

# The Cathedral at Burgos

When answered were the martyr's prayers  
And sighs—  
When the rude Goth was touched by  
three divine  
And moved by Christian grace to build  
a shrine.  
Toward the bending heaven he raised  
his eyes,  
Hoping to see some temple in the skies.  
Lo, there a shadowy North inspires de-  
sign:  
The granite bowlder, and the broken line  
Of gorge and cliff and arrow pine arise!  
So built the Goth, a distant sire of mine;  
And yesterday, within this temple fair,  
The strong, sweet savor of the mountain  
pine,  
Descend upon me, as before the shrine  
I knelt—and knew my Lipp and Odia  
there!  
—S. R. Elliott in Throckmorton's.



# Chloe AND THE STILE

As we came down the field of waving  
oats on Lavender hill, Chloe was  
talking quite heroically of life.

Her hair had been blown a little in-  
to admired disorder by the bluff wind  
on the health, her cheeks were flushed  
with health and beauty, and she was  
mistress and queen of herself and  
her domain.

For me, my eyes were from her  
bright and significant face across the  
gray-green oats in which we walked  
breast-high, and back again in serene  
contentment. What did it matter that  
she was prepared to give battle to the  
monster—Man? Let him perish.

"I can't really understand a sensible  
man like you taking up a position  
like that," said she.  
I had taken no position, except the  
one by her side, but I defended my-  
self weakly.

"Well, you see, we inherit these pre-  
possessions and prejudices from our  
savage ancestors, I suppose."

"That's just it," said Chloe, eagerly.  
"You admit it, then? Savage! Of  
course, they were savages. You've  
given away your case."

I never really had any case; but I  
didn't say so. "I suppose I have," I  
said, ruefully.  
"You know it," said Miss Bohun,  
firmly. "It is quite absurd to pretend  
that women are one whit inferior to  
men, except, of course," she added  
quickly, "in regard to physical  
strength."

"And even then there were the Am-  
azons," I suggested.

She cast a glance at me. "Yes, there  
were the Amazons," she said, "which  
shows—"

"And the women do all the hard  
work among the aboriginals," I went  
on.

She gave me another glance. "And  
that again shows—" she began with  
less confidence.

"Do you know," I said, stopping in  
midfield to observe her critically, "I  
believe that if you only practiced a lit-  
tle you would be more than a match  
for a man."

She looked away across the corn.  
"Do—do you think so?" she said, hesi-  
tatingly; and added, after a pause, "I  
—I don't think I'm so—I'm not what  
you'd call muscular."

"Well, perhaps not," I assented, ex-  
amining her appraisingly; "but sinewy,  
say."

"How absurd!" said Chloe, quite  
smashingly, as she walked on. I fol-  
lowed. The deep, spreading shadows  
of the bushes at the end of the field  
enveloped us.

"Another stile," said I, cheerfully.  
"Dear me, that's the fourth!" said  
Chloe, resignedly. "I do wish they'd  
makes gates between the fields."

"A stile's more picturesque," said I.  
"Very possibly," said Miss Bohun,  
indifferently. "It's certainly not as  
convenient."

"Ah," said I, smiling, "there's one  
thing, at any rate, in which men are  
superior. They can negotiate a stile."

"Indeed!" said Chloe, loftily. "I  
should have thought the feat was not  
impossible for a woman." I pursed up  
my lips. "Any woman can get over  
stiles," she said, warmly, seeing my  
skepticism.

"O, I've no doubt," I said, politely.  
"It's nonsense your saying that  
then I can see you don't believe it."



Queen of herself and her domain,  
said Miss Bohun. "You're simply  
pleased to be sarcastic all along."

I shrugged my shoulders. She  
marched coldly and confidently toward  
the stile.

It took off a high ground, which, I  
suppose, accounted for the absence of a  
step. But there were two crossbars  
to assist the climber. I thought  
Chloe's face fell as she noted it.

"Let me give you a hand," I said.  
"Nonsense!" she replied. "I don't  
want any assistance. It's quite easy."

She put the hand which was not en-  
compassed by the sunshade on the top  
bar and placed one foot on the top  
bar and placed one foot on the top  
bar. Then she hesitated.

