

THE ELECTRIC WORLD.

Photographing Underground—Value of Phonograph Property—An Electric Roundabout—Destroying Insects by Electric Cages.

The photographing of caves or other chambers underground, where a portable camera can be easily installed, offers no particular difficulty, and it is a comparatively simple matter to obtain curious and interesting views under such circumstances, illuminating the bowels of the earth by burning magnesium tape, which gives a brilliant light, by means of which surrounding objects can be photographed. The use of electricity has, however, enabled a photograph to be taken recently under most exceptional and difficult conditions. A landslide occurred in the most sudden manner at a quarry in France, and a large number of workmen were buried in the subterranean galleries. It was supposed that the men were entombed in one of the galleries about 220 feet below the mouth of the mine; but nothing certain was known of their position, and for an attempt at rescue to have any chance of success an approximate idea of their whereabouts had to be gained. The difficulty was surmounted by sinking a shaft, about a foot in diameter, in the direction of the gallery, and through it lowering, by means of a chain, a small camera, mounted in a metallic tube. The camera was pivoted within the tube at its upper end, so that it might be fixed at any angle by tightening or slackening the connecting cord. Above and below the camera were placed rows of incandescent lamps, and when the apparatus had been lowered the camera was made to incline outward from the case. In order to photograph the interior of the gallery all that was necessary was to turn on the current and light the incandescent lamps, the plate being exposed at the same time. In this manner excellent results were obtained from a photographic point of view, the time of exposure being five minutes. The fact that the entombed workmen perished from hunger does not in any way detract from the usefulness and ingenuity of the device.

The development of electric welding has naturally led to the invention of devices by which heat may be applied in a somewhat similar manner in other processes in the arts. Prof. Elihu Thomson has recently devised an apparatus by which the heating power of the current is utilized in the process of soldering the covers of tin cans. Prof. Thomson has also applied this method in processes other where materials are united by the employment of heat to fuse the utilizing material.

The phonograph people have property which grows more valuable with the lapse of every year. Many cylinders are stowed away with marvellously interesting records upon their waxen surfaces. The Gladstone cylinder is exhibited only on rare occasions and to distinguished guests. It is already an extremely valuable record and at Gladstone's death it will probably be worth \$1,000. A cylinder containing a few sentences of old Gen. Von Moltke, now 90 years of age, can also be heard. The squalling of a baby can be taken by the cylinder, and when its producer has reached man's estate he can listen to his own infantile voice if he has any curiosity that way. Funny stories by Eli Perkins, songs by well-known singers, and short passages from well-known plays spoken by eminent actors, are all on storage in phonograph cylinders. They lose nothing in clearness and volume from the lapse of years, but, of course, may be worn out from use. It is believed that a record taken today and carefully preserved can be reproduced 250 years hence.

An electric roundabout has been constructed by a French company and fitted up in a public place of amusement in Nice. Here the electricity which is used for arc and incandescent lighting is also employed in the transmission of force to the roundabout or race course. The ponies are of life size, and each contains a motor, current being supplied by the rails. The weight to be drawn, including the rider, is about 500 pounds, and the speed attained is about 600 feet per minute. The track comprises six circular and concentric lines, on each of which runs an electric pony. In this space the courses and their jockeys can move, partly by their own will and partly by hazard, and the game is conducted and bets are made under the same rules as with the ordinary game of race horses.

A novel arrangement for securing an abundance of soft light together with perfect ventilation has been installed in an opera house in Chicago. The device is, in form, similar to a large parasol, eighteen feet in diameter, the perforations in the cover permitting the escape of the vitiated atmosphere. The rod and handle are formed to permit the use of gas jets if necessary, while from the tips of each rib incandescent bulbs hang, giving a perfect and powerful circle of light. Another feature is the use of incandescent bulbs, arranged in a wire net, to indicate the name of the company playing.

Electricity is applied to a device for the compilation and tabulation of census and other returns of a similar nature which require summation and classification under various heads and in different groups. The method consists, essentially, in first recording the data relating to each person by printing holes in sheets or strips of paper and then counting or tallying these data either separately or in combination by means of mechanical counters operated by electro-magnets, the circuits through which are controlled by the perforated strips. This system is a thoroughly practical one, and it is estimated that it will save nearly \$500,000 in compiling the returns of the next census.

