On the Farm.

SEED GERMINATION.

All sound seed germinates under onditions which give simultaneously, and in the right proportion a supply of air, moisture and heat.

The best time to plant or sow is hat which effects the quickest coming up of the seed, and its strong ubsequent growth, the air and round must be warm enough for the eeds to germinate.

Hastening the coming up of the eeds is of great advantage, as the plants grow up in advance of the weeds, which lightens the labor of keeping the field clean.

Manuring the seed by steeping induces a quicker and stronger growth of the plant in the first 14 days, laying a sure foundation for a subsequent growth and enables it to quickly outgrow dangers from insects.

The infancy of a plant is its critical period. Seed manuring supplies the nutritive properties directly to the young plant at the time when its organs are yet unfit to seek its proper nutriment over a wide range of soil.

The vigorous development of the plant while young, is, moreover, a sure guarantee of its full perfection and ripening.

HEIFER CALVES.

Female calves are our dairy recruits and on their proper rearing largely depends their future usefulness. Some dairymen of scant experience imagine that when a calf develops into the proportions of a cow, no matter what vicissitudes she encounters during her growth, she is then ready to become a paying animal. Dairymen should banish such false notions from their heads if they desire to possess cows of any merit. Remember that calves cannot be raised too well. It pays to force their growth all that you can. Do not slop them much with sour whey or old buttermilk. Feed both to them in a fresh state. They should have the free run of a partially shaded pasture, in which there is a good growth of mixed grasses, containing some clover. Offensive surroundings, like proximity to a barnyard or stable, is inimical to the healthy development of growing calves.

Sweet skimmed milk as it comes from the separator or creamery will make bone and sinew for calves, especially if a little oil meal be added to it.

DESTROY BLACK ANTS.

When your fruit trees lose their bark near the ground, look out for black ants. These pests will eat off a girdle of bark next to the soil. Frequent inspection should be made, If the ants are found, trace them to their nest, which will not be far from the trees they are attacking. Having found their nest, you can kill them with bisulphide of carbon. Pour some of the poison into the entrance of the nest, cover the nest with a thick cloth, so weighted down with stones that the gas formed cannot escape. The gas formed by the evaporation of the bisulphide of carbon is much heavier than air, and, therefore, it will sink into the nest, displace the lighter air, and suffocate the ants. Even the ordinary conical ant hill can be cleaned out by this method. Another way to destroy an ant nest is to pour kerosine or gasoline into the heap, let it spread through the mass and then fire it. Sugar will attract the ants. Scatter it freely about the nests. When the second ration of sugar is scattered mix a little arsenic with it. The ants cannot distinguish between the arsenic and sugar, and the diet will do them up. The best way to fight ants is the way that will kill all the workers and destroy the eggs at the same time. The firing method will accomplish this.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Air out that hen house.

A comfortable hen is generally a profitable hen.

Shade during the hot weather is very important.

Remember that a thoroughbred male is half the flock.

Before saying that poultry on the farm doesn't pay think twice.

Give fresh and clean water to the fowls several times a day and especially let the first drink in the morning be clean water. Water standing over night or for part of a day is liable to be full of dust poison and parasites. These are not good for chickens.

Eggs under the hen will range in temperature from 100 degrees for those on the outside to 105 degrees for those in the center of the bunch. The hen shifts the eggs from the center to the sides, besides turning them over once or twice a day.

Poultrymen who are looking for a duck should not overlook the Rouen duck. The Rouen is a large bird, is a prolific layer of green and white eggs, is not timid, is a good brooder, and produces rich, juicy flesh.

The parts of the incubator nearest the lamps will be the warmest parts. If the incubator be in a cold room, it will require care to keep the temperature even throughout the egg chamber.

Incubators cannot be successfully used unless the grower will shift the eggs every day, besides the mere reversing of the trays. Shifting will aid to bring an even hatching.

If the legs of your hens are persistently scaly, dust them thoroughly, daub the legs with lard and sulphur, and keep up the treatment until the legs are smooth.

