

## HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

### AN ENORMOUS WHEAT YIELD.

I secured, this season, the largest yield I ever had, writes W. W. Stevens. One field of twenty acres gave an average of forty-three bushels per acre, and ninety-five acres gave a total yield of 2,960 bushels. One fifteen-acre field on bottom land was overflowed and gave but sixteen bushels per acre. My plan of preparing wheat land is to plow just as early after harvest as possible. I prefer to have a clover sod to turn under. Where I secured my best yield this season I turned under a fine clover stubble. On a few acres the clover being turned under; but we could not see any difference in yield where the clover crop was removed for hay and where all had been turned down. When plowing the drag follows the plow each day, thus finishing and compacting the soil, and conserving moisture. When the plowing is done the roller and harrow are started and kept going much of the time until time for seeding. We have our seed bed as firm as possible, with sufficient mellow earth on top to drill nicely. We use 200 pounds of fertilizer to the acre, for without this our yield would not be more than half what it usually is. Our fertilizers are home-mixed. We use a complete fertilizer containing about 11 per cent of available phosphoric acid, 2 1/2 per cent of ammonia and 1 per cent of potash. We have not found that potash gives us very profitable returns on our limestone, red-clay soil. The phosphoric acid we get from acid phosphate, as it is the cheapest source. We get a phosphate that contains from 16 to 17 per cent of available phosphoric acid for about \$14 per ton. The ammonia we get from tankage or cottonseed meal. The cost of this ranges from \$14 to \$17 per ton. We use unleached wood ashes as a source of potash when we can get them, otherwise use muriate of potash. For a ton of fertilizer we put in about 1,200 pounds of acid phosphate, 700 pounds of tankage or cottonseed meal and 100 pounds of potash. This mixture costs us from \$14 to \$15 per ton, and if the same grade of fertilizer were purchased in the regular way from the local dealer, it would cost from \$24 to \$26 per ton. I thus save about a dollar per acre by using a home-mixed fertilizer. Then I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am getting and using just such elements of soil food as I desire, or that I think my soil and crop demands. By purchasing material in ear lots there is no trouble in getting same from first hands, at regular wholesale rates. Farmers might all avail themselves of this benefit, where only a ton or two of fertilizer is needed, by clubbing together in a neighborhood and making up a car load. The tax on farmers when fertilizers have to be used is considerable and it behooves them to reduce this tax as much as possible. If we would grow more clover than we do, or as much as we should do, the greater part of the money expended annually for fertilizers would be saved and our farms would be gradually increasing in fertility and productive capacity as the years go by.

### RASPBERRY CULTURE.

Within the past few years a notable change has been introduced in the general management of the raspberry, writes W. Saunders. The only pruning formerly given to this plant was confined to cutting out the old stems which had fruited, thinning out the young stems which were to produce the next crop, and shortening them by cutting off a portion of their tops. These would then be fastened to a stake or some similar support, and this completed the pruning for the season. But the more modern system obviates the necessity of any kind of support and the plants are managed so they are able to support themselves when full of fruit. This is accomplished by allowing the first year's growth of newly set out plants to grow undisturbed; the second year two or more shoots will be produced, and when these have reached a height of about two feet their tops are pinched off, so as to stop their further upright growth; they will then proceed to push out side shoots or laterals on all sides, balancing and supporting themselves very effectively and apparently like small even head-trees. When growth has been completed for the season and the leaves have fallen, these side shoots are pruned back so as to leave them from twelve to sixteen inches in length, according to their strength. This pruning can be done quite rapidly with pruning shears. At the same time, if not before, all the old stems are removed, but many cultivators prefer to remove these old stems immediately after the fruit has been gathered, claiming that by so doing the young canes have greater freedom of growth; also, that by promptly removing the old canes many kinds of insects which lodge in the old wood and have cocoons and nests upon it, are thus destroyed by burning all the prunings as they are collected. This system is continued annually; no greater number of young shoots than is required are allowed to grow, all others being destroyed as they reach a few inches in height. The summer topping is attended to as previously stated, and the result of this routine treatment is a self-supporting plant and improved fruit.

### ELEVEN DAIRY RULES.

1. Keep the cows clean and wash their udders before milking.
2. Keep the barn clean, with walls and ceilings whitewashed; have it well lighted, ventilated, and free from dust at milking time.

