ETTE HIT
Y TESTIMONY.

m of Accidental Capsizing
of Boat Refuted.

Said He Left Grip Ashore,
it Was Seen on Lake.

t Gave Three Versions of
Death of Grace Brown.

r, Nov. 26.—The prosecution
e of Chester Gillette made a
em for those who are defend-
day in bringing up very fore-
question of how it happened
uit case he had with him in
was dry when it was found
uff in it showed no signs of
n in the water.
first place the prosecution
when Gillette was arrested
Grace Brown was drowned
ake which they were in had
upset. When asked to ac-
for last that the suit case was
ed that he and the Brown
ne ashore to get their lunch
n the afternoon and had
e at that time.
cross-examination of Sheriff
testified to these facts, the
t a long time in impressing
this explanation by Gillette.
district attorney sprung his
n the last few moments of
on session he called Thomas
the witness stand. Barrett
t Camp Craig on Big Moose

eek on the afternoon of July
aid, "I had taken the two
I had in charge from Camp
swimming float off South
keeping close watch on the
t I would not let the older
too long.
20 o'clock I saw a boat come
ar inside of South Bay and
e branch known as Punkie
were a man and a woman,
them was a suit case.
whole day was spent by
Yard in showing the actions
after the death of Grace
racing him from that time
e of his arrest by Sheriff
Arrowhead Inn on July

was called to the stand
afternoon. With him he
rles Gross, of Cortland, who
e Gillette shirt factory, and
d Gillette for him. The
attempted to refresh his
notes he had taken of the
ne had with Gillette after
d this was strenuously ob-
the defence and finally not

ent into the office," said
the defendant. At that
t know him. Gross went
d said: "Hello Chester"
endant answered. "Hello
are you doing down
asked him if he knew that
was dead, and Gillette an-
that so.' Then Gross said,
drowned in Big Moose
llette answered, 'My God,

g Rev. Cuthbert R. Frost,
Lowville, had testified that
of the day before this
gas in the lobby of the
n, had gone up to some
playing cards in the lobby
Chase you heard about
Big Moose Lake— the

ot back to the inn," said
the stand, "we went out
after supper and spent the
Gillette said that he
but he occasionalvy join-
of the songs. Before I
that night to bed I saw
ss into the office for a
Afterwards he went over
men who were playing
ker, and asked them if
of the tragedy at Big
he drowning."
afternoon session was
the testimony of Sheriff
Richards, who told of
the tennis racquet.
estimony Mr. Klock said
Gillette three times how
to tip over, and he made
answers. The first time
up to fix my hat." The
explained it by saying:
out to pick a pond lily
d over," and his third
question was he was
m of the boat to talk to
upset.
k Gillette about Grace
n?" asked the district

f Mr. Klock.
anything about getting

m if he expected to be
answered that he had
to the woods and get
he did not want to be
home, because of the
ight cause."
f John Richards was
finding of the tennis
had told him where it
d he had gone and
unsuccessfully. Then
and accused Gillette
him. He told Gillette,
re had been a reward
r its recovery and that
d have it if he would
was. Gillette told him
the sheriff was able

nation Richards testi-
had taken the racquet
he case when he found
ed that the side pieces
re loose. This racquet
with which Chester
have struck down the
d its condition was of
rtance to the case.

e Turkey Gobbler.
iphia Press.)

med the duck, "look at
t young turkey gobbler

wise goose; "it's getting
day."

o appear tough."

Something Superior

TO THE FINEST JAPAN TEA GROWN.

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Sold only in sealed lead packets. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. by all grocers.

TRIAL FOR LIFE

CHAPTER I.

It was the first year of the nineteenth century—ere yet steamships, railways, gaslight, insurance companies, telegraph wires, and detective policemen had expelled nearly all possibility of vicissitude, peril and adventure from civilized society.

