## A HUSBAND'S WAIL

Dear Genevieve, you were so sweet When first you gave your hand to me, So charming, love; from head to feet You were a perfect symphony.

The pretty bang upon your brow. The dainty ribbons that you wore-I shut my eyes and see them now: Thus memory doth the past restore

To see a maiden half so fair One weary miles would have to go: You were so neat, and in your bair You used to have a Jacqueminot.

I see you tripping down the lane With pretty slippered feet again: You used to come in shine or rain-My wife, you were my sweetheart then,

The collar that you wore was clean-Fresh from the iron, I should guess; You came to me with smiling mien, A vision rare of loveliness.

To-day around the house you go: Your slippers down at heel appear; Your hair has not a Jacqueminot-I think it needs a comb, my dear.

Your collar's soiled; the ribbons gone Which at your throat you used to wear; You have no smile for me, my own-Your wrapper sadly needs repair.

How different, darling, you appear! Is mine the fault? Unhappy fate! I think you've hooked your fish, my dear, And have no further use for balt. -Boston Budget.

## AN APRIL FOOL

A Dramatic Story Good for All Seasons of the Year.

In Three Parts.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Brown, an eccer tric elderly millionaire, has taken his nephew Mr. Horace White (whom he knows to be hopelessly in love with a Miss Jane Gray. a bright young American girl, assistant teacher of Italian in a fashionable young ladies' seminary in his native city. New York), and his niece, Miss Winnie White, to Italy to study art. The three are housed in fine apartments in an old palace, the one room used as a studio containing easels, tables, chairs, a sofa, hassock, some unfinished pictures, studies, fragments of statuary-in short all the æsthetic furnishings usual to studios. When the story opens Miss Winnie and Mr. Horace White are discovered sitting before their respective easels in altogether different attitudes. PART L

Winnie (casting a troubled glance towards her brother)-"Horace!" Horace-"Well!"

Winnie-"Do you use permanent blue or Prussian blue with crimson lake when you want toget the right purple for this drapery!" Horace-"I don't use either. Hang it all, Winnie, I'm getting desperate!"

Winnie-"Horace White, what are you talking about! Let me see your picture!" Horace-"O, it isn't the picture-but see it-see it-do!" (Shows plain white can-

Winnie-"Well, upon m Horace-"Winnie White, if you were a

'ponning' your word, but help your poor, unhappy brother out of his deep, his miserable affliction! I wish all the pigments, oil and turpentine were-" Winnie-"There you go! Just because you don't like to paint-

sister worth having you'd not sit there

Horace-"I do like to paint; it's a jolly lot

of fun when I'm inspired; but how can a fellow dead, dead in love-hopeless love -sit up and paint purple drapery. Ugh!" Horace-"What is it?"

Winnie-"Did you tell uncle all about it?" Horace-"Did I! Well, you'd have thought so if you'd have seen him!" Winnie-"What did he say?"

Horace-"He said: 'Young man, if you dare to think of such a thing you may say good-bye to your uncle, for I shall disinherit you. Do your hear me! Disinherit you! You're a fool-an out and out fool'-and, Winnie, what is to become of me?"

Winnie-"O, you'll live through it-boys always do!" Horace-"But you don't know the half

Winnie-"Which half?" Horace-"She's here-here at this very

minute, in Rome!" Winnie-"Well, what of that?"

Horace-"That's only one-half-the better Winnie-"Is there a worse half, Horace!

Speak. Horace-"There is-and It is that I bade ber follow me; for, Winnie, we are-already -married!"

Winnie-"Horace White! O. Horace! My brother!" Horace-"There, there, Winnie, don't take

on so! It was a bit sudden, I know; but I was desperate-and also of age-and so we took a walk and-were married before we sailed. She followed as I bade her, and, oh, Winnie, we depend upon you to help us out of our great difficulty-say you will, Winnie, say you will!" Winnie-"If I can, Horace. If I-but there

comes uncle-he'll see we've been cryinglet us fly for our lives!" (Both leave the room hurriedly.) (Mr. N. B. Brown enters the room, walks

up to the nearest easel and begins to examine the picture upon it critically.)