3. Always make a clean toilet before commencing to milk.
4. Keep utensils clean and bright.
5. Remove the milk from the stable as soon as drawn and strain and cool at once.
6. Never expose milk to bad odors.
7. Do not mix fresh milk with that which has been cooled.
8. Give the cows only good wholesome food and pure water.
9. Never add anything to milk to prevent its souring. Cleanliness and cold are the only preservatives needed.
10. Milk regularly, quickly, quietly and thoroughly.
11. Always treat the cows kindly and never excite them by loud talking, hard driving, or abuse of any kind.

### EXTERMINATE THE FARMER'S PESTS.

During much of each season the farmer's time is taken up with combating noxious weeds and insects. No matter how thorough the work of destruction may be one year, he must repeat the process the next season, and so on, for in every community are to be found careless people who will permit weeds to multiply and go to seed and harmful insects to breed and increase unchecked. Consequently the thrifty farmer has no permanent returns for his work and eternal vigilance is necessarily the price of his crop.

Right here is a crying need for judicious legislation. It is the proper function of the government to not only protect the life and property of the people, but stamp out everything that is inimical to the public welfare. A striking example is the progress made in sanitary regulations, which has practically stamped out diseases and epidemics, which at one time were thought to be in the natural order of things. The idea of an insect inspector, with arbitrary powers would excite derision, but probably not more so than a health officer in the middle centuries, when the black death was devastating the populous centres of Europe. The farmers might as well not have protection from noxious insects and weeds. A few years of systematic fighting ought to stamp out entirely many of the insects which are costing the farmer millions of dollars annually, the aggregate for even temporary relief, and it is a matter that ought to be given more than a mere passing consideration. The farmers could get necessary legislation if they went after it in the right way and with an earnestness that would permit of no turning down.

### SOME FASCINATING WOMEN.

#### The Most Bewitching Often Found Among Women of Thirty or More Years.

History is full of accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record, and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she could not have been very juvenile when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband. Strange as it may seem, the long-suffering spouse received the fair Helen, so says report, with unquestionable love and gratitude.

Pericles wedded the courtesan Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterwards for thirty years or more wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty.

The beautiful and fascinating serpent of old Nile, Cleopatra, in whose history every woman is interested, was over thirty when Antony fell under her spells, and which never lessened until her death, ten years afterwards. Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her charm until the end.

Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, there is the extraordinary De Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II, then Duke of Orleans—at that time just half her age—became attached to and fascinated by her. She was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court up to the period of the monarch's death and the accession of Catharine de Medicis.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers.

Ninon, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France; and, behold, old ladies take courage yet who still cling to youth and emulate its charms. Ninon was only seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. True, in the case of this lady a rare combination of culture, talents, and personal attractiveness endowed the possessor seemingly with the gift of eternal youth.

Blanca Capella was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francis of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior.

Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing Orloff. Up to the time of her death—sixty-seven—she seemed to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had known her personally.

Mlle. Mars, the French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially was celebrated throughout Europe.

American manufacturers of iron and steel, since 1880, have secured control of five-sixths of the foreign trade in America, and increased their exports 400 per cent.

## The Fair Philanthropist.

"Whom do you think I saw driving with Gerald Morton this morning?" asked Mrs. Morris of her great friend, the doctor's wife, as the two ladies were enjoying 5 o'clock tea and the general gossip of the parish together one afternoon.

"Beatrix Harcourt," Mrs. Maynard answered promptly.

"Ah, you saw her, too, then. I must say I was astonished. It is well known that young Morton bears the character of being the fastest man in the neighborhood."

"I have long ceased to be surprised at anything Beatrix Harcourt does," the other lady answered significantly. "If Mr. Kenrick does not mind, I do not see why anyone else should trouble their heads about her eccentricities."

"Certainly not," Mrs. Morris agreed. "But, really, Rose, she was laughing and talking in the most familiar manner, and Gerald was bending toward her until his face nearly touched hers."

"And that is our future vicar's wife! Well, I shall take care my daughters do not see much of her." And Mrs. Maynard drew herself up with a kind of lofty indignation, as some fresh visitors were shown into the room.

