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FORGOTTEN NAVAL HERO.

Samuel Tucker of Revolutionary Fame Sleeps in Maine.

In a peaceful spot on the coast of Maine is a humble cemetery. It is an acre or two in extent, and slopes toward the east. The blue summits of the Camden hills arise in the distance. The bright waters of a river shine through the woods near by. Birch and pine are growing up all over the place and among the graves. There is hardly a human habitation in sight. In a lowly corner of this pleasant though sadly neglected burying ground is a mound with a slate headstone. The stone bears the once conventional form and willow, and on it are carved these words:

In Memory of
COM. SAMUEL TUCKER,
Who died March 10, 1855.
A Patriot of the People.

There is nothing about the grave or its surroundings, except the abbreviation of a naval title, to show that the occupant of the mound was distinguished above the rest who sleep near him. Yet beneath this green sod lie the bones of one who was a hero in strength of mind and body, a man of lion-like bravery, one of those grand patriots on whom Washington leaned as on Knox, Putnam and Greene; one who ranked with Jones, Deatur and Hull, and with them humbled the pride of England, and made our flag a power to be respected on the seas. Commodore Tucker's name is to be found in hardly a history of our country. With few exceptions, the cyclopedias find him unworthy of a place in the lists of soldiers and sailors. Yet probably no officer of the revolution was more uniformly successful than he. With possibly one exception, he took more prizes than any other man, and in fertility of invention, in daring, in loyalty, in timeliness of effort, he had no peer, while surely no other of the heroes of '76 was so brutally treated by an ungrateful country, and no other has been so coolly relegated to oblivion as this noble soul.

Samuel Tucker was born in Marblehead, Mass., Nov. 1, 1747. He was the third child of Andrew and Mary Tucker, who had eight children. Mrs. Tucker's maiden name was Mary Belcher. She was an educated English lady of great beauty and winning manners, qualities which were inherited by her son. Andrew Tucker was a skillful and prosperous sea captain, who lived in an elegantly furnished mansion in Marblehead.

Of the years of Samuel's childhood little is known. But we do know that his education was not neglected, for his father wished him to take a college course, and for that purpose placed him in a preparatory school. His penmanship and the style of his letters show that he profited by his instruction. Moreover, when the neglect of an ungrateful country obliged him to labor in his old age he was a skillful teacher of navigation.

Tucker was born in an atmosphere of seagoing excitement. His earliest memories and constant associations were of the sea. The ocean, dotted with sails, was ever before his eyes. The shouts and songs of sailors, their tales of peril and strange adventures, were constantly in his ears. It is not strange that the thought of life bounded by a college campus became repugnant to him. At the age of 11 he threw off the restraints of home and parents, ran away from home, and embarked on the Royal George, an English sloop of war, bound to Louisiana to intercept a French transport. His father either realized the boy's bent for a sailor's life, or thought, perhaps, that a little experience would cure him, as is the case with most runaway boys. He accordingly apprenticed him to the commander of the Royal George, and in 1759, the year that Wolfe died in glory at Quebec, young Tucker began as a child a life of toil and excitement, and commenced a matchless career of naval exploits.—*Lewisohn Journal.*

Quaint Book Titles.

The following are the titles of a lot of curious books of Cromwell's time: "The Christian Sodality; or Hive of Bees, Sticking the Honey of the Churches' Prayer From the Blossoms of the Word, Blowse Out of the epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service Throughout the Year, collected by the Pious Bee of All the Hive, nor worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements in his name, F. P." "A Fan to drive away Fles: A Theological Treatise on Purgatory." "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nougay for Saints to Smell at." "A Reaping-Hook, well-tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." "The Spiritual Mustard Pot."

Rosen's Great Clock.

The great clock of Rouen, France, has been grinding out time and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years, running all this time without interruption.

Don't put too much confidence in a dog because it wags its tail; that is not the end it bites with.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?" asked Mr. Darley crossly as he took up a sheet from the piano. "I bought it for a song," replied Mrs. Darley.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DUBUS' HISTORIC DRIVE.

Famous Escape of Gambetta After His Voyage in a Balloon.

