AGRICULTURAL.

Abandoned Farms.

An official pamphlet issued by the State Government of Massachusetts shows the entire number of abandoned or partially abandoned farms in that Commonwealth, as reported to the Secretary of the Board, to be 906. The largest number, 256, are in Worcester County. The only other counties with more than a hundred are Barkshire, 146, and Franklin, 103. Eighty-six acres is the average area of abandoned farms, upon which there are buildings, and 87 acres the average area of those without buildings. The average value of the farms with buildings is stated to be $894, and those without $561. Official reports about the abandoned farms of Vermont and New Hampshire have also already been made by the Boards of Agriculture of these States. There were only 406 of them in Vermont last spring, and a good many of these have been taken up since that time. There were 1,442 of them in New Hampshire two years ago, but hundreds of buyers have gone to the State and made selections from them within these years. There are said to be far fewer abandoned farms in Connecticut, Maine and Rhode Island than there were in Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire in the early part of this year. In some of the Southern States the amount of land that has been abandoned or that has lain untilled for years is very great. A report issued by the Virginia Board of Agriculture says that in that State there are 15-000,000 acres of land suitable for crop growing which are not tilled and which are a burden to the owners. "Most of this land," we are assured "is for sale at low prices, and all of it would produce splendid crops, profitable to industrious farmers." As it is in Virginia so it is in the adjacent State of North Carolina and the other States as far west as Arkansas. It is these Southern States that send out the loudest invitations to farming immigrants who possess at least a small capital.

Reducing Farm Expenses.

Most farmers are coming to see that in order to make their business profitable they must reduce expenses or raise better crops. The *Mirror and Farmer* says that this is probably one thing, if not the one thing, which every farmer is thinking about. It is natural, and in one sense desirable. But studying how to practice a reasonable economy is probably the best thing to do. To save feed by starving animals is the poorest kind of economy, like saving seed and growing only a fraction of a crop. Shall less help be hired? That depends upon the ability of the farmer to properly care for his stock and cultivate his soil with less help, not forgetting the necessary help for the life-partner who has charge of the household. The necessary work must be done without overworking anyone—for the health and comfort of the family are the main things for which the farm should be run. When running it fails to accomplish this, it is time to stop. The necessary fertilizers should be applied. It is throwing away labor and money not to apply them. Expenses cannot be reduced in this way without incurring greater loss. This would be farming in the wrong direction—to lose instead of gain. There can be no legitimate reduction of expenses when loss is to follow—especially if it be greater than the reduction. But where there is lack of means, what cannot be cured must be endured. Still it may be possible to increase the amount of product at the same time. Often a little more labor may change the balance from a loss to a gain. This is a point to carefully consider. A few dollars put into the right kind of fertilizer often may bring in many dollars at the harvest. A labor-saving machine or tool may make that possible which would be impossible without it. Study to do things at the right time as well as in the right way. Failure in either of these points may substitute loss for gain. A few rods of ditching done at odd spells may turn a worthless patch into a productive one. Really, the end to aim at is judicious expenditure, and not parsimonious economy.

Diseases of Sheep.

If sheep are well cared for, very little trouble from disease occurs. The American Cultivator's veterinarian says that no animal is so difficult to handle when attacked by some disease as the sheep, and loss of appetite and discouragement follow so rapidly when the animal is taken down that haste and immediate action is necessary to save the life. Our very changeable climate makes sheep diseases very disastrous in the fall and winter seasons, and one must take good preventive measures to keep the health of the flock up. The different breeds have different susceptibilities, and while some are very easily attacked and killed by disease, there are other breeds that appear to be comparatively hardy under the most adverse circumstances. As a general rule, however, the fine-wooled breeds are much more hardy in the United States than the coarser wooled brethren, owing to the closer texture of their hoofs, while the latter are more subject to the attacks of the gadfly, and the many troubles which it inflicts.

