KEYS.

Long ago in the old Granada, when the Moors were forced to fice,
-Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his flight the key. Hopefully they watched and time to come when they Should return from their long

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly long to be, And through all life's changing phases ever fast we held the key.

stry lies behind us; we are exiles Our fair com too, in truth.

For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now and then, one old heartstring stirs within us, and feel our youth again.

## IN THE WRONG NICHE.

How a Devoted Wife Passed from Darkness to Light.

Halstead Swinger, having tried almost

everything else, and finding nothing to his taste, took unto himself a wife. He did not exactly love Rose, but he was confident that she loyed him, and on the whole, he reasoned, the next best thing to marrying one whom you love is marrying one who loves you. Rose was a village girl, fair of face, devoid of experience, but with a great capacity for loving. She was the daughter of mobody in particular, as her husband averred; that is, of course, he made haste to add, nobody that anybody would care to know or descend from. who presently took it into his head to her husband alone in the office. She to make one effort more, to persevere a as to be dependent upon changes in sharp-witted wife of one of Pinto's porthat was no less a person than Halstead Swinger's son. It was a great pity that he arrived at that inopportune moment, for his father had just come to the conclusion that he was in the wrong niche as a newspaper reporter, and that his real vocation was the law.

"The law," he said to the admiring Rose, 'is in this Republic of ours the only sure way to distinction. Look at the cabinet ministers, -the President and the foreign ministers—they have studied law, at some time or other, every one of them."

"But are you sure, Halstead dear, that you have a talent for the law?" queried Rose, timidly.

"Talent, did you say?-talent!" exclaimed her husdand, pacing up and down the floor, rumpling his picturesque hair-"talent, my dear Rose? Do you mean to say that you doubt my ability? Alas! and to this I have come, that my character is questioned and aspersed in my own family!"

"But, my dear," Rose remonstrated, tenderly, "there is no one here who has said a word against your character—is there, baby dear?" she cooed sweetly, steeping down and rubbing her face caresingly against the baby's chubby cheeks.

"Speech, Rose, speech," he went on somewhat pacified, 'is what moves the souls of men. I have felt from the hour of my birth that fate destined me for an orator. To sway great masses of men by the power of my speech—that has always been my idea of happiness."

"But that you can do by means of your pen, too," Rose observed quietly; for since baby had arrived she was afraid of encouraging Halstead in further changes of profession.

"My pen!" cried Mr. Swinger; "did you say my pen? The living word lies in the pen, and is henceforth but an inky pen scratch. Must you reach the heart of humanity by reporting prize-fights and family scandals for the Weekly Bassoon?

Rose made no further remonstrance. for she always, at heart, agreed with Halstead in almost everything he said. It was undoubtedly true that if he only got into his right niche he would make the world aware what a man he was, and honors and distinctions would

get a chance to print them.

In a certain outlying quarter of Brooklyn, where ash barrels, ancient the manuscript was returned to her she some standard a commanding appearance.

Shoes and decrepit hoop-skirts play a came near fainting. The editor wrote a commanding appearance.

"Well, ladies," he said, turning half Halstead Swinger prepared himself for this forensic triumphs. He made Rose to the find them moved to gratitude. Mean-to the fi young man marching down the Fifth half frightened at her own terr.ble fan-erenue, proudly erect in the consciouspherited distinction. She ran ther needle into her finger occasionally in her self-forgetful seal, and sucked a drop or two of blood out of it, while inistend addressed an imag nary Con-gress on the subject of Indian wrongs. for index finger was indeed, so perhorny and ragged, and seemed to have lost all sensation. It was a great re-died to her when she could write. But that she could never do except when Helstead and baby were in bed, for otherwise they would both persist in ining her. Halstend's eloquence was always overbrimming, and of listen to him. As for her stories, the amiably declared, and she had, in-deed, no conceits about them. They were been fide pot-boilers, and prosed to be nothing else. But they paid o rent for the two little rooms, and a d many other things besides. Hal-d could not be expected to make messay while he was studying; but a be had finished—when he had

had no effect. It seemed to her, too, after awhile, as if her mind was beginning to run dry. She had, in the stress for matter, written articles in which she had given advice about a hundred things European polit.cs.