Brown-"Capital! Capital! I'll make artists of the young people yet! Beautifully done-tender shadows-exquisite reflect lights in that drapery-ah, my little Winnie's a talented girl-a talented girl! If her brother had only a quarter of her fondness for art-but, there! The boy's a genius without a doubt! A capital thing for them that I could fetch them to Italy to study art -Italy, the Cradle of the Beautiful! It is my delight to watch the unfolding of their different styles-one all tenderness, the other all boldness! Let's see what the dear boy has done this morning! (He picks up canvas from where it has fallen.) Great Scott! Not a tint on this Roman twill! It's that Jane Gray-Jane Gray-that's exactly who it is! Jane Gray-and she has come over to 'perfect her Italian' -- may the imps take her! Now, I never saw the young woman, and I never will see the young woman-but I've had Jane Gray dinned into my ears until I'm sick of the sound of the name! O, she's a designing creature a shrewd, crafty, diplomatic little wretch, angling after the only male heir to the great Brown estates. I'll settle her and she'll find that coming over here to 'perfect her Italian' won't godown with me.' What's

(Winnie enters and greets her uncle affect tionately.)

Winnie-"Your own Winnifred - good morning, Uncle Nappy. And have you seen my work, and are you pleased!"

Brown (frowning)-"O, I'm delighted!" Winnie-"What is it, Uncle Boney-you

Brown-'Angry! Well, can't I look angry MI am angry! That brother of yours --- her-the poor girl!"

Winnie-"I knee it was Horace! Uncle Naples-to Milan-to Monte Carlo-Brown-"Winnifred White, are you in-

Winnie-"I thought only of offering

counter attraction." Brown-"By Jove! Not a bad idea! I'll give him a pocket-full of gold and let him go—he won't be back very soon, ha! ha!" Winnie-"So that a settled. By the way,

Uncle Poley, I forget to tell you of the beautiful model I engaged. You'll be in rap:ures when you see her-such glorious big brown eyes with fringes an inch and a quarter long! And soft, dark hair, as lustrous as silk, and such a mouth! The old lavandaia-the washwoman-told meabout her and she will fetch her to-morrow morning-but, 'sh! There comes Horace-I leave you to pronounce his doom!" (Passing out as Horace enters, she whispers to her brother:) "Accept all your uncie's propositions and trust in me!"

(Exit.) Brown (setting up the bare canvas before Horace)-"Well, sir; I am ready to congratulate you upon your astonishing progress-upon the astounding headway you have made! A little pale in tone, perhaps; but so is your Jane Gray. Jane Graypooh! If I could lock her up in a tower and then behead her whenever I felt in the mood, oh, wouldn't I! Don't scowl at me, young man! I shall tempt you with gold, and if that doesn't serve I'll disinherit you, mark that, sir! Horace (goes over to table and writes a check), there's enough to make Monte Carlo a paradise for an hour or two, at least: take it and clear out!"

Horace-"Monte Carlo!" Brown-"Yes, Monte Carlo. Go and gam-

Horace-"Uncle N. B., I can not-stay-(aside) Winnie said I was to accept every proposition he made and trust in her (Aloud) Uncle N. B., I will!"

Brown-"I supposed you would. Have Jenks pack up for you-and wait a moment here, Horage; I wish to see you again be-

fore you go. Horace-"Very well, sir. (Exit Brown.) What can my Uncle N. B. mean! What can Winnie mean? What can it all mean!" (En-

Winnie-"It means that you are going to Monte Carlo-yes! Well, sir, the Monte Carlo to which you are going lies less than one small quarter of a mile away!" Horace-"Che volete dire?"

Winnie-"Just what I say. Listen! [Looks all about the room then whispers.] Do you know the road that leads across the Tiberover the Bridge of St. Angelo close by St. Peters, where, only a stone's throw away, dwells one who is perfecting her Italian? Aha-I knew my brilliant scheme would please you-and-bless you, my children!" Horace-'O, Winnie, you're a brick-s regular kilu! But though it's awful nice-

at present-how will it avail-" Winnie-"Why, by the time your money is gone your wife will have won the heart of Uncle Boney, see!"

Horace-"N-no, not exactly." Winnie-"Well, it's all arranged between us; and I shall hire her as a model-she will come every day and pose for me-a real Italian type she is, you know, and Uncle Leon, will, of course-"

Horace-"O, Winnie, Winnie, if ever smashed your doll's head in early youth, it was simply because I, your only fraternal relative, did not then appreciate what it was to have a sister!"

