Questions.

Can you put the spider's web back in place That once has been swept away? Can you put the apple again on the bough Which fell at our feet to-day? Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,

And cause it to live and grow ? Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing That you crushed with a hasty blow? Can you put the bloom again on the grape, And the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dewdrops again on the flowers. And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose If you could, would it smell as sweet Can you put the flower again on the husk, And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel again in the nut, Or the broken egg in the shell? Can you put the honey back in the comb And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase When once it has sped away? Can you put the corn-silk back on th

Or down on the catkins? say. You think my questions are trifling, dear Let me ask you another one: Can a hasty word ever be unsaid, Or a deed unkind undone?

THE INFLUENCE OF OF A KINI

BY NELLIE HELM.

"What a dreadful day !" "I'm fairly blown to pieces."

"I'm thankful we caught this car, if we did have to run for it," and the three rosy, breathless girls sank into the seat as the car moment on her. moved on.

After they had arranged their hair and ribbons and dress with which the boisterous wind had taken most daring liberties, they commenced to talk again. They talked very fast and, sometimes, all at once, in voices that were not always quite as subdued as is becoming in a street-car. At times it sounded as though a small flock of magpies had taken possession of that end of the car, as they chatted and laughed apparently unconscious of the presence of any other passen-

The car gradually filled up, and although their tongues were so busy, their eyes were free to scan every new-comer. The handsomely-dressed ladies were inspected with critical eyes; then the three heads were drawn close together, and the three voices were mingled in loudly whispered comments. thought that she had been permitted to do ways. The setter followed its master's boots The stylishly gotten-up young men, also, received rather more attention than they deserved, and they were discussed with frequent giggles and nudges. At the crossing of a fashionable street the car stopped, and a young girl, about the same age as the three, entered. She was richly, though plainly, dressed, and in spite of the tempestuous wind, not a fold of her neat toilet appeared to be displaced. She was so sweet, so modest, so unassuming, and yet so evidently aristocratic, that many admiring eyes followed her as she took her seat. "There's Gertrude Eastman," said Maud

Haven, one of the trio. "How awfully proud and stuck-up she is ! said Clara Denton. "She'll hardly speak to common folks," with a curl of the lip and a toss of the head.

little figure, " if my father was as rich as his couch at night. her's is and I lived in as fine a house,"

"I don't care if she is rich," said Clara. people worthy of notice;" this as though she | gagement began. thought it was.

"What a levely dress she has on," said fast hold. Maud., "Oh dear, I wish I could afford to At last, a severe wound stretched him al hundred yards from the house; then he so beautifully," and Maud cast her eyes over catch sight of the blood, then she seated fifty yards beside the carriage. He then en-

sat quietly looking out of the window, un- first question was, "Shall I live?" conscious of the interest she was creating in the minds of the three girls in the corner of the car, and of the envy that filled had not used her tongue so intelligently, you seed was so strong as to be perceived by a their hearts.

sudden turn. Again the car stopped, and Christ an Weekly. an old woman, bent and feeble, entered. The wind had handled her very roughly. Her shawl was twisted, her thin gray hair was scattered loosely over her pale forehead, and her bonnet was all awry. She trembled as she stood for a moment casting her eye down the length of the already filled seats; then a clear young voice at her side said, "Please take my seat," and a steady hand was reached out to guide her.

"Thank you, my dear," replied the old lady, looking up into Gertrude's fresh young most tuckered me clean to death."

She drew a long breath as she leaned back in the seat, but in doing so she touched her head lightly against the window, which set her bonnet more crooked than ever. She reached up her thin white hands to set it straight, but in her helplessness, only made a bad matter worse; and as the three thoughtless girls in the corner watched her, a smile passed over their faces and a suppressed titter | with his mother, and they came across some was heard in that direction. It was not audible to the old lady, who was a little deaf, but Gertrude heard it, and she looked coldly | ious to the destruction of his syntax. toward them for an instant, with the expression that Clara Denton thought so "proud and stuck-up." Then, turning to the old lady, amall ones. who was still struggling vainly with the refractory bonnet, she said, with a sweet smile goelingberries, ain't they ?' that was neither cold nor proud.