Attention was recently directed to a proposal to destroy insects by luring them against a charged cage, within which is an intense electric lamp, the shock from the bars killing them. A well-known industrial organ, in commenting editorially on this idea, makes the statement that at Durham, N. C., since the city has had electric illumination, the ravages of the tobacco worm have been greatly reduced. It suggests that a powerful electric light in the centre of one of the sea islands growing the famous staple cotton might save all plantations surrounding it from the destruction so frequently wrought by the cotton army worm.

The question of the future of the overhead wire system depends so much on the

possibility of perfect insulating that the discovery of a material possessing high insulating properties will be one of the utmost value. To the large variety of insulating compounds already in existence has been added one which consists of a mixture of carbolic acid shellac. The two substances are combined by heating carbolic acid until it boils slowly, and then adding the shellac, or other insulating materials, such as vegetable drying oils, asphalt, rosin, &c. The product is a semi-plastic mass, remarkably tough and tenacious, which is but little sensitive to extreme changes of temperature, and presents a hard smooth surface. The results obtained with this new compound are said to be excellent.

An employee in the office of the architect of the Capitol, Washington, has invented an electric musical machine. The keyboard is similar to that of an ordinary typewriter, and its keys are connected electrically with a number of electric bells arranged beneath the table. Pressure on each key closes the circuit of an electric bell, and when the keys are operated by an expert any tune may be played on the machine.

About Poetry.

A girl said to me a few days ago of a friend of hers: "I never in my life knew anybody who had such a flow of language as she has. She is never at a loss for a word of comparison or an appropriate quotation. How in the world does she do it?" Well, I asked her, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal, and this is what the good talker said:

"When I was a very little girl my great delight was to read and study poetry. I learned poems by heart to recite at school, to say to my mother and to delight my brothers with. I have always kept up that habit, and every day, as I am dressing, I have an open book on my bureau, and learn something by heart, even if it is only a verse of four lines. I have never given drawing room recitations, for I know I should simply bore people, but I have gotten a great deal of pleasure myself from the habit, and I believe it has done more to give me a good command of words than anything else."

If you take a bit of advice from me, you will choose to begin on the shorter poems of Austin Dobson, of Owen Meredith, or dear old Tom Hood, or Adelaide Proctor, and later on, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Rossetti. You know the last was the poet who so dearly loved his wife that he buried with her the poems which he had written beside her, and which had never been published. Many years after, his friends insisted that these poems should be disinterred, and it was found, when the coffin was opened, that her wonderful blonde hair had grown to her feet and formed a network, that glistened like gold thread in the sun over the bundle of papers. If you do not care for these poets, take any others you like, but do not try to do too much at once. The little by little is the very best theory in life if you want to gain anything.

The French Woman's Advantage.

When talking of French women and the important place they hold in the world, it must be remembered that they have one great advantage over their English American sisters. The French woman until the day of her marriage is a mercenary. Anything in a shape of originality and power is discouraged in a young girl, even exceptional beauty is not desired. The mother of a young girl rather under than overdresses her, and would infinitely rather hear you say: "She is so modest," or "What a graceful young lady your daughter is," than have her physical attributes alluded to.

Thus, all the petty jealousies, untrue gossip and personal remarks which assail an English or American girl having pretensions to rank, fortune and beauty are avoided, and the lady only becomes a possible personality when she has obtained a husband's protection and care. The single woman is an unknown phenomenon in French society; a girl who does not wish to be married is supposed to have, as a matter of course, a religious vocation and accordingly becomes a nun without more ado. Every liberty is given as to choice of convent, order, etc., but with one or two exceptions, which prove the rule, every Frenchwoman of good family devotes herself to religion or a husband. —Paris Letter.

A Spoiled Romance.

Two lovers went to the baseball game
One afternoon in May,
He was a "crank;" she never had seen
Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,
She tried to understand;
But the more he talked the less she knew
Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
She calmly looked about,
And if any one made a three-base hit
She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,
But when the game was done
He found that whenever a foul was hit
She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say:
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
And each question she asked diminished his
Love.