The preventive measures for sheep troubles are good sanitary surrounding and good diet. None of the breeds will thrive very well on low, wet, marshy grounds, nor can they endure wet weather in the open air long without contracting some disease. Sudden changes of any kind will affect them seriously, and hence our climate is often bad for them. A sudden change in the food, temperature of the body, or a chill of any kind will very often prove fatal. Understanding these points one is prepared to prevent many of the diseases which are killing off the flocks in every section. The diet also is very important, and roots appear to be almost essential to the good health of the animals. Salt and water need to be taken into the system in small quantities very often, and both should be kept near the flocks at all times. In all things the flock-master must study the natural needs and desires of his breeds to make the most of them, and his common-sense will then suggest preventive measures.

Many of the diseases of sheep are caused by parasites, which are multiplied rapidly in a flock, and others are infectious. When such diseases appear, isolation is the great preventive of its spread. The liver-rot is caused by parasites, and with the decay of the liver the affected sheep communicate the disease to others that feed on the same pasture. Healthy sheep should be kept off pastures that have been grazed by sheep suffering from this disease. Sheep ticks and scab are likewise communicated from one to the other when they are allowed to run up against each other. Foot-rot is largely due to wet, marshy grounds and uncleanness of the hoofs. If these are attended to there is no need of the disease spreading. Colic and constipation can be avoided by giving a good diet as recommended, and avoiding sudden changes in the food.

Winter Feed for Poultry.

About this time while you are providing comfortable quarters for your fowls is the time to provide proper feed for winter. You should keep a barrel or barrels in the barn and granary wherein you can throw the cleanings from the floor, manger and other places. When we thresh we have more or less waste and dirty wheat, this we save. When we are husking corn we gather up from around the crib shelled corn, of course slightly mixed with dirt but we save it for winter use.

Nearly every season some of our neighbors raise sorghum. We procure a few bushels of seed from them, generally for the picking up; this is excellent feed. We can usually buy a few bushels of rye cheaply.

A little patch sown near the barn makes good green picking throughout the winter when no snow is on the ground. We feed it in the grain too, but fowl will not eat it as readily as they will wheat.

We have also found that oats makes a cheap and extra good feed, so fanciers recommend it to be fed exclusively, as it possesses many qualities for fattening and egg production.

We save all the small potatoes. They can be boiled, mashed and mixed with other feed, and are cheap and help the variety. Turnips and cabbage can also be chopped fine and fed either cooked or raw.

We can from the above, along with the scraps from the table, make a variety of dishes that will amply repay us for our trouble in saving and preparing them. We also find that it pays to visit the restaurants in town once in a while and get a bucket of scraps, and where one has enough fowls to justify the time in going after, it is well to have an understanding with one or more hotels to take away the scraps every other day or oftener.

Throughout the winter when so much of the time is cold and disagreeable and the ground frozen or covered with snow when the fowls cannot get around to pick up their food, a variety should be provided for them and they will amply repay us in increased egg production and vitality for spring.

Too much of one kind of feed is no more to be thought of with our fowls and animals than for ourselves. We should know that fowls like a change of food and must have it to make them healthy and able to avert disease. They need not be fed anything costly, but what can be found upon nearly every farm and what would go to waste otherwise. —[The Prairie Farmer.

A STRANGE STORY.

Siberia's Tale of an Aged Convict and His Soldier Son.

Near the city of Vladivostock, where the construction of the new Siberian railway was lately commenced in honor of the Czarewitch's visit, there are, says a St. Petersburg correspondent, among the workmen or helots, whose guerdon is many stripes and no pay, some thousands of the least criminal convicts in the country. Among those who were being punished for acts which have absolutely nothing in common with moral crime was one hoary old man of venerable aspect, a native of Koorok, who had deliberately trodden on the chain of the governmental surveyor as he was measuring the ground because he was suspected of an intention to transfer some of the peasants' land to the crown. This imprudent act was labeled "violent resistance to the lawfully constituted authorities," the old man was found guilty, and as the rigors of Siberia were deemed inadequate to give this daring spirit his due he was deported to the more terrible island of Saghalien. When the scarcity of free workmen began to be felt, he was taken from there, conveyed to Siberia, and sent to work along with one of the convict gangs. One day he was struck by the familiar look of the soldier, who with loaded rifle, guarded his gang; and he made bold to ask him whence he came. To this question the soldier forbidden by the military rules to enter into conversation with the convicts, gave no reply. The old man, however, grew more fidgety, soon ceased to work altogether, and fixed his dark, piercing eyes on the soldier. At last, unable to control himself any longer, he pronounced a Christian name softly, calling out "My dear, dear son." The soldier quivered, grew pale, with an effort compressed his lips, convulsively clutched his gun and pulled himself together for a moment—but it was only one moment; the next his emotions had completely mastered him; his hands dropped helplessly to his side, his rifle slipping with a dull thud to the ground, and he himself fell heavily without a word or a moan, as if cut down by a scythe. The old father threw himself on his body, called him tenderly by his pet name, and covered him with tears and kisses. The other guards and taskmasters seeing, without understanding, what had happened rushed to the spot, surrounded the convict, who, it was evident to them, had felled his guard, and, raising the butt-ends of their guns, prepared to dash out his brains. Some of them next tried to remove him by force, but he held the unconscious guard so tightly locked in his embrace, kissing him and muttering to himself, "He knows me; yes, he knows me now, my dear boy," that they were powerless to separate them. At last they were both removed on a dray to the hospital, and the true significance of the scene dawned on the infuriated soldiers, who were now deeply touched by what they witnessed.

