

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

A Good Mutton Sheep

In choosing a mutton sheep, either to feed or breed feeding stock for there are some principles that can be laid down as true and applicable to almost all cases writes George M-Kerrow in the American Sheep Breeder. The easy feeder must be of the thick fleshed, blocky sort for daylight that shines under a sheep, hog, or steer can never be made into meat and the possessor of long legs rarely makes a first class feeder. The ribs should be well sprung so as to give a broad, straight back from shoulder to hip, upon which good high priced meat can be placed with judicious feeding.

The ribs should be carried out on a line with the back to the tail, keeping a good width all the way and should be well filled at the thigh or waist, while the fore leg should be well filled with meat above the knee. The shoulders must be full and muscular. In short the carcasses should be plump and full throughout its whole length.

Constitution and healthy condition are all important and are shown by a bright clear eye one that is not yellow bloodshot or watery. A sprightly active step, as the animal moves along. A short thick neck that tapers gradually from shoulder to head, and is full of muscles on top of the shoulders. A wide, deep chest and heart, girth giving room for large lungs and heart and rich pink skin. With all these points well developed and a large abdomen to give plenty of room for the consumption and digestion of food you have a sheep that with proper food fed at regular times and in a proper manner will yield profitable returns to the feeder and give satisfaction to the shipper, butcher and consumer, making all better for having owned him.

All rams or ewes that have been highly fitted in small yards or sheds should not be given the preference for breeding as they often are over sheep of equal quality that only lack the soft, baby flesh that is a detriment to its possessor. Breeding rams should be in good muscular condition brought about by liberal feeding on muscle forming food, such as oats, bran clover hay and good grasses, while they have a good range where they can have sufficient exercise.

The most of American breeders still insist that the fleece is the most important part of the sheep, and generally commence their inquiry for a sire to place at the head of their flock with the question: "What will he shear?" And if this can be answered with a large number of pounds a sale is made. It is well known to experienced feeders that the heaviest fleeced sheep generally do not feed as well as those that are of lighter fleece. While I would have our mutton sheep carry good fleeces of excellent quality yet I fear that we are striving to make the fleece a leading factor and like the Merino breeders will wake up some day to find that we have placed too much stress on wool and have allowed the constitution, good feeding quality, prepotency and the capacity to breed and feed well a high percentage of choice lambs to depart from our flocks. Early maturity is a necessity and such animals or breeds as develop into proper form quickly should be sought after. The Southdown, Shropshire, Oxford Down, Dorset and Leicestershire are breeds that lead off in this respect.

Fruit in Trees.

There is no question about the profit to be derived from the tree planting when the business is properly handled. A growth of ash has been known to give the planter a clear profit of \$7.0 per acre, on tracts of ten or twenty acres, from trees only twelve years old. Could rocky, hilly, or otherwise unprofitable land in the older states be turned to a more profitable account than this? White ash is a timber that is always in demand for a variety of uses and will always command a good price. Besides this, the catalpa, the American sweet chestnut, sugar maple elm, butternut, hickory, poplar and many others of our native forest trees are well adapted to timber planting. Some of these will in a few years give annual returns in the way of nut crops that will add largely to the profits but for the timber outcome alone any of them will pay well in the course of time. It must be remembered that the profits begin to accrue from the very first, for each acre of growing young timber will add something to the value of the farm every year.

Brain Supplemental to Grain.

With corn worth 55 cents a bushel, bran \$10 a ton and oil meal \$22 a ton an inquirer asks, in the Breeders' Gazette for the best supplemental fattening ration for steers having the range of blue grass, white clover and Timothy pasture. Professor W. A. Conroy says in reply:

"At the prices named bran is the cheapest feed in the list, and I should use it liberally in the ration. Start with ten pounds of bran and five of corn this would cost ten cents per hundred per day. As the fattening period progresses corn will come down in price and should be increased in the ration cutting down on the bran. Some of the meal might be fed also toward the close of the period especially for the purpose of making a glossy coat and giving the animal a finished appearance."

Preserving Dry Fodder.