Poor Beatrix! Her numerous delinquencies were the subject of many afternoon tea gossips, and had been ever since she came to Hillchester, four years ago. She certainly was unlike other girls; for, in addition to being a "blue stocking," and having taken her degree at Oxford, she had a most unreasonable interest in the working classes—not a mere ladylike interest, which contented itself with calling at their cottages with a few words of advice, and a tract, Ah, no! she had always some plan or "craze," as the good people of Hillchester called it, for their benefit on hand—classes for the young girls, ambulance lectures, concerts, teas, what not?

For the conventionalities of society she cared not at all. She never attended the afternoon teas, therefore she heard no gossip. She was not even particular about being in the fashion; in fact, the black serge dress she usually wore looked, from constant exposure to the weather, as if it had never been washed.

She had been known even to take the broom off the lame old crossing-sweeper at the corner of the road and work away in earnest until there was a passage fit for a queen to walk over. Chester had asked Beatrix Harcourt to be his wife. Well, as the leaders of society in Hillchester remarked with ominous sighs, wonders never cease!

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the vicar's wife was in no very enviable frame of mind, as week after week he wended his way somewhat slowly toward his lady love's abode.

The gossip which had begun in Mrs. Maynard's drawing-room had spread all over the parish, and a version of it, highly exaggerated and colored, had reached even the vicar's ears.

Beatrix was leaning over the drive gate which led to her father's house, watching him as usual, and as he saw the glad look of welcome brighten and sweeten all her face as she approached, he said to himself that his darling was as pure and sweet as the wild roses she fastened in her belt.

But Beatrix soon discovered something was amiss, as his first greetings were over she asked, almost anxiously, "What is the matter, John? You do not look well."

For a full minute Mr. Kenrick did not answer. He looked down at her as she stood with one small hand resting upon his black coat sleeve; the sunlight falling with loving touch upon her hair, which was cut short and waved better for his eyes, and the favor of the Hillchester matron, and rural naturally all over her, like a child's. Her lover sometimes laughingly told her that she had a face still, and he was not far wrong for her expression was singularly untroubled and childlike, and yet there was a depth of feeling in the honest blue eyes which told both of strength of character and purpose.

"I am in a silly, perhaps, but something I have heard to-day has troubled me greatly."

"About me?" Trix asked gaily. "Of what fresh enormity am I accused?"

"I do not," the vicar answered quickly; "indeed," gently stroking the soft, yet strong-looking hand, "I love you yet all the better for them, but—it is better to speak out, Trix, have you been driving about with Gerald Morton lately?"

The next moment Mr. Kenrick would have given much never to have asked the question, for Trix turned to him quickly, a whole world of scorn shining in her blue eyes.

"And so, John, this means that you cannot trust me, and you choose rather to believe any idle story people may tell."

"Tell me there is no truth in it, Trix," Mr. Kenrick said quietly, though his eyes had clouded with a deep look of pain. "I promise you, I will believe it, and all the sunshine had died out of her bonny face as she said wearily; "Castlefields has driven me over to anything else you want to ask me."

No, there was nothing else Mr. Kenrick felt it almost sacrilege to breathe the doubts which now seemed to him so unworthy.

But, alas! for the little rift, "Beatrix tried to talk of other things, merrily and yet was conscious of an unwonted sense of absolute grief, when at last the vicar told her he was obliged to go."

It was a month later and Beatrix

Harcourt was walking swiftly along the dusty road leading to Castlefields, carrying a small basket containing some delicacies for the sick woman who was going to sea. The sound of wheels made her turn her head, the next moment a deep, musical voice said pleasantly: "Miss Harcourt, are you again bound on the same journey? Now do let me have the pleasure of giving you a lift."

Beatrix hesitated a moment, then she answered frankly, "Thank you so much. You know, Jennie, that poor crippled child I told you about? Well, I have had a note from her this morning to say her mother is very ill and there is no one to do anything for her."

Gerald Morton looked admiringly down at the fair face beside him. It was the young man of Hillchester who had given Beatrix Harcourt the name of "the fair philanthropist," and it spoke well for the girl that even in the fastest circle her name was never mentioned but with respect.

When Beatrix reached the little cottage, which lay close to a wood five miles from Hillchester, she found everything in a state of confusion. One glance at the poor woman showed her to be in a high state of fever and slightly delirious, while an ominous crimson rash was beginning to make its appearance on her face and neck.

"Why, Jennie, your mother has the fever," Beatrix exclaimed, rapidly. "Haven't you sent for a doctor, child, and there no neighbor who would come and nurse her?"