"Perhaps I'd better take the sun-  
shade," I suggested.

She did not answer at once; then,  
"If you wish it," she replied nonchal-  
antly, "though it's of no consequence."  
I took the sunshade and waited.

# CAUGHT BY A CARICATURE.

Tweed Arrested in Spain Through  
One of Nast's Caricatures.  
No very strenuous effort had been  
made to find Tweed, but it became  
known at last that he was somewhere  
in Spanish territory.

As early as Sept. 30, Nast cartooned  
the "Boss" as a tiger, appearing from  
a cave marked "Spain." Now, sudden-  
ly, came another report—a cable—  
that one "Tweed" (Tweed) had been  
identified and captured at Vigo,  
Spain, on the charge of "kidnaping  
two American children."

This seemed a curious statement,  
for whatever may have been the boss'  
sins, he had not been given to child  
stealing. Then came further news,  
and the mystery was explained.

Tweed had been identified and ar-  
rested at Vigo through the cartoon  
"Tweed-die-dee and Tilden-dum," drawn  
by Thomas Nast. The "street gam-  
ins"—to the Spanish office, who did  
not read English—were two children  
being forcibly abducted by the big  
man of the stripes and club.

The printing on the dead wall they  
judged to be the story of his crime.  
Perhaps they could even spell out the  
word "reward" in an upper corner.

Absurd as it all was, the identifica-  
tion was flawless. Tweed, on board  
the steamer Franklin, came back to  
America to die.

When his baggage was examined  
it was found that he had preserved  
every cartoon Nast had drawn of him,  
save the few final ones published after  
his escape, one of which had placed  
him again behind prison bars.—Pear-  
son's.

# CURED OF BAD HABIT.

Professor No Longer Expounds While  
in Rocking Chair.

Dr. Abbott, of the English depart-  
ment at Columbia university used to  
rock back and forth in his swing-  
ing desk chair as he talked to his au-  
ditors, but he has been cured of the  
habit, said one who attended his  
classes last year. "It was this way,"  
said he:

"One member of his class on com-  
position handed in, as his weekly  
theme, an exposition on 'disagreeable  
sounds.' In its application his was a  
vivid description of a man addicted to  
a chair that squeaked. The distress  
of the audience was so cleverly pic-  
tured in the theme that the doctor  
singled it out to read to the class.

"Singularly enough the doctor was,  
while reading, rocking back and forth  
in a chair the metal parts of which  
badly needed oil. He had not proceed-  
ed far in the reading, however, when  
it dawned upon him that he himself  
was the subject of the writer and that  
he was at that moment very aptly  
guilty of causing the kind of distress  
complained of in the writing.

"His comments on the theme were  
delivered while standing, and now he  
never rocks while speaking to a  
class."—New York Times.

# Long Names of Persons and Places.

"In my travels," said the sailor, "I  
have come across some mighty long  
names—in fact, regular jawbreakers."  
"A friend of mine worked on an es-  
tate in Madras that was named Arade-  
maravadasdeovaradooyon. That word  
has thirteen syllables. The estate next  
to Arademara (as they used to call  
the place for short) was named Kani  
nagadeyathoorosomokanogogonaria  
Kaminayha has sixteen syllables.

"A lady friend of mine was once an  
assistant cook for a family whose house  
on the Isle of Mull was called Drim-  
taldhorickhillechattan. Another lady  
friend that I met in London was born  
in the Welsh village of Lanvaipwyl-  
gyngyll.

"There is all names of places. Ain't  
they jawbreakers? I know some peo-  
ple's names that are jawbreakers, too.  
As fine a Spaniard as I ever drank  
with was old Don Nepomuceno de  
Burionagonatocoregacochocha of Me-  
drid—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# Take Your Pillow Along.

Many people when away from home  
find it difficult to sleep well in a  
strange bed, and arise in the morning  
with a sense of having passed a de-  
cidedly unsatisfactory night. Vice-  
President Knowlton of the Raymond &  
Whitcomb company, who ought to  
know, says the trouble is all in the  
pillow. It's the pillow first, last and  
always. He has slept in many lands  
and under all imaginable conditions,  
and years ago came to the conclusion  
that with one's own pillow at hand it  
mattered little about the bed. On an  
extended tour he always takes his pil-  
low with him, storing it carefully at  
the bottom of the trunk for future  
reference. "If I could start life over  
again," he says, "I would learn to  
sleep without a pillow (the only proper  
way), but the art must be acquired  
during childhood. The next best thing  
is your own pillow wherever possible.  
Try it and be convinced."