M. Dubus, who was Maire of Epeneuse, Oise, in 1870, has just died at Clermont, aged 72. Who was Dubus? Outside of our small and respected French colony here we may safely say that few of us know. And yet his name is bound to be recorded in history and to remain there until the records of the "terrible year" are lost and forgotten. He was the man who saved Gambetta from falling into the hands of the Prussians during the Franco-German war.

The story is simple enough, but its very simplicity serves to teach sound citizens of every country the priceless value of patriotism. Oct. 8, 1870, taking advantage of a favorable wind, Gambetta, accompanied by Spuller, left Paris in a balloon, intending to reach Tours. After sailing in the air at a comparatively slow rate the balloon drifted toward the north. The Prussians noticed it, gave chase, and fired at it furiously. It was hit several times, but the holes made in it by the bullets caused only a slight escape of gas. After some little time, however, the leaks began to tell, and the balloon began to descend slowly. The famous travelers distinctly heard the hoarse cheers of the enemy, who imagined that their long chase was coming to an end, and that they were about to congratulate themselves on their capture. But just then all the remaining sandbags, together with everything that could be dispensed with in the car, were thrown out, and once more the airship pointed toward the clouds.

The fusillade became more furious but the bullets were harmless. A slight increase in the wind also favored the fugitives. The enemy was left behind, but he was still in hot pursuit. The balloon, becoming weaker and weaker in buoyancy, at last began to descend gradually.

It landed in the woods of Faviers, eleven kilometers from Clermont. The Prussians were coming on rapidly. The Maire of Clermont, M. Dubus, who watched the balloon and saw the danger of the fugitives, hitched up his two strongest and fastest horses to a light wagon, and a few moments after their landing he was driving them at full speed on the road to Montdidier. In that drive he beat the record and brought Gambetta and Spuller into the little town in safety. Of course, the Prussians found the balloon, but no trace of the men who were in the car.

Such is the simple story of Dubus' drive, for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor and an appointment to a judgeship in the Canton of Monty. Four years ago a monument was erected to Gambetta near the spot where his balloon descended, and the tree in which the airship got fastened was named "Gambetta's oak." The owner of the land on which it stood has lately cut it down, because he did not like to have patriotic pilgrims and penitents on his property.

This goes to prove that there are hogs even in France, but, fortunately, they are among the sans patrie.—*New York Sun.*

Boarded by a Seagoing Eagle.

In the wheelhouse of the Atlantic transport liner Montana, Captain Wilkins, which came into port on Saturday from Swansea, the emblem of the great American republic was in disgrace. Last Wednesday, while off the Nova Scotia coast, an eagle hovered about the Montana for several hours. When Chief Officer Percy George Lowe took his watch at twilight the bird of freedom swooped down upon the Montana and took a position on one of the boat davits. Mr. Lowe devised a measure to capture the arrogant bird, which had interfered with work on deck by causing the crew to watch it when their attention was needed elsewhere.

Creeping upon the bird with his big oil coat, Mr. Lowe threw the garment over the eagle and wrapped it up. The bird was soon a prisoner, with a stout string about his starboard leg. The eagle was fully 100 miles from land when he succumbed to fatigue and took to the Montana for rest. He is marked with white on the throat and every feather has a delicate tip of the same color. Mr. Lowe will present the bird to the "zoo" at Druid Hill Park if the commissioners will send to the ship for it.

The eagle measures five feet from tip to tip when its wings are extended.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Both in the Same Fix.

A Tiooga youth started to take his best girl to the city one evening last week. The couple boarded a street car, and when the conductor came in for his fare, the young man dived down in his pocket. To his horror, he discovered that his pocket was absolutely empty. Looking up at the conductor, he blurted out: "I've changed my pants and left my money at home." Then he looked questioningly at the girl. She shook her head, and murmured: "So have I." The conductor grinned, the maiden blushed, and the young man signaled to stop.

Choice Hibernicians.

At the convention of the Irish race recently in Dublin, two speakers, who had come from the United States, contributed the following sentences in the course of their speeches. One of them, in giving some details of personal history, informed his hearers that "he had left Ireland fifty-three years before, a naked little boy, without a dollar in his pocket." Said the other: "Until last week, I had never set foot in the land of my birth."