"It was," writes my correspondent, "a most harrowing scene—one that I shall remember with a shudder to my dying day." The next morning the doctor declared that the soldier had lost his reason, and must be removed to a madhouse. The convict, on being informed of this, and ordered to begin work as usual, refused quietly at first, then roared and raved like a maniac, and was at last put in a strait waistcoat and confined along with the other madmen.

Every honest voter has a voice in local government; and in some places that is about all he does have.

Recent developments would seem to indicate that even a mind-reader finds it impossible to read a woman's mind.

Grip's Greeting.

I am La Grippe!
Grip for short,
But I get there just the same!
And the way
I get there
Knocks the stuffing
Out of the annals of pathology!
I am no respector of persons.
And silk, or satin, or broadcloth
Has no more influence with me
Than a width of
Brown muslin has!
I lay for the woman
Who runs around bare-headed
Or thin shod;
And the way I swipe a man
Without an overcoat
Is perfectly astonishing!
The air is full of me;
And as a microbe incubator
I may say, without fear
Of successful contradiction,
That I am beyond competition!
I've got a corner on the
Human system at present,
And I'm working it
For all it's worth!
I and the doctors
Are having a picnic,
With the doctors
Getting all the gate money!
However, I'm not in it
For boodle,
And I don't care a cuss
What I'm here for.
People find out when they take me:
And there's no telling
How many have found out
In the past few weeks.
It's a cold day
When I get left,
And we are not having
Many cold days this winter,
Hence—
But why multiply words?
You know me,
And if you don't you can learn
All you want to know
By reference to the families
Which, and in which,
I have worked!
Mighty few of them
Don't recognize me socially,
And curse me
For all the crimes in the calendar!
But I ain't saying a word.
I simply
Let her go Gallagher.

A Rogue in the Breast o' Your Coat.

coorted sweet Shelah for siven years an' over
And yit me sweet Shelah was ever a rover;
I coorted all night, an' I coorted all day,
An' yit sweet Shelah had never a way;
I coorted her 'early, I coorted her late,
Siven days in the week, an' wished they were eight—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

Wheriver she went I was sure to be there,
At each wedding an' wake I'd love an' tc spare:
I coorted her waking, I coorted her dreaming,
I coorted her 'arnest, I coorted her seeming,
I coorted her 'ating, I coorted her drinking.
An' begor by me sowl I coorted her winking,
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Git along wid your b'arney,
There 's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted her standing, I coorted her setting.
Wherever an' whin was a chance love to get in:
I coorted her riding, I coorted her walking.
I coorted her thinking, I coorted her talking,
I coorted her smiling an' frowning an' wreathing.
An' by the hole o' me coat I coorted her breathing:—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted in new clothes, I coorted in old.
I coorted wid brass, an' I coorted wid gold;
I coorted wid scorning, I coorted wid hating,
I coorted wid fighting, I coorted wid b'ating,
I coorted wid English the brogue along fussing,
An' by Peter an' Paul I coorted wid cussing,—
But 't was always,
"Go way, Barney,
Get along wid your blarney,
There's a rogue in the breast o' your coat."