Winnie-"There, dear boy, don't take it so to heart! I broke your kites and lost your my sawdust idols-let's kiss and make up!"

> PART II. TWO WEEKS LATER.

(Mr. N. B. Brown is discovered looking out of the window. He suddenly starts and comes hastily forward.)

Brown (calling)-"Winnie! Winnie! She's coming-the model's coming! Where is that girl! She knows I can't speak Italian worth a fiddlestring, and yet she leaves me to meet her alone! That model is the loveliest being I ever saw in my life-such eyes! (Opens his own widely.) Such teeth! (Grins broadly.) Such lips! (Pouts.) If I wasn't such an old-setled-in-life sort o' person I'dgoodness knows what I wouldn't do! A sort o' sadness in the eyes touches me-has she a sorrow! What can it be! I'll get Winnie to find out, and if money can relieve her, she shall be relieved. Old foel? Yes, I know it; but I don't go crazy often! Some folks would say I was crazy to send the boy off to Monte Carlo-but there was method in my madness, yes, sir; method! Gone a whole fortnight and not a word from the scamp in all this time. Must be winning, or I'd heard, fast enough. Jane Grav's not troubling him much nowadays, I'll be bound. Why, this lovely Italian's worth forty Jane Grays! If he made her a niece of mine I'd give 'em my villa on the Hudson and a thousand shares in the X. Y. Z. Central for a wedding present! By Jove! Another idea! I'll telegraph him to come home at once and-I'll match her against

the Grav every time!" (Mr. Brown sits down to fill out a telegraph blank. As he writes, Jane Grav. dressed as an Italian peasant girl steals softly up behind him, peeps over his shoulder and nodsasmiling approbation of what she reads.

Suddenly she breathes softly in his ear.) Jane-"Buon giorno, Signor! Brown (starting to his feet)-"O, Owgood morning, dear, good morning!"

Jane-"Fabellisimo tempo, signore." Brown-"Bless my soul, you don't say so! I wish Winnie would come-sit down, seenereener, sit down-(motioning and speaking

very loudly) sit down!" Jane-"Ah si non e' ho capito!"

Brown-"Don't mention it! Scenercener Jane-"Si Signore?" Brown-"Do you not speak a little-just a very little English!"

Jane-"Ah, si signore-a leedle-a!" Brown (delighted)-"A leedle-a'-why, that's splendid, magnificent!" Jano-"Ella me colmi, gentilezze."

(Winnie enters.) Brown-"Well, my dear; I don't know anything about 'Ella' or 'gentle Lizzie.' " Winnie (advancing)-She says you are too kind, Uncle Nappy. Buon giorno, Gioranning-come, Uncle Party, move away, please; I want my model to get into place

quickly. Prenda una sedia, Giovannina! Brown-"Seems to me vou're in an awful hurry to make the poor thing sit with her chin up in the air-can't you let her rest a bit before you begin!" Winnie-"Not an instant. Stia quieto,

signorina." Jane-"Son pronto." Brown-"What does she say?" Winnie-"That she is ready, Uncle Polly;

isn't she a darling! Did you ever see such beautiful eyes-like liquid seas of golden Brown-"Did you ever hear of solid seas.

But they are lovely, and it's a gloriously good thing the child can't understand a word you say: I'd be afraid to say such things to her very face!" Winnie-"O, she don't mind it. See how

unconscious she looks!" Brown-"And how sad "

Winnie-"She does look sad. She told me a little about her sorrow when you went off to la galleria-"

Brown-"Speak English!" Winnie-"Very well, sir; the picture gallegy. And now, ardate me-I mean, go away, please, and I'll try to find out the

Brown-"The poor girl! All right, Win-Party listen to me-let's send him away to nie; I'm off to telegraph Horace to come home; and, do you know, small woman, I've a notion of turning match-maker-I, your uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte Brown!" Winnie—"Uncle Boney, aren't you ashamed of yourself! And there's Jane

> Brown-"Confound Jane Gray! I beg your pardon, seenereener, did I frighten you? Hang it all; tell her I'm a brute-a blarsted idiot-any thing you choose-I'm

> Mr. Brown leaves the room hurriedly, whereupon the two young ladies arise from their places beside the easel and begin an animated conversation.