It was while clumsy sailing vessels were the only means of ocean travel and heavy stagecoaches lumbered slowly along every public road in the country; it was while footpads still lurked in the shadows of the city streets, to start forth upon the belated pedestrian and highwaymen, under the veil of night, sprang out to commit their lawless depredations upon the unguarded traveler; while the spirit of romance hovered around old buildings ,and supersition lingered in secluded neighborhoods, that the strange events of our story transpired.

It was early in the morning of a lovely day in June that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern in the ancient little town of Swinburne, situated in one of the most picturesque and beautiful counties in the West of England.

They were standing within the arched gateway, or leaning against the solid masonry of the side walls, that looked strong enough and old enough to have been those of some ancient keep, and which, in fact, had done good service as defences in the olden time, when might made right and every man's house was indeed his castle.

By their looks and conversation, it was evident that some event of unusual importance was expected to come off.

"The coach will be late; what wull be keeping her?" inquired Broding, the village smith, as he returned, disappointed, from one of these surveys. "What do'ee think; wull the bridegroom be doon for sure?" he asked, turning to an ostler, who had left the stable yard for the same purpose.

"Wull the young squoir be doon? Of course he wull! Dunnot he send down his groom to speak rooms in the house, with orders to have fires kindled? Why, mun, the young squoir wull never be late at such a time," replied the ostler, in contemptuous tones.

"A good job if un never coom at all. The loikes of you comming to marry our lady, and lord it over our castle. When wur it ever known that a Lord Etheridge, of Swinburne, married wi' a communer? But we've ay heard tell that a house is done fur when it falls to the distaff," said an old laborer, from Swinburne Chase.

"I'll tell'ee all what and about it. Old Hastings, the feyther o' this young man, was his late ludship's friend, and were left guardeen by his late ludship's will to this young lady. Well, old Hastings was a knowing 'un, and made the match. There's where it is; and so they're to be married to-morrow."

"Hoigh! Harken! Coome along wi I; here's the coach," suddenly interrupted the smith, starting from the archway into the street; just as the horn was hear signaling the approach of the Bristol coach, that presently rumbled down the street, and drew up with great nonse before the tavern gate.

First came from the Interior of the coach an elderly gentleman, whose tall, spare and stooping figure was clothed in a suit of clerical black, and whose pale thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by a young man, whose Roman features, olive complexion, jet-black hair, and deep plain dress and subordinate position could not disguise the grace and dignity of his air and his manner. In this last he was such a contrast to his employer that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood, attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

"I say, Broding, youn's old Hastings and his secretary. I've seen up before doon here," said the old laborer, addressing the smith, as these two travellers issued from the coach, and passed before the bowing aind smirking host into the house.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention. His form was tall and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high, aquiline features, fair and fresh complevion, light blue eyes, and very light flaxen hair. His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellent severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom-elect. He was followed into the house by his valet, bearing his dressing case.

Colonel Hastings was immediately shown into his private parlor, where he was soon joined by his son.

The landlord stood bowing at the door and waiting for orders.

"Breakfast immediately, and the post chaise at the door in half an hour," was the brief order of Colonel Hastings.

"Yes, your honor. What would your honor like for breakfast?"

"Anything that is at hand, only be quick."

The landlord bowed and disappeared, and was soon succeeded by the head waiter, who came in and laid the cloth and spread upon the board a substantial breakfast, to which the hungry travelers did ample justice.

They had scarcely finished the meal before the post chaise was announced.

The elder Hastings arose saying:

"Albert, my boy, I am sorry that etiquette does not admit ow your waiting upon your belle maitresse to-day, or retary, Cassinove, left the house and enchurch. But au revoir until to-morrow at twelve."

And with tthis abrupt leave taking the elder Hastings ,attended by his secretary, Cassinove, left the ohuse adn entered the post chaise to drive to Swinburne Castle.