I coorted sweet Shelah for siven years an' over,
Then I swore by the saints I'd Shelah give over;
The rogue in me coat I'd never found out,
If Shela herself had not turned me about;
The darlint vourneen is the rogue in me breast,
An' by the siven parishes there she shall rest,—
An' now 't is,
"Come along, Barney,
Never mind your blarney,
'T is Shelah that's hid in your coat."
—Jennie E. T. Dowe, in Century for January.

"Teamster Jim."

It aint jest the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this,
Weth the virtuous matron a-frownin' an' chidin' the gigglin' miss,
An' the good old deacon a-noddin in time weth his patient snores,
An' the shocked aleet of the capital stalkin' away through the doors.

But then it's a story that happened, an' every word of it's true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things that we sometimes do,
An' though good society coldly shets its doors onto "Teamster Jim."
I'm thinkin' there's lots worse people thet's better known than him.

I mind the day he was married, and I danced at the weddin', too,
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie, daughter of Ben McGrew.
I mind how they set up housekeepin' two young, poor, happy fools,
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kentucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented, weth their little joys an' cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twice they come in pairs,
Till the house was full of children, weth their shoutin' and playin' and squalls,
An' ther singin' an' laughin' an' cryin' made bedlam wethin its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his evenin's at home;
He said it was full of music an' light an' peace from pit to dome.
He joined the church an' he used to pray that his heart might be kept from sin—
The stumblin'est prayin', but heads and hearts used to bow when he'd begin.

So they lived along in that way, the same from day to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work and a little time for play,
An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and the liveliest, manliest boys,
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned with the homeliest joys.

Eh? Come to my story? Well, that's all! They're livin' just like I said,
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is dead.
An' they're honest an' decent an' happy, an' the very best christians I know,
Though I reckon in bri liant comp'ny they'd be voted a leetle slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time! Excuse you? Sure, I'm sorry I kept you so long.
Goodby. Now, he looked kind o' bored like, an' I reckon that I was wrong
To tell sech a commonplace story of two sech commonplace lives,
But we can't al git drunk an' gamble an' fight, an' run off with other men's wives.
—R. J. BURDETTE.

A Western lecturer has selected for his subject, "A Bad Egg." This subject often strikes a lecturer unfavorably.

The Crops of the World.

Mr. C. Wood Davis of Kansas is a rather notorious writer of pessimistic articles, in the *Forum*, *Country Gentleman* and other periodicals, concerning the danger he professes to foresee of a greatly-limited supply of breadstuffs for the people of this country, as well as of other countries. He has published long columns of figures purporting to give the crop yields of the grain-producing countries and the consumptive demands of the nations dependent upon these crops, and figures out an absolute deficiency of size sufficient to assure a probable famine, in some countries, before the next crop shall have been harvested.

Fortunately few persons have actually believed in the truth of his predictions, and with Pfeffer, Simpson and others of his brother alarmists in Kansas, he appears to have been estimated at his real worth. Lest it may be said that where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, it may be well to give the figures of the world's wheat crop as just published by that noted English statistician Beerbohm, whose estimates have been usually found almost exactly correct for a good many years.

According to him the world's crop in 1891 was about 17,000,000 bushels greater than the worlds crop in 1890, and over 61,000,000 bushels greater than the crop of 1889. His figures for five years give the total crop of Europe in one column, that of all other countries in another, and the grand total crop of the world in the third. Mr. Beerbohm gives the figures in "quarters" of eight bushels each, but they will be better understood here if given in bushels. The table is as follows:

Year	Europe	All others	Total crop
1891 ...	1,103,600,000	1,050,800,000	2,154,400,000
1890....	1,308,240,000	829,040,000	2,137,280,000
1889....	1,158,976,000	934,064,000	2,093,040,000
1888....	1,299,648,000	864,800,000	2,164,448,000
1887....	1,376,920,000	880,024,000	2,256,944,000

Mr. Beerbohmime states that the natural increase of population in the wheat-eating countries requires an increase of 14,000,000 bushels annually in consumption. According to this table the total consumption in 1887 was 2,130,000,000, or 126,944,000 bushels less than the crop. Adding the 17,000,000 bushels each year to the consumption of the previous year and we find that in 1891 the surpluses of the previous years have been used up and there will be an actual net deficiency of 16,360,000 bushels in 1891. Mr. Davis has figured the world's shortage at over 600,000,000 bushels, and these figures of Mr. Beerbohm's show how wide of the mark the Kansas alarmist has gone.

