Lombardy 95,355 gallons per second, distributed over 1,680,400 acres.

A PAPER recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expressed the writer's conviction that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive. This estimate, however exaggerated, is not calculated to allay an apprehension which is conspicuous among the French people, and which was lately brought to public attention by the declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries that extra precautions are given in one will out of ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the lid of the coffin is screwed down.

DR. MOSLER, writing in a German medical journal, attributes the presence of tubercles in the intestines mainly to the swallowing of sputa. Those who are afflicted with catarrhal affections of the air passages, and formation of large quantities of mucus and other unclean secretions, should remember that nature effects a discharge of these substances from the membranes for the purpose of ridding the body of them. If, then, through carelessness or other causes the diseased matter is permitted to pass into the stomach and intestines, it is likely to disturb those organs, and, as Dr. Mosler says, give rise to disease there.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

"Common."

Not many years after the war of the Revolution there was a jury trial in which the plaintiff's counsel supported his case by quoting the common law of England. There were two or three old soldiers on the jury, and the defendant's lawyer, a mere pettifogger, thought that an appeal to their ignorance and prejudices would be the most effective resource.

"Gentlemen," said he, assuming the air of an indignant patriot, "how dare the counsel quote to you the common law of England. Some of you helped to give that country a good beating, and are you to be insulted by having its common law flung at you. Why didn't the counsel quote to you its best law? I tell you, gentlemen, that we Americans are worthy of having its uncommon law quoted to us." He won his case, as that jury would not be insulted with any common law.

It seems from the following sketch, published by the *Kentucky State Gazette*, that the ambiguity of the word common has caused the Legislature of that state to be puzzled.

"What are you thinking about, Uncle Ned?" was asked the latter as he was sitting on a salt barrel.

"Well, sah, I've jist think'd Kentucky had oughter be ashamed of itself."

"Why so?"

"Well, you see da was dat Legislatur down da ter Frankfort all las' wintah and dis spring till corn plantin' time a-passin' a new skule law."

"Yes."

"An' whut does yer tink is do out o' it?"

"Well they passed a very good school law."

"No, sah. Dey was paid a thousand dollars a day, and de result was dat las' day passed nuffin, but a common skule law, wen fur dat big pay dey outer passed a uncommon school law. Da's no skule pregression in dis state, sah."—*Kentucky State Journal*.

How Time is Measured.

How the hundredth part of a second is measured is told in *The Washington Post*. It says: "The chronograph, as its name implies, is a time writer. Without it the division of time into a hundredth part of a second—a division so small that the mind can hardly appreciate it—would be impossible. It is a revolving cylinder, bearing a fountain-pen attached to a magnet. As the pendulum of the clock swings its seconds it sends the electric current to the magnet. The latter gives a nervous click and the pen marks a small but distinct break on the paper. These breaks distinguish the seconds, and the space between them is measured by fine divisions on a slip of steel. A second in time, measured by space, is about as long as this:—"

He Kicked.

"You resisted the officers, I believe, Sam?"

"Yes, sah, I fess I did kick when dey cum fer me."

"Why did you?"

"You see, fudge, dey didn't hab de rite sorter papers, an' I w'nt gwine dout dey fix a right kind o' warrant."

"But the officer had a peace warrant for you."

"I know dat, fudge, but I ain't one o' dese fool niggers what can be foch wid a piec o' warrant; hit takes a whole dockment to bring me."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

It is not always safe for a man to attempt to follow his knova.

### IN FAVOR OF PEACE.

Some time ago, at a public gathering in Webster County, Col. Ladsmon was selected to read the Declaration of Independence. He had not proceeded far when an old fellow who had come with a large following of Dry Fork boys, shouted:

"Mister, whut sort o' article is that you're readin'?"

"The Declaration of Independence, sir."

"Wall, now, now, the war's over out here in this section, an' we don't want none o' that secess business. I fit for the South, an' I snuffed a good deal o' smoke an' stopped several pounds o' lead, but when I flung down my old fusil I agreed that the scrimmage was done. Now, mister, I don't think that you are doin' right to come out here an' read that thing to the young folks."

"Lef's dead an' Grant's bustin' out, they tell me, so whut's the use in all this hurrah business? I'm as good a Southern man as anybody, but I never was no glutton. I've got enough, let me tell you."

"My dear sir," said the Colonel, "is it possible that you do not understand this document—a glorious emblazonment of principles for the establishment of which our forefathers shed their sacred blood?"

"Needn't spile so much o' your edycation, mister, for I low I'll need it before you get to the end o' your row. I never toated college whitewash on the back o' my coat, but I've got years like a fox an', a eye that can tell a blacksnake from a scorpion. That thing you've got there is rank pizen. Ain't it, Leviticus?" turning to one of the Dry Fork boys.

"That's what it is," Leviticus replied.

"That thing, mister, mout have been all right in '61, but it won't do now, for the cradle's rockin' in peace an' the blue-eyed gal with the peachy jaws is singin' a sweet song in the orchard."

"My dear friend," said the Colonel, "let me explain. Gentlemen, please keep quiet. There is no need of excitement. When our forefathers were oppressed by the British Government they threw off the yoke and declared by this paper," shaking the Declaration of Independence, "that they were free. They fought, bled, and maintained this avowal of freedom; and this glorious document will ever live as the greatest National structure the world has ever known."

"That's all right, mister," said the man from Dry Fork. "an' it's talked of a heap watter than I could do it, but the war is dun over, I don't see no blood 'round here. Do you, Leviticus?"

"Ain't found none yet," Leviticus replied.

"No, fur it's all dried up. Now polder," continued the advocate of peace and the forgetfulness of war, "put up your warrant o' arrest an' talk about something we slesh 'round in every day."

"I shall not put up this glorious paper."

"Ain't that no persuasion?"

"No persuasion and no human force can make me sheath this great sword of argument."

"O, well, we don't want to have no trouble, but I reckon yer'll put it up."

"I swear that I will not."

"O, I reckon yer will."

"I'll die first."