Chickens like and will thrive on sweet milk. Use glass or glazed feeding vessels, and be sure that the vessels are not covered with soured milk.

Soft food is necessary for chicks. All soft foods, especially starchy ones, ferment quickly. Therefore watch carefully.

Never put eggs under a scale-legged hen.

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is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

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Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

CHURCH OF FOUR STEEPLES.

The German Architect's Funny Story of His Experience With the Officers of a Texas Baptist Church.

The chief engineer's draughtsman, Mr. Bock, was a severe-looking German, who rarely cracked a smile, and more rarely told stories. When not otherwise engaged, his favorite occupation was to keep his limekiln going; in other words, to stuff and light his pipe. One evening, when the stock of camp lore was near low-water mark, he was, after much persuasion, induced to unbosom himself.

"Dere isn't much to tell. I came to Texas fifteen years ago, und as I didn't know a vord of English, vent to San Antonio to look for a job. I am an architect und vorked for von old German rascal two years for $15 a mont und board. I hot to make all de designs and calculations, but I vas so green dot it dook me dwo years to find out dot my vork vas vorth more money. Den I got mat und quit und hung out my own sign.

"In tree days I got my first independent job. It vas a blan for a Baptist church in a town sixty miles from de railroad. I made a very fine blan of von imitation Gothic church, vit von fine decorated shteeple, und den I took my book of designs und de blan und vent to dat town to see de deacons. Dere vas only five deacons, but dey made me trouble enough for a dozent. Von deacon he liked the shteeple very much, und tree didn't vant any chincherbreat vork on it at all. De oider deacon didn't care about the shteeple, but said dat de roof vas too shteep, und de breacher said dat my bulpit was alright for a Catolic Church, but not for a Baptist Church. De five deacons vas rich gattleman und made a great deal of fuss abound de blan, und before the meeting vas over dey got to fighting abound it. I couldnt swear like dem fellers if I tried a hundred years. Von got shot in de arm, und de breacher he got a black eye, vich vas intended for anoder man. I jumped oud of der vinder und run to de hotel, but as I couldn't get a hack dat evening I hat to stay in town. De gongregation vas getting egcided, too, und I vas very anxious to get back to mine sick vife, vich I haven't got yet.

"About 6 o'glock next morning de deacon vat vas shot in de arm, came to my room und asked me if I could make a blan for anoder kind of shteeple. I showed him my design book, und ven he saw de picture of de minaret on a Turkish musk, he vas vild vit delight. "Dot's choost vat I am looking for; put dat in de blan.' Den came anoder deacon, and told me he didn't like six-cornered or round shteeples; he vanted a good Hardshell Baptist tower vit four corners, I found von in de book dat suited him egzacly. 'Put dat on de church, says he, und goes downstairs. Before I could get to breakfast in comes anoder deacon und said he didn't vant no candle extinkwishers on de church, und selecting a high, slender shteeple from de book, he told me to put dat in de blan.

"Vile I vas talking vit dese fellers de stage started for San Antonio und I vas awful anxious to see mine sick vife. Dey notified me dat dey vould hold anoder meeting dat afternoon. I vent to bed, sent dem my design book und asked to be excused, as I vasn't feeling vell. Dey nearly had anoder fight, but de breacher he got dem to gompromise, and I got de order to change the blan. I put tree different shteeples und one minaret on dat church, und I just got the blan finished ven in comes de last deacon und vants de roof changed, und de breacher vouldn't breach unless I changed de bulpit. I changed dem.

"Ven you go down to dat town, you vill find a vooden Gothic church on a stone foundation, vit a French mansard roof, a Gothic steeple, a Turkish minaret, und dwo oder kinds shteeples, und a bulpit dot looks like de desk of a chustice of de peace. Dey paid me $150 for de job, und dey vas so vell satisfied dat dey vanted to put my name on the corner stone as architect. I paid the stone cutter $5 to forget all about it.

"A gompromise is a grand ding—sometimes."