"Good morning, Lieutenant! I hear you are engaged to Miss Rosenberg. Where is she now?" Lieutenant—Oh, she's at home congratulating herself.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

THE FARM AND HOME

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Best Way to Care for Sweet Corn—Cooking Grain for Stock—Hedges Are Soil Robbers—The Farm Workshop a Valuable Building.

Caring for Seed Corn.
I like to shuck my seed corn in the field to judge the stalk, says a correspondent of the "Indiana Farmer." This year I gathered it about fair time, and spread it out on a hay loft. It will keep well in a house loft which a pipe goes through, or fairly well in grain sacks, not shelled in a shop. The sack is some protection. But I am going to try this winter a plan given by a progressive farmer at Winchester Institute. After corn is quite dry he puts it in cracker barrels mixed with dry threshed oats, the corn still on the cob, and places them in a dry place. This protects the grain much as nature does from sudden changes of moisture and temperature. He says his corn always shows great vitality. It is not enough that corn may "grow," it should grow with vigor.

The loft of a workshop is a typical place. I once bought seed that had been corded under the ceiling of a dry cellar. It was swelled tight on the cob, but was good seed. I never like to shell seed that shows a crumpled or blistered face. You all know what that is. It should be glossy and bright, clean and smooth. I used to keep a knife handy and examine the germ of most every ear, but have now become so accustomed to the "feel" of the grain that I seldom need a knife. If it shells off the cob a little tough and leaves little white points broken off of the grain and left sticking in the cob, I reject that ear at once. If any mold shows anywhere on the ear, it is cast aside. If it is a good ear and shells rattling dry and the grains are bright, glossy and fat and broad and deep, so as to drill one at a time and avoid thinning, it passes. Very much extra thinning is caused by planting slim grains, "rat-tooth," so that two are often dropped at once.

Boiling Grain for Stock.

While we believe every farmer who keeps stock in any quantity should have a steam boiler and mill to grind the grain he feeds, still those who lack this can find the next best substitute by boiling the grain until swelled and feeding it in this shape. More of the grain must be fed to produce the same result as whole unboiled grain, because the cooking increases bulk without increasing its nutrition. But the boiled grain is partly digested in the cooking process, so that it is less likely to injure when stock is fed on it largely. It is better to boil grain, cheap as it now is, than to draw a pair eight or ten miles, as we have often done, and wait a whole day for a 25-bushel grist to be ground, besides paying in money the cost of grinding.

Hedges as Soil Robbers.

Land in this country is not so valuable as it is in England, so the waste of ground occupied by hedges and their roots extending either side has never been regarded as of much importance. But as the hedge grows older it extends its roots in every direction, until as in the osage orange each hedge plant becomes a large tree. In England hedges are kept closely trimmed, and this restricts the extension of roots on either side. We cannot get the labor to do this in this country without making the hedge fence more expensive than a more permanent fence made wholly of iron or of woven wire. If the hedge is allowed to grow, the waste of land it will cause will make its cost greater still. Most owners of hedges on farms would be glad to be rid of them if they could do so at little cost.

A Farm Workshop.

No more useful building, or one that will save more money to the farmer, can be found than a workshop, in which should be kept a complete set of tools for working in wood. Such a set will not be very expensive, and having a house where they can be kept it will encourage habits of neatness, which always pay in every business. We would have the tool house large enough to be used as a general receptacle for all farm implements, wagons, sleighs, drills and carts when not in use. One room should be partitioned off and have a small stove, so that it can be kept warm for working in it in winter.

Make All the Land Pay.

It is one of the advantages or disadvantages, as the case may be, of renting land that the man who rents has fully impressed upon him the need of getting full returns from every acre that he pays rent for. If the farm is owned this point is not often thought of. If the farmer gets a living, and if he can still lay by a few dollars in the bank at the end of the year, he thinks he is doing all that can be expected. Quite likely this is true in times of low prices, when it is most difficult to make farming pay. But it is not the result at which a farmer should aim. His attempt should be even if not realized to get some profit from every acre, and to make his best land produce as large profit as it is capable of doing. Whenever farmers aim at these purposes they will be able to withstand competition unless it comes from those whose natural facilities for cheap production are superior to their own.