Winnie-"There, he's gone! Jane, he's your very own uncle, now, and you've captured him beautifully! Why, he raves over you; and all there's left to do is to make a bona fide American April fool in Italy? What fun!"

Jane-"O, Winnie, dear, I'm so fearful!" Winnie-"Of what? Hasn't Uncle Nappy one to telegraph Horace to come hom from Monte Carlo just on your account!" Jane-"Yes, I know, dear; but Horace-

(Enter Horace, who overhears Jane.) Winnie-"Giorannina, siste un' oco!" Horace-"Of course she's a goose-but

what about Horace, my charming peasant?" Jane-"Horace!" Winnie-"Horace!"

Horace-"Yes; it is Horace. Girls, this rame must end. Where has Uncle N. B. betaken himself!-I saw him leave the house and so, like the sneak I have lately becom -I ventured in. Jane-"Gone to telegraph you to come

nome-ha! ha!" Winnie-"And fall a victim to Giovannina hee! hee!"

Horace-"O, I'm victim enough, I assure Winnie-"Now, Jane, darling, come into my room and let's have a good old-fashiened gossip-Uncle Party will not return very soon-come! Excuse us, Horace, and go away-that's a dear; Uncle Boney mustn't

find you here-and in two days you may

arrive from Monte Carlo-will you go?" Horace-"Grazie, l'amertiro, mio caro so ello! (Bows and kisses his hand to Winnie, embraces his wife, and, at their departure takes up his hat and cane preparatory to leaving the house.) My lovely little wife-I'm a coward not to have acknowledged her before; but Uncle N. B. would have been Uncle N. G. if I'd have come out flat with the facts. Now, the dear old man is in love with her himself-and may all the lucky stars in my own particular heaven shine out in one blaze of dazzling glory!"

PART III. (Same, two days later. Mr. N. B. Brown is scated at table reading paper.) Brown (tossing paper aside and consulting watch)-"The morning train leaves at-

(Enter Horace briskly). Horace-"How do you do, Uncle N. B? I'm glad to see you looking so well!" Brown-"Bless my soul, Horace, back

again! I sent you a telegram ---Horace-"Which accounts for my sudden appearance, sir. Well, here I am, and here at the same time is All Fool's Day-quite appropriate, eh!" Brown-"That depends. Sit down-sit

down, youngster; been enjoying yourself?"
Horace—"That's what I should call it, sir!" Brown-"Lose much, Horace?" Horace-"No, sir. I have won." Brown-"Bless me! I hope you are lucky

the win, my boy, for I've a finer prize here for you than you could find at Mente old April Fool!"-Era Best, in Detroit Free Horace-"Is it something you'd like to take home to America with you, sir!" Brown-"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! If you

win, ha! ha! as you gue-s, ha! ha! you're pretty safe to capture the prize!" Horace—"Well, I shall try my best, sir, and hope to be lucky for your sake!" Brown-"And I hope for your own. Bu there—ask me no questions. I see you have a thousand ready; just come into the lunch

room and have a bite and sup." Horace-"Questa cosa mi da gran placere." Brown-"I don't know what you mean but you're all right; talks like a native; bless the boy!" (Brown pats Horace on the back, as both leave the room.)

(Jennie and Winnie enter and take seate near one of the easels.) Winnie-"Now pose, Jennie, and look dreadfully melancholy. Don't venture to look toward Horace, or you will spoil it all." Jane-"It's going to be almost the death

of me-I feel it-I know it!" Winnie-"Courage, sweet sister-in-lawhear them coming! Hold up your chin and il solo difetta che gli trovo e che sembrane troppo

(Enter Brown and Horace.) Brown (smiling and rubbing his hands)-"Ha! ha! Here we are, Winnie. Got my telegram and came right down. Obedient boy! Kiss your sister, Horace, and let me introduce you to the model-seenereener, this is my nephew, Mr. Horace White; Horace, the seepercener!'

(Horace and Jane bow solemnly to one another. Winnie laughs behind her palette.) Brown (drawing Horace to one side)-"Horace, my boy, on the quiet, now, did you ever see such eyes!"