"Won't you let me fix it for you?" "Oh, thank you, deary," replied the old lady, looking at her in grateful surprise, "I wish you would."

corner, the aristocratic Gertrude Bastman the Wigginson. stooped and untied the worn ribbons, straightened the bonnet, setting it firmly on her head, in to-night, and we want to discuss the ques-and tied them again with her own daintily tion of the relations of Church and State gloved hands. Then she gently smoothed during the Middle Ages, and their effect

ful sight better. Do you know you put me in mind of my little grand-daughter who died only a few weeks ago. She was just such a dear, sweet girl as you are, and she was mighty careful to have her old grandmother fixed all right; but she's gone now. and I have to do the best I can for myself; and the thin old voice trembled, and the

dim grey eyes filled with tears. "I am very glad that I have been allowed to take her place even once," said Gertrude, gently as she signaled the conductor to stop the car; and turning to leave she smiled her bright, sweet smile again and said, "Good bye, grandmother." Then she tripped out of sight and the car went on its

"Well, I do declare, if she ain't an angel right from heaven, I pever saw one," exclaimed the old lady. "She makes some home happy, I know.

There was silence in the corner. The three tongues that had been running so fast a short time before, were still, and the other passengers did not seem to be nearly as amusing as they had been. At last Moud Haven spoke, and this time in a quiet tone that was hardly recognizable as the same voice that had been speaking so loudly be-

" Well, girls," she said, looking from one to the other, " she's a thorough lady any, how."

"I think she is perfectly lovely," said May Travis, ethusiastically. " I'll never call her proud again. I tell you what it is, girls. I don't believe one of us would have dared do what she did, for fear of being laughed at and yet just see how every one admired her for it! We did, too, we know we did," and May nodded her head emphat-

ically. Denton spitefully, who could not forget the and will be found of interest and value. He look in the flashing eyes as they rested for a cites the case of a terrier, who could not be

then Maud spoke in the same manner as be- was crossed and re-crossed by hundreds of fore, and this time there was just a slight fresher ones, and by thousands that were not quiver in her voice.

think. I believe it wasn't so much because game keeper brought up the rear of the line. Gertrude Eastman is a born lady that she Eich man placed his feet in the footprints of did that, as because she is trying to be a his predecessor. Christian. Don't you know she joined the church a little white ago?"

I wish I was one, too."

tle dreaming of the seed she had sown by the track to the right. the wayside that afternoon, nor how quick. The master and a stranger to the dog ly it was to bear fruit; happy only in the exchanged boots and then went different a little act of kindness to the lonely old and found the stranger. lady. But months afterward, when she greeted Maud Haven and May Travis as the park with bare feet, the setter followed they became members of the same church its master's trail, but not with the eagerwith herself, they told her how this little ness with which it followed the trail of his acts of hers had opened their eyes to see the boots. beauty of a Christian life, and made them desire to live one too.

Saved by a Cat.

have saved human lives, and so few anec- paper having worn away, the sole of one dotes of pussy's helpfulness in times of heel touched the ground. Then the dog emergency, that we gladly publish the story recognized the trail at once. of a cat's intelligent devotion; During the Crimean War, a little cat followed a young that the setter could follow; in woolen French soldier when he left his native vil- socks that had been worn a day, the trail lage. The lad's heart clung to this dumb was followed, but not eagerly. "I reckon I'd be proud, too," replied creature, and he gave her a seat on his knap. The master walked fifty yards in his shoot-May Travis, looking admiringly at the trim sack by day on the march, and a corner of ing boots, then kicked them off and carried

action, he left her in harge of a sick com his socks and walktd another three hundred who envied Gertrude her luxurious life; rade. He had marched about a mile, when yards barefoot. When the setter was put "she needn't snub folks just because they he saw puss running behind him. He lifted upon the track at the outset, it followed are poor. It isn't money always that makes her up on her usual seat, and soon the en. with usual eagerness and kept up the pur-

Twice the soldier fell, but the cat clung | Accompanied by a stranger to the dog, the

All this time the subject of their remarks ed. When he recovered consciousness, his scent changed.

answer, "thanks to your little cat. If she anise-seed. Although the odor of the anisewould have died from loss of blcod."

How the wind did blow! It seemed to Contrary to all regulations, pussy was al- dog followed the track of its master, thus rise higher and blow more fiercely every lowed to accompany the young soldier to the disguised, with usual speed, after having exmoment. Angry gusts swept around cor. hospital, where she was regaled with the amined the first three or four steps carefully. ners, and even the strongest man was choicest morsels from his plate, and became

FUNNY LITTLE STORIES

What a Zodiac Is.

A friend of ours has two little boys, Charlie and Robbie, the latter of whom took occasion one day at dinner to inform the family that he had at least a slight acquaint. only his eyes above the top of the wall, the ance with geography.

face as she sank into the seat. "That wind "said Charlie (a year or two older), to try owner. And yet there were at the time sev-

"Yes, I do." "Well, what is it?"