Crops that Fatten the Soil.

Some of the recent investigations in vegetable physiology are of extreme importance to agriculture. I have before referred to the growing knowledge of plants that do not rob the soil. It is a

fact that some growths actually enrich the soil. Corn and wheat and tobacco deplete it of such constituents as are not easy to be had, but, on the other hand, leguminous plants and clovers make it more fertile. Prof. Paul Wagner, at one of the German research stations, puts plants in two classes. In the first are wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, turnips, tobacco, vines, chloery, buckwheat, mustard, cabbage—all of which use up nitrogenous material and cannot help themselves to more from the air. On the other hand, he shows that there is a class that does not depend on the nitrogen in the soil, but helps itself from the air freely. In this class he places peas, vetches, beans, lentils, clovers. These assimilate nitrogen from the air, and the more the roots and stubble become incorporated with the soil the richer it is in nitrogen for other plants. As nitrogen is an expensive manure to purchase, this discovery is of vast importance. If you wish to restore wheat and corn land sown peas or clover or plant beans for a few years,—The Independent.

Disease in the Soil.

In a valuable paper on the relation of soil ferments to agriculture, Prof. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, draws attention to the dangerous possible results of burying animals that have died of some forms of contagious disease. Our veterinarians have for years past insisted on the propriety of burning immediately after death of all animals that have died of anthrax, and Dr. Wiley, in his essay on ferments on the soil, says: "There are forms of ferments in the soil of a dangerous nature, as well as those which contribute to vegetable life. It has been observed in France that in localities where animals that had died of carbon (anthrax or spleen apoplexy) had been interred the germs of this infectious malady have persisted in the soil for many years, and that especially when cereal crops are cultivated on such soil there is great danger of healthy cattle getting contaminated with the same disease. In one case where an animal died of carbon, sheep fed two years on the land where it was buried were infected with the same disease and died." The same thing is quite likely to happen with hog cholera. Every effort should be made by farmers to avoid infecting the soil by burying the carcasses of any animals that have died of any zymotic disease. Burning is the only safe way to dispose of carcasses. Science has fully established that several diseases of this nature may have their germs kept alive in the soil for several years, and for all such cases fire is the only safeguard.

Methods of Tillage.

The method of plowing is not so important as the act of plowing or turning the sward, yet the method should differ with the soil. Sandy soils deficient in organic matter and already open should receive a different furrow from a compact clay. The former should have a close and closed furrow or flat furrow, while the latter requires a lap furrow. Such a furrow loses nothing in breaking longitudinally and crosswise in the act of turning. As such furrows plow harder, they advocacy is of doubtful propriety, for we are in the age of effective after-tillage tools in the cutaway types to harrows. No harrow with a tendency to pack the soil, like the old spike-tooth class, whose teeth act as wedges, should be used. As before stated, no harrow should be used for the purpose of pulverizing and of soil decomposition that does not open the soil more freely to the air than before its use. After a moderate use no harrow continues to make the soil more porous so far as individual investigations throw light on the subject.—*Country Gentleman.*

Golden Wax Beans.

The Golden Wax beans, from the tenderness of their pods and absence of strings, are much the most popular bean for use when green. But not many know that next to the Lima bean the Golden Wax is also best for use in its dry state. It has a richer flavor, recalling the Lima when it is cooked dry. There is, however, such a demand for wax beans for seed in spring that not many of them can be afforded for eating purposes. Probably if the superiority of the wax bean was understood more would be grown and used dry. The only drawback on growing the wax bean largely is the difficulty of shelling it. The waxy condition of the pods keeps the beans from drying out, as most other beans will do, and unless shelled by hand some beans will be left in the pod.

Poultry Yard.

Are those surplus cockerels still eating the food the pullets should have? Fatten the fowls just as quickly as possible. When the fattening process is begun, stuff them. Are those broken window lights replaced by whole ones to keep out the wet and cold? When the wings are cut, the feathers do not renew until the bird molts, but where the feathers are pulled new feathers will appear in a short time. Secure a quantity of leaves for the hens to scratch in this winter. Place them in the hen house and scatter the grain therein. The fowls will get needed exercise in hunting for it.