with his diploma as Bachelor of Laws whispered, huskily, as she hugged the was a great day in the annals of the boy to her breast. family. Rose sat at the window and cried for very joy. She had grown so a good mamma," said the boy, with pale and hag ard and red-eyed of late conviction. should come up and kiss her, as he him into the sitting-room, which was per's Weekly. would have done in days of old. He was also the kitchen. For a long while she so absorbed in the weighty affairs of he'd him upon her lap, telling him the life now that it would be absurd to ex- most mo al of Sunday-school tales, hoppect of him that ne should think of such | ing vaguely to accumulate something trifles as kissing his wife. And yet if to her credit in the dreadful book of the he had happened to think of it, it Recording Angel. But the boy grew seemed to Rose that her cup of happi- re tive after awhile, and begged to be ness would have been full. Now Hal- allowed to run out again. Then she stead was at last in his right niche and was again alone with the terrible

their trials would soon be over. his name inscribed upon his window- feiting her eternal salvation for her see how it looked from the street. She knowing how she had worked and ble, but an absolute fact, that many had expected to walk proudly through little longer. Then there would be no a throng of clamorous clie its. He ex- more need of sacrifice. Then she could plained to her, however, that until he afford to be good and conscientious. to give him. The next day she pawned an i then the rest was plain sailing. her shawl for three dollars, and he ate | When she woke up the next morning his beefsteak with relish, and rewarded it was pitch-dark in the room. her with a discourse on civil-service reed all the world could have hear i it. It tut nal snooze. was, indeed, a pity that a man like "It must be very ear! Halstead should be staying here and swered "it is pitch-dark." wasting his genius on an ignorant creat- "Stuff and nonsense! It is bright ure like herself. Of course she was hap- davlight.' py to listen to him, but others, no

him, and he took it up eagerly. up and down the floor with a cigar in his mouth, "that I have often thought that very thing myself. Bu, to be frank at he in vague bewilderment. with you, there is a gr at deal o ealousy in our prof se on, an I when a man look all right; go and dip them in cold of exceptional talent makes his ap ea - water. ance, the others combine to keep him! A neighbor's wife was called in, bedown. I should have had a dozen cases cause Helstead did not know how to before now, and securely tounded make a tre. After breakfast he exmy fame, if a miserable clique of envi-pressed regret that his "business' me out of court. Their only chance of machinations of his enemies demanded

making me invisible." Rose could so perfectly well understand that! Human nature, she had the window, and stared with her sight said against "healing by faith." Every heard her pastor say, was envious and less eyes toward the sun. She sat thus busy practitioner has cases under his desperately wicked. She learned pres- for a long white, scarcely heeding her observation that he would be heartily shower down upon him. She therefore ently that it was Mr. C—, one of the child, who stood gazing wonderingly agreed, after an all-night's talk, to have acknow edged leaders of the New York into her face. "Mrs. Nolan," she said, him give up his place on the Westiy

Bassoon and take up the study of law.
She could take in sewing in the meanwhile, and perhaps get a little writing to do for the papers, for she had a tew modest observations to make concerning things in general, and was anxious to the could be compared to the could be could give ye yer sight back.

Section edged leaders of the New York and Lord For the New York For the New York Inc.

They crossed in the ferry, and found the colossal building in which Mr. C power of speech, would in the end pre-

Halstead Swinger prepared himself for she had unquestionable talent if she thought she could be of use to him. pity stole into his face. He saw how spelge courts, and even to the White She went to work at once. She wrote paie and haggard her features were, and saw baby as a handsome out one harrowing scene after another, derers. But through all the desperate wickedness which she conjured up her own innocent voice sounded, like that of a canary that was trying to initial the desperate by the said, huskily, endeavoring to fix her wandering eyes upon him. He knitted his brow for a moment, and looked puzzled. thunder. It was she who was in the wrong niche, being compelled to sacrifice her conscience for bread. But there was no help for it: this contempt ble plot against Halstead compelled her to disregard her scruples—temporarily at less bewilderment; then sank down at less bewilderment; then sank down at the lawyer's knees! "Oh, have pity on my husband!" she cried, bursting into this tenderness of delicacy? There are my husband!" she cried, bursting into this tenderness of delicacy? There are my husband!" she cried, bursting into this tenderness of delicacy? There are my husband!" she cried, bursting into this tenderness of delicacy? There are my husband!" she cried, bursting into this tenderness of delicacy? There are my husband! it were not for you he consider it womanish, esseminate, something to be ashamed of to be tender and he could get a chance to appear in court. Her eyes swam and her head stairs she hid away the ma stairs she hid away the manuscript and thing I can do for him, why, rose to meet him. But her feet suddenly to me; and if he is in dis conscious. Blood was flowing and prosperous," she mo from an ugly wound in her tenents