Referring to the practice of some western farmers of setting their corn stand in the shock until dry and there cutting it into a bin built like a silo but not nearly so strong or expensive a correspondent asks the superintendent of the Wisconsin experimental station if he approves this plan. The reply was as follows:

"I do not think the practice here described should be recommended to our farmers at this time. An experiment in preserving dry fodder at this station resulted in failure. We found that the fodder was so dry that it did not pack closely and so damp that there was enough moisture to start heating. The result was that the whole mass became moldy and unfit for feeding purposes. With a large silo and heavy weights should be recommended to our farmers at this time. An experiment in preserving dry fodder at this station resulted in failure. We found that the fodder was so dry that it did not pack closely and so damp that there was enough moisture to start heating. The result was that the whole mass became moldy and unfit for feeding purposes."

Experience showed that it was unwise to recommend wilting because the term was misunderstood by some farmers. At best it was difficult to determine just at what time the fodder should be put into the silo. We are now pretty well agreed that the corn should not be cut until the ears are glazed but while the plant is yet green and sappy. The proper stage is indicated by the lower leaves beginning to dry and the whole plant taking on a yellowish-green tinge, indicating maturity. When this stage is reached the corn should be cut and put into the silo without delay.

While it is true that much less weight of fodder has to be handled by allowing the corn to cure in the shock, I think the way I have described is superior, and will make up the difference in the cost for labor. Such corn packs close in the silo and makes a feed entirely satisfactory to dairy stock.

The Hatching Machine.

The hatching machine must not be delayed if you expect to use one. Hatching begins in November, and may extend into April. The earlier now the better if high price broilers are to go on the market, as they often bring 75 cents in February and March, and good paying pieces up to June and July. The main point here is to urge the importance of beginning early. Even if only to experiment with the machine, it should be done now, in order to complete the experiment at the time when the old hen refuses to sit.

Reform in Men's Dress.

"A Business woman" writes to protest against the agitation of dress reform for women, upon the ground that women's dress is in no need of reformation, and to propose a dress reform for men. She wants to know why men's trousers should not be cut off at the ankles; she wants to know if there is comfort in a shiny shirt front or a stiff collar--the growing prevalence of flannel, silk, cheviot and unstarched linen answers nay; she asks why men should stuff a yard or two of superfluous cotton cloth into their trousers instead of wearing shirt waists as the little shavers do; she shoots the hat of man, so to speak with a condemnation of its stiffness. Sensible men will welcome the thought of an effort to reform their dress in the direction of comfort and convenience. But our hopes are damped somewhat by the memory of the fact that throughout the ages when women were the architects of men's shirts, there was never known a shirt that fitted.

Four counties in Illinois--Douglas, Moultrie, Coles and Edgar--supply a large proportion of the world's stock of broom corn--namely, about 12,000 tons, valued at \$1,000,000.

The surface roads of New York city carry more passengers annually than are carried by the combined steam railroads of New York state in the same interval.

A Fish That Turns to Water. A curious animal is the medusa. Writing in 1791, Keenan says: "It is a true sea jelly, having little color or consistency. If we take one in our hands the natural heat is sufficient to dissolve it into water." A medusa looks more like a musliroom than anything else, and is often of a pale blue or rose color. While in some localities it is violet. The tissue of a medusa is "so fragile that when abandoned by the waves on the beach it melts and disappears, without leaving a trace of its ever having existed." They are found principally in the arctic seas, and constitute one of the chief supports of the whale.--London Tit-Bits.

These Girls Have Great Heads.

Young women in Cleveland have formed a society to get even with the young men who call upon them frequently but never take them to any place where it costs money. When such a youth visits a member of the society she charges him five cents for entertaining him. Of course, the boys pay it as a joke. The money is put into a general fund, and the girls will use it to pay their own way to theaters. The scheme is a good one, and is considerably cheaper for the boys than covering the girls themselves.--Buffalo Express.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Dr. Talmage's text was taken from Acts xvii, 16: "While Paul waited on them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the president of the United States and his secretary of the state, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth today is America. The signature of an American president and secretary of state will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign the queen of Greece and her cordiality was more like that of sister than the occupant of a throne room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached but a cordial shake of the hand and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples walking while they talked and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic and got the laugh on many an impudent Epicurean. The market place was the center of social and political life and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds except meat but everything must be sold no lying about the value of commodities and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platonians must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the Frankinoense headquarters. The market place was a space 350 yards long and it was given up to gossip and merchandise and lounging and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the bible when it says of Paul "Therefore, disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of today we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot races occurred.