Though he wouldn't have owned to that,
Till at last she asked in a guileless way,
"Which nine is playing now?"
He broke the engagement then and there,
And now they don't even bow.

Carlyle and the Queen.

An unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Deanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nithsdale and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself, nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, for 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard anything so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that explains why your Scottish subjects have the place of trust and honour they occupy to-day in every portion of your Majesty's dominions."

The Adventures of Paul.

At the foot of a high mountain in one of the Eastern countries stood a small cottage in which lived an old shepherd with his two children, Paul and Helen. Although they were poor, and had little money, they were good and honest, and lived very happily in their humble home. One time the shepherd fell very ill, and when it was certain that he could not recover, he called his son and daughter to him and said: "My dear children, I must now leave you alone in the world. I have no riches for you; this little cottage and three sheep are all that I possess. They are yours; do with them as you think best."

After the old shepherd had died, and been laid at rest in the old village churchyard, Paul said to his sister: "Now, Helen, you shall have the cottage and all that is in it for yours. I shall take the sheep, and go out into the world to seek my fortune. When I have become a rich, great man, I shall return for you, and we shall leave this poor little house, and live in some grand palace."

Helen had great confidence in her good, brave brother, and, although she bade him a tearful goodbye, she firmly believed that he would, as he said, become rich and great, and then return for her. For many days Paul traveled over the dusty highways and through green fields without meeting any adventures. Tired and discouraged, and not knowing which way to turn, he stopped to rest one day under a large tree that stood at the cross roads. Suddenly he saw near him a man with three large black dogs.

"Good day, my boy," said the man; "I see you have three fine sheep there. What do you say to giving them to me in exchange for my dogs?"

In spite of his sadness Paul could not help laughing at this strange proposal.

"Why," he said, "it costs me nothing to keep my sheep, for they feed on the grass by the roadside. But how could I buy meat for the dogs, when I can scarcely get food enough for myself?"

"My dogs are of a peculiar kind," said the stranger, "and will furnish you with food, instead of your providing for them; and they will bring you great fortune. If you say to the smallest one, 'bring food' you will immediately be supplied. If you say to the second one, 'kill him' he will at once destroy your enemy. And if to the third you cry, 'help me,' he will deliver you in time of trouble."

Paul was finally persuaded to make the exchange, and when the stranger had led away the sheep he said, "bring food," and at once the small dog darted away, and soon returned carrying a basket of the choicest food. The boy now lived very comfortably and grew quite fond of his dogs. One bright morning as he was trudging merrily along he met a carriage draped in black drawn by four noble black horses, which hung their heads and walked slowly, as if conscious of some sorrow. The coachman wore a black livery and had bands of crape around his hat.

Within the carriage sat a beautiful young girl, on whose fair face were traces of tears and great distress. Paul asked the cause of all this sadness, and learned that in the mountains there lived a huge dragon that threatened to destroy the city and its inhabitants unless the King's daughter was sacrificed to him, and in order to save his people, the King must give his daughter to be swallowed by the monster. Therefore, all the city was in mourning while the young girl was being carried to the mountain.

Paul had great compassion for the King's daughter, and followed after the carriage. When the Princess alighted, and sadly began her walk up the mountain, the boy walked beside her, although the coachman warned him that he would perish. When they had gone about half way they heard a great noise as of thunder, and beheld coming toward them from the summit the dragon with its huge mouth open ready to devour them.

"Kill him," shouted Paul; and immediately the second dog rushed upon the dragon and soon stretched him lifeless upon the ground. Paul sprang upon the great body, and taking three of the monster's teeth, put them away in his purse as trophies of his victory. The Princess shed tears of joy over her happy escape, and wished her rescuer to go with her to her father's palace, where he would be richly rewarded.

The boy replied: "I wish to travel farther in the west, but in six months I shall return."