med at times to be always report to when they want to ex-

The story about the wicked people persecuting innocence troubled Rose a good deal after she had dispatched it to the editor. And her conscience was which she kn w nothing about. She not soothed by the fact that she received had written about babies and maternal thirty dollars for it. After a long strugduties until that subject, too, seemed gle with herself, she inclined to the fairly exhausted. Her "Hygiene in the view that God could scarcely be hard Nursery" and "Advice to Young Moth- on her when He considered for what ers" had been quite successful, though purpose she had suspended her conshe had scarcely tried or practiced a science. A conscience was, after all. a single rule that she recommended. Her costly luxury which not everybody could accommodations were too poor and her afford to entertain. Another bloodlife too busy. In fact, she was too tired and thunder tale, more harrowing than haggard face. She rubbed her eyes as to see even the humor of her own situa- the first, was composed amid tears and if she were striving desperately to see. tion as the experienced adviser of hun- prayers to God for forgiveness. It seemed dreds who probably knew more than desperately bad to Rose's child-like she asked, faintly; "what did he say, herself. No doubt Halstead, who had soul, though I doubt if it contained Mrs. No an?" more of a sense for humor, would have wickedness enough to corrupt a kitten. een it if he had ever had the time to She sat up night after night scribbling read her articles. But he was at the law away for dear life, he dless of the pains school all day long, and when he came | which shot like needle-points through home at night he liked to talk of ple s- her eyeballs. The thought that she ant things, particularly to expatiate was thus enabling her husband to perupon the brilliancy of his prospects. It severe in his struggle against his enewas, indeed, delightful to listen to him, mies, that she was helping him along and she could never forgive herself for the road that would surely lead him to der and kindred crimes, foreign mishaving once fallen asleep during his dis-course. But then she had been so very to the boldest invention, and chased her to the boldest invention, and chased her to the boldest invention, and chased her tired! He had been mortally offended, hand feverishly over the paper. This tired! He had been mortally offended, hand feverishly over the paper. This and no wonder. He had not spoken to time she received forty dollars and "We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with old time joy and give.

Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but the ker!

The same received forty double in the hard not spoken to time same received forty double in the same rec he finally took pity upon her, and gave phered the editorial compliments, that her his views upon the complication in she dared not be alone, but ran out into the street, and clasped her child con-

vulsively in her arms. "You will love mamma, even though The day when Halstead came home she is bad, won't you, baby?" she "But you a n't bad, mamma; you are

She took him by the hand, and led thought: Was she selling her soul for He hired an office down-town and had the hope of earthly glory? was she for pane in neat glt letters. Rose and her husband's sake? Ah no! God was baby took a trip across in the ferry to good; He would not condemn her,

had his first chance to appear in court | Halstead brought many distressing he could scarcely expect any rush of tales when he came in the evenings in the ailing might be, and probably would clients. She blushed at her own foliy tho e days. It appeared that his enemies and thought that Halstead was right, were redoubling their efforts to crush as always. When she got home she him; particularly that unscrupulous Mr. strongly impressed to believe themhad to sit down and cry, though she C- was weaving his subtle net, and mind on the body has been the strongcould not for the world have told what had so far been successful in keepshe cried for. She had, to be sure, ing every client away from Mr. Swinonly twenty cents in her purse, and that ger s door. Poor Rose was deadfully would be scarcely enough to get dinner cut up by the constant repetition of this for Ha stead when he should get home. news. She was overflowing with sym-She had given him the last dollar she pathy for her persecuted husband; yet had to pay his office rent in advance. so great was her faith in his ability that In sheer desperation she sat down and she felt consident that in the end justice scribbled of a story, which she ma led would prevail. She writhed under the to a well-known story paper in the city. | necessity of composing another of those When Halstead came home at six horrible and demoralizing tales, but it o'clock and found only bread and cheese was surely to be the last; because now for dinner, he scolded like a Turk. that Halstead was in his right niche, he Poor fellow, he did need something would certainly get a chance to deliver strengthen ng, if she had only had it to one of those masterly speeches of his,

"Winv don't you get up and make form. It was a wonderfully fine dis- the fire?" said Halstead, turning over course, she thought, and she only wish and composing himself for a little ma-

"It must be very early," she an-He give a snort, and slumbered

oubt, would have given much for this peac fully. privilege which she was daily enjoyin . She arose cautiously, and fumbled for She ventured to suggest this idea to her clothes.

