



**Mud!**  
Murky, mucky mud!  
It is a halt and a hobble to every hoof, and a worry and weight to every wheel.

The clammy touch of its multitudinous finger clings to every foot and felly. It is a monster born of clouds and darkness. The devil-fish of the path and the highway.

The sunshine is its enemy, before whom it creeps into its hidden caves. Mud is the monster mother of earth's slimy things.

It is the antithesis of flight. It is a drag placed on the feet of the world.

It is the sloth seeking to make a sluggard of every moving thing.

Its purpose is to daub and delay, distress and destroy.

It is the ugly handicap of time and a blighting blight to progress.

Its presence means isolation and ignorance, superstition and squalor.

It is the smoky glass enshrouding the light of liberty and motion.

It is the underbrush in the path of progress; an impassable lock in the current of commerce.

It is an incessant toll-gatherer and a perennial taxgatherer.

Its joy is to bother and besmirch, to balk and to baffle.

It represents grief and gloom, and throws its shadow over gaiety and gladness.

It was not made for man.

Better a roaring lion in the street than a highway filled with mud.

Banish it forever and a day.

**Ames.**

**A Good Road Suggestion.**

The suggestion of Mr. Henry Budd, the New Jersey Public Roads Commissioner, that the coming highways will be of steel is found to be a good one, when properly understood. Of course roads completely covered with steel or any other metal are out of the question, but steel trenches or tracks in which wagon wheels can run without sinking are practical, and Mr. Budd shows they are also economical.

In behalf of this style of road Mr. Budd calls attention to the ease with which loads can be drawn, even where only one side of a wagon is on a metal track. It is well known that drivers of loaded vehicles prefer the street car tracks to any other part of the roadbed, although they can make use of but one side of it. Mr. Budd says a horse can draw twenty times as heavy a load over steel rails as he can over a dirt road, and five times as much as over a macadam road.

A macadam road sixteen feet wide costs on an average \$7,000 a mile. According to Mr. Budd, the cost of a double steel railroad sixteen feet wide, filled in with broken stone, macadam size, would be \$6,000 per mile, while a single track country road need only cost \$2,000 a mile.

The rails to be laid on such a road would be of the thickness of boiler plate, formed like a gutter, five inches wide, with a square perpendicular shoulder half an inch high, then an angle of one inch outward, slightly raised. This would form a conduit for the water and permit the wheels to enter or leave the track easily.

What a boon, both to wagon drivers and bicyclists, such a road would be! If Mr. Budd can get a trial road of this kind built in New Jersey he will be a benefactor to the country.

**TOLD ABOUT FRANK LAWLER.**

**Incidents of His Service in the National House of Representatives.**

Several anecdotes relating to the late Frank Lawler, of Chicago, were relayed by members of the House yesterday.

In a book of travels, entitled "A Ruckeye Abroad," Sunset Cox animadverted rather unfavorably upon the Irish race. It created a good deal of resentment among the Irish of the United States, of whom Lawler was rather a conspicuous type. One Saturday afternoon Representative Woodburn of Nevada indulged in a vicious attack on Cox, in which he charged him with being a parasite of the Cobden Club, and a sympathizer with the policies of Great Britain, free trade, anti-Irish sentiment, and all.

Cox was not in the House when Woodburn assailed him. But he read the speech of the fiery westerner in the Record on Sunday morning, and on Monday he was boiling over when he arose in the House to reply to his adversary. In his speech he denied the charge of his pro-English sentiment, and reviewed the record of his ancestors as true-blue, standard-bred Americans.

Congressman Frank Lawler was just entering the House by a side door as Cox exclaimed, with uplifted right hand:

"Why, sir, my father opened the first bank in Ohio—"

"How did he do it," asked Lawler, "with a jimmy?"

It is related of Lawler that on one occasion he gave the doorkeepers of the House strict instructions not to present any more cards to him, as he was greatly annoyed by callers who were taking up half his time in the lobbies. Mrs. Lawler one day approached a door-

keeper, who had held his position but a short time and who did not know her. She asked to see Congressman Lawler. "Sorry, madam," he said politely. "Mr. Lawler will see no one."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lawler. "He will see me. Just tell him his wife is out here."