"I wrote to the doctor, miss, when I sent your note, but he has not been yet, and as to the neighbors, miss, there are none for a mile or more."

All the morning Beatrix waited, doing all she could for the poor sick woman, and the afternoon was well on its way when the welcome rap, which surely told of the doctor's appearance, sounded at the door.

Beatrix literally flew to open it, and found herself face to face not with the doctor, but with the vicar.

For the last month, ever since the gossip about Gerald Morton, in fact, matters had been rather strained between the vicar and his fiancée, but all was forgiven now, as the impulse of the moment, Beatrix exclaimed, "You must not come in here, John, or touch me either. Mrs. Carr has the fever."

For a moment a look of keen anxiety darkened his grave face, and the next Mr. Kenrick had folded the slight form close in his arms, as he murmured brokenly: "Trixie, my own brave darling, would you have me a greater comfort than to see you?"

With his arms still about her, she told him how Gerald Morton had driven her to the cottage in the morning, adding: "It was well he did, for I should have been an hour later, and John and her mother were quite alone."

"Trix, will you forgive me for letting that horrid scandal trouble me even for one moment? Dear heart, I feel I shall never forgive myself."

"I will forgive you," Trix answered gaily, the last words gone over her honest blue eyes. "Only you must never do it again, as the children say."

The vicar's long-breathed answer sounded like a blessing, and then Beatrix hurried him off to see what further means they could devise for the poor woman's comfort during the night.

Fortnight later all Hillchester was thrown into a state of consternation by the news that Beatrix Harcourt had scarlet fever, and was, moreover, so dangerously ill that the local doctor almost despaired of her life.

Trix, a universal calamity might have befallen the place, for Beatrix's illness and its cause formed the perpetual topic of conversation, both in the homes of the rich and poor.

It happened during one of the worst days of Beatrix's illness, that Mrs. Morris and her friend, Mrs. Maynard, were walking by the drive gate leading to Beatrix's home. To their astonishment they saw a large crowd of people waiting just outside the door—women with babies in their arms, girls who had stolen a few minutes out of their dinner hour, even mine or two tall youths and laboring men.

In a moment the door opened and a matronly woman spoke a few words to the anxious watchers. Evidently it was not good news, for with one accord they slowly and silently turned to go away, and as they passed the two ladies one of which exclaimed in a broken voice which showed tears were not far off: "Ah, well, if we lose her, our best friend is gone, and that is our loss."

There ain't many in this world like our Miss Beatrix. Bless her sweet face!"

Mrs. Maynard and Mrs. Morris walked on in silence. The scene had touched them deeply, and the eyes of the doctor's wife were full of tears, while her companion had an unwonted and unpleasant choking sensation in her throat.

"What was that?" Mrs. Maynard asked, though it was bitter. "I was learned, 'what would these good people care for had I been in Beatrix Harcourt's place?'"

But Beatrix, dangerous as her illness was, did not die, and six months later Hillchester was the scene of a greater rejoicing than had known for many a long year, while the wonders of the church bells ringing out their sweet messages far and wide, all combined to show the love and respect which their vicar and his bride had so deservedly gained in the hearts of their people.

SALT IN THE SEA.

Some curious statistics have been lately worked out by a well known scientific man as to the amount of salt held in solution by the oceans of the world. He reckons that 90,000,000,000,000 tons of salt exist in this water. These figures of course convey no impression, but it would be enough to cover all the land of the earth with a solid layer of salt, 1,000 feet high.

NOT A VERY GOOD BOY.

Gammie had just returned from Sunday-school, and his mother asked him if he had been a good boy.

No; not very, was the truthful reply.

Then you did not get a good behavior card? Inquired his mother.

Oh, yes, I did, replied the precocious youngster; I saved the money you gave me for the heathen and bought two for the other boys.

## KING OF THE KLONDIKE.

### HOW BIG ALEX. MACDONALD MADE HIS MILLIONS.

Put up the Money to Buy and His Partner Works the Claim—Carries His Accounts in His Head and His Word is Good For Any Amount.

Bill Condors, who had been in Alaska for eight years, had \$3,000 in gold dust in the spring of '96. "Never had so much before," he reasoned, "an' aint likely to have so much again unless I go out an' blow it." Bill knew everybody in Circle City, and everybody—much includes the Indians and the Malamute dogs—came down to the steamer to see him off. Before Bill reached Seattle the rich diggings of the Klondike were discovered, and Bill's old friends who had staked claims in the first rush were worth fortunes. A year later, when Bill returned, he sat down on a log in front of Dawson with his friends, and each one bit off a big chew from Bill's plug.