A drive of more than a mile brought them to Swinburne park church, an ancient, ivy-covered, Gothic edifice, coeval with the castle itself, and like the castle, celebrated in history, in story and in song. There rested the remains and and there lay the effigies of the old barons of Swinburne, from the time of the Conquest down to the death of the last Lord Etheridge, who had died five years before, leaving his only daughter, Laura, sole heiress of all his vast possession.

They drove rapidly on, for yet another mile, along the boundary of the chase, and suddenly came upon a thicket of trees, from the midst of which frowned the ruins of the ancient keep, its solid masonry now covered thickly with ivy. Young Cassinove, who felt a deep interest in all these scenes, would have paused to contemplate this venerable ruin, but again the impatience of his employer urged the postillion to greater speed, and they drove hurriedly past. A few yards farther on they reached the south gate of the park, guarded by the ancient porter's lodge.

They passed under the lofty archway and entered upon the beautiful grounds that lay more immediately arounds the castle.

Swinburne Castle was of later date than the ancient keep, the ruins of which they had just passed, and from which it took its name. The building was a double quadrangle, in the form of the letter H., and having towers at the four extremities.

Behind the castle arose the thick, impenetrable woods bordering the open chase; before it lay a smiling landscape, diversified by parterres of flowers, groves of beautiful trees and a small, clear lake, shaded by overhanding willows and adorned by a flock of graceful white swans.

An exclamation of delight broke from the lips of Cassinove as his eyes fell upon this scene of exceeding beauty, now lighted up as it was by the gloriaus sun of June.

They drew up before the central transept that connected the two long wings of the castle.

Two grooms, in waiting without, immediately came forward to attend Colonel Hastings, who alighted first, followed closely by his secretary. One of the grooms dismissed the post chaise, while the other knocked at the door. which was immediately opened by a footman in the grey and white livery of Lady Etheridfe, of Swinburne.

"Show me into the library, Williams, and let her ladyship know that I await her convenience. Cassinove, my good fellow, you can stay here, I suppose, until you are wanted," and Col. Hastings, opening a door on his right to admit the young secretory in to a sitting room, and then going on, attended by the footman, to the library.

The apartment into which young Cassinove had been shown was a pleasant, cheerful morning room, simply but elegantly furnished. The great front window, reaching from ceiling to floor, and from side to side, commanded an extensive view of the lawn, with its groves of trees, its shaded lake, and its parterres of flowers. A rosery outside the window adorned the frame, without obstructing the view of this grand picture. At the opposite end of this room was a spacious mirror, that filled up all that part of the wall, and reflected the whole of the landscape commanded by the window.

While Cassinove stood before the mirror, enjoying the reflected landscape, suddenly among the trees glided a purple draped female figure, that immediately riveted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet black glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her expansive foehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich and massive knot at the back of her head. Her eyes were large, luminous, dark grey orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep and strong—quick as sun-painting, permanent as sculpture. He saw this goddess of intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that queenly form, and met those large, luminious, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said.

"You are Colonel Hastings' secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table." And, with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its contents.

After the profound bow with which he had returned her curtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove. He felt, from that moment, that his fate might take its character for good or evil from the will of that royal-looking woman.

Who was she? What was she?

He had heard that Lady Etheridge had a young friend, Miss Dornton, staying with her, to act as her first attendant at the approaching marriage. This, then, was Miss Dornton. And who was Ferdinand Cassinove, that he dared to occupy his thoughts with Miss Dornton? A young man of obscure origin, left to the benevolent guardianship of Colonel Hastings, who had defrayed the expenses of his education at school and college, and afterwards taken him into his family as his private secretary. Yet all of Italy's genius, passion and poetry smouldered in the heart of the young secretary, and these were kindled into a sudden blaze by the electric spark of love.

Miss Dorton! a lady of rank, and, perhaps, of fortune! Oh, if she were not already wooed and won! Give him time, and, under the inspiration of his love for her, he would win wealth, distinction, a glorious name, and lay them all at her feet. If this passion was sudden as it was ardent, remember that Ferdinand Cassinove was of the Celtic race. Yes; he would win the world and lay it at her feet.