LAW ON BABIES' FOOD.

It is not generally known that in France it is a penal offence to give any form of solid food to babies under a year old, unless it be prescribed in writing by a properly qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use for their charges any sort of feeding-bottle having a rubber tube. These and other equally stringent laws have recently been enacted by the French Government, for, in despair of increasing the birth-rate of the country, they are now doing their utmost to save the lives of the comparatively small number of babies who are born.

A GIGANTIC WORKSHOP.

The greatest workshop in the world is that of the famous Krupp at Essen. It employs between 20,000 and 25,000 hands, nearly all of whom reside in dwellings belonging to the firm. In the great mill of Essen are 1,195 furnaces of various kinds; 286 boilers; ninety-two steam hammers of from 200 lb. to 10,000 lb.; 370 steam engines, with a total of 37,000 horse-power; 1,724 different machines, and 361 cranes. The eleven high furnaces produce about 600 tons of iron daily, and 2,735 tons of coal and coke are used each day for fuel.

EVAPORATION FROM TREES.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 129 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drought.

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It is only the lighter water that flies
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Even if he has corns on both feet. But he is a stronger, happier, and wiser man if he uses Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns painlessly and at once.

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Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provokes no line of demarcation, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

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The trunk of the elephant has no fewer than 4,000 muscles—at least, so said Cuvier, the famous comparative anatomist. The whole of the muscles of a man's body added together only number 527.

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Men of Rugby, cried the aspirant to political honors, if you are so backward in coming forward we shall be all behind, as we were before!

Then he sat down.

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How the Little Scholar Was Forgotten

The close of the first week of Emmy Lou's second year at a certain large public school found her round, chubby self, like a pink-cheeked period, ending the long line of intermingled little boys and girls making what was known, twenty-five years ago, as the First-Reader class. Emmy Lou had spent her first year in the Primer class, where her teacher, Miss Clara by name, had concealed the kindliest of hearts behind a brusque and energetic manner, and had possessed, along with her red hair and a temper tinged with that color also, a sharp voice that, by its unexpected snap in attacking some small sinner had caused Emmy Lou's little heart to jump many times a day. Here Emmy Lou had spent the year in strenuously guiding a squeaking pencil across a protesting slate, or singing in chorus, as Miss Clara's long wooden pointer went up and down the rows of words on the spelling-chart; "A-t, at; b-a-t, bat; c-a-t, cat;" or "a-n, an; b-a-n ban; c-a-n, can." Emmy Lou herself had so little idea of what it was all about, that she was dependent on her neighbor to give her the key to the proper starting-point heading the various columns—"a-t, at," or "a-n, an," or "e-t, et," "o-n, on"; after that it was easy sailing. But one awful day, while the class stopped suddenly at Miss Clara's warning finger as visitors opened the door, Emmy Lou, her eyes squeezed tight shut, her little body rocking to and fro to the rhythm, went right on, "m-a-n, man," "p-a-n, pan"—until at the sound of her own sing-song little voice rising with appalling fervor upon the silence she stopped, to find that the page in the meantime had been turned, and that the pointer was directed to a column beginning "o-y, oy."

Among other things incident to that first year, too, had been Recess. At that time everybody was turned out into a brick-paved yard, the boys on one side of a high fence, the girls on the other. And here, waiting without the wooden shed where stood a row of buckets each holding a shiny tin dipper, Emmy Lou would stop on the sloppy outskirts for the thirst of the larger girls to be assuaged, that the little girls' opportunity might come—together with the dregs in the buckets. And at Recess, too, along with the danger of being run into by the larger girls at play and having the breath knocked out of one's little body, which made it necessary to seek sequestered corners and peep out thence, there was The Man to be watched for and avoided—the low, square, black-browed, black-bearded Man who brandished a broom at the little girls who dropped their apple-cores and crusts on the pavements, and who shook his fist at the jeering little boys who dared to swarm to the forbidden top and sit straddling the dividing fence. That Uncle Michael, the janitor, was getting old and had rheumatic twinges was indeed Uncle Michael's excuse, but Emmy Lou did not know this, and her fear of Uncle Michael was great accordingly.