Horace-"Never!" Brown-"Or such a mouth!" Horace-"No. sir."

Brown-"Or such a perfect chin, or throat or sea shell of ears, or hands, or feet-or-Horace-"Never in all my life, uncle . B., never!"

Brown-"I knew you'd say so-I knew it none know her but to love her. Where's your miserable, wretched Jane Gray now?" Horace-"Eh-ah-that is a question I should not care to answer just now."

Brown-I should think not, indeed! Of with the old love, eh, my boy!" (Winnie advanced to her uncle's side.)

Winnie-"O, Uncle Boney, I asked her about her sorrow and she told me all. Horace, go and air your prettiest Italian to yonder poor girl, while I tell the sad story to Uncle Party."

(Winnie leads her uncle to a sofa and motions him to sit beside her. Horace sinks upon a footstool at the feet of his wife and begins to whisper earnestly to Jane, who leans lovingly towards him.)

Brown-"Told you all about it, did she, Winnie! Lovely creature! Somehow my heart vearns-

Winnie-"All that I am boping for is that it will never cease to yearn! Yes, she told me all all about it. It seems there was a little love affair between herself and a young fellow-a bright, handsome boowho is kept completely under the thumb ofen very eccentric old millionaire-"

Brown-"The old curmudgeon!" Horace-"And who threatens all sorts of dire vengeances if the boy shall marry this (waves her hand dramatically toward Jane) sweet, sweet creature!"

Brown-"Why, the old reprobate-look Winnie, they are in love already; she has actually placed one pretty unconscious hand upon the young rascal's shoulder-brave bravo! Go on, child. By the way, what are the names of these people!"

Winnie-"The girl's name! La Signoria Giovannina Bigio. I thought you knew." Brown-"To be sure! To be sure! And

Winnie-"Il Signore: Orazio Bianco." Brown - " Eel Scener Orrazy Blanker." rest of it. Possibly we may be able to help Well, and the old miser's!" Winnie-"Ah! Ah! Il Signor Brune."

Brown-Humph! Bruno-Bruno-is he a

-If you want bloom, use small pots; Winnie-"I should say that he was a sort of a dog in the manger, shouldn't you, Uncle Poley! Well, in spite of this rich man's op-

position these two kept faithful to their vows of love Brown-"Quite the proper thing. I honor

this, tried to part them. Brown-"The old scoundrel!" Winnie-"He bribed the poor boy with gold-sent him away, and tried his best to break the heart of that (waving hand again towards Jane) entrancingly beautiful vis-

Winnie-"The old gentleman, hearing of

dog that he must do this thing!"

'em for it."

on! Wasn't he a fiend incarnate, Uncle Leon, a terrible tyrant, a malicious mon-Brown-"That don't spell it, Winnie, that don't begin to spell it! But look at 'em now,

clean breast of it-what do you say to a girl-the young scapegrace actually has one arm around her-bless my soul!" Winnie (sternly to Jane and Horace)-

Bedate, figli-non casi prestof" (Horace and Jane move a little apart.) Horace-"Castagnil" (Winnie and Jane

Brown-"What is that, Winnie?" Winnie-"He said 'chestnuts,' Uncle Boney, but don't mind him-he's in the toils

Brown-"Proceed with your interesting narrative, my niece, and let the young peo-

ple alone." Winnie-"There isn't much more to tell. The poor boy was to be dragged away from that (waves hand again) perfectly enchanting being's presence, and was told that years would elapse before he could return. On the impulse of the moment-and the horse cars-the young couple went to the office of a justice of the peace—and—were married!" Brown (bouncing from his position on the sofa and beginning to pace the floor, at which all the others arise)-"So she's another's-another's-and there's no hope-no

slightest grain of hope for us!" Winnie-"Uncle Poley, what, under the existing, harrowing circumstances, would you advise them to do?" Brown-"Do! Do! There's nothing left

to do but go to the old demon and beg his (Horace and Jane, having advanced during Mr. Brown's last speech, now kneel be-

side the old gentleman, each seizing one of his hands and speaking together.) Horace | -"Which we do, Uncle Napoleon
Jane Bonaparte Brown!" (Mr. Brown stares wildly from one to the other, turning his head from Jane to Horace

and back again with each word he utters.) Brown-"Uncle Napoleon - Bonaparte -Brown! What does this mean?" Horace (in mock pathos (-"It means that

I am the poor boy, Orazio Bianco-Anglicized, Horace White!" Jane-"And that I am Giovannia Bigiotranslated, Jane Gray!"