"That won't do," said the doorkeeper. "That racket is worked on members every day."—Washington Post.

**DAINTIES FOUND IN THE ARCTIC**

**Delicious Berries Produced on the Shores of Labrador.**

In spite of the latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlew berry and bake apple in profusion, and upon the mainland in the proper month, September, a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent, aromatic flavor, unequalled by the cultivated varieties; marsh berries, raspberries, tiny white capillary tea berries, with a flavor like some rare perfume, and having just a faint suggestion of winter-green; squash berries, pear berries, and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Eskimos, who prefer it to almost any other; and lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere else outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple.

These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hilltops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow when matured. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heading it up tightly in casks or barrels.—Outing.

**Keenness of Scent.**

An interesting test of the skill of bloodhounds in man-tracking through the streets of a populous city, over ice and snow, was given in Indianapolis in connection with the pet dog show. Four dogs were entered in the test. Brandy and Countess, belonging to S. M. Miller of Darlington; Prince, owned by Bowers & Harris of Noblesville, and Bright, who is owned by W. S. Fields of Whinton.

Early in the morning Dr. Bell of Kokomo left Tomlinson Hall and passed out, and after walking through alleys and streets, he put on a pair of arctic overshoes and continued his walk through the parks and on the streets frequented by pedestrians. On the line of march the doctor saw a runaway team, and in connection with the crowd assisted in catching the horses.

He then returned to the hall where the show was in progress. An hour later the dogs were placed on the trail and followed it with comparative ease, except at the point where the runaway was halted and at one or two other places over which there had been considerable travel, and around which the crowd following the dogs surged until it was almost impossible to break through. With unerring instinct, however, the dogs again found the trail, followed it steadily over the entire line which Dr. Bell had walked and back to Tomlinson Hall, where they picked him out of a crowd of several hundred people, going up to him and indicating his identity by barking.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**"Jess."**

The original of Rider Haggard's "Jess" is said to be Mrs. Marks, formerly Miss Millie Prosch, of Pretoria. She married a young man named Mot to Marks, who at the time of the marriage was quite wealthy. Mrs. Marks was, however, forced to leave her husband, who is now a roamer, picking up odd newspaper jobs in Johannesburg. He went through the whole of his fortune in a short time, and, like all others of his class, began to depend on his wife's earnings. Mrs. Marks, after leaving her husband, became a member of a South African opera company, which failed.

**Like Their Fathers and Mothers.**

Wise parents are continually hearing something from their children; and the more simple-hearted the children are, the more instructive is their example.

"Why, Mary," said Mrs. Wilson to her little girl, "you and your visitors are doing nothing but sit about and look miserable. Why don't you play something?"

"We are playing."

"Playing what?"

"We're playing that we are growed up."

**Seltzer-Water.**

It is not generally known that seltzer-water takes its name from the village of Lower Seltzers, in Nassau, where several springs, united in one basin, yield 5,000 cubic feet an hour of the sparkling and effervescent mineral water. Over a million and a half bottles are exported yearly, bringing the State a revenue of over \$30,000. The value of the springs was so little realized, that two centuries after they had been discovered they were rented for four shillings a year.

**Man's Egotism.**

Mrs. Fogg—I don't care, Henry is just like you. Even a stranger could tell in a minute that he is your son.

Mr. Fogg—Oh, Hannah, don't say such things in his presence; you'll make the chap as vain as a peacock.—Boston Transcript.

**TOPICS OF THE TIMES.**

**A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.**

**Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Miscellaneous and News Notes.**

The sultan has yielded again. (tr).

Mr. Keely will have to keep his motor out of sight of the new photographers.

Horseheads, N. Y., has declared for Gov. Morton, and the Governor expects to win by a neck.

Well, if Schlatter is in the chain gang, he has the comfort of knowing he isn't the first "heeler" to serve in that capacity.