But somehow the Primer year wore away; and one day, toward its close in the presence of Miss Clara, two solemn-looking gentlemen requested certain little boys to cipher and several little girls to spell, and sent others to the blackboard or the chart, while to Emmy Lou was handed a Primer, open at Page 17, which she was told to read. Knowing Page 17 by heart, and identifying it by its pictures, Emmy Lou arose, and her small voice droned forth in sing-song fashion;

How old are you, Sue?
I am as old as my cat.
And how old is your cat?
My cat is as old as my dog.
And how old is your dog?
My dog is as old as I am.

Having so delivered herself, Emmy Lou sat down, not at all disconcerted to find that she had been holding her Primer upside down.

Following this, Emmy Lou was told that she had "passed"; and seeing from the jubilance of the other children that it was a matter to be joyful over, Emmy Lou went home and told the elders of her family that she had passed. And these elders, three aunties and an uncle, an uncle who was disposed to look at Emmy Lou's chubby self and her concerns in jocular fashion, laughed; and Emmy Lou went on wondering what it was all about, which never would have been the case had there been a mother among the elders, for mothers have a way of understanding these things. But to Emmy Lou "mother" had come to mean but a memory which faded as it came, a vague consciousness of encircling arms, of a brooding, tender face, of yearning eyes; and it was only because they told her that Emmy Lou remembered how mother had gone away South, one winter, to get well. That they afterward told her it was Heaven, in no wise confused Emmy Lou, because, for aught she knew, South and Heaven and much else might be included in those points of the compass. Ever since then Emmy Lou had lived with the three aunties and the uncle; and papa had been coming a hundred miles once a month to see her.

When Emmy Lou went back to school for the second year, she was told that she was now in the First Reader. If her heart had jumped at the sharp accents of Miss Clara, it now grew still within her at the slow, awful enunciation of the Large Lady in black bombazine who reigned over the department of the First Reader, pointing her morals with a heavy forefinger, before which Emmy Lou's eyes lowered with every aspect of conscious guilt. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that the Large Lady, whose black bombazine was the visible sign of a loss by death that had made it necessary for her to enter the school-room to earn a living was finding the duties incident to the First Reader almost as strange and perplexing as Emmy Lou herself.

Emmy Lou from the first day found herself descending steadily to the foot of the class; and there she remained until the awful day, at the close of the first week, when the Large Lady, realizing perhaps that she could no longer ignore such adherence to that lowly position, made the discovery that while to Emmy Lou "d-o-g" might spell "dog" and "f-r-o-g" might spell "frog," Emmy Lou could not find either on a printed page, and, further could not tell wherein they differed when found for her; that, also, Emmy Lou made her figure 8's by adding one uncertain little o to the top of another uncertain little o; and that while Emmy Lou might copy, in smeary columns, certain cabalistic signs off the blackboard, she could not point them off in tens, hundreds, thousands, or read their numerical values, to save her little life. The Large Lady, sorely perplexed within herself as to the proper course to be pursued, in the sight of the fifty-nine other First-Readers pointed a condemning forefinger at the miserable little object standing in front of her platform, and said, "You will stay after school, Emma Louise, that I may examine further into your qualifications for this grade."

Now Emmy Lou had no idea what it meant—"examine further into your qualifications for this grade." It might be the form of punishment in vogue for the chastisement of the members of the First Reader. But "stay after school" she did understand, and her heart sank, and her little breast heaved.

It was then past the noon recess. In those days, in this particular city, school closed at half-past one.

At last the bell for dismissal had rung. The Large Lady, arms folded across her bombazine bosom, had faced the class, and with awesome solemnity had already enunciated, "Attention"; and sixty little people had sat up straight, when the door opened, and a teacher from the floor above came in.