"Halstead," she cried, with a voice "The fact is, Rose," sad he, pacing that pierced through him like a knife, "I am blind!" He stumbled out of bed, and stared

"Nonsense," he said; "your eyes

ous intriguers had not conspired to keep | compelled him to leave her. But the success, you see, depends upon their on his part perpetual vigilance, if he was in the end to conquer.

When he had gone, Rose sat down at

the ediossal building in which Mr. Chad his office. After some waiting. It was a week of miserable suspense they were ushered into the great law-until she heard from her story. When yer's presence. He was a tal!, handthe manuscript was returned to her she some man, with a clean-shaven face and

presently. "Perhaps it is my partner. Mr. Bullard, you wish to see. He may

would succeed. Oh, I know he would thing to be ashamed of to be tender and

s step upon the even heard his name. If there is any- some spec thing I can do for him, why, send his yet you can trample up you, and you know it."

"Do you know anybody by the name of Swinger-Halstoad Swinger?" he

asked, in a conversational tone. "Swinger? Swinger? Oh ves; he that irrepressible young fellow who is always making a fool of himself at the meetings of the Bar Association."

"Ah! to be sure; I had forgotten." Rose bowed her head. Her forehead rested upon the lawyer's knee. The Irish woman, understanding that something was wrong, put her arms about her and raised her up. A strange, dazed smile flitted across the young. "What did he say about Halstead?"

"Niver ye moind what he said," Mrs.

Nolan responded, reassuringly. They reached home before noon. For an hour Rose sat, smiling vacantly and murmuring her husband's name. Mrs. Nolan put her to bed; she was burning with fever. All sorts of confused fancies flitted through her head about murtimes stilling a moan.

Evening came. It was growing dusk. There was a sudden noise in the hall; Halstead burst into the room, flung himself down at the bed, and cried, "Rose! Rose! I have got a case! My fortune is made!

"Did Mr. C-send it to you?" she whispered, listlessly. "Well, now, if he did. Anyway, am in the right niche, as you shall see, Rose."

"So am I-in the-right niche," murmured, gave a little gasp, and was dead .- Hjalmar H. Boyesen, in Har-

FAITH CURES.

Mimetic Maladies Amenable to the Cura tive Influence of Faith. It is not our purpose to deny, or even question, the verity of cures "by faith. The "mind" so acts on the body, and the brain plays so important a part in the nervous system, by which the whole organism is energized and controlled both in regard to its functions and nutrition, that it is not only quite possiremedied by or through the agency of the mind. We will even go so far as to affirm that a very large proportion of be, sound if only they were sufficiently selves to be so. This influence of the hold of quackery from the earliest times, and "faith" is as powerful an influence for good or evil now as it has ever been. Such "miracles" as the Salvationists are working with their presage among the emotionclasses, whether illiterate well informed, have uniformly signalized the commencement of a new era in religious enthusiasm. When the first enthusiasm subsides. "miracles cease" of physico-mental The large class of so-called hysterical, cataleptic, and even epileptic affections are distinctly amenable to this influence; so are those nervous disturbances and derangements which consist wholly or chiefly in disorderly activity, as distinguished from actual disease. The mimetic maladies, of which there are

always a very large number of cases, are, of course, amenable to the curative influence of faith. Outside these classes, however, stand a multitude of badly managed or misanderstood cases which only need to be placed on a new footing -it m tters little what-to get well. A wondrous crowd of ignorant prejudices still hovers over many districts as to the curability or hopelessness of special diseases which are better understood and more successfully treated-on common sense principles-