In the midst of the pleasing pain of this love- dream, the door opened, and the grey-haired servant whom Ferdinand had seen in the hall entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed, said:

"My lady, Colonel Hastings' respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library."

"Very well, William. Go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately," answered the lady, rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheride of Swinburne! Forever and forever unattainable by him! Oh, despair! His castle in the air tumbled all about him, and buried all his hopes and aspirations in its fall. While still stunned by the discovery he had made, the old servant approached him and said:

"You, also, sir, are wanted," and left the room to precede his lady into the library.

Lady Etheridge passed on with stately step and gracious smile, and young Cassinove followed like a man in a state of painful somnambulency.

They crossed the great hall to the library, which was situated on the same floor. It was a great, antique apartment, richly furnished, and stored with the literature of all lands and ages, and adorned with the portraits of such of the old barons of Swinburne as had been distinguished in the councils or the battles of their nation. At a writing table near the centre sat Colonel Hastings, who arose with the stately courtesy of the olden time, and set a chair for his ward.

Lady Ether[illegible] after greeting her guardian cordially, took the indicated seat.

The old servant retired.

Ferdinand Cassinove withdrew to a distant Gothic window of stained glass, and stood apparently studying its scriptural subjects, but really, with senses preternaturally sharpened by the excitement of his heart and brain, compelled to hear and see all that passed at that central table.

There they sat, the guardian and his ward, in close discussion. The guardian, with his tall, spare figure, and thin, pale face, in marked contrast with his solemn suit of black, sat examining a document that lay before him. Lady Etheridge, in the purple satin robe that so well became her superb figure, sat opposite, with her arm carelessly resting upon the table, and her fine face raised, with an expression of joy irradiating her countenance.

"But, my dear Laura," said Colonel Hatings, with a look componded of pleasure and perplexity, "this noble liberality, I must say, places us in a very delicate position. I am your guardian; your intended husband is my son. The calumnious world already charges me with having made the match between my son and my wealthy ward. And now, Lady Etheridge, should you persist in your generous confidence, and execute the deed of gift of this whole magnificent estate to your intended husband, and he should accept it, what, then, would the world say?"

"Just what it likes, my dear guardian. I am of age, and have the right to do what I please with my own. I please to bestow it all, not only in effect, but in reality, upon my husband," she replied, with a beaming smile.

"But, Lady Etheridge, I do not know that you, the last baroness of the ancient house of Swinburne, have the right to transfer the Castle of Swinburne, with its vast dependence, to an alien."

"An alien! Do you call my husband an alien?"

"He is not of your blood."

"He is more. He is of my heart, and soul, and spirit, as I am of his. Oh, Colonel Hastings! there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, for she will come to him as poor as a cottage girl," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her cheek and lighting her eyes.

"Lady Etheridge, are you resolved upon this transfer?"

"Immutably."

"Then you must have your will, Cassinove, come hither, if you please. Your signature is wanted, as witness to a deed."

Young Cassinove started. He had heard all that had passed; thinking—feeling—Oh, Heavens! how this woman can love—this woman, whom I could worship, nay, whom I do and shall worship as the guiding star of my life, as long as I shall live. Oh, that the man who is blessed with her love may be worthy of her! And oh, that I had the old pagan privilege of opening the gates of life and escaping its tortures! He obeyed Colonel Hastings' summons, and went up to the stable. where he was presented to Lady Etheridge, as

"My secretary, Mr. Cassinove, your ladyship."

"I have seen Mr. Cassinove before," said the lady, kindly holding out her hand.

He barely touched the white hand as he bent before her. His own turned cold as ice.

"Now, then, Lady Etheridge," exclaimed Colonel Hastings, spreading out the document before her.

And the business of signing and witnessing the deed was completed.

Colonel Hastings and his secretary then took leave, and left the Castle to return to the Etheridge Arms, whither we must precede them by a few hours.

(To be continued.)