"Humph!" said the littlefellow, "a zodiac is the science of numbers joined to a noun.'

His Little Joke.

Johnnie was going through the market

very large gooseberries. "What's them, mamma?" he asked, cur-"Gooseberries, Johnnie," said the mother, and passed on to a basket filled with very

"Say, mother," he inquired, "those is

Delightful but Upsetting

Minister's Wife-Will you be able to go out with me for a few moments this evening. Then, to the amazement of the trio in the William? I want to make a short call on

Minister-No, my dear. Prof. X. will be

dt's about time to get a little haughty?"

Her Little Prayer. (Contributed to Truth.)

Little Minnie was being put to bed, and had knelt down to say her usual prayer. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lor ! my soul to keep."

These two lines went all right, but then the treacherous memory slipped and Minnie was puzzled, but only for a moment. Almost without hesitation she continued : "Eenie, meenie, meinie, moe, catch nigger by the toe." And would have continued had not her shocked mamma quickly placed her again on the right track.

PDZZLEDOM.

Who is that maid, whose solemn look Spreads peace upon the soul; And yet whose presence makes the bad Spurn at the law's control?

We burn not, though oft full of fire, Soulless, we can souls inspire; Silent, without tongues we speak, Heartless, often hearts we break.

Born of the sun-Though black as night My course is run In brilliant light. Sometimes the passing hours I mark But I am useless in the dark.

Sense of Smell in Dogs.

Mr. George J. Romanes has communicated to the Linnean Society the results of a series of experiments, made by him, to test the strength and acuteness of the sense of smell "She just did it to show off," said Clara in dogs. The paper is reprinted in Nature, thrown off his master's track upon the pave-There was silence again for a moment, ment of Regent's Park, although this track 80 fresh. To make a test with a setter, the "Girls" she said, "I'll tell you what I master had his men in Indian file, and the

The master's scent was most overlaid, that of the game-keeper was freshest. When "Well," said May soberly and thought- they had gone two hundred yards the master men, the other six turned to the left, keep-

When the master and stranger walked

When he walked in new shooting boots the setter would not follow.

The master glued a single thickness of brown paper to the soles and sides of his old shooting boots. The setter did not take There are so many stories of dogs who the trail, until it came to a point where the

Walking in new cotton socks left no trail

them with him, while he walked in stock-When the regiment was first ordered into | ings three hundred yards, then he took off suit through the whole distance.

master rode out along a carriage way, severhave such nice clothes, and have them made | bleeding on the field. No sooner did pussy | alighted and walked in his shooting-boots her home-made dress which, notwithstand- herself upon his body, and began to lick his tered the carriage and his friend got out and ing much fancy trimming, lacked the artis- wound in the most assiduous manner. Thus | walked 500 yards along the way. The setter | thing ? tic elegance of Gertrude's plainer made she remained for some hours, till the surgeon | ran the whole distance at full speed, without | carried the lad off to the tent for the wound- making any pause at the point where the

The master walked in his ordinary shoot-"Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's ing-boots, having first soaked them in oil of friend an hour after the trail was made, the

Other experiments tested the power of obliged to brace himself as he met it at a a very distinguished character.-[Illustrated scent through the air. The master walked down a trampled field, by a zigzag course for a quarter of a mile, then turned to one | doing anything for it?' side, got over a stone wall, and walked back toward the house. The stone wall was breast high and about 100 yards to the windward of his course down the field. The dog taking gested the girl, "that raw oysters have a the trail at the top of the field, followed ra-

pidly its master's winding course. The moment it gained the "wind's eye" of the place where he was standing, with dog threw up its head, turned from the track "I bet you don't know what a zodiac is," it was following and went straight to its eral overheated laborers near it in the field.

That Last, Last Night,

The moon hung glorious in the sky, As heart in heart, and eye in eye, Unheeding all the hours flew by That last, last night.

The trees were brilliant red and gold ; How passing sweet the story told-Ah ! never long and never old-That last, last night.

We pledged each other to attain To Pisgah's heights of heart and brain, And each to each should true remain. That last, last night.