"Well, Bill," said one of them, "Alec MacDonald has got pretty near the whole shooting match. He's king of the Klondike now."

"What! Big Alec that was down in Circle?"

"Yep. He was workin' a windlass for Frank Conrad. You remember him? So tall that he had to go down on his knees to get in a cabin door? Made him tired to lift up his arms, and his legs used to get tied in a knot? Didn't drink and didn't seem to care, anyway? Well, that lucky cuss is—"

WORTH THREE MILLIONS.

if he is worth a cent. Feellers that come down the creek with white collars and on Jap cooks they call him Mister MacDonald.

"Staked it, I suppose? Fell into it and couldn't get out of it?"

"Nop. Never staked nothin'!"

"Well, how did he get it, then?"

"Humph! Thought there was somethin' unnatural about it," put in Bill. "That explains it all. We never knew he had 'em till one day he threw up his job and said: 'I aint going to work any more. I'm going to get rich.' That was just after the Bonanza strike, when we didn't know what was in Eldorado. Most of us thought there wasn't a color in it. Alec scraped three or four hundred dollars together, and he bought No. 30 Eldorado, and everybody thought that he had only clinched another nail in his reputation for being a light-weight. But he took \$250,000 out of No. 30 the first season. She's good for a million if she's worth a cent. Besides that, you'll find that wherever there's a good claim in the country Alec's either got his hand on it or is next door to it. Plunge! Why, that long, lanky Scot that was turning a windlass for \$3 a day two years ago plunges in a way that'd turn you gray-headed in a night."

Indubitably, "Big Alec" is the leading man of the Klondike. It is a community of claim owners and of them all he is the king. In wealth nor in power no one there approaches him. After him there are a score of men, one of whom is as rich as another. He is 6 FEET 2 INCHES IN HEIGHT, and not particular as to the clothes he wears. In the front room of his blanket cabin, where he rolls up in a quilt at night when he stops at a Dawson, are two boards propped against the wall.

Only of late have the two boards risen to the dignity of three unassuming account books, in charge of a savvy these luxuries, the king continues to carry his accounts in his head. How would he know that the account books were right if he didn't? As a boy he learned to read and write, which was considered enough for any boy in a part of Nova Scotia to know. If he had received an education, perhaps he would have more respect for written language. When a man goes to him with a long written contract the king says:

"Now, I tell you what I'm going to do. I'll remember just what I told you and I'll do it. If you don't like that I'll do business with somebody else."

If he goes to any man, in the Klondike and says: "I'll give you \$20,000 for your claim a month from to-day," the man knows that he will see the \$20,000 on that day. He will see the first to have confidence in the country. (When his confidence was proved wise the miner of the Klondike, in turn, had confidence in him.)

The king drifted westward from Nova Scotia long before he was of age. In the 80's he accumulated as much as \$15,000 in mining operations in Colorado. Then he lost and then started for Alaska.

Every cent that he got out of No. 30 Eldorado the first winter he INVESTED IN OTHER CLAIMS, and with it all the other capital that he could get on the strength of the gold still in the ground at No. 30, and of the gold supposed to be under a untouched sod of his new purchases, paying as high, in some instances, as 10 per cent, a month interest. For capital was scarce and knew its value.

The first time that I ever saw the King he was in the cashier's office of the Alaska Commercial Company, and men who were crowding around him claim \$200,000 in dust, which was piled on the counter in leather bags. This amount was all going for the grocery bills of his employes and the payment of the winter. "I'll pay when clean-up comes," was the promise that he invariably made; and he kept the promise, waiting for their wages until clean-up time. When he had bought a claim on his word he had bought a claim on his word. He bought lumber for his sluice boxes on his word.

It was a case of make or break, and

the Alec MacDonald who was a poor man in the summer of '97 in the summer of '98 was worth \$3,000,000. His claims seem to have been selected in the right places. He had no interest on Lower Bonanza, which was the disappointment of the season. The claims he owned on Upper Bonanza and Eldorado happened to be the best there. Whereas his confidence in the new creeks, Sulphur and Dominion, seems to have been perfectly well founded. For his claims on Dominion and Sulphur he could have received three times their cost last June, but—

HE WOULDN'T SELL.