They now descended the mountain, and found the coachman who from below had been a witness of the scene. As they drove back to the city a daring thought came to the mind of the coachman, and stopping the carriage on the middle of a bridge under which rolled a great river, he said to the Princess:

"Your rescuer has gone away, and did not desire your rewards. I am a poor man, and it will please me greatly to receive honors from the King. Therefore, you must tell your father that I saved you from the dragon. Unless you do this, and promise me never to reveal the secret, I shall hurl you into this foaming river, and none shall be the wiser; for they will think that you have been devoured by the dragon."

The Princess was compelled to yield to the wishes of this wicked man, and promised to declare him as her rescuer. There was great rejoicing in the city when the King's daughter returned. The black flags were taken down, and in their stead waving gay banners, while shouts of joy and music were to be heard in the streets. The King sent forth a decree that in six months a grand festival should be held, at which time the coachman should be crowned the first knight in the kingdom. The poor Princess hoped for the return of Paul, but did not dare to make mention of her true rescuer. At last came the time for the great festival; and as the procession was marching through the streets, a stranger, leading three dogs, entered the city. He asked the cause of all this rejoicing, and being told, he cried: "It is false; I saved the King's daughter!"

For his impudence, as the people called it, Paul was thrown into a dark prison. After a short time, he heard a pawing and scratching at the door, and recognized the whining of his faithful dog.

"Help me," he cried, and in a moment the largest dog had broken through the iron door and set his master at liberty.

Then Paul said to the smallest animal: "Bring food from the King's table."

When the dog entered the banquet hall of the palace the Princess recognized it as belonging to her rescuer, and begged her father to send for the owner. Paul soon appeared, and, having told his story, he showed the three teeth which he had taken from the mouth of the dragon.

The wicked coachman was then thrown

into prison, and the poor shepherd boy was given his place in the royal palace. Paul did not now forget his sister, but, with the permission of the King, he again visited his native village and returned, bringing Helen with him, who ever afterward had a happy home in the palace, and found in the Princess a kind and loving friend.

One morning, as the brother and sister were walking in the palace garden, the three dogs ran toward them and began to speak. They said: "You have made your fortune now, and no longer need us."

They then became birds and flew away, and were never again seen.

PAYSIE.

A Lost Paradise.

Green fields and young faces,
Sunshine and flowers—
Ah, in the far-off fairy places,
Once they were ours!

Now, when cares and crows' feet thicken,
Brown locks are gray,
Do the hedgerows somewhere quicken,
Flushing with May?

Are the buttercups as golden?
Do the harebells chime,
In those meadows of the olden
Blessed time?

Look, how cold that sky above us!
Ah me! to walk
Where the daisies know and love us,
And the sparrows talk!

Hush! the wistful children heed us,
Pausing in their play!
Darlings, take our hands and lead us—
You know the way.

FREDERICK LANGERIDGE.

A Friend in Need a Friend Indeed.

Miss Bountiful—"How is poor John today, Mrs. Simmer?"

Mrs. Simmer—"He's powerful bad, miss. The doctor says he can't live more'n a day or two longer."

Miss Bountiful—"I am so very sorry! John was such a faithful, good servant. What can I do to help you in your distress?"

Mrs. Simmer—"Well, miss, if you really would like to help me, I'd be monstrous thankful if you'd give me a little money to buy a new parlor carpet. This one is so shabby I'll be reely ashamed to ast folks here to his funeral."

Just a Trifle too Late.

"Will you be my wife, Jennie?" queried the rustic lover.

"I am very sorry for you, James," replied the blushing maiden, "but you are just one day too late. I am engaged to your brother George."

"Engaged to my brother! Why, haven't I courted you for seven long years?"

"Yes, James. But in all that time you never asked me to be your wife before! Your brother George was here last evening and he said to me, 'Jennie, it's none of my business, but has Jim proposed to you yet?' Of course I had to say 'No!' Then he said: 'Well, Jennie, I have never courted you, but I want a wife. Will you have me?' Then I said 'Yes!' and it was settled. So you see, James, there's no use of feeling disappointed in regard to the matter. It will do no good now. You've no one to blame in this matter but just yourself!"

Then James crushed his hat down over his beetling brows and meandered forth into the pale moonlight, a wiser if not sadder man.