There is a small error of calculation in Mr. Beerbohm's computation which, if corrected, will still further reduce this small deficiency. He assumes an annual increase of population of great size, as stated above, which may be true for the United States, but it is not true for the older European nations. It is, no doubt, a fact that in those European countries a very slight increase in price of wheat will reduce consumption more than increase of population would enlarge consumption.

If we take this fact into account it is probable that the large surplus of the 1887 crop was not exhausted when the 1891 crop began to go into consumption. There is a great deficiency in the 1891 rye crop, to be sure, and one might be tempted to think that there might be an actual shortage in breadstuffs this year, but then there is a large increase in consumption of maize, the supply of which is comparatively unlimited. The rye-eating peasantry of Europe use that grain because it is cheaper than wheat, and it is not likely they have the means or the inclination to use high-priced breadstuffs as long as they can get the cheaper ones. It is also worthy of note that prices of grain in the markets of the world sustain the position that the shortage of breadstuffs is very small, if so be there is any, which does not seem probable.—*Buffalo Express.*

Emin Pasha.

Emin Pasha must be admitted to be one of the most interesting figures on the panorama of this final decade of the century. There is something in our imagination which always makes eager and inquiring reponse to the chord which he and his kind touch. The few historical instances in which men and women trained in the habits, mental and physical, of civilization have passed over to the Orient and submitted to its mysterious influence, remain and always will remain curiously vivid spots of color on the historical page. There is as much of the dramatic in Emin's fez as there is in his most recent indirect advices to the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It is hard to guess whether his remarkable journey back to his Equatorial Province was more due to the whisperings of Wissmann or to the promptings of a second nature that grew stronger the further he was led away from what our modern world considers the present serpent of old Nile, semi-barbaric independence. Probably both causes were at work. The easy, diplomatic view to take of Emin is that he is a spectacled German freelance, making geographical discoveries and raising considerable of a dust on that much desired British "open road" from the Cape Colony to the Soudan, all in the interests of Teutonic superiority and Teutonic hinterland. But this is far too superficial a summing up of the man whom the impious Eastern world undertook in its bragging, advertising, contractor-like way to bring safe from his disquieting and illegitimate situation in the Equatorial Province and ship home to Europe from Zanzibar, and who, bowing his head in patient, deep disdain let Mr Stanley "thunder by" and then retraced his steps through Uganda. Very likely he urged those steps the faster for Wissman's suggestions of what might be done for the Fatherland, but the oriental, fatalistic disdain of Mr. Stanley was there all the same. How far Emin is discommoding the British East Africa Company and Her Majesty's Foreign Office, or how far his acts will at need be adopted or disavowed by the German Government it is of course hard to say. The story that he has been fighting with an English force that has marched northward from Uganda to "intercept" him requires much confirmation. But what is impossible to believe is that whatever he has been doing he is in a precarious situation. He has at least shown the centers of civilization that it is not worth while to be alarmed about him.

When Italian robbers vent their feelings in song it is generally given as a banditty.

The custom of New Year's Day visiting is dying out. Many people who formerly kept open house on such days, now keep a loose dog and have their houses shut.

United States Divorce Laws.