Can any one, except Colonel Brockbridge, recall the name of his successor? But perhaps it is enough to recall that he did a mighty good job.

A St. Paul typewriter has been sued for \$12,575 damages for alienating a husband's affections. The St. Paul key-pounder in action on the affections must be a terror.

In the last eight years only three persons in Florida have died of rattlesnake bite, and two of those were Englishmen who, there is reason for believing, had never heard of the Kentucky cure.

The New York Journal asks: "Where is the Democrat who can think of the Chicago river in July without a shudder?" What has that to do with it? The Democratic national convention will not be held in the Chicago river.

Schlatter, the healer, has been found in Southern California near Los Angeles. This is in accordance with his announcement that he was on his way to heaven. He has done the best he could without leaving earth.

It is unfortunately true that the Atlantic cable inflicts Mr. Austin's poetry upon us. But that should not make us wish Cyrus W. Field had never been born. The cable also carries to England our opinion of the poetry.

The American miser who died in Paris lately, leaving \$400,000 in cash in his room, had resided in that city a dozen years and restricted himself to \$2 a week for expenses. He made a study of how far a son will go in Paris, and may have had what he considered a good time.

All volunteered fluent apologies have some mixture of a lie in them. No person who plans apologies plans to speak the plain truth. If he is ingenious, he contrives a veneer of fact; but the substance is false—an actuating principle or motive is kept out of sight. Nobody who is fair and above-board in conscience and aims has the apologizing impulse.

Collis P. Huntington persists in saying that the Central Pacific means to repay the government 100 cents for every dollar of debt owed it. A person unfamiliar with the situation would suppose the only thing preventing the Central Pacific from paying up was the refusal of the United States to accept the proffered money. If Huntington wants to pay up why didn't he do it long ago, and why doesn't he do it now?

Both the mind and body are so constituted that they require constant but varied action. Utter idleness, of either body or mind, unless they be in a more or less diseased state, is not only unnecessary, but harmful in the extreme. It is a habit which, once indulged in, will grow upon the individual, change of occupation for the muscles, change of the current of thought for the brain, is what will promote the fullest and most healthful development of both.

How ignorant are they who talk of the days of romance being over, as though the unexpected happened one on one of the bridges of the Seine, the other day, was addressed by a stranger who placed a packet of bank notes in his hand, with the remark that he hoped life might be sweeter to the recipient than it had been to the giver, and before the other had recovered from his surprise, the man had climbed over the balustrade and was drowned.

These things are often unknown to the world: There is much path that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often a mere whisper in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man or woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sound except that of low moans in the night—seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

It is surprising what strange and unusual names parents sometimes burden their children with, especially if the surname is itself somewhat peculiar. Mr. Samuel Stokes, of Jefferson, Pa., had a son whom he called "United." Some time ago he addressed a letter to "United States, Pautawney, Pa.," and the postmaster, thinking that no name was on the letter but that of our country, held it for better directions. Some years ago there lived in Southern New York a man named Federal Constitution Dintaney. He was born on the day the constitution was signed, Sept. 17, 1787, or the day a year and a half

later when the nine States needed to set the new Government in operation were secured. In New York City a baby born on the 25th of November, 1783, was named by its parents "Evacuation," that being the day that the last British soldier stepped from New York docks on the British men-of-war that were to take them home. Evacuation Smith, we believe, was his name, and he had no trouble to remember his birthday so long as he remembered one of the most important events in New York history.

For every great discovery or invention the most impossible and preposterous claims are put forth by people whose enthusiasm and imaginative faculty exceed their knowledge. So it is with the Roentgen or cathode or X ray, or whatever else anyone may choose to call a certain little under-stood force, or mode of motion. Roentgen discovered that by the agency of this "ray" images of certain substances were formed upon sensitized plates, though objects which do not transmit ordinary rays of light were interposed between the substances "shadowed" and the plate. And already we have been told that the "ray" has resuscitated a drowned mouse, and that Mr. Edison is preparing to take a picture of a man's brain, and that the ray is going to cure numerous diseases by penetrating the human body innocuously and slaughtering myriads of bacilli. This is a very wonderful force, no doubt, but let no one suppose that it will penetrate tissues and produce pictures of bones, and at the same time penetrate bones and produce pictures of tissues that it will bring dead mice to life but kill bacilli and do no harm to human tissues.