"I am no speculator," he said. "When I buy a claim I work it, and when I go broke it will be because I've made mistakes in buying." Big Alec talks this way to his intimate friends, but not to a stranger. The giant seems as awkward to the stranger as a country boy in town.

The success of his clean-up this year has made him literally a fetish. The first recommendation of a claim put forward by its owner is that the King has looked it over with a view to buying it. Probably the King will never buy a claim. The King does not drink or smoke. He never plays faro or hangs about the saloons and his legs are long. A part of his superiority is his physical fitness, for no man in the Klondike can travel so many miles between the different creeks and between the creeks and Dawson in a day as Alec MacDonald. That he has looked at a claim is nothing in its favor, but the owner of the claim uses it as an argument to show that MacDonald wants to buy it.

Wherever a discovery is made the King's long legs make footsteps toward that spot, and he examines it in his own way. He has long since ceased to buy claims in his own name. If he speaks of buying a certain claim the owner of it will at once come to think that he has underestimated the value of his property—else why should the King want it?—and proceed to increase the price.

THE KING'S PUPPETS.

varying from rough miners to the amusing Yukon dandies, who loiter in the saloons, do his buying. As he has examined all claims, it is never known which are his favors, until he has consummated a purchase, and he rarely employs the same puppet twice. The puppet is well paid for his work, and if he is clever he may make a fortune. For the King owns few claims outright, and, indeed, this seems against his policy. The King has an army of partners. A partner who will always be on the claim in serving his own interest by getting the most gold possible at the least expense out of the ground must also serve the King; and the King's long legs carry him about from property to property, though and at such times as to protect the interest of partner against partner.

"I've been working a lay up on No. 21," said a young man, who had waited his turn as the King's cabin door, and I know pretty well what it is. The owner doesn't. He's no miner and he wants to get out of the country. I could get the claim myself, for \$50,000, this year's dump included, and there \$300,000 in it if there's a cent, and I thought I'd put you on it, and maybe if you bought it, you'd give me something for the information."

"I've had my eye on No. 21 all along," said the King, "but I've been looking for the proper man to work it. You've handled your lay better than any one else on the hill."

"Didn't know you had ever seen it?"

"Oh, I've noticed it when I passed by," said the King, "and I took a little closer look one day when you were up on the hill, rustling firewood."

I'LL PUT UP THE MONEY.

you work the claim, and your share of the cost will come out of the first clean-up next spring."

This was a great thing for the young man, and also a great thing for the King, for good placer miners and capitalists are still pretty rare in Dawson—and this is the combination and the only combination that can make money in the Klondike at the present moment.

The King is not fond of books or magazines or of the theater—not yet. He says he has never thought about getting married. He is as busy as a quartermaster in the army. Wherever he goes there are always men waiting to see him. He is prone to think that he is a natural plunger; that he enjoys it; that he would rather tackle a big thing than a little thing any day. "So long as I stick to what I am doing right; but if I get to feeling queer or things I may lose all I've got, and I'm likely to get into other things, I like to be doing something."

The King has not been out of the country in five years—since his arrival in fact. As he is only a year old, he has time enough yet in which to cultivate civilization after the manner of John Mackay, if he becomes as rich as Mackay—and his friends say that he will.

FAMOUS ENGLISH NURSE.

Mrs. Florence Craven, an honorary associate of the Order of St. John is, with the exception of Miss Nightingale, the oldest trained nurse in England. Outside of royalties, she has probably more decorations than any other woman in the empire. She spent many years in the hospitals of Holland, Denmark, Germany and France. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, she volunteered for ambulance work, and was placed in charge of a fever-station of the Tenth Army Corps before Metz. She had charge also of the Empress Frederick's lazaretto for wounded soldiers at Homburg. Mrs. Craven possesses a cross surmounted by the royal crown of Prussia, the decoration being specially designed for her by the Empress Frederick, then Crown Princess. The Grand Duchess of Baden conferred another decoration—a red cross on a white background, surmounted by the imperial eagle. Perhaps the most remarkable of the distinctions she has received is the Iron Cross, the order of merit presented by William I. of Germany for distinguished services in time of war. She further received the war medal presented by the first German Emperor, for services in the war of 1870.