Your hand electric to my own, Your lips, more precious than a throne, Were mine, ah, joy 1 and mine alone, That last, last night. I wonder, if in years to be, You will remember glade and tree,

And whispered vows of constancy, That last, last night.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

BABY CONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ab, me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pip. Or tie a little shoe ! How can she keep herself busy all day With the little "hindering thing" away

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another " good by " to say, And the mother stands at the door to see

Her baby march away; And turns with a sigh that is half relief, And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children one by one,

Will go from their home out into the world, To battle with life alone. And not even the baby be left to cheer The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there, Thrown down in careless haste: And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced. If the house were always as still as this, How could she bear the loneliness?

It is possible in France to insure the life of a child one day old.

Ice was artifically manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures as early as 1783. It is said that 70,000,000 codfish are caught was a suspicious squint in his eyes. He annually off the Newfoundland coast.

It is stated that "Prince Bismarck has gone back to tobacco." Alas, how sad to witness a great man's great resolution end in nothing but smoke!

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has made the most remarkable recovery her physicians have ever witnessed. When she left Sag Harbor it was believed that she could not live to reach Hartford. Now, however, she is better than she has been for some years and is able to walk.

Horace Smith, of Philadelphia, is said to possess the largest collection of newspaper clippings in the world. He began when a boy of 10 and has been at it for 50 years. Ih would take a furniture van to hold what he has now, although he has sold thousands and thousands of slips.

One of the most successful ministers of fully, " if it's that that makes her so lovely, turned to the right, followed by five of the Boston has inaugurated the following practice in taking the benevolent collections "So do I," answered Maud softly; and ing their usual order. The setter followed | —He reports by name from the pulpit every Clara said nothing as they rose and left the the common track with such eagerness as to donor, with the amount given. He also overshoot the point of divergence, but designates the names of his membership Gertrude Eastman went on her way, lit- quickly regaining this point chose at once epecifically, and those who have not made any subscription are fully reported by name alone. We haven't been as safe for year." with a cipher appended.

When a father dies in Corea the sons must dress themselves in a suit of sackcloth, with a rope girdle about the waist. On the head is worn an enormous hat, about the size of a rain umbrella, and for further protection against obtrusion the mourner carries a large fan before his face. He is not expected to work, but at stated times he has duties to perform at his ancestor's

The most plausible view among many doctors was that baldness was especially liable to follow the wearing of a tightfitting hat, the blood vessels being constricted and the scalp deprived of the necessary supply of blood. But this view has been controverted by a fact brought light about the Parsees of India. The Parsees are compelled to the head covered during the day by a hat so tight as to crease the scalp and possibly the skull, and at night they wear a skull cap; and yet not one of them has been known to be bald. The Orientals say that worry causes the hair to fall, and it may be true in some cases. The general state of health naturally affects, the scalp. but the fact remains that no special cause can be given for baldness.

Depended on Market Price.

"Mrs. Squeezem," said one of the boarders the other morning at the breakfast table, "the casters on my bed squeak terribly. Can't I have 'em greased or some-

"Yes, Sir," replied the landlady, "of the price of castor oil hain't ris."

A Good Thing for Sore Throat.

They were returning from the theatre. "I am troubled with a slight sore throat. Miss Clara," he said, "and I think it would he wise if I should button my coat tightly around my neck."

"I would, indeed, Mr. Simpson," replied the girl with some concern. "At this season of the year a sore throat is apt to develop into something serious. Are you

"Not so far," he replied. "I hardly know what to do.' "I have often heard papa say," shyly sugvery soothing and beneficial effect upon such a trouble."

Accommodating Garments.

Small Clerk—"Fader, a shentleman in de store vants to knew if dot all-vool, nonshrinkable shirt vill shrink.' Proprietor—"Does it fid him ?" "No, id is too big." "Yah, it vill shrink."

He Knew the Reason.

"Do you consider that the poetic instinct is fostered by allowing the hair to grow long?" asked a young lady of her poetic

really couldn't say, was the reply. "I think it must be just a habit, for I don't know why I do it."

"I know," interrupted the enfant terrible. "Well, tell us, then," said the poet, pasting the youngster on the head. "It's because you haven't the money to get it out," proudly roared the little man.

The Book Agent Was Pleased. Mistress-"Mary, I thought I told you to show that book agent the door." "So I did, mum."

"He returned to me in less than two minutes. How do you explain it?" "Why he said it was a very handsome and dignified. After he had pulled the door, and when he built a house he'd have

back the ruffled gray hair, and with the warm of the color mantling her cheeks, she smiled on the wrinkled old face, as she reached up to take hold of the strap again.

Wife (emphatically)—Now, William, you with the warm of the thing she strap again.