The word "perfunctory" applies to Queen Victoria's speech from the throne more accurately than it applies to any other official act in the world. It is a mere form. Its most emphatic utterances refer to the most important public events. The speeches of the Queen relate to matters on which she has nothing to say for herself; she can originate nothing, declare nothing that is of great import. A speech is written by the Premier and approved by the entire Cabinet. It is then read to her and approved and she authorizes some officer of the Government to read it in Parliament. It is accepted as the little diplomatic evasive shiftings of public and foreign business which the Government is willing the people should understand. To Americans the only really important part of the Queen's speech delivered recently at the opening of Parliament was the reference to Venezuelan affairs, and that is very lame. There is nothing about the Monroe doctrine. There is no hint as to the position of the United States on the question of European colonization of the western continent. The venerable monarch paraphrases President Cleveland's forcible message in a statement that "the Government of the United States has expressed a wish to cooperate in terminating the differences which have existed for many years between my Government and the republic of Venezuela upon the boundary of that country and my colony of British Guiana." She has expressed her sympathy, good old lady, "with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement," and she trusts "that further negotiations will lead to a satisfactory settlement." And, bless her old soul she probably will make Salisbury and Chamberlain come to her way of thinking in the end.

**TOO MUCH LAUGHTER.**

**The Curious Case of a Negro Now Exciting London Specialists.**

A case of insanity of a curious sort is just now exciting considerable interest among the medical fraternity of London, says an exchange. A negro was found the other day in a gentleman's house at Willesden and could give no account of himself because of severe fits of laughter which convulsed his frame. He was taken to the nearest workhouse and ever since then has done nothing but laugh.

He has not uttered a word in the interval, and what is his name or where he came from is unknown. He laughs continuously from morning till night and at meal times he swallows his food like lightning in order, apparently, that he may continue his fit of mirth with as little interruption as possible. When he goes to sleep his sides shake with laughter, and in the morning the moment he opens his eyes his capricious mouth opens, too, with a loud guffaw.

At first it was thought he had adopted this means to escape from being tried on the charge of attempted burglary, but physicians who have examined him unite in pronouncing him insane and saying that his cure is doubtful. The chances are, it seems, that he will literally laugh himself to death.

This form of insanity, though rare, is not unknown to medical science, though the mania is generally of a transitory nature. There are several cases on record of grave personages, who had rarely been seen to smile, suddenly breaking into a habit of uncontrollable and contagious laughter. Dr. Clouston tells of a solid, prudent business man who one day started his family by a fit of laughter which lasted so long and was so hilarious that every one in the room had to join in.

From time to time after that he would be seized in the church, in the train or in the streets, and whenever he started all who heard him would have to follow. It was the first symptom of mania. Very soon delusions and the most outrageous conduct supervened and then—the asylum.

Send a boy down town with a tin bucket, and he will lose the lid.

You can't stuff some people so much that they will be grateful.

**THE FARM AND HOME.**

**MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.**

**Views of One Farmer on Farm Wages—Unless Animals Are Sheltered Good Feeding Does Not Avail—Water for Cows—Variety with Ensilage.**

**Manure from Clover Hay.**

A Baltimore County farmer writes to Hood's Dairyman the following instructive and interesting article on Farm Labor. He says:

"My father once told me that about twenty years ago, as he was on the first of the year taking stock, so to speak, of the year's work he put as the lowest calculation, the price for hay at \$20 a ton, wheat at \$1 a bushel, and other products in proportion. To-day I pay the same wages that he did, when it is reckoned in money, but when it is reckoned in grain and hay, it takes two bushels now where it then took but one, and in this year of a short hay crop it takes nearly two hundred pounds to pay for a day's labor, where it used to take but one.