in the centers of knowledge. For example, we know of localites and affections which, being associated, produce the most dire delusions as to the length of time bones usually take to unite in healthy subjects; and how coughs and other distressing maladies are, or are not, under the control of the will. In such combinations of facts and fiction, it is easy to get miracles out of such common matters as the union of the accurately applied ends of a fractured radius in three or four days! There is not a word to be glad to find so powerfully affected that they could be cured even by this agency. All we are anxious to point out is that an intelligent lay press ought not is vastly to lend itself to the promulgation of of fun. nonsensical beliefs and impressions. Of As for the tenderfoot, he would rather course, it is true that many of the poor people who are reported to be "cured" bitten, by an antelope than be corralled are actually benefited by their faith. for an hour by a cowboy on the war-This is a fact, and there is no sort of reason why the benefits received should not be permanent. If the subjects of these cures are thankful to the Giver of all good, that is not a matter to make merry about. It is as it should be. We

is perfectly well understood, and there and he saw, too, that once they had is nothing either specially noteworthy been heautiful.

Strong Women and Tender Men

'The best part of human character the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in please others—minutize of the social sport that is sport, you just want to go 'naiping.' It takes a rustler from Rusting for their hats to be fixed, drew this tenderman of delicerat. There is no name for it."

Thus writes Emerson, and is the propretor several sport that is sport, you just want to go 'naiping.' It takes a rustler from Rusting for their hats to be fixed, drew their hats an entire that gentleman:

citiful as a woman. was dissy; strange pains shot through ber brain. But she wrote on desperately, heaping horror upon horror: When she heard Halstead's step upon the even heard his name. If there is any some specimens. I would teach my ress, who some to be tender and pitiful; my refused to support her; she resided across to the floor, stumbled over a chair and soides. Hall struck her head against the edge of the steller to make door. As Halted entered he found the repelled it. 'Oh, you are great ther unconscious. Blood was flowing and prosperous," she mounted, "and he tender as well as strong. It. It.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

White Men Who Visit Africa Invited t Marry Native Women and Settle Down.

When an African chief travels he takes the whole or a part of his household with him. The simple aborigines. therefore, are apt to look upon the solitary white traveler who wanders through their country without a single wife in his train as a suspicious character. They are quite sure he needs close watching to prevent his running of with some of the females of the tribe. Dr. Barth, the explorer, said, after living for five years in Africa, that it would be better for a traveler in those regions to take his wife with him, if possible. He said the natives would respect him more and he would get along better. "They had nothing to object to

me," he wrote, "except my being a bachelor." If the traveler has no wife the native chiefs, as a rule, are not backward about offering to supply the deficiency. Nearly all the explorers have had some annoving experiences with Kings who were anxious to have them settle down, marry into the royal family and grow up with the country. Some travelers have felt compelled to leave very abruptly in order to escape the attentions women who were determined to claim them as their husbands.

Dr. Buchner, the German traveler, who lived for six months at the capital of the Musta Yanvo about five years ago, was very much distressed by the doep interest with which he had unwittingly inspired the sister of that Central private flask. The situation is not of African potentate. He describes her as a middle-aged and remarkably unprepossessing person of great avoirdupois, or common-sense—causes him to d op cate cake. If the fat or boiled chickens She insisted that Buchner take her for it. The snipe do not appear neither is to be used, cook them wi hout sait. his wife and settle down comfortably as do his friends. He is unarmed. so frequently that he was glad to escape her at last by quitting the country.

One of the daughters of the king of the Ambuellas, near the Zambesi River, fell desperately in love with Serpa Pinto. siste; who ably abetted her matrimonial designs, was very indignant when Pinto refused to marry the young girl. She wanted to know, in the shrillest of tones, if there were any prettier women ters heard the row and entered the hut. "Sn ping" in Wyoming is rare sport-Assuming an air of great indignation, out of the hut, and Pinto and his party game in that sort of way. - Winthrop, in left early next morning to avoid any Puck. further complications. In the picture Pinto's book contains of the infatuated young woman she appears to be quite a The Innate Depravity of a Boy with

fine specimen of an African beauty. Explorers have learned by experience that it is best to permit their porters to take their women along with them. even if their journey is to be thousands of miles in length. When a carrier has away. Besides, the women carry bur- asked: dens nearly as heavy as those of the men. They wash and cook better than | wagon?' the men, endure fatigue better, carry their burdens more cheerfully, and work for less pay. African women have proved valuable ad uncts of nearly every expedit on that has penetrated

the continent in the past ten years. Mr. Hore, a missionary on the great Lake Tanganyika, found near the street.' southern coast three years ago a flourishing tribe whose ruler was a woman. She was a good-looking negress, nearly forty years old, and she was attended everywhere she went by a train of fifty ladies in waiting. Mr. Hore was the first white man Queen Mwema had seen, and she thought she would like to have

gry, in N.Y. Sun. SNIPE IN WYOMING.