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

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Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

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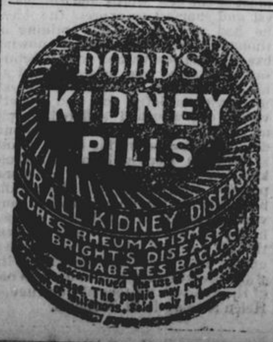
Every mother who uses Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones has a solemn guarantee that this medicine does not contain any of the poisonous opiates found in so-called "soothing" medicines and liquid preparations. These Tablets always do do good — they cannot possibly do harm. They cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and simple fevers, break up colds, prevent croup, expel worms and make teething easy. Baby's Own Tablets have done more to bring health, happiness and contentment to little ones than any other medicine known. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Newspaper Men Are Not So Bad.

(Phoenix.)

A printing office is usually considered a rather touch place and the newspaper worker a mighty bad man. Statistics, however, do not bear out that idea. Of 3,800 in the Texas penitentiary, there is not a printer or a newsaper man, while there are ministers, lawyers, music teachers, doctors, bankers, cooks, photographers, barbers and members of other professions and callings. The printer gets a bad name because the nature of his business teaches him to detect shams and scorn hypocrites.

Most hotel accommodations are inn conveniences.



A CRIPPLE CURED.

Helpless and Bent With Rheumatism—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I was a helpless cripple. I was bent in form and could not straighten up. Crutches were my only means of moving about. I tried many medicines, but they all failed until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they cured me." Geo. Schaw, of Short Beach, N. S., made the above almost startling statement to a reporter a few days ago. Mr. Schaw is now a well-built man, strong and broad shouldered. Like thousands of other Nova Scotians, he is a fishermen, and is consequently exposed to all kinds of weather, just the condition to set the rheumatic poinson in the blood at work. Mr. Schaw adds: "It is impossible to overrate the severity of the attack. The trouble was located in my back and right hip. I had to quit work and was mostly indoors. There was a time when I never expected to stand erect again, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills straightened me up again; not only that, but they made me the strong, hearty man you see me today. I can never describe the awful pain I suffered before I used these pills. I tried many medicines and had treatment from several doctors, but to no avail My legs became so stiff that in order to move at all I had to use crutches. Finally the doctors decided that I was incurable, and told me they could render no further assistance. I continued to suffer day and night, and then came the turning point of my life. A friend from a distance came to see me, and it was from him I learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were a great cure for rheumatism. At once I got a supply and began to use them. The first indication that they were helping me was when the pain grew less severe. In a few weeks more the swelling in my legs and hips began to leave, then my joints seemed to loosen up, and then it was not long until my crutches were thrown aside and I could straighten up. Then I began to go out doors and soon was able to resume my work as well as ever. Since that time I have never been troubled with rheumatism or lame back. I can tell you my neighbors were all astonished at my cure; they had all thought I would always be a cripple.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure Rheumatism by going straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. They make new rich blood that sweeps out the poisonous acid and soothes the jangled nerves. That is how they cure all troubles rooted in the blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, general weakness and the special ailments that only girls and women folk know. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FARM AND GARDEN

OFICIAL TESTS OF HOLSTEIN FRIESIANS.

Twelve cows and heifers have been admitted to the Record of Merit since my last report. These tests were all made under the supervision of Prof. Dean and are for a period of seven days. The amounts of milk and butter fat are actual, and the amount of butter is estimated by the rule adopted by the Agricultural Colleges.

1. Bella Mercedes (3065) at 6y. 9m. 3d. of age; milk 395.41 lbs.; butter fat 15.57 lbs.; equivalent to 18.17 lbs. butter. Owner, Thos. Hartley, Downsview, Ont.

2. Betty Waldorf (4023), at 4y. 0m. 30d. of age; milk 564.38 lbs.; butter fat 14.86 lbs.; equivalent to 17.34 lbs. butter. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.