The Stadium is 680 feet long 130 feet wide and held 40,000 spectators. There is today the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the stadium and from the hisses of the people and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place and while Hadrian the emperor sat on yonder height, 1,000 beasts were slain in one celebration.

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top and 300 feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things--Greece, the center of the world; Attica the center of Greece; Athens the center Attica and the Acropolis the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it, Verres plundered it, Lord Elgin the English ambassador at Constantinople got permission of the sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building but he took from the building to England the finest statues removing them at an expense of \$800,000. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini the general attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory but the clumsy machinery dropped it and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins and before it bow the learning the genius the poetry the art the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposites all--the Acropolis--that moment all

aghter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God, who made the world." Why they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandora made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the goddesses of the Acropolis to make it and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D.D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his auditors; they are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region; but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt. The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from Mars hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which to them is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out, "Hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Eschylus, and Pericles, and Iudias, and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," said Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now he will close by hurling two at once. The little, old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about three feet taller than when he began, and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire, and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd now standing or sitting agast--the two thunderbolts of resurrection and last judgment. His closing words were: "Because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead."

As in Athens that evening in 1889 we climbed down the slippery rocks where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars hill in the gathering shadows of eventide I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead; my law-givers are dead; my poets are dead, my architects are dead; my sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung; I will never again see a column lifted; I will never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars hill responded: "I too have had a history. I have had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheathe the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past."

Modern Surgery

The extent to which the body can be mutilated without a fatal result is beyond what most people think. Of course, the removal of the largest limb is a familiar fact; and, indeed, the successive removal of all the limbs would result in nothing worse than inconvenience. But in the same way internal organs may be extirpated. This is facilitated by their duality.

One eye may be taken out and the sight remain practically unimpaired. One kidney may be removed, and the other will make up the loss by doing double work. The case is essentially the same when disease has destroyed the functional activity of a kidney, and therefore a person in that condition need not be without hope.

In like manner, disease may have rendered one lung solid, like liver, and thus functionally useless, and yet the person may live in good health to old age. Could the half consumed lung of the consumptive only heal up the walls of its great ulcer, and the microbes cease to extend their ravages, the patient might with care, enjoy a long, useful and happy life.

Large portions of the brain may be removed with no injury to life or intellect. Persons have lived for years and been well with bullets in the brain. The liver has been cut in two by tight lacing--the pressure an atrophy of the part below--without ending either the life or the folly of the fashionable devotee.

A portion of the intestines has been cut out and the severed ends sewed together, and their normal action and function have not been in the least interfered with. And what seems more amazing, dogs have had their entire stomachs extirpated without impairing digestion.

Recently a man fifty-seven years old had a large portion of his stomach cut out in consequence of a tumor. The piece was nearly a foot square. The severed parts were sewed together, and the patient ate a dinner of hash twelve days after the operation and was dismissed cured at the end of three weeks. Five months later he was presented before the medical society--the Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna wholly well, with no trace of the return of the cancerous disease, and with digestion perfectly performed.--Youths Companion.

The Ivory Nut in South America.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions in South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the trees--which are 14 or 15 feet in height--and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato and as hard as an elephant's tusk.--New York Telegram.

Good Sleepers.

The author of "Bulgaria before the war" says that the Turks devote to sleep any spare half hour that may happen to be at their disposal. At night he says, all his companions would be in the land of dreams within ten minutes, while he lay wide awake and envious.

He continues: "It has often struck me with astonishment to see the little respect any one in Turkey pays to sleep. When I have often heard the members of the family get up and after searching about among his sleeping companions arouse them all to ask where his tobacco was, or upon some equally slight excuse. "A lad of 18 would thus wake up his father, a man of 60 perhaps two or three times in the night and yet there would never be an angry word of remonstrance; and when I have snapped savagely at some one for walking into my room and over my body in the middle of the night my snappiness has caused the greatest astonishment."

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Drawing the Line

Young Lady--"Do you think it immodest for ladies to ride bicycles?" Bicyclist--"Oh, the riding is all right enough but--er--I don't think they ought to take headers."--New York Weekly.

Justice Not Mercy.

St. Peter--"I presume you know you cannot enter here." Bad Man--"Well, where's th' other place?" St. Peter--"The other place is too good for you. Your punishment must fit your crimes. I shall send you back to earth to be reborn."