The Kind of Game Found in the Far West -Hunting for Tenderfeet. There are a good many kinds of game

in Wyoming. Prominent in the list are antelope, deer, elk, sage hens, bear, in- boy stood with his back to the apfrequent buffalo, illusive Indians, cur- proaching vehicle and made no move sory cowboys, philanthropic rattlesnakes and confiding tenderfeet.

The cowboys hunt all the different varieties of game mentioned with great success, but the emerald-hued tender- man as he pulled on the lines. foot is their meat. They would rather bag one tenderfoot than a dozen grizzlies or a brace of Indians. The danger is vastly less, and there is heaps more

be chased all day, and even caught and bitten, by an antelope than be corralled path. The danger to the tenderfoot lies in the fact that while there is some-Rawlins, disguised as a walking arsenal, he is at once spotted and marked down by some friendly cowboy for a "saiping"

"Didn't know you had snipes out bere," says the tenderfoot: "I'm going in for grizzlies, buffalo and that sort of

"Any fellow can out-wrestle a zly, or knock over a dozen buffalo, sponds the cowboy: "but if you want mistaking for the preprietor several sport that is sport, you just want to go customers who stood about bareheaded

In the end the tenderfoot, who wants

Then the cowboy, with a party of his ens. I would teach my artillery behind. They den't capture We don't sell any of them now." hters to be strong and brave; my snipe with guns - they know a trick to be tender and pitiful; my worth several gross of that. The only load fer allow him to take is whisky. which they generously insist on help ing him carry -at his expense. After a slightly carled in brim, medium width long, bard trip through sand and sage-brush, they pouse at nightfull at the mouth of a gloomy canyon, or possibly color in the edge of a wood—although timeer everyt in most parts of Wyoming is as hard to last so

take a weary devices tramp to the popular and play it for all the worth, a greaty. It is now dork as a popular and play it for all the worth, a quickly and as long as we can. The last is a long as we can. The last is a long to the respect that is a long to the case in the case, or close a

torch is provided. A meal-bag is preduced, and the mouth of it is fastened pen by the insertion of an improvised

"What does all this mean? How in thunder are you going to catch your

snipe?" asks the tenderfoot. "Snipe are just like fish and moths and s ch," says the cowboy; "the light attracts them. It's about time for them to take a rise, and then they will fly straight for this 'ere biaze. Now you just stand here and hold the torch and ing you just clap your bag over 'em, and there they are.

"But who's to stay here with me? Where are you all going?" asks the tenderfoot, as all the others show evident intentions of going ahead.

He doesn't want to say he is afraid to

be alone, but he feels that way. "Oh, we only leave one man in a place. Two would scare off the birds: so we just scatter along, and when our bags are all full we come back over the trail. We'll be here before you get your bag crowded, unless you are spryer 'n most new men."

Then they go on, and soon he can hear no sound of them, no matter how hard he strains both his ears. Presently he uoes hear the wail of coyotes that he mistakes for wolves drawing nearer and nearer, till his hair rises and his back-bone feels like an icicle.

dently forgotten to leave even his own least. Household. a character to superinduce hilarity. He receives no answer. There are wild whether terror has caused him to ex- kept tied up in the stable. They need aggerate the danger, or ign rance to understand it. At this stage of the game the Portuguese explorer, who returned he fully and comprehensively appre- liberty of a place where they can ramp to Africa a few months ago. Her elder ciates how many kinds of blanked fool as they like - Prairie Farmer a tenderfoot is who goes "sniping" w th a cowboy.

Usually he escapes alive. Sometimes the party returns for him about midnight. More often he is left to find h s in the country he came from, and what own way back to camp by daylight; and Nevertheless there was one creature was a little surprised when she found struggled and suffered. She had only maladies which are not so far advanced sort of a man he was anyhow. The if he gets lost, the outlit turns out and

she told their Royal Highnesses that foot, and think of going there, cut this Pinto was her husband, and they had out and show it to the first cowboy bester let him alone. She bundled them that invites you to hunt that sort of

WHY HE HESITATED.