Winnie-"And you, dear Uncle Nappy, sweet Uncle Poley, darling Uncle Leon charming Uncle Boney, blessed Uncle Party. are the cruel old tyrant Il Signore Bruno-Americanized, Brown! You would never consent to look upon the face of Jane Gray, and I knew one sight of her would cause your hard old heart to relent-for, as you yourself have said, 'None knew her but to love her!' So we compelled you to see her and admire her-and you are wildly in love with her, area't you! Children, arise and greet your uncle!"

Brown-"I give in-it's all up with me, children! Kiss me, Jane; embrace me, Winnie; your hand, Horace-I see it all now; and I'm nothing, after all, but a simple

Press. ONE CENTURY AGO. The Average Price Paid for Land at Tha

Life in the United States was in those days almost altogether rural. Towns of 8,000 or more inhabitants then contained but a fraction over three per cent. of the population of the country. where now they contain more than twenty-two per cent. Philadelphia, indeed, had nearly 44,000 inhabitants, New York 33,000, Boston 18,000, Charleston 16,000, Baltimore 14,000; but these were all. Coxe was of opinion that nine-tenths of the people of the United States were engaged in agri-

cultural occupations. Dr. Thomas Cooper, the famous English economist, during his residence in America, prepared an interesting little book entitled "Some Information

Respecting America." On the subject of price, Dr. Cooper says: "A hundred and fifty acres of land with a tolerable house and barn upon it, and sufficient land cleared for a person immediately to begin as a farmer, may be purchased in many parts at £4 currency an acre," that is, he says, not quite fifty shillings sterling. Rich but unimproved land, he thought, could be had for thirty shillings currency an acre. Of course, much more depended then than now on the nearness of a market, transportation being very costly. We may quote from Wansey's Journal an example of the cheapest, amusing from the classical names with which the Deputy Secretary of State had then been sprinkling Central

New York. "Monday I attended a sale of some military lands (by auction at the Tontine Coffee House) situated in the north part of New York State. Twenty-five acres in the Township of Cato were sold at two shillings and eight pence currency per acre, (1s. 6d. sterling;) 500 in Pompey, at five shillings and one penny, (2s. 10d. sterling;) 900 in Tully and Hannibal, at three shillings and eight pence. (2s. 1d.;) 1,400 in Hector and Dryden, at three shillings and eight pence, (2s. 1d)."

In these cases the average price was, it will be seen. a little over fifty cents an acre. On the other hand, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt gives one instance, at Marlborough, Mass., of farming lands worth \$300 an acre. La Rochefoucauld very often gives prices of lands he sees. It appears that these averaged \$25 or \$30 an acre in thickly-settled New England, less in Pennsylvania, and from \$5 to \$12 in Virginia. In the latter State land seemed to be going down in value. But elsewhere its price was rising, and an extraordinary amount of land speculation went on, mainly occasioned by the great sales of lands effected by the States in order to pay their debts. Thus the Duke tells of land near Lancaster, Penn., bought for \$25, for which \$100 was refused five years later, and of 1,000 acres near Canandaigua, N. Y. bought three years before at a shilling, of which more than half had since been sold off at prices ranging from \$1 to \$3. while some had even brought \$26 an acre. - N. Y. Tribune.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

if you desire luxuriant foliage, use large ones. -All who aspire to gardening honors

should at some time get in the way of raising many of their own seeds. -The reason the hen that steals her

nest always hatches well is that she is

not too fat, and every egg has the same same vitality. -In pruning roses cutting back closely produces, as a rule, flower blooms of finer quality, while from those not so closety pruned will be ob-

tained a larger quantity of smaller

flowers. - American Garden. -The geranium is a healthy plant, and one that is invaluable for garden purposes. By a little care and caution one may have geraniums bloom the year through. The soil should be light and rich.