# Policeman's Laugh Shows How.

One Kansas City policeman cannot  
go to the theaters because he laughs  
so long and loud at every joke that  
he stops the performance. He was put  
on a beat where his duty took him in-  
side a theater for a few minutes ev-  
ery evening, and he asked to be  
changed, because he said the theater  
people wouldn't let him stay inside,  
even when he bought a ticket.

Before he was married he took his  
sweetheart to a show once, but at the  
end of the second act the manager  
touched him on the back and said he  
would have to get out. He had all the  
actors laughing.

"But I paid to see this show," pro-  
tested the policeman. "If you put me  
out I shall insist on your giving my  
money back."

"We'll be glad to do that, all right,"  
said the manager.  
And they did.—Kansas City Journal.

# Self-Sacrifice.

My Uncle Jim he's just about  
The smartest man on earth,  
He knows jes' when the muskrats live  
An' what their skins he worth;  
He knows jes' when to plant yer oats  
An' what to cut yer hay;  
An' what the Russians ought to do  
To hold the Japs at bay.  
He's allus goin' round about  
As busy as kin be,  
A-givin' all the folks he knows  
This information free,  
An' people kind o' laugh to see  
His head grow wuss an' wuss.  
You see that's what a feller gets  
For bein' generous.—Washington Star.

# FARM ORCHARD AND GARDEN



CONDUCTED BY  
M. J. WRAGG

[Mr. Wragg invites contributions of  
any new ideas that readers of this de-  
partment may wish to present, and  
would be pleased to answer correspond-  
ents desiring information on subjects  
discussed. Address M. J. Wragg, Was-  
hington, Iowa.]

# DAIRY POINTERS.

About the poorest way to make the  
butter come that I know of is to pour  
hot water into the cream or set the  
churn by the stove for an hour or so.  
Cream that has been properly ripened  
will come all right without any such  
doctoring, and doctored cream makes  
poor butter every time.

Nobody ever has exactly figured out  
just what is the relation between get-  
ting the cow all "rolled up" at milking  
time and a decided falling off in the  
quality of her milk, but it is a fixed  
fact that the man who allows his cows  
to be excited and wrought up at that  
time gets poorer butter by several  
points than he would if he treated his  
cows kindly.

One of the surest ways in the world  
to make butter smooth and greasy is  
to overhear the cream while ripening  
it. And that is the kind of butter that  
will not keep very long.

The man who says dirt will strain  
out does not know what he is talking  
about. The strainer that will take  
filth out of milk has never been in-  
vented. It cannot be invented.

No man ever learned how to scrimp  
a cow and not have the cow catch  
him at it. She may be a fool, but she  
is too smart for any man who thinks  
he can cheat her that way.

The cow's bag is not made of India  
rubber. Some of us act as if we  
thought it was, and that the cow has  
no feeling in it. But she has. She is  
the most sensitive creature and, no  
doubt, suffers much at the hands of her  
milkers.

The cow which is a famous milker  
for one man may be nothing but an  
old scrub for another. It depends on  
the feed and the treatment from start  
to finish. Of course, the cow that is  
well bred will always show her bring-  
ing up, but the man has more to do  
with her success than most of us ad-  
mit.

It is the man who understands each  
one of his cows that gets most out  
of them. That calls for patient study,  
not for a day, but for years. But it is  
study that pays in dairying, after all.

# HORSE NOTES.

By One of Our Thorough Farmers.

One good way to avoid runaways  
is to keep the harness strong.

The colt crop is very short. First  
thing we know young horses will be  
scarce. A likely colt at present way-  
down prices might prove to be a  
mighty profitable investment.

The need of "condition powders" or  
other medicines argues the need of  
wiser feeding and better stabling.