It is well to make an occasional change in the ingredients of mixed foods. Oats which have been boiled for two or three hours are excellent for an occasional breakfast for the fowls in winter, or for an evening meal in summer. Buckwheat boiled is a great egg-making food. Select and make a purchase from some reliable breeder of such variety as may be desired, and then prepare good, warm, airy and comfortable quarters, and reap your reward in the well-filled egg baskets when eggs are high.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

And the foot-ball player in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these chrysanthemums, but very near it.

The astonishing report comes from London that the Sultan is "perturbed." In the absence of any adequate details the suggestion is hazarded that now is the time to swat him.

The niece of Mme. Blavatsky has been welcomed by the New York Theosophists. She is a young woman who confesses to 6,000 summers in various conditions of material servitude.

The most daring fool that has recently appeared is a young accountant in Kansas who had himself blown out of a cannon when 5,000 feet in the air. His parachute did not work and the rest need not be told.

The consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the aims, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a reactive good is entering into his own life and being.

A great, a good and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys, in some degree, even upon earth.

A burglar in Louisville was exposed and frightened away the other night by stepping on an india rubber doll, which gave forth a heart-rending shriek in consequence. Hereafter timid maiden ladies can allay their fears of the predatory "man" by a liberal application of india rubber dolls to different parts of their domiciles.

A "secret distance race" is a new and approved feature of bicycling in Australia. The distance is known to the officials only, and is decided after the race is started. The men race around the track and when the starter's gun is fired the race is terminated, the man in the lead at that point being declared the winner, while the others receive prizes according to their positions. In a race of this sort every one has to do his best from the start, as there is no knowing when it will end.

If a man cannot be really loyal to truth without sympathy, neither can he be truly kind and generous without truthfulness. For, if he weakly yields to every one, right or wrong, and in what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," he is not really helping or strengthening or elevating any one; he is only indulging his own ease by giving some one a cheap, unwholesome, and transitory pleasure. The courage of truthfulness is one of the firmest foundations of all worthy friendship.

A dredger of novel construction has been built in Rotterdam for use on the river Eska, in Spain. Its principal feature is that its motive force, in the form of electrical energy of high tension, may be generated on shore by any convenient means, the current being distributed either by overhead wires or cables laid under the water. In the installation under notice the central station is situated on the river bank, and furnishes current not only to the dredger, but also to operate an elevator which returns the material dredged into lighters and ballast wagons. All the motions are controlled by one man in the cabin. The motor for operating the bucket chain is capable of developing 45 horse power when making 600 revolutions per minute. The average power required to work the dredger is equal to about fifteen horses, and as the motor will account for 45 horse power in normal working, a good margin is left for emergency. Besides operating the motors for driving the screws, driving the dredge chain, raising the dredge frame, and lifting the pile, the electric current also works a centrifugal pump.

A navy is popularly supposed to be designed for use in war, and service in it in time of peace has not been supposed to be very dangerous. In fact, landmen have been disposed to envy naval men the good times they are supposed to have, feasting about watering places and junketing about the world. This seems on reflection to be a mistake. Except the recent war between China and Japan there has been no war since our civil war in which naval forces have made much of a figure. Yet it would have taken a septennate of quite respectable proportions to have entailed as many casualties as navies have suffered within that period. Everybody has hastened a build iron and steel ships carrying huge guns, none of which has done any fighting, yet they have been capsizing one after another for England and Spain and other countries, toppling each other over by accidental collisions and killing and maiming men through defective construction and inefficient machinery. All the average man would about as soon think of smoking his pipe in a powder-house as of embarking in one. Here were the turrets of our naval pride, the Indiana casting loose in the storm the other day and waiting about to the imminent peril of the whole crew and the whole ship, in-

deed. All this takes no account of the endless expenses caused by ship getting on ledges of rock, or mud shoals, or stupidly placed blocks in dry docks, and otherwise "breaking their backs." Are such things inseparable from armed vessels? Isn't it possible to make them more serviceable even if they don't look so well?