-By tying a small corn-cob to one leg, allowing it to dangle at a distance of about six inches, a Maine poultry fancier is said to succeed in keeping her chickens at home. "The fowl can scratch and get about with ease, but will not attempt to fly over palings or

squeeze through a crack." -A prosperous farmer remarks that when he raises a crop he has to ship it to market to obtain a sale for it: but when he raises a horse the buyer comes to him and buys his product. A little norse sense of this character will open the eyes of hundreds of farmers in this

State, and not before it is needed either. -A woman who has always used a broom-handle or straight stick of any kind, can have no notion of the convenience of one forked at the end; one prong catches a fold of cloth and holds it as the stick is turned, so there is slight danger of its slipping off, as so often happens with the plain stick. A hole should be bored in one end by which to hang it up.

-Telegram Pudding: Boil a quart of milk in a saucepan, adding a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat four eggs and mix to a smooth batter with four table spoonfuls of flour and a little cold milk; add this to the boiling milk and stir rapidly till it thickens up. Eat with powdered sugar and cream or a fine maple syrup.

-There is a big cid er mill in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the farmers around there cart away the pomace as fast as it is made to feed to their milch cows. One man began at once feeding a peck of pomace, night and morning, to each cow, and noticed an immediate increase in the flow of milk. The cows kept increasing in milk and flesh as the ration of pom ace was increased. which finally reached a bushel and a half per day.

-In making any soup observe: 1st. A soap should never boil; let it only simmer. 2d, A soup should never be greasy. Make the stock a day in advance and remove the fat if necessary. 3d. A soup should be judiciously seasoned. Salt, cayenne, celery seed. sweet herbs-all are good. 4th, A soup should be covered while cooking. served hot and eaten with "a quiet mind"-that final grace which makes

every dish palatable. - Good Cheer. PLUMS IN PLENTY.

Varieties That Can Not Well Be Surpar in Productiveness.

Plum culture has not been a success with every grower in recent years, principally on account of the terrible work of the curculio, a most clumsy fellow generally, yet only too active when bent on the perpetuation of its own race. This insect has effectually prevented over-production of plums. and also deprived the majority of home growers of their home supply. With our present knowledge, and a number of varieties of plums which are practically curculio-proof to select from. we see no reason why the amateur should give up in despair, or let the curculio have all its own way. Many of our native sorts will produce full crops in spite of all insects, and so will the newly-introduced Japan plums, of which Ogon, Botan and Kelsey's have been tested quite extensively and found of great merit. We have seen Ogon trees loaded down with ripe fruit, every specimen of which bore the scarcely visible traces of from three to proving to our satisfaction that the fruit is able to outgrow the curculio sting and to take care of itself. The same was our experience with the De Soto plum, one of the natives from Minnesota. These two varieties can not very well be surpassed in produc-

The Ogon is a round plum (the Cali fornia growers, who describe it as oval or egg-shaped, must have a different variety), of good size, a bright golden vellow, fine, sweet, but rather dry flesh; excellent for canning; ripeus here toward the end of July; tree a vigorous grower; and apparently hardy.

De Soto is an American plum, of

medium size, bright red color and good quality. Its productiveness is simply wonderful. Tree entirely hardy. As a blossom and pollen producer it is not surpassed by any sort with which we are acquainted, and this feature we consider of greatest value. Trees of this sort should be planted scatteringly among other varieties in every plum orchard; and it will then "bear and make bear" in abundance. The home grower who wants to make sure of an annual and abundant supply, should plant several trees together, selecting almost any of the best standard sorts, with at least one Ogon and one De Soto in the middle of the cluster of trees; or he may graft cions of various sorts, always including Ogen and De Soto, into limbs of one or more larger, hardy plum trees-a native sort always preferred. - Orchard and Garden.

SIBERIA.