"Thank you so much, deary," and the colors and are almost the more of the circus, and she beight and pret ty, attracted the admiration of maidenies by a track of the strap again.

"Thank you so much, deary," and the colors as he could. "I stay, Markey, the she wonder to me the colors as he could. "I stay, Markey, the she wonder to me the colors and are almost the more for it next."

"Are you satisfied now?"

"Are old lady in a voice that reached to the farmatters, and are always the worse for it next said, turning to the girl, "don't you think doer, "Back at 2 o'clock," and down to life of misery! It's a wonder to 'm's that do feel a power morning.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

BY MBS. BOWSER Ever since our marriage Mr. Berne ha been looking after a house dog, and a good share of our troubles has arisen over the fact. On a hundred different occasion I have asked him what we wanted of a dog and on a hundred different occasions he has

"What do we want of a dog? Did you ever see a family which amounted to shack which didn't keep a dog! Nature gave u the dog to protect us—to be a sort of con. panion. There are people who can strike terror to a dog's heart by one look, but I am not one of those, Mrs. Bowser-no, think

"Can't you protect us, Mr. Bowser!" " Certainly I can and do, but suppose] am off my guard some night and a burglar

"And burglars the dog !" "That's it. Sneer at the poor dumb brute because Nature made him a dog! Under the circumstances I have stated we should probably owe our lives to the faith.

ful guardian." He brought home a dog. It was a dog with a cer ificate of character from his last owner. He was guaranteed to be vigilant. trusty, tidy, kind, and to have a special hankering after the life blood of housebreak. ers. He carried his head to the left as if trying to see his left hind foot, and there had been badly knocked about from all appearances, but the boys who brought him explained that this was the result of tack. ling an elephant and coming off second best. The beast growled at me and snapped at the baby as Mr. Bowser brought him in, and when I protested against the invasion I was answered with:

"No wonder he growls! A dog know an enemy on sight. He feels that you'd like to murder him, and he properly resents it. Come here, Rambo."

That night the dog had the run of the lower part of the house. We had no sooner got to bed than he began to howl. Mr. Bow. ser threatened him from the head of the stairs, and then he barked at intervals of five minutes for an hour. Mr. Bowser silenced him after awhile, and I was just getting to sleep when I heard the heast gurgling and growling and worrying something. wanted Mr. Bowser to go down stairs, but he utterly refused, saying :

"He has probably got hold of a burglar and I don't want to be appealed to to call him off. Just go to sleep and let Rambo

Next morning the beast bit the cook in the leg as she went down, and the minute the door opened he lit out for parts unknown. We soon discovered what he had been worry. ing. It was Mr. Bowser's new winter over coat, and it was reduced to a roll of string and tatters.

"You brought him home,!" I exclaimed as I pointed to the ruins. "I did, eh?" replied Mr. Bowser, as he

surveyed the heap. "And you lay right

there and knew what he was at and never said a word !" "You said he was chewing up a burg-"Then I was talking in my sleep, and you

knew it! Mrs. Bowser, you don't get a new dud for a year !" The next dog was a hound. The owner told Mr. Bowser that he was a good

deer dog, and \$10 changed hands on this

"But what good is a deer dog?" I asked, when Mr. Bowser explained this fact. " To run deer, of course."

"But where are the deer?" "That's j st like you! You expect to look out of one back door and see a dozen I propose to go where the deer are. Did you ever see a kinder face on a dog!" "He looks very simple-minded."

"Does he! Well, don't you fool yourself. You may owe your life to him yet. He's better than forty burglar-alarms." The canine deserved credit for one thing.

He slept soundly on the parlor sofa all night. On the second afternoon he got out, and a little terrier weighing eleven ounces ran him three times around the house and finally drove him into a barrel partly filled with

"Did I buy him for a fighter!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as I related the occurrence. "He ran, of course. I bought him for a

runner. He whistled for Archimedes, as he had named him, and the animal came creeping in and hid under the lounge. When routed out of that he made a dive for Mr. Bowser's feet, just in time to trip him up and let him down with a jar that made the roof shake. The scared brute then jumped into the crib and lay down on baby's head, from which position he was lifted to be flung over the alley fence. " Is that the way they run deer!' I ask-

ed Mr. Bowser. "Whose fault is it?" he der anded. "You had that dog terrified as soon as he struck the house. It was his mortal fear of you which made him act so. If you don't have something awful happen to you I'll miss my

It wasn't a week before he came homewith another canine. The beast was under-sized, out at the elbows and down-hearted. When I asked what he was good for, Mr. Bowser replied: "If you knew anything about dogs you

could see at a glance. He's a rat terrier." "Does he terrify rats ?" "Does he? In one week there won't be

a rat on this whole square !" "Wouldn't it be as well to stand the rate "That's you, exactly! That's a specimes as the dog !"

of your mercy! It's a wonder to me that such murderous feelings as you carry in your heart don't meet with fitting punish.