3. Lilly Westwoud, 2nd (3966) at 4y. 2m. 13d. of age; milk 438.37 lbs.; butter fat 14.75 lbs.; equivalent to 17.21 lbs. butter. Owner, Thos. Hartley.

4. Gipsy Flo (6809) at 4y. 3m. 21d. of age; milk 537 lbs.; butter fat 13.93 lbs.; equivalent to 16.25 lbs. butter. Owner, I. G. Wyckoff, Tyrell, Ont.

5. Beryl Wayne's Grand-daughter (4412), at 3y. 1m. 17d. of age; milk 433.13 lbs.; butter fat 13.67 lbs.; equivalent to 15.95 lbs. butter. Owner, W. W. Brown.

6. Lady Topsy 2nd (5,333) at 5y. 1m. 11d. of age; milk 410.71 lbs.; butter fat 13.12 lbs; equivalent to 15.31 lbs. butter. Owner, McGhee Bros., Beachville, Ont.

7. Duchess Clay (4,733) at 2y. 10m. 30d. of age; milk 445.5 lbs.; butter fat 11.26 lbs.; equivalent to 13.14 lbs. butter. Owner, I. G. Wyckoff.

8. Dolly De Kol (5.325) at 2y. 4m. of age; milk 312.87 lbs.; butter fat 10.61 lbs.; equivalent to 12.38 lbs. butter. Owner, Thos. Hartley.

Jeanette Pietertje (5,550) at 2y. 5m. 14d. of age; milk 276.56 lbs.; butter fat 9.57 lbs.; equivalent to 11.16 lbs. butter. Owner, Thos. Hartley.

10. Bessie Tensen De Kol (5,064) at 2y. 8m. 16d. of age; milk 250.43 lbs.; butter fat 9.12 lbs.; equivalent to 10.65 lbs. butter. Owner, Thomas Hartley.

11. Rosie (5,133) at 1y. 10m. 23d. of age; milk 269.75 lbs.; butter fat 9.00 lbs.; equivalent to 10.50 lbs. butter. Owner, W. W. Brown.

12. Aggie Westwood (5,324) at 2y. 5m. 6d. of age; milk 247.71 lbs.; butter fat 8.87 lbs.; equivalent to 10.35 lbs. of butter. Owner, Thos. Hartley.

G. W. CLEMONS,
Secretary.

GIVE RAZORBACK HIS DUE.

Acorn-Fed Hog of the South Makes the Best Ham, Experts Say.

A Chicago packer who knows the meat business from ranch to restaurant has surprised some people by the statement that the prize corn-fed hogs of the west that figure in the county fairs and look so impressive in the pictures are not nearly so highly esteemed by the consumer as the acorn-fed porker of Virginia and the south.

"Lean and hungry" as any Cassius, the southern razorback learns early to shift for himself and pick up the best morsels from the world of food. The razor back can not lay claim to long and lordly pedigree and does not get his name in the registry books or his picture in the farm journals. No stall-fed life of ease for him; no days of ease and sleep in the protected pen, rising and waking only to take his meals as the feeder urges him to take another slice. The razorback, in order to "save his bacon," must have a keen ear and a swift foot. Some of them develop speed like a race horse and are as hard to catch as a sand-country flea.

Yet, though his back may be so sharp it will cut through a fence rail and his sides as lean as a Kansas farmer in drouth time, the razorback has his reward. He feasts on the sweet and succulent acorns that fall from the shady oaks and drinks the pure water of limpid country streams. He is as free as the air, and though he sometimes goes hungry it gives him good digestion and a keen appetite that the corn-fed, pen-pampered western hog never knows. It is a pleasure to know that the world is coming to appreciate the merits of this creature, who from very pighood leads the strenuous life.