At her whispered confidence, the Large Lady left the room hastily, while the strange teacher, with a hurried "one—two—three, march out quietly, children," turned, and followed her. And Emmy Lou, left sitting at her desk, saw through gathering tears the line of First-Readers wind around the room and file out the door, the sound of their departing footsteps along the bare corridors and down the echoing stairway coming back like a knell to her sinking heart. Then class after class from above marched past the door and on its clattering way, while voices from outside, shrill with the joy of release, came up through the open windows in talk, in laughter, together with the patter of feet on the bricks. Then as these familiar sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away, some belated footsteps went echoing through the building, a door slammed somewhere—then—silence.

Emmy Lou waited. She wondered how long it would be. There was watermelon at home for dinner; she had seen it borne in a great, striped promise of ripe and juicy lusciousness, on the marketman's shoulder before she came to school. And here a tear, long gathering, splashed down the little pink cheek.

Still that awesome personage presiding over the fortunes of the First-Readers failed to return. Perhaps this was "the examination into—into—" Emmy Lou could not remember what—to be left in this big, bare room with the flies droning and humming in lazy circles up near the ceiling. The forsaken desks, with a forgotten book or slate left here and there upon them, the pegs around the walls empty of hats and bonnets, the unoccupied chair upon the platform—Emmy Lou gazed at these with a sinking sensation of desolation, while tear followed tear down her chubby face. And listening to the flies and the silence, Emmy Lou began to long for even the Bombazine Presence, and dropping her quivering countenance upon her arms folded upon the desk, she sobbed aloud. But the time was long, and the day was warm, and the sobs grew slower, and the breath began to come in long-drawn quivering sighs, and the next Emmy Lou knew she was sitting upright, trembling in every limb, and some one coming up the stairs—she could hear the slow, heavy footfalls, and a moment later she saw The Man—the Recess Man, the low, black-bearded, black-browed, scowling Man—with the broom across his shoulder, reach the hallway, and make toward the open doorway of the First-Reader room. Emmy Lou held her breath, stiffened her little body, and—waited. But The Man pausing to light his pipe, Emmy Lou, in the sudden respite thus afforded, slid in a trembling heap beneath the desk, and on hands and knees went crawling across the floor. And as Uncle Michael came in, a moment after, broom, pan, and feather-duster in hand, the last fluttering edge of a little pink dress was disappearing into the depths of the big, empty coal-box, and its sloping lid was lowering upon a flaxen head and cowering little figuret crouched within. Uncle Michael having put the room to rights, sweeping and dusting, with many a rheumatic groan in accompaniment, closed the windows, and going out, draw the door after him, and, as was his custom, locked it.

Meanwhile, at Emmy Lou's home the elders wondered. "You don't know Emmy Lou," Aunt Cordelia, round, plump, and cheery, insisted to the lady visitor spending the day; "Emmy Lou never loiters."

Aunt Katie, the prettiest auntie, cut off a thick round of melon as they arose from the table, and put it in the refrigerator for Emmy Lou. "It seems a joke," she remarked, "such a baby as Emmy Lou going to school, anyhow; but then she has only a square to go and come."

But Emmy Lou did not come. And by half-past two Aunt Louise, the youngest auntie, started out to find her. But as she stopped on the way at the houses of all the neighbors to inquire, and ran around the corner to Cousin Tom Macklin's to see if Emmy Lou could be there, and then, being but a few doors off, went on around that corner to Cousin Amanda's. The school-house, when she finally reached it, was locked up, with the blinds down at every front window, as if it had closed its eyes and gone to sleep. Uncle Michael had a way of cleaning and locking the front of the building first, and going in and out at the back doors. But Aunt Louise did not know this, and, anyhow, she was sure that she would find Emmy Lou at home when she got there.

But Emmy Lou was not at home, and it being now well on in the afternoon, Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor and the cook all started out in search, while Aunt Cordelia sent the house-boy downtown for Uncle Charlie. Just as Uncle Charlie arrived—and it was past five o'clock by then—some of the children of the neighborhood, having found a small boy living some squares off who confessed to being in the First Reader with Emmy Lou, arrived also, with the small boy in tow.