How She Worked Him.

Wife (timidly)—"Charles, can you spare me a little money to-day for a new dress?"

Husband (hurriedly)—"My dear, I can't! I have a number of bills to pay this week, and my creditors are pressing me. It does seem as if all the women were good for is to spend money!"

Wife (sweetly)—"Well, never mind, Charlie, dear! If you cannot spare the money, please don't feel bad about it. I suppose women are a nuisance. It costs a man almost a fortune to keep one of them! My brother was here the other day, and said if I only knew how much money you spent on the women, it would make my head swim. But of course I didn't believe him, Charlie, for I know what a joker he is! I know my Charlie does not care for the smiles and caresses of other women, I'm not afraid to trust him anywhere."

Husband (kissing her fondly and handing her a \$100 bill)—"Here, take this money, darling! The creditors can wait, blast 'em!"

What His Sister said to her "Other Fellow."

"Sister's other feller come here last night," began the bad boy, after he was safely in the arms of his sister's regular visitor, devouring a quarter's worth of candy, "and I heard them talking about you."

"What did they say?"

"He was mad," replied the terror, "cause sis goes with you so much."

"And what was her reply to him?" continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his features.

"She said," began the youth again, "that he needn't get mad 'cause you came to see her, as you was a soft snap and was saving him lots of money that would go to fixin' up their house after they were married."

The look of contentment on the young man's face gave way to the pallor of despair and he hastily took his departure.

One Way Out of it.

Mr. Sampson (to Parson Johnson)—"What am de meaning ob de commandment dat says somefing 'bout coveting de belongings ob yo' neighbors?"

Parson Johnson—"It means precisely what is writ. If yo' neighbor's got some yellow-dog pullets yo' don't want for covet 'em."

Mr. Sampson—"But s'posen yer neighbor's got a likeness daughter, am it a sin to covet dat er gal?"

Parson Johnson—"I done tole yo' dat yo' doesn't want to covet nuffin' belongin' ta yo' neighbors."

"Well, s'posen dat a man lubs his neighbor's daughter so berry much dat he can't help covetin' her, what's a pusion gwine to do to get ober dat covetous feelin', eh?"

Parson Johnson—"Marry de gal, ob course."

"I woul'n't be a farmer if some one would present me with the best farm in the country." "Why not?" "Because a farmer's duty is sometimes simply harrowing."

The World Moves!

Don't disgust everybody with the offensive odor from your catarrh just because some old foggy doctor, who has not discovered and will not believe that the world moves, tells you it cannot be cured. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have for many years offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or how long standing, which they cannot cure. They are thoroughly responsible financially, as any one can learn by proper enquiry through druggists (who sell the medicine at only 50 cents,) and they "mean business."

A man of morbid tastes—The auctioneer.

"Boat, Ahoy!"

The rapids are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use effective measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

Finance—Those who remember you in their wills.

Yellow as Egyptian mummy,
Was his sallow face,
And he seemed a very dummy
Of the human race.
Now he's brimmed with sunshine o'er
His clear and sparkling eye
Tells us that he lives in clover;
Ask you the reason why?

What has wrought the transformation?
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets
restored this individual in a single week!
Nothing like them to regulate the liver,
stomach and bowels.

A two-foot rule—"Stand on your own pins."

St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

The Palace Hotel at this widely famed watering place, 200 double rooms, will be opened June 1st to tourists. Despairing sufferers and all who desire highest health and strength, should secure rooms in advance the press is so great; so wonderful have been the cures in former years.

Address the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., (L'd.) Toronto, Ont., or to the St. Leon Springs, P. Q.

M. A. THOMAS, Hotel Manager.

Lots of men seem to get "solid" comfort out of "liquid" refreshments.

Something delicious and healthful to chew
Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum 5 cents.

Society, more like a step-mother than a mother, adores the children who flatter its vanity.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. P. 505

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money. "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases.

CONSUMPTION,

Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggists, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital, No Knife. Book free.

C. H. McMICHAEL, M. D., No. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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FENCE—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard or town lots. Prices from 35c. per rod (16ft.). Send for price list. Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

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