In St. Louis of late an "artist in hair" has been sued for damages by a patron whose flowing locks she had undertaken to subdue to a bright straw color, but which came out a dull pea green patched with purple, not unlike a German cabbage, the head it decorated apparently including a core of similar consistency and intelligence. Samples of ringlets and bangs which the artist had promised to match in color were displayed, clearly demonstrating a breach of contract. In such a case, which is the first of record, and therefore without precedent, the difficulty of deciding which is swiftest, or arriving at any wise decision, is apparent. It is no wonder that the magistrate advised the litigants to settle the case out of court. The incident illustrates the uncertainty of the color scheme aimed at by this class of artists, pointing the moral that it is much better for a lady as to her hair to bear the hue she has than fly to others that she knows not of. In the estimation of some a straw-colored chameleon may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but when it can only be drawn like a prize in a lottery, with any number of pea green blanks interposed, it becomes too costly, and the desire should find fulfillment if at all in the frank and unhesitating adoption of a wig.

The Navy Department ought to take the battleship Texas out of service, frame her in a rosewood dock and put her on exhibition. She is too fair and marvelous a craft to waste on the rude work of buffeting waves and cruising around the waters of Hampton roads. Ever since she was completed and put to sea she has been getting into trouble. It was only a few weeks ago that she bumped her graceful nose on a sandbar in a perfectly navigable seaway, where, as everybody knows, there had never been a sandbar before, and had to be hauled off by tugs to be taken into dry dock and inspected. The other day the powerful vessel, while lying tied up at a dock, gave another proof of her extraordinary qualities. It has been some time since she had done an act of distinction. She was not due to go to sea and no wild waves were coursing around her. So she just broke her sea-cock, staving a thirteen-inch hole in her steel side, and calmly sunk. It does not seem that the Texas will ever be able to do anything better than this. It is infinitely beyond the performances of any other war vessel—not excepting that of the Indiana, whose turret broke loose in a high sea and banged right and left all night, or that of another stately vessel, which, in endeavoring to promenade New York harbor, ran into a Jersey mud bank. It looks as though the Texas would be able to sink herself and all on board if she were snugly drawn up in a dry dock, fires drawn and all water-tight compartments closed. Perhaps the Navy Department would do well to take a good long look at the Texas again. If the last accident had occurred at sea, the death of about 300 men might have been the result.

He Sat on the Baby.

Mr. D. is an extensive real estate owner in one of the suburbs of New York. He is also an insurance agent and a general adviser on matters of law and equity, and, in addition to all this, he is the proud father of a three-week-old baby. The other day Mrs. D. took the little treasure into the parlor, and, after a half hour's cooing, lulled it to sleep. Then she laid the child on a sofa with a pillow at its feet, darkened the room and went about her household duties. Just as any good housewife would. All this time Mr. D. was busy in the garden. Presently a neighbor happened along and stopped for Mr. D.'s opinion on a law matter and was invited into the darkened parlor. The visitor went straight for the sofa. He could see the pillow, but did not observe the child. He was adjusting the pillow to make a nice comfortable seat, but Mr. D. insisted that he should sit in the big arm chair, a sort of seat of honor for all guests. He acquiesced and Mr. D. took his seat on the pillow.

About this time Mrs. D., whose maternal instinct had asserted itself, peeped in to see how baby slept. She saw her husband sitting where she had left the child. As she asked in an alarmed tone where the baby was a muffled cry came from beneath the pillow, and Mr. D. jumped up. He had been sitting on the precious little thing, and the timely arrival of his wife probably saved the child's life. A few moments more and it would have been suffocated. "Lucky for the child that I did not sit on it!" remarked the visitor, who is a man of generous proportions. The child is all right now, but Mr. D. does not take his clients into the parlor any more.—*New York Times.*

Unwelcome Visitor.

Tid-Bits has this bit of a story about one of that class of children, and others, who speak the truth: "You are sure that Mr. Bowton is not at home?" asked the caller. "Well, I ought to be," said the honest servant. "He told me so when I took your card up, and he said if you would call some time when he was out he would be glad to see you."

Chrysanthemums.

It is said that chrysanthemums live longer than any other flower after being cut.

The brightest jewels are the hardest and coldest.