"She didn't know 'dog' from 'frog' when she saw 'em," stated the small boy with the derision of superior ability, "an' teacher, she told her to stay after school. She was settin' there in her desk when school let out, Emmy Lou was."

But a big girl of the neighborhood objected. "Her teacher went home the minute school was out," she declared. "Isn't the new lady, Mrs. Samuels, your teacher?" this to the small boy. "Well, her daughter, Hattie, she's in my room, and she was sick, and her mother came up to our room and took her home. Our teacher she went down and dismissed the First-Readers."

"I don't care if she did," retorted the small boy. "I reckon I saw Emmy Lou settin' there when we come away."

Aunt Cordelia, pale and tearful, clutched Uncle Charlie's arm. "Then she's there, Brother Charlie, locked up in that dreadful place—my precious baby—"

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Charlie.

But Aunt Cordelia was wringing her hands. "You don't know Emmy Lou, Charlie. If she was told to stay, she has stayed. She's locked up in that dreadful place. What shall we do, my baby, my precious baby—"

Aunt Katie was in tears, Aunt Louise in tears, the cook in loud lamentations, Aunt Cordelia fast verging upon hysteria.

The small boy from the First Reader, legs apart, hands in knickerbocker pockets, gazed at the crowd of irresolute elders with scornful wonder. "What you wanter do," stated the small boy, "is find Uncle Michael; he keeps the keys. He went past my house a while ago, going home. He lives in Rose Lane Alley. 'Taint much outer my way," condescendingly; "I'll take you there." And meekly they followed in his footsteps.

It was dark when a motley throng of uncle, aunties, visiting lady, neighbors, and children went climbing the cavernous, echoing stairway of the dark school building behind the toiling figure of the skeptical Uncle Michael, lantern in hand.

"Ain't I swept over every inch of this here school-house myself and carried the trash outten a dust-pan?" grumbled Uncle Michael, with what inference nobody just then stopped to inquire. Then with the air of a mistreated, aggrieved person who feels himself a victim, he paused before a certain door on the second floor, and fitted a key in its lock. "Here it is then, No. 9, to satisfy the lady," and he flung open the door. The light of Uncle Michael's lantern fell full upon the wide-eyed, terror-smitten person of Emmy Lou, in her desk, awaiting, her miserable little heart knew not what horror.

"She—she told me to stay," sobbed Emmy Lou in Aunt Cordelia's arms, "and I stayed; and the Man came, and I hid in the coalbox!"

And Aunt Cordelia, holding her close, sobbed too, and Aunt Katie moist noticeable features. The Princess was a bright orange colour, with violet spots, and was much admired; but the artistic droop of the Prince, and the bright-green garment of leaves which encircled him, drew more attention."

It took a good deal of searching in the context to show that this was an account of a flower show, and that some new dahlias bearing the above names were being described.

"Compensation is being claimed," ran another paragraph recently, "on account of the misdeeds of Lord Rosebery. On Saturday night, the park gates being open, Lord Rosebery rushed out, and, tearing down the street in a paroxysm of excitement, seized one of Mr. Barker's hens by the neck and killed it. He then bolted the greater part of the fowl, feathers and all, and continued his haddong flight, stopping at the cross-roads to kill a cat. Finally, he bit a little boy rather severely, and was taken home by the kennelman."

The above concerns a well-known greyhound named after the great Liberal leader.

"Lord Wolseley's hair is coming out badly, and his nose is very hot. Drugs have been administered with much result, and drastic treatment seems necessary. He was much admired at the display on Saturday, but it was noticed that his eyes watered a good deal."

This refers to the Commander-in-Chief, but to a prize Persian tom-cat who was out of sorts.

"Paul Kruger ran riot when he found himself free, and tore round and round in a circle, finally upsetting a judge, and ending with a rough-and-tumble fight with Mr. Gamp. They were separated with difficulty, both being rather badly mauled, and Kruger, escaping again, ran completely round the field, putting up all the game and killing a young rabbit."