When the horse's shoes are loose  
they would better be removed if they  
cannot be tightened or set. To allow  
them to be pulled off sometimes  
breaks the hoof, renders proper shoe-  
ing difficult, and originates a bad  
condition of the feet, if not contraction  
of disease.

The cruel, brutal man is out of place  
on a stock farm. He should deal with  
inanimate objects.

If your horse is lame from large wind  
galls on his ankles have him shod  
with long heel calks and no toe calks,  
or very short ones, and then blister  
with some good absorbing blister.

If you clip your horse clip him early  
so that by the time very cold weather  
comes he will have a reasonable coat  
of hair to protect him.

Clip the manes of the work horses.  
The necks can be kept clean more  
easily, and as the long hair often  
works under the collar and makes a  
sore it can readily be dispensed with.

If you are going to use the breed-  
ing mare I would not wean the colts,  
but let them run in a roomy box-stall.  
Give them both grain and you will  
find that it will pay in the growth of  
the colt, and will do the mare no in-  
jury, if she be well fed.

Don't act with your horse so folks  
will say, "His horse knows more than  
he does."

Don't make the check straps of the  
bridle too tight. The bit should never  
gape nor even wrinkle the corners of  
a horse's mouth. Look after every  
buckle when a careless man has put  
the harness together.

Any one who has had experience  
with horses knows that while there  
are many places about a harness  
where snaps may be used with advan-  
tage and safety, yet if one depends  
very much on them they will, sooner  
or later, play him a trick.

It is not worth while for any man  
to go into dairying unless he has made  
up his mind that he can and will give  
his cows good care, feed them well,  
milk them regularly and keep them  
warm when the weather is cold. For  
the man who will not do this, dairying  
will prove disastrous and it would be  
better for him not to undertake it.

# POULTRY NOTES.

Bury a big lot of caggage for winter  
and spring feeding.

Did you save the lawn clippings for the  
fowls? Splendid egg food for win-  
ter.

Collect barn sweepings, clover  
heads, etc., in old sacks for use later  
on when the poultry is shut in by  
storms.  
If the chickens and turkeys are fat  
and the price is good, one, two or  
three weeks before Thanksgiving, why  
not sell?  
The very best "wallow" for fowls is  
made from dried turf. Pile up sods  
this month in one corner of the poul-  
try house and the birds will do the  
rest. Store enough of them to last the  
entire winter.

# PROTEIN IN CORN.

"Corn has always been regarded as  
a poorly balanced ration, except for  
fattening purposes. The relative pro-  
portion of protein to the carbonaceous  
substances is too small. Only a few  
years ago it was asserted on apparent-  
ly good authority that the relative pro-  
portion of protein to the carbonaceous  
substances found in corn was very un-  
iform and that the average per cent of  
protein found in the grain was but a  
little over 10.5 per cent. In 1897 the  
Kansas Experiment Station took up  
the matter of corn investigation and  
they found that the per cent of pro-  
tein found in several varieties of corn  
analyzed to vary from 9.75 to 17.12 per  
cent, a variation of 7.35 per cent. They  
found the amount of protein to vary  
in grains from the same ear from 10.75  
to 13.50, a variation of 2.75 per cent.  
Different ears of the same variety  
were found to vary as much as 6.44  
per cent. These findings are quite  
different from the common accepted  
belief about corn. They show that  
simply so much corn per day is no  
safe standard for the feeder to go by,  
as one day the animal may get a very  
much larger amount of protein than is  
given in the same amount of corn of  
some other variety. They also suggest  
lines of improvement by careful selec-  
tion of seed. But one difficulty comes  
up, and that is that we are not all  
chemists and cannot select from analy-  
sis of samples, but analysis of differ-  
ent parts of the grain as reported from  
the same station shows that the rich-  
ness of the grain in protein depends  
upon the size of the germ."

# THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS.

Farming as grandfathers farmed no  
longer brings a comfortable living,  
much less a competence for old age.  
Conditions are different now, and  
methods must also change. With a  
virgin soil and a primitive civilization,  
it was easy to grow enough to supply  
the limited wants of men and women.  
The growth of the country made a  
ready market for the surplus and in-  
creased the price of land, thus putting  
many indifferent farmers on their feet  
financially. But these times have  
passed.