Yesterday forenoon a colored man who had a load of light ashes on his his wife with him he is not likely to run a policeman approached him and "Anything wrong with horse

"No. sah." "Waiting here for anybody?"

"Yes, kinder." "This is no place to stop to let your ashes blow away. Why don't you drive on?" "Dasn't, sah. Look down Hgh

"I don't see anything but a boy sprinkling the street with the garden "Dat's jist what ails me, sah, Ize bin wa tin' a bull half hour fur dat boy

to disabsquatulate into de vard." "Wbv?" "Well, sah, Ize bin right dar seb'ral the pale-faced stranger permanently times. Dat boy has got his eye on dis meat fiber to make it palatable, intery near her residence. She begged him to turn-out. I'll go drivin' 'long till I and nourishing. The fat parts of beef live in her town, and when he insisted come opposite an' den de hose will sip catte or mu ton sheep are little used that he could not, she did not let him an' de ole hoss will git a dose in his go until he had promised to send some ear, I'll vell to de boy and he'll make a of his brethren to reside in her district. trip an' a stumble, an' hul gallons o' The Queen said she would give them water will come pourin' down on de of leen meat (muscle) to the care a. bouses and plenty of land .- A Mission- back o' my neck. I'll hab a pint in It is well known that at ere and left

> dershirt dried out" "You go on," said the officer. "The boy sees me and he won't dare let a drop of water touch you." The old man besitated, but finally climbed to his seat and drove on. The

> until the horse was almost abreast of him. Then he had to move the hose, and spat! went the stream against the old equine! "Hi dar! Hi, boy!" yelled the ol

"Yes-didn't mean to-very sorry, but she's gettin' away frum me! got away. "She" shot "She" stream high in air and "she" shot

others in various direct one, and it was not until the old man was out of range that the boy succeeded in getting "ber" under control and resumed he practice on the dusty pavement.
"Hi! ossifer!" called the old man

he jumped down to shake himself, "didn't I tell ye? Didn't I foretold ye jist how die ole underskirt would be soaked full! You may be do smartest sort o' ossifer on de track of a thief. but for all you know 'bout a boy an' garden hose I wouldn't gin two ole cents." - Detroit Free Press.

STYLES IN STRAW HATS.

"A run on one style of straw hate! Doubtful, very. We might just as readily expect a variety in the popular style of circus tents as to predict that any particular design of straw hats will eatch the public. A Globe reporter had wandered into a hat store and after

to see "all there is to it," gladly ac- put the hate on the market we haven't any idea of what is going to sell best. No, we don't push any special hat, but friends, takes the tenderfoot under his a few persons seem to testeh on' to some kindly care. They outlit him with one kind they like, and before we know either a broken-down or a bucking it everybody is buying it. That was the broncho, and astonish him with the information that he must leave all his hate that were all the rage this winter.

"Well then what will be the general clair of straw goods made up "Mackinaw straw hate will be to rule almost exclusively -low fat crows finish and lace lining. The preve color of the bate will be light, in fact capturefue a grienty or a poying gold- meace before the first of May, but for while business, as of course you know, is mighty lively, and then it is that we have to notice that when it is that we wand as long as we can. The

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

-Where milk is used plentifully, there the children grow into robust men and women. - N. E. Farmer,

-A Western gardener has crossed the cucumber with the long-necked squash and grown a vegetable which

be calls the "cueu." - Descrit Fost, -Ducks should have separate houses from other fowls. No roosts are necesary, but they should have troughs, as they do not like to pick and hunt on

the bag, and when you hear 'em com- the ground like chickens. - To alo B ads. -Old and dry putty may be removed by washing lightly with a brush dipped lightly in nitric or muriatio acid. Within a couple of hours after such an application the putty becomes sufficiently soft

to be readily handled. - Hoston Budget. -The Cultivator says that lampblack mixed with strong vinegar will mark sheep so that the name can be read for a year, but will not injure the wool, as is often done when sheep are marked with tar or paint.