This is not one of Oom Paul's vagaries, but refers to a pointer dog at a field-trial.

THE FIERCE LIGHT.

Startling Revelations Concerning Eminent Persons.

"Lord Salisbury's condition improved a little yesterday. He was ordered to take a bran-mash and some sliced carrots, and this morning was able to eat a little chopped hay. His temper has not been improved by his illness, and he recently kicked a boy so severely that the youth had to be removed to the hospital."

The above paragraph, which appeared recently in an evening paper, did not refer to the Conservative Premier, but to one of Lord Salisbury's four-footed namesakes.

"Bobs is a skinny, undersized candidate at the boat, and has very few really good points. It is true he contrives to win favour wherever he goes, and other and better competitors have to give way to him; but it is whispered that this is more due to infernal wire-pulling than honest merit. We hope he will soon be shelved."

This is not one of Dr. Leyds' campaign announcements, but a criticism of a famous prize ram which swept the board at a cattle show, and captured the principal medals.

"Joe Chamberlain sat down to table at 2.15, and swallowed the first fifteen eggs with wonderful rapidity. The potman timed him carefully, and the audience, who were mostly pugilists, watched the performance with great interest. The first fifteen being disposed of, Chamberlain took a minute's rest, and then fell upon the remaining eggs, which were fried in butter. He devoured them at a terrific rate, and eventually won the purse of $125 for consuming forty cooked eggs in twenty minutes. He seemed none the worse, and declared himself still hungry."

"Joe Chamberlain in this case was a negro, who posed as a champion egg-swallower. The announcement caused a sensation, and was copied, with additions, into newspapers all over the country. Many people in remote districts actually believed that the famous politician was referred to.

The following appeared in a big country paper:

"The Prince of Wales's satin-like head and creamy-yellow and mauve complexion, were, on the whole, the most noticeable features. The Princess was a bright orange colour, with violet spots, and was much admired; but the artistic droop of the Prince, and the bright-green garment of leaves which encircled him, drew more attention."

It took a good deal of searching in the context to show that this was an account of a flower show, and that some new dahlias bearing the above names were being described.

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TO AVOID THE CHANNEL.

Count Bompio Pieri has invented an aerial railway by which he proposes to take passengers from Dover to Calais or from Calais to Dover without seasickness and give for no extra cost an exhilarating ride through the air. His scheme is simplicity itself, and, of course, French engineers are confident of its feasibility.

The ingenious Count proposes to stretch a wire cable across the Straits of Dover, the cable to be kept up by captive balloons and charged with electricity. Below it will be a second cable enjoying the same support, and between two will run a trolley car supplied with a strong electric motor. It is proposed to use fifty balloons and to stretch the cables from high points on the coast. The car is to carry ten persons and is to be built of aluminium and cork, so that in case of an accident which sends the car off the track and into the water the affair will float until a rescuing vessel comes along and saves what is left of the passengers after the fall. At each terminus large captive balloons will support aerial stations and little balloons will run from them to the ground and back. The Count proposes to send passengers across the Straits—twenty miles wide—in fifteen minutes.

A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

A short time ago, during some digging operations in Chester, England, an interesting relic of the Roman occupation of Great Britain was unearthed. This was a section of lead piping, supposed to have been laid about the year 79 A.D., and was utilized for the purpose of carrying water to the Roman camp. About twelve months ago a similar piece of piping was unearthed near this same spot, but its origin was disputed. The new discovery, however, sets all such controversies at rest, since upon the piping are plainly inscribed the words "Cnoeus Julius Agricola." This relic is additionally interesting since it is said to be the only inscription extant bearing the Roman governor's name.

AN ANGEL'S "SNAP."

Oh, dear, sighed small Tommy, as he gazed at the flaming posters across the street, I wish I were an angel!

Why do you wish that, Tommy? asked his astonished mother.

Cause, answered the little fellow, then I could see all the circuses at once.