Agitation for a higher industrial  
training began about fifty years ago,  
and culminated in an act of congress,  
called the Morrill bill, signed by Pres-  
ident Lincoln, July 2, 1862, which  
granted certain public lands for pro-  
viding colleges for the benefit of  
agriculture and the mechanic arts. The  
schools are now established in nearly  
every state, and are doing a good  
work.

The competition in farming becomes  
more strenuous year by year, and bet-  
ter farmers are required. It is now be-  
ing generally acknowledged that spe-  
cial training in agriculture is re-  
quired for successful farming, just as  
special training is needed for the law-  
yer or the physician. The industrial  
schools are endeavoring to meet this  
need, and we believe are doing it suc-  
cessfully.

There is a large demand for broad-  
ly educated agriculturists to fill the  
positions of teachers and investigators  
in schools and experiment stations,  
and for managers of farms and cream-  
eries and other work of the kind.

# LET THE GIRLS STICK TO THE FARM.

Farmers' daughters who leave com-  
fortable homes to seek uncertain em-  
ployment in town often make a mis-  
take. There are few cases where the  
same amount of energy and industry  
expended at home would bring equal  
returns, besides the comforts and safe-  
guards that are contained.

Most girls could obtain the use of  
an acre or two of land, and on this  
they might produce something profit-  
able. Eggs, guaranteed strictly fresh,  
pure honey, fat squabs, plums and  
tender chickens—all these good  
things are desired by city people and  
many of them are willing to pay a  
good price for articles that are always  
kept up to the mark in quality. The  
raising of these may mean some hard  
work, but not so hard or confining as  
standing all day behind a counter or  
sitting at a sewing machine or type-  
writer.

A New Jersey woman some years  
ago planted a fourth of an acre of Tom  
Thumb cucumbers, tended them with  
care, and pickled them according to  
an old family recipe. She sold them  
first by a retail grocer, but when they  
became known she was able to sell  
them to the best wholesale trade and  
makes a tidy sum.

# MISTAKES ARE VALUABLE.

Dead men never made mistakes.  
He who never makes a mistake  
never makes anything.

Wise men make mistakes; fools  
continue to make mistakes.  
A thought of one's own mistakes  
will soften criticism of other's mis-  
takes.

The man who learns life's lessons  
without making mistakes is getting  
his tuition at reduced rates.

Get wise when you make a mistake;  
the only crime in making a mistake  
is making the same one twice.

The trouble with the man who never  
makes a mistake is that he does  
not know a mistake when he makes  
one.

Why should farmers wade through  
the mud twenty times a day in going  
from the house to the barn when cin-  
ders and sand may be had for the  
hauling?

The very best of the flock is none  
too good for the farmer's own family  
on Thanksgiving Day. It comes but  
once a year.

# KAISER'S DAILY LIFE

SECRET OF FRANCIS JOSEPH'S  
HEALTH AND VIGOR.

Moderate and Regular Course of Liv-  
ing Has Kept Him Active and in  
Full Possession of His Mental Vigor  
at the Advanced Age of 75.

A member of the Polish aristocracy,  
occupying a prominent position at the  
Vienna court, recently published some  
interesting details concerning the  
daily life of the Emperor Francis Jo-  
seph. On Aug. 18, says this well-in-  
formed writer, the emperor entered  
upon his 75th year, in full possession  
of mental and bodily health. His  
great-grandfather, Leopold II, died  
comparatively young, at 40; his grand-  
father, Francis I, at 58, and his father,  
the Archduke Franz Karl, reached, in-  
deed, his 76th year, but for several  
years before his death the mental and  
bodily energy which distinguished his  
son was absent. That Francis Joseph  
enjoys such excellent health is easily  
explained; it is the result of his mod-  
erate and regular course of life. His  
majesty in this respect may be re-  
garded as a hygienic model for his  
subjects.