If any one thing more than any other has brought disgrace upon the United States, it is the administration of the laws of divorce, and the laws themselves, each State having a law unto itself. But when a leading paper like the Chicago Inter-Ocean speaks boldly against the abuse, there is hope in sight of improvement. It is to Chicago that Canadians generally betake themselves when they bring the voluntarily taken but God-inspired yoke of life too burdensome. But if other papers will but take the cry from the Inter-Ocean, the date of unholy deliverance will at a not far distant day cease to exist. Our contemporary under the heading: "Evil and Shameful" says: "If there is a sanctity in human life it is the marriage tie; if there is a sacrilege in the experience of the world in these later years it is the facility for severing it afforded in certain states to certain localities. As Milton said of Scotland in another but wholly irrelevant connection, Chicago has had a 'bad pre-eminence' in this sort of travesty upon the most solemn of all the institutions given by God for the safety of the human race and its salvation after the world. Who denies that the family is the foundation of stable society? Who questions that the simple formula of the marriage ceremony underlies the stability of the state? No one who has sense to see anything more than that which floats as scum upon the surface of the stream. Yet in all civilized lands, or, to be more precise, all over the United States, are courts authorized by statute to traverse the laws of God and make an end of the marriage relation upon the most flimsy pretexts. 'Incompatibility of temper' has often been pleaded successfully to secure the desired separation, and if finite mental dexterity can go farther than that in the nothingness of excuse it is difficult to imagine how. Certain cases in our local courts during the last few days have made these words demanded. There is a court, all over the land are courts, daily violating that supreme command always uttered at the marriage altar, 'those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' This facility for divorce afforded by many of the States of the Union is an always augmenting evil, a constantly increasing shame. Let it continue to increase for a few years as it has in the recent past and all bases of virtue, of progress, of each and all the integrals of the state, will be undermined and speedily disappear."

Gen. Booth's Report.

The experiment tried by General Booth in London of providing work, food and lodging for unemployed persons has been made the subject of a report by him on its financial side. Notwithstanding opposition by men like Professor Huxley and the leading dailies of the British metropolis, he succeeded in getting money enough to carry out his plans in part. Two million and a half meals have been furnished the hungry and 350,000 nights' lodgings have been afforded the homeless. A total of £45,000 has been expended on the workshops, restaurants and shelters and a liability of £10,000 has been incurred on the strength of promised subscriptions not yet paid in. From General Booth's way of presenting the matter it is impossible to pronounce definite judgment on the success of his operations. Successful they certainly are within limits. For he who employs the idle and enables them to earn the wherewithal to buy food and bed and to secure other necessaries is not only a private but also a public benefactor. Criticism of the work will emanate chiefly from the excessively practical and cynical who will contend that such methods encourage individuals to look to others instead of to rely on themselves in getting on in the world. If Gen. Booth's methods were merely sentimental; if he gave away without asking an equivalent means for idle persons to use in maintaining idleness and provided home and food for the worthless and the wasteful, objection of this nature would have force. But he invariably asks service; he strives not only to provide work, but to secure permanent employment, and he runs shops and factories in order to teach trades to those who cannot take care of themselves without co-operative assistance. Other censors will cry that this is socialism. Well, what if it is? Socialism in one form or another is integral in society, as its name suggests. We have state socialism under many guises that are only the thinnest of disguises. There are large communities that have deliberately carried communal socialism to a stage that has proved its safety by reducing taxes and securing to the public a larger return for public investments. Socialism, to a greater or less extent, is inevitable if we are not to relapse into barbarism or anarchy. The questions of government are not those of principle to any great extent; they are problems to be tried in the light of experiment, and whatever experiment seems to promise most for the producers of a community will indicate the mode by which it will endeavor, if prudent, to regulate its affairs. But Gen. Booth's is only volunteer socialism. It is simply philanthrophy bringing the wealth of the rich and the willing down to the industrious and the deserving. It is the highest interest of every people to reduce idleness, to lessen crime, to increase thrift, to abolish poverty so far as it may be possible to do this. Gen. Booth's experiments is only a drop in the bucket, and the bucket of London is a mighty ocean of human woe. It has justly been deemed the city of despair. His work, although it relieve comparatively few in the gross, is to be commended and applauded because in giving help he seeks systematically to encourage and assist the individual to help himself.

Well Within the Law.

Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with selling liquor on Sundays.

Prisoner—never sold a drop, Jedge.

"But here is a reputable witness who entered your saloon by the back door last Sunday, called for a drink, received a bottle and glass, poured out a liberal quantity, drank it, and paid for it."

"Does he say it was licker, Jedge?"

"He says it tasted like liquor."

"Well, Jedge, I'm a law-abidin' citizen, I am. That there feller tried to break th' law by buyin' licker of me, but I didn't sell him no licker, no, sir."

"What did you sell him?"

"It was a temperance drink, Jedge, made up of turpentine an' kerosene, red pepper an' such things, Jedge. It wasn't licker, Jedge, it only tasted like it."

It is said that Russia is preparing for the worst. Some other power will see that she gets it.