"Now, in the face of this, am I going to employ all the labor I can, and create a still further demand for labor, which is my greatest expense? Hardly. My great aim is, and I believe it should be, to run the farm with as little hired men in it as possible. Let my aim be to combine the two elements, acres and machines, with as little as possible of the third element, labor.

"I have been hiring two men in the winter, three in the spring and summer, with extra help at harvest and threshing times, and paying from six to eight hundred dollars a year for my labor. Last spring I rented to one neighbor one field, to another, another field, and one hired man and myself worked off the balance what we could well, and the rest was left unworked. And as a result, I have just as much grain and hay, and that at a clear saving of from two to three hundred dollars, from my reduced labor bill. There is money in farming with low-priced crops and high-priced labor, but few, mighty few of us, can get it out. What we want to do is to use as little labor as possible, until either labor comes down or crops go up."

**Wintering Fall Pigs.**

The great point in making fall pigs pay a profit instead of becoming squealing runts is to have a warm place for them to sleep, and to give them partly warmed food so long as the weather is cold. We have often seen pigs fed milk and swill from the barrel that had been frozen over, and both were nearly or quite at the freezing temperature. In such case it takes too much of the nutrition in food fed thus to maintain animal heat. All this food has to be heated to the temperature of the body before it can begin to digest. When this is done what is left will not make much fat or growth.

**Warming Water for Cows.**

It probably does not pay to warm water for any other stock than cows. It is not necessary for store of fattening animals to drink a great deal of cold water. But if the milk flow is to be kept up, and the digestion is to be kept good, the cow must have plenty of water, and in cold weather it should be warmed to very near the heat of the animal's body. This is especially important for the cow approaching time for parturition. At this period the system is naturally somewhat feverish, and the animal should be encouraged to drink as much as possible.

**Variety with Ensilage.**

Probably nine-tenths or nine-tenths of the ensilage put up is corn fodder, either grown for itself alone or grown for the grain, and siloed after the ears have been stripped from it. This last is often done with sweet corn, and after the ears have been cleared of their grain the green husks are put in with the other fodder. This is greatly relished by cattle, but the feed is not a properly balanced ration. It is not possible to get clover in the best condition to put in the silo at the time with the corn. Its season is in June, long before the corn is fit to put up. But the clover cut and dried helps to balance the corn ration quite as well as if it had been siloed. In fact, dry feed of some kind ought always to be fed with any ensilage. Clover well cured is the best dry feed that we know of to go with corn ensilage.

**A Cheap Way to Begin with Hens.**

Let one purchase hens of the common mongrel stock—which can always be got quite cheaply, says the Agriculturist—and with these hens mate a purely bred male for the variety desired to breed into. In the autumn carefully select the strongest and best-developed pullets, still retaining the former male bird. Select only those pullets which are robust and healthy in every respect, and strongly marked in form, color and general characteristics of the breed represented by their sire. Mate this second crop of pullets to an unrelated sire, and the resulting generation will be equal to thoroughbred stock of that breed for all practical purposes in laying and marketing qualities.

**The Effect of Salt on Milk.**

Salt given to cows has some effect on the quality of the milk. This is necessarily so, as the salt aids very much in the digestion of the food, and it is the quantity of the food digested that regulates the quantity and quality of the milk, says Farm and Home. Salt is indispensable to the health of any animal that feeds on vegetable matter, and the milk is affected greatly by the health or opposite condition of the cow. When salt is given to excess, it is injurious, and causes an intense thirst, but this does not necessarily make the milk more watery than usual. If the cow drinks more water than is customary, there is no reason

to believe that this excess of water dilutes the milk. The milk is not made in any such way as would make this possible. It is produced by the breaking-down of the glandular tissue of the udder, and this never contains more than a normal quantity of water. The kidneys are charged with the removal of any excess of water from the blood, and this drain or out-let, if in good working condition, will always attend to its own business; and if it does not of cannot, for any reason, the milk gland cannot perform this function, but the cow becomes diseased at once. But this is a question that the careful farmer will never have to consider, because he will always take care that such a supposed mistake will never happen. It is only the careless farmer who runs risks of giving his cows, or permitting them to get, too much salt.