He rises in winter at 5, in summer  
half an hour earlier, when he takes a  
cup of coffee and a piece of bread. At  
8 he takes a cup of pure tea and a  
roll. At 12 he lunches, the meal being  
of the simplest kind, consisting of  
soup and boiled and roast meat, with  
which he drinks a glass of Bavarian  
beer. For dessert he smokes a Regalia  
cigar; he has gradually disasso-  
ciated himself from the use of Vir-  
ginia tobacco, as the doctors consider  
it injurious to the nerves. The Reg-  
alias intended for his majesty's use  
are prepared with special care at the  
Vienna tobacco factory, and are made  
of selected Havanna leaves by the  
most skillful workmen. Every month  
a box containing 600 cigars is sent to  
the Hofburg and paid at the usual  
rate. His majesty frequently sends a  
case of these choice cigars as a pleas-  
ant surprise to civil, military and  
ecclesiastical dignitaries who are  
known to be especially fond of this  
brand.

At 7 o'clock follows the dinner, but  
however elaborate the menu the em-  
peror only partakes of soup, roast  
meat with vegetables, cheese, and a  
glass of beer. This, followed by one  
of his favorite cigars, is all that the  
monarch allows himself daily. He  
does not care for wine, but when the  
etiquette of a toast requires it he sips  
a little champagne. At 9:30 the lights  
in the imperial apartments are extin-  
guished and his majesty retires to  
rest. The same order is strictly ob-  
served when he travels or attends the  
maneuvers. Doctors with nervous pa-  
tients would do well to recommend  
this strict observance of his majes-  
ty's regime, which has proved so ad-  
vantageous in his case.

# The One Woman.

Her early education was attended to with  
care.  
When she was grown she didn't have a  
rival anywhere.  
She'd learned to hark with deference to  
men when they spoke.  
And early they'd accustomed her to every  
brand of smoke.

They'd taught her not to ask a man  
where he has been at night.  
They'd also told her not to try to put his  
desk to rights;  
They'd given her to understand that she  
must never care  
if, on his manly shoulder, she espied an  
alien hair.

They'd tried to teach her not to fuss,  
and not to talk so much.  
And that the sleeper's wallet she must  
never dare to touch;  
And, too, they made her see that it was  
safer, yes, by far,  
to face the front when she gets off the  
moving trolley car.

She learned these things and many more,  
and that she has been a man,  
And they together went through life as  
happy people can;  
No misery could enter where a woman is  
like this,  
And so they spent a care free life in  
glad, delightful bliss.  
—Cleveland Leader.

# Worried by "Popular Music."

Theodore Hansen, first secretary of  
the Russian embassy in Washington,  
is an accomplished musician, being  
devoted especially to the piano. Most  
of his spare time is passed fingering  
the keys of a concert grand which he  
has in his apartments. But he is  
haunted by street pianos, which seem  
to have a satanic propensity for cut-  
ting loose just in front of wherever  
he happens to live. Three times he  
has changed his quarters on this ac-  
count and he solemnly declares that  
unless he can effect permanent escape  
from the torment of "popular music"  
he may be driven to resigning his  
position.

# Hispanic Society of America.

Archer M. Huntington has had the  
Hispanic Society of America incorpo-  
rated, and has made to the trustees a  
gift of \$1,000,000. The gift consists  
of a building to be erected in Audubon  
park, New York, which will cover  
about eight city lots; a suitable en-  
dowment and an extremely valuable  
collection of Spanish books, paintings,  
manuscripts and objects of archaeo-  
logical interest now in the Hunting-  
ton library at The Pleasant, Bay  
Chester.

# Refuses to Be Slave Driver.

William Evans, formerly protector  
of Chinese in the Straits Settlements,  
who was induced by the British gov-  
ernment to go to South Africa to  
superintend the arrangements connect-  
ed with the importation and the hous-  
ing of the Chinese in South Africa,  
has refused to remain there. He said  
he would never consent to be a slave  
driver, and that the conditions under  
which the Chinese worked in South  
Africa were indescribable.

# Honors Kouropatkin.

The Military-Medical academy at St.  
Petersburg has recently hung a por-  
trait of its honorary member, Gen.  
Kouropatkin, in the main hall as a  
token of gratitude for his gifts. The  
academy owes to him the remodeling  
and enlargement of several of its sci-  
entific departments.

# Seven His Lucky Number.

T. C. Lond, an aged Foxcroft, Me.,  
gentleman, was born in the year 1827.  
In the seventh month of the year, on  
the seventh day of the month and is  
77 years old.