Bad Man--"Haw! Haw! Haw! That's right. Where'm I goin' ter live?" St. Peter--"Near Hunter's point." Bad man faints.--New York Weekly.

Foreigner--"Why it is that so many American cities are complaining of bad water? Is not the water supply under the direction of city officials?" American--"Usually."

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WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Max O'Rell has been thinking about it and concludes to do better for us than he has done heretofore. "If," he says in a recent article in the Strand Magazine, "I had to be born again, and I might choose my sex and my birthplace I would shout at the top of my voice 'I'd make me an American woman.'"

A popular wall and ceiling decoration now is of daffodil yellow in the wall panels and has a frieze made of gold canvas painted with garlands of roses, and a ceiling of clear, bright silver. It sounds a little like Aladdin's palace or King Midas' castle, but softened under the electric light the effect is wonderfully rich and not at all dazzling.

The Turkish girl, despite her advancements, must still cover her pretty face, and it is contrary to the sacred rules of Nammehran for the Turkish lover to take his sweet heart to the theater without her mamma, but in spite of veils and the rules of dress Nammehran the love that laughs at all barriers finds a way to unite true lovers in Turkey as here.

The Blue Stone in Vogue

The turquoise is still enjoying its revival, and the fact that the Princess of Wales wore turquoise earrings on the occasion of her garden party at Marlborough house last season will by no means diminish the prosperity of the pretty blue stone. It used to be considered very bad form to wear colored jewelry or even pearls before dinner time, but everything is being gradually altered now, and all the old canons are passing into oblivion. Fifteen years ago it would have been considered excessively vulgar to wear a string of pearls around the neck on a winter afternoon in visiting dress. It appears to be considered correct now though purists in millinery matters will never be likely to adopt these new modes.--Paris Letter.

The Newest Fad

The old colonial, and the old baronial and the Plymouth Rock, and the Mayflower, and heaven knows what sort of a chair, is now so much the fashion prepared to see eccentricities of furniture everywhere. With these peculiar pieces of furniture there must go peculiar ways of sitting down. Suppose you are shown to a chair which looks exactly like a big plate with three legs under it, and are bidden be seated? What can you do under the circumstance but strike as comfortable an attitude as possible, and trust that you are making a pretty picture as you pose? It is impossible to maintain a company, dressed up demeanor on one of these peculiar stools. Just seat yourself hitch on anyway and be comfortable, and you're sure to be doing the faddish and the stylish thing.

No Use for Sauce Dishes

The pretty little sauce dishes are no more. If you have any consign them to oblivion and forget their existence. Now is the day of plates. Everything is served on them. They may be large, they may be small; they may be of cut glass or of fine china; but plates they must be. For berries small plates of cut glass are used, while for cucumbers or tomatoes the dishes are larger, and may be either of glass or china.--Exchange.

A Woman with Pluck.

Mrs. Meyer Goldsmith is perhaps the only female fire insurance broker in St. Louis. She is one woman who does not think that the lords of creation have a monopoly of the business avenues, and upon the slo of her husband, instead of sitting supinely down to become a charge upon others, she assumed control of his business affairs, which she is now ably conducting. She has set an example which is doubtful if many women will have the courage to follow. Her pluck deserves to result in another exemplification of the truth of the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way."--St. Louis Republic.

L. H. Scriber, who died at Hornellville, N. Y. about a year ago, was the father of thirty-two children, all born of the same mother. There were eighteen boys and fourteen girls, nine pairs of twins. Only two boys and two girls have passed away. All are now grown to man's estate and nearly all were born in Steuben county, where their parents resided thirty-six years.

A Woman Who Can Shoot.

Miss Leale, from Guernsey, occupies the proud position of being the only lady to share with the Princess of Wales the distinction of discharging a real rifle at a real target across Biseley common, but, unlike her royal highness she sighted her own weapon, held it in a soldierly fashion to her shoulder and scored 30 points out of a possible 35 in competition with trained riflemen. She is a member of the association, and was taking part in a contest restricted to members. Her father is surgeon major to the Channel Islands militia, Miss Leale is evidently familiar with the Martini-Henry, which she handled to such purpose. Although only nineteen years of age, she has already taken more than one prize in her native island. In shooting she occupied a sitting position.--London Telegraph.

There is a lament among English women over the passing of the livery. Even on state occasions, they complain the mobility and gaudy have forewarned the old brilliancy and distinction.