When the southern hog at last comes on the knife he dies in a good cause. Men may praise the capon of France, the "roast beef of old England," the steaks of Chicago and the wienerwursts of Coney Island, but they do not tempt the epicure, who really appreciates the flavor of old Virginia ham. Whether boiled or served in appetizing wafers, broiled in slices of rare excellence or fried with a gravy that makes you smack your mouth, the Virginia ham is a thing to be treasured and cherished by the man who loves good things to eat. From the frying pan there arises a matchless aroma that is as grateful to the smell as the finished product is delicious to the taste. Virginia ham is food fit for the gods.—Baltimore Sun.

TEACHING HENS TO LAY.

Uncle Sam Has a College to Give Them Culture.

No wthat the success of seed corn selection has been demonstrated beyond dispute, the vulnerability of the boll weevil clearly proven, the relative merit of shorthorn and longhorn cattle established, and simplified spelling vindicated, this land has turned to the long-neglected duty of educating the American hen. As an abstract proposition the American hen is as cultured an animal as thrives on the face of the globe, but exammation of her characteristics at close range shows there are certain shortcomings which can only be obliterated by a thorough course under a painstaking tutor.

It is for this reason that the United States Government has just opened a brand new educational institution at the little settlement near Baltimore—and almost as near Washington, for it lies between the two cities—of St. Denis. St. Denis will hold undisputed sway as the premier educator of the hen.

The particular line of study to which the institution is to devote its energies is in association with the laying of eggs.

The necessity for a school for the education of the hen in the fowl art of laying eggs arises from the failure of the bird to keep abreast of this progressive age. The hen has ignored the presence of the incubator among civilized peoples and persists in both laying and hatching eggs. The mission of Professor Slocum and his able faculty is to persuade the hen that man is perfectly capable of attending to the hatching if she will devote her time and energies to the production of the eggs.

It has been shown by experiments that the hen can lay many more eggs than it does. The stumbling block has been the propensity to hatch which asserts itself in the henly breast. This results in loss of time and a falling off in the egg supply. Individual efforts to wean the hen from her desire to set have been frequent and of a varied character. Every farmer's boy knows the trick of tying a piece of red flannel around the right hind leg of a hen to break it of its desire to set. The presence of the bit of gaudy cloth has the effect of distracting the fowl's attention from every other ambition than that of getting rid of it.

The fundamental principle upon which Professor Slocum's work is based includes the fact that there is in the heart of every creature a desire to excel. He holds that if he can train one hen to lay without interruption other hens will be stirred to equal her accomplishment. Thus, in a short time, the entire community of hens will be engaged in a laudable egg-laying contest. Heredity is looked to to care for the rest.

To Save Trees From Frost.

Vice Consul Risdorf writes that the Experimental Gardening Association, Frankfort Bachserhausen, has made some trials with fumigation against night frost, which in the present season is frequently very injurious. In April nearly all the trees in the orchard were in full bloom. In expectation of night frost an experiment was made by fumigation with naphthalene. It was a success and the trees were soon enveloped in dense smoke but it was a very expensive proceeding, seven flames having consumed fifty kilograms of naphthalene in one hour. To envelop all the trees in smoke two hundred and fifty kilograms would have been barely sufficient. A new preparation of the chemical manufactory at Floersheim that was tried on April 30 gave a better result. The production of a comparatively large volume of dense smoke during one hour required only two kilograms. These experiments are being continued.

Problem of the Tramp.

Frost is a filler of the penitentiaries. Thousands of men who have been sauntering along the country roads, begging and stealing from the farmers, find the simple life aggravating after the middle of October and either seek the town to sell a vote or two or else get themselves arrested as vagrants and sent to a municipal hotel for three months, where no work is asked of them and where the meals, if not rich, are regular. Whence come these degenerates, whither are they going and what is to be their ultimate relation to the public? Are they the offspring of evil parents or have they sought their own ruin in drink and dissipation? Are they a symptom of social disintegration or the scum of social settlement? Are they doomed to the almhouse and potter's field, or are they reclaimable?—Brooklyn Eagle.

The increase in Canada's foreign trade for the four months ending October 31 is about $13,250,000.