The terrier didn't do anything remarkable for the first three days except to fill up and eleep. On the fourth day, as we were eating dinner, we heard a row in the back yard, and as we got to the door we saw the terrie penned up in a corner of the yard, down and eyes rolling, and a small rat keeping him there and having lots of fun. The rodent skipped at sight of us and the dog crawled under the barn. I leaghed till I cell down, but Mr. Bowser was very terrier out and flung him over the fence

Mrs General Harriso

Mrs. Harrison, who will Washington society, is just ab ber busband, the president el 54 years, and they have been t since school days. She is a man. Her father, John W. S teacher in Miami University, C and it was there that the girl w was to be some day a presi They called her Caroline, Carr and sent her to school in the of the town. She was quiet and the village home was not a ed by stiff parties or dinners. is related that though her dau ited with having been the be Indianapolis, Mrs. Harrison danced at all when she was a when she was at school all th calico dresses and sunbonnete proud of them. Such a costun ate a sensation at Ogontz, the the daughter was graduated. Gen. Harrison isn't a tall ma Harrison is not a tall woman. she was what you would call form was slender and her face i ful. Her hair was black and he dark. It still retains its full c hair has become silv red here a her girlish form has become ma face is still handsome, and

features seem to have been bu by the passing of years. S'ie in her younger days which me something to look at a second just as pretty to-day, and the of welcome that always plays makes Mrs. Harrison a v appearing person. One other ways noticed by a man who sees ! and that is her hand. It is sm ful, and the fingers taper just wrist is slender and well mould arm above is full and faultless Sometimes she wears gold bra wrists and diamonds on one but, except these and her she displays no jewelry except mal gatherings, when she ma throat a bar with five diamon has a gold band with five dian given her not long ago by

Her earrings are black pearls Caroline Scott met Benjami Oxford. They were boy and got married, settled down for \$200 that young Tippecanoe from his father, and had a bab was 21 years old. Young Ha wife was half his capital. She er in every sense when he be in law. Her ancestry had give physically, and her mother that sensible instruction in keeping which after a perio ment is coming back again in homes. Lawyer Harrison's how to bake bread, and she b of her exercise was with a bu though she hasn't made bread broom in a long while, she is mistress in all those things, about housekeeping, and is n tell about those things, even months more, she is to be at first official household in t supervision of the home at 1 indeed, one of Mrs. Harri She has a hobby of getting morning and going to market a while to buy meats and veg If she should do this in Wash not be altogether new there, leaders even now often do the ing, and in days long gone it of the chief prerogatives of w and fashion.

Palo Alto's Breeding

Senator Leland Stanford in

view talked of breeding tro

this way: "I had but two L

and these were bred to my to

with the most gratifying res which is out of a daughter produced to Electioneer t Ansel, which has a record of a level head in harness. W a number of races after cro and produced the good ra bred to General Benton proand she bred to Electioneer As I got a fast performer eration from Angette, and in the second generation i experiments with Lexingt be classed as failures. The almost as good as the L Winne has two in the listand Gertrude Russell, 2 23 Palo Alto, when 4 years o Mansanita. He trotted races, and threw out a sol to let up on him. He wil season, and I shall be dies not get a record of 212 way, Palo Alto would on match with Maud S. Maud S. is beaten, example be by a horse higher b ed colt out of her by Pale stronger breed than she have a higher flight of sp Bonner would come to Ca like to entertain him and develop colts. I could about the feet, and he methods. The miniature ber, was ridiculed just a foundation theory was ri lived to see the scoffers Breeders in all sections of copied my miniature tra learns to trot without in the tretter out of the high top. Were I to comm should select from twenty bred mares, and thus la the stud. I should, as study temperament and get the heads right and formation you run less r ters from thoroughbred

from the low bred mar up of unknown quantitie you are doing when y The mechanical constr roughbreds is just as w ting as any other gait. through the head an stallion and the exper drabtful. I have met ting thoroughbred trot lions, because I have a have paid great attenti brain. The blood speed at the running the trotting gait. It to make the arterial What it is, and arteria to the trotter when the and the struggle is pro