**Two Men and Their Dairies.**

John and George start with dairies alike. John is the smarter of the two, but he lays aled in the morning an hour after George is at work. John trusts the hired man to do the feeding and milking, and gets his wife to look after the milk while he attends to the larger matters about the farm, says L. S. Hardin, in Home and Farm. George is a duller man, but a painstaking fellow, who looks after details. He is always on hand when the cows are fed, and sees that each one gets all she will eat up clean, and no more.

He even takes the trouble to weigh the milk night and morning and keeps a record of it, which he looks over at night to see how each cow is getting along. Noting the slightest variation in Polly's yield, he inquires about it, and finds she has tired of her feed and neglects it.

He changes her proportion and adds a few roots or oilseed for a few days, and so gets her back again, while if she had been neglected he would have had the "bad luck" of having her fall off in milk yield. So he goes in everything about his dairy, a little here and a little there, but always on the lookout to see that there is no waste. Now, which of those two dairymen will have the most "bad luck" at the end of the year?

It will be John every time. His notions are too big. The only break he can see is a wagon gap in a stake-and-rider fence. He will not bother with those small things that make up the sum of life and the success of any business. So far as luck is concerned, the man who sits down and waits for it seldom hits it, while the man who goes forth to meet it will get many knock-downs, but he will conquer bad luck and add to his victory all the good luck that comes his way.

**Seeding Too Soon.**

The desire to get the seed into the ground as early as possible is met very often with a loss, and where seeding is done when the snow is on the ground, as with clover, frequently an insufficient amount is used, and the "catch" is poor. Frost, birds and lack of covering to the seeds leave but a proportion to germinate, says the Philadelphia Record. When the spring opens apparently early, especially if the winter has been mild, there is a strong temptation to begin seeding. The loss of seed is quite an item should a cold spell come after seeding, but the heaviest loss is in time. The very effort made to begin early causes the crops to be late, because a second planting must be made, due to the seed decaying in the ground. It should be understood that it requires a certain temperature, on warm, before life begins in seeds, and the temperature varies according to the kind of seeds. It has long ago been demonstrated that seeds planted after the warm days of spring have well advanced will sprout and overtake those planted when the ground is cold, and the fact is well known to farmers, yet thousands of dollars' worth of seeds are annually lost by the desire to get crops in early, or in incurring the risk of unfavorable weather.

**Cost of Milk Production.**

Professor Wing, of Cornell, in his summary closing Bulletin 52, on "Cost of Milk Production," says: Our records of this herd for the past year seem to warrant the following conclusions:

1. With a fairly good herd, carefully fed and kept, milk can be produced for sixty-five cents per hundred weight, and fat for sixteen cents per pound for the cost of food consumed.
2. That individuals of the same breed vary more widely in milk and butter production than do the breeds themselves.
3. The larger animals consumed less pounds of dry matter per thousand pounds live weight per day than did the smaller animals.
4. That in general the best yields of fat were obtained from cows that gave at least a fairly large flow of milk.

**In General, the cow consuming the most food produced both milk and fat at the lowest rate.**

**Feed for Breeding Ewes.**

Ewes that are with lamb should always have roots during the winter season. They need these before parturition as well as after. The period of gestation is always one when continued dry feeding induces a feverish state of the system, and this means impaired digestion. It is common to give roots after the lambs have dropped, so as to induce a good flow of milk for them. But the roots should be given several weeks before parturition, and some grain added while the lambs are suckling, so as to keep the ewe from growing too thin in flesh.

**To Kill Fleas Lice.**

For lice, dust Persian insect powder freely in every crack and crevice, and on the body of the hens, in among the feathers.

**Eggs in Winter.**

To produce eggs, avoid free feeding, and feed meat and milk, with plenty of grain at night, quitting corn.