

FARM FACTS.

All seed should be tested in the spring to see if it will grow. To test it put 100 grains in damp cloths. Keep them damp. Place in a warm room or near the window. Don't cook them. In a few days you can see what percentage have sprouted, and you can expect from what to expect from the seed. It pays, do it.

SUBSOIL YOUR LAND.

Exhaustive soil moisture tests at the Iowa experiment station showed last year that spring plowed land contained an average of 16 per cent of moisture (16.6 per cent in every 100); fall plowed and subsoiled land contained 15.4 per cent; and fall plowed not subsoiled contained 15.4. This was the average of the whole season. On July 15 the percentages were: Spring plowed, 15.4; fall plowed, 12.4; fall plowed and spring subsoiled, 18. Spring plowed and subsoiled, but by all means subsoil if you possibly can.

DON'T SELL YOUR CALVES.

More than the usual attention should this season be paid to the raising of calves for the use of the dairy. This year there was a large demand for this kind of stock and there is reason to suppose that it may continue at least a year or two longer.

Farmers should raise enough of their best calves for the use of their own dairies, and if they can do more than this there will undoubtedly be a ready demand for them, provided they are of the kind wanted.

TEACHING THE LITTLE PIGS TO EAT.

Pigs should be taught to eat as soon as possible, not only for their own good but for the good of their dams. A good way to accomplish this is to place a small trough near by their dam's quarters and where the larger piglets are kept. As soon as the piglets are able to suckle, they should be given a little sweet milk in this trough once or twice a day, also wash the trough once a day to prevent it from becoming sour and stale.

As soon as the piglets learn to drink the milk freely, a little salt should be added to the milk and it should be mixed with the milk. If this manner of treatment is pursued with the pigs it not only proves to be of great benefit to both the pigs and their dam during the first eight or ten weeks of the piglets' life, but they can be weaned sooner and at the same time do much better than if otherwise treated.

Discard the swill barrel commonly used for kitchen soap and use buckets instead, carrying them away and feeding the contents before they become stale or rancid. Rinse the bucket with pure water and allow it to air before using. Clean buckets will answer a good purpose.

An old farmer said the other day that every cow should be fed and cared for according to what she earns. An old German who heard of this said game yoost so well as you. She gif yoost 'cordin' to what she fit.

BUTTER FLAVOR, HOW TO GET IT. Flavor in butter is almost entirely dependent upon the growth of proper bacteria during the ripening of the cream. What is wanted is to obtain a "seedling" of the proper kind of flavor-producing bacteria. This can be done in a variety of ways.

If any neighbor is producing finely flavored butter, get some fresh butter-milk from him and use it as a starter to ripen cream enough for one churning. If this churning turns out satisfactory use the butter-milk for the next churning and in addition let it come in contact with all the milk pails and cans. Scatter some of it in the stable and rub it on the udders of the cows. In short, let the whole place permeate with this desirable species of bacteria.

Many farmers will take this suggestion to be foolishness—New England farmers those are. Every butter maker in the west should heed the directions. Here the best and get the most money for it, then you will get there.

EARNINGS FROM COWS.

A Kansas farmer submits the following report on his seven cows for the year 1927:

Number of pounds of milk sent to the creamery	25,420
Cash received for same	141.00
Number of pounds of skim-milk returned to farm, 18,000	18.00
Cheese made from Sunday's milk, 100 pounds	8.00
Butter and milk consumed at home	20.00
Total	\$187.00

Another farmer does better:

"In 1926 we milked twenty cows and put in the factory (besides what was used in the family) a little over 5,000 pounds per cow, which at 20 cents a pound brought in a little less than the average price for that year, gives us \$30 per cow for milk, besides the calves and the whey for hogs. The yield of milk is nearly double what we received eight years ago, when we first started dairying in Kansas with range cows. Our cows are nearly all grade or thoroughbred Holstein now. The past year we milked about twenty-five cows, and put in the factory over 13,000 pounds of milk, over 5,000 pounds per cow."

Fellow Farmers, how much milk do your cows average per year? Are your cows paying as good a profit as they should, or are they only boarders? Advice from the best give accounts of the largest cheese ever made, which was recently exhibited at a convention. The cheese in question weighed 22,000 pounds or close to ten tons.

EARLY CHICKS LAY GOLDEN EGGS. The whole story of getting eggs in winter, when they are costly, can be solved into three simple rules: First, hatch the chickens early; second, keep them growing so the pullets will come to laying maturity by November; third, keep them laying by good food and good care. When I say hatch chickens early, I do not mean too early, because if hatched too early and if they go to laying in August and September they will moult in December, just as the weather is becoming very cold, and then good bye to eggs from then till April. For the heavier varieties, such as Brahmas and Cochins, the last of March is none too early, but the Langshans, Plymouth Rocks, and Wyandottes I would hatch the first of April if possible, though during April will

do very well. The Spanish varieties, the Minorcas, Leghorns, Hamburgs, etc., should be hatched in May for the best results.

POULTRY NOTES.

Be ready for spring. Feed soft food in clean troughs. Fresh air and exercise increase the egg.

Darkened nests are a sure cure for egg-eating hens. April hatched chicks are the most profitable to raise. They lay eggs in the fall and winter.

Cut clover hay is a valuable egg food and will go a long way toward keeping the flocks in healthy laying condition. Skim milk is next in value to fresh meat as an egg producer. It may be fed alone or mixed with ground grain in the morning mash.

When fowls are judiciously fed, made to take exercise and their quarters clean and free from vermin, there is seldom any trouble from any sickness.

See that the cause of any sickness. When the combs and wattles are of a bright red color it is a sign of good health.

Thoroughly spraying inside of coops with kerosene is a good preparation for the new broods that are to occupy them. Chicks and lice cannot profitably raised together.

When fowls lie around indifferent to their surroundings and are sluggish in their movements, they are too fat, and death from apoplexy, indigestion or liver complaint will result unless the trouble is remedied.

As a rule, the smaller breeds—Mediteranean and their allies—lay earlier than the Asiatic, Cochins, Brahmas, Langshans, etc., but from six to eight months is the usual time, and the most satisfactory in the end.

One broken egg in the nest, if its contents are carefully distributed by a finger, may spoil the entire batch. The thing to do next, and as soon as discovered, is to wash the sound eggs in warm water and renew the nest. Remember this!

Cholera never bothers ducks, neither does roup nor gapes. Hawks do not molest them. They lay more eggs and will hatch better than hens. With good feeding they can make a weight of five pounds in six weeks after hatching.

It is estimated that 40,000,000 eggs are used by the calico print works each year. Photographic establishments use millions of dozens, and wine clarifiers call for over 100,000 dozens. The demand from these sources increases faster than the table demand. They are used by bookbinders, kid glove manufacturers and for finishing fine leather.

EVERY FARMER'S WIFE A BEE-KEEPER.

Many a weary house mother exerts herself to put up rows on rows of jellies, jams and canned fruit, often in the extreme heat, when the same amount of time, more healthfully spent out of doors, could supply her family with a like quantity of sweets quite as wholesome and palatable to the average household. Of course a variety is desirable, and we would not do away with the time-honored preserves, but its dainties might well be diminished in quantity and supplemented with