-An Eastern gardener poled his Lima beans with common six foot laths, driven one foot into the ground. and when the vines had climbed the poles they were pinched back. Result. more and earlier beans than before Chi ago Journa!

-When you are about to make a corn-starch pudding, melt a lump of Like an inspiration it suddenly occurs | butter in the pudding kettle or pad beto him to take a good stiff drink to brace fore putting the pudding into it. There himself up, only to make the agreeable will then be no danger of the milk bediscovery that the cowboys have evi- coming scorecaed, with ordinary care at

-The fat of chickens is said, by a cake-maker of great exp rience, to be the holds bag and torch until cold or fear- | tipest butter for making the most deli-He and there will not be the slightest flavor

-- Horses will get more rest out of their Sundays by being a lowed the beasts prowling about. He doesn't know freedom of a field, or lot, than by being exercise every day, and if they have no work to do they should be given the

-Cherry Pudding: This can be made from canned cherries, and is quite as nice as from fresh ones. Two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, two teaspo in uls of baking powder, flour enough to make a stiff catter, and as many cherrie as can be stirred in. Bake half an hour and serve with sugar and cream, or it may be steamed in the steamer. - N. F.

-It is an underlable fact, strange to say, that farmers en ov fewer garden vegetables than do those who live in cit es. There is no n costy for so doing. Every farm should have a garden planted to all varieties of ve etakes, even if everything else should be neglected for that purpose, hural New Yorker.

-It is a mark of good farming to have something to sell of everything wagon halted so long at the corner of the farm can produce. The best steep-Woodward avenue and High street that | tions to this is hay, which can often be bought for ess than to manur al value. Clover and grass seed should be sown on all farming lands as of an as the restat on calls for resceding But the sometimes better policy to plow under a growth of clover as manure and buy an equal quantity of clover hav to make up the deticiency. - Exchange.

BEEF FOR FOOD.

The Feeding That Is Necessary in Order

To Make the Best He It is not the heaviest nor the fittest animal that should bring the highest price for the butcher's block, but that animal giving the largest per cent. of lean meat to live weight. Such an anomal will always contain fat enough with the as human food. Hence the crucial test

mu t ever be the greatest proportion

each ear, ebery pocket affort, an it fed to fatness on sweet, fi -h pasturage will take two hull days to git dis un- give the most succulent and thele arored food. Why? The rel five proprietion of fat and lean is normal. Fat cows sell for less mone, ser pound than steers. Why again? The proportion of fat to lean is greater, as the reason, although better flavored than that of the bull, the meat of the cow in not so delicate as that of the abser. F shion, however, years ago decided that a carease must be considered inferior if it did not show mmens dayelo ment of fat, even to great paichr ma-ers on the outside. It was established in the "good old days" of to low candles, when fat was no of the most important parts of the seimal. No hing as fashion demands this feeders must enter to it. Indian corn will easily make fat. Some food, repor la pliosphate and nitrogen, however, is required with corn, to keep the proportion of fat and lean equal. If the true relation as between fat and lean were understood by the haver this could be produced probably chesper to the constance than the monsters of fat so much admired at our fat-stock shows. Yet so long so the feeder and buyer al to take pride in these fat-overloads i animals there will be no change. The fact, two hundred pounds of fat added to a steer, ripe in teah, add only to the cont

One of the results of this fashion has

been the foreing of breading entire until they now, through heredity, early develop fat abnormally. The yearling a mountain of blubbery fit is gazed on with wonder. Grade Devons and wellbred satire steers, however, cont ner to fill the eye of the butcher and the true gastromosist. It is so in England. The black cattle, the Peron, and the graded Hereford being the best prices at Smithfield market. The reaction has already set in in the United States to the effect that a yearling or a two yearold, however fat, does not constitute a beef salmal, and in the case of that ederful animal of bovine development the Short Horn, serviceable animale, even what would be called by some breeders "plainly bred" whe the seller hoping to get something over a hundred dollars for would call "useful" -these are coming to have more and more advocates year by year. They are not wooders of precuciose fatness, but they are accertioless just the animals, whatever the issued, that, bought at one hundred and fifty dollars for a buil, will pay one hundred per cent. on the investment to breed grades on the common stock of the weeding farmer. If they hash come-what of early majurity they give stout hearty feeding culves that will make think-feeded shows and some of more