Revealed-George Ken

MOST interesting contriwill be the illustrated papers on "Siberia and the
Exile System," by George
Kennan, which are to begin
in the May Century magazine. They will embody the
results of what is believed to be the first successful attempt by a comcessful attempt by a competent investigator to make a thorough study of the Russian exile system. Before undertaking his arduous journey of 15,000 miles, in the interest of The Contury, Mr. Kennan, author of Sibria etc., had spent four

Tent Life in Siberia, etc., had spent four years in Russia and Siberia, was thoroughly conversant with the people and the language, and had reached the conclusion that the Russian Government had been misrepthe Russian Government and been misrepthe system of Siberia resented, and that the exile system of Sib ria was not so terrible as was supposed. Knowing that Mr. Kennan held these views, the Russian Government gave him every facility for a thorough INSPECTION OF MIXES AND PRISONS

of Siberia—the most thorough that had ever been made by a traveler. Armed with letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and other high officials, Mr. Kennan went everywhere, inspecting mines and prisons, convict barges and hospitals, and traveling with chained exiles along the great Siberian road. He made the intimate personal acquaintance of more than three hundred exiled "liberals" and Nihilists, hundred exiled "liberals" and Nihilists, many of whom wrote out their histories for his use. The actual facts, as revealed by this searching investigation, were far removed from Mr. Kennan's preconceived ideas, as this thrilling narrative of fifteen months' privation and adventure will show.

As is already known, the publication of Mr. Kennan's preliminary papers has resulted in his being placed

ON THE BLACK LIST by the Russian Government, and copies of the Century containing them have the objectionable article torn out by the custom officials before being allowed to enter the Czar's dominions.

"I expected, of course," says Mr. Kennan, in a recent interview, "to be put on the Russian black list. The stable-door is locked, but the horse has been stolen—and I've got him."



BOARDING A CONVICT BARGE. Mr. G. A. Frost, artist and photographer, accompanied Mr. Kennan, and the results of his work will form a wonderfully interesting series of pictures of Russian and Siberian life and scenery.

The articles begin in the May Century,

The articles begin in the May Century, which is a great issue in many other respects, containing also an interesting illustrated article on ranch life; first chapters of "The Liar," a novelette by Henry James; the exciting narrative, "A Locomotive Chase in Georgia;" a suggestive paper on "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle;" an essay on Milton by Matthew Arnold; "A Love Story Reversed," by Edward Bellamy, etc., etc. Our local bookseller will have the number after the first of May.

FEEDING THE DEAD. New York Chinamen Pay Tribute to Their

The Chinese fed their dead recently. The Evergreens Cemetery and Woodlawn and other burying places were alive with laundrymen. The wind interfered greatly with their joss stick burning, and they set up umbrellas over the graves to keep off the strong southwester, so that they could send off properly their hosts of paper servants and hundreds of yards of prayers. On golden-hued paper were the money prayers, and the black paper prayers

were for cooking utensils.

To prevent the spirits of their departed relatives from constantly coming home to see them, the Chinese have an understanding with the dying that once they leave their mortal coil they shall "stay out," and that all the necessaries of life in the other world shall be faithfully transmitted to them twice a year, once at the opening of spring and once at the beginning of winter. It has been discovered that the way to transmit servants, songs, plays, books and money is to manufacture them in paper and burn them. But actual eatables are carried to the graves. Wagon loads of roasted pigs, chickens, ducks, Chinese and American sweetmeats and fruits went to the cemeteries yesterday. The food was piled before each grave, amid burning red carrotshaped candles and joss sticks. The Chinese prostrated themselves before their dead, begging them to rise up five of the ominous crescent marks, were then thrown liberally upon each grave. Many graves received boxes of five-cent cigars, while others got only packages of cigarettes. It took about two hours to get the essence of the estables conveyed to the essences who were awaiting it, and then the devotees gathered up the "accidents" and carried them home again to feed their own material bodies. But the cigars and cigarettes were burned on the graves. Home-made heathen spectators tried to snatch them off the fire. but the devotee heathens stopped

them.-N. Y. Sun. Casper Was Learning.

A white man who owed a small amount to a negro fish dealer and who had been repeatedly dunned, went into the negro's ill-smelling place of business, and handing over the amount of the indebtedness, remarked:

"Here's your money, Casper. I suppose by this time you have learned one thing."

"Whut's dat, sah?" "You have learned that when I owe you any thing it is of no use to bother me about it. "Yas, sah, I's l'arned dat, an', I tell

"What's that?" "I has l'arned, sah, neber ter let you hab ernudder piece o' fish tell you put de money right down yere on de slab. Oh, I's er mighty han' ter l'arn, I tell you. I'm l'arnin' so fas' dat after w'ile folks'll p'int at me an' say, 'Dar's de eddycatedest pusson in dis town.'

you, I's l'arned ernudder thing."