CURRENT COMMENT

If people in heaven know what is going on among those left here, what will be Russell Sage's feelings when he thinks of his widow giving away all those millions!

The Reformed Spelling Board has internal "trubble," and there is danger of a "fite" among its members. Prof. David Starr Jordan says there is too much Brander Matthews in it!

It is now expected that there will be a balance to the good when the Ontario Bank's assets and liabilities are disposed of sufficient to pay about 50 cents on the dollar to the shareholders. The Bank of Montreal is acting without fees.

Shooting men "in mistake for deer" is a comparatively cheap amusement. Two Yankees hunting near Englehart shot a span of horses in mistake for moose recently, and it cost them $600. Before you draw trigger be sure it is not a horse.

Anna Gould has obtained a divorce from her precious Count, and the court declines to order her to pay $50,000 a year for his support. Anna paid pretty dearly for her title and her experience. Many a girl would rather have married a real man.

The Judge of a Missouri Court has ruled that conviction of membership in a criminal combine defined under the laws of Missouri as "a conspiracy," makes a St. Louis manufacturing company incapable of availing itself of the processes of the courts for suing its debtors.

A great deal of misconception is due to the application of the term "labor" as indicating a class apart from the masses of the people. This is a gross impropriety. Every man who contributes to production, whether by hand or brain—everybody who adds to the sum of human good by his efforts—"labors," as a "laborer" in the true sense of the word.

Cincinnati has organized for the purpose of fighting the bill-board nuisance. St. Paul, Minn., has also taken up the fight. There is a feeling aboard on the the other side that the newspapers are the proper mediums of publicity, and that the walls and houses of the cities should not be disfigured by printed paper. The street car advertisements also come in for condemnation.

Volivia, Dowie's successor, begins his Apostolic career with an attack on all the Christian churches, which the proposch to "smash." He is going to abolish debt in Zion, and make all of equal standing. Perhaps when he gets to work at that task he may become impressed with the wisdom of deferring his church-smashing campaign for a time. Either job is a big one for even a man of Olivia's estimate of himself.

Mr. Gompers does not seem to have made much out of his war on Congressmen whom he could not command. Litchfield was elected in spite of him, and Speaker Cannon also won in the face of his bitterest opposition. The Republicans lost 48 of their majority in Congress, but not one of the defeated was opposed by Gompers. Is it worth while for the labor organizations to support a leader in such wars of revenge?

The father of the late Gen. Trepoff was a foundling, and the name given him is a modification of "trepp-hoff," meaning doorstep. When he grew up he entered the Third Section of Police, and, under Alexander II. rapidly rose to be an officer entrusted with the disposal of plotters. He was despotic and cruel and his son inherited his disposition. He is said to have virtually ruled the Czar, and his death removed the most trustworthy of the props of the Imperial family.

Dr. Gee, addressing the Church Congress recently held in England, complained that the intellectual qualifications of candidates for holy orders were steadily declining. In 1896, 89 per cent. were university graduates. With the growth of theological colleges this percentage has fallen to 57. He contrasted this with the percentage of university graduates in the Scottish Presbyterian churches, which is 90. He blamed this state of affairs on the high cost of education at Oxford and Cambridge, as compared with the Scottish universities.

As far as the public knew at the time, he late Russell Sage died as he had lived. He left little or no money to philanthropic or charitable objects. His wealth went to his wife. But the recent statement made by her shows that he was desirous that his money, now that he was done with it, should be devoted to good purposes. Possibly he thought Mrs. Sage a better judge of the objects to which it might be given to than he was himself, and preferred to leave the matter in her hands. In doing this he appears to have made no mistake. The manner of its disposal, as outlined by her, is very sensible, we think. Neither he nor she has any hobby to serve. The money is to go to help needy, worthy persons whom they knew, to befriend people who befriended Mr. Sage and to help struggling churches and institutions devoted to the care of the sick and needy. Just such a disposition as many people, who have no riches, say they would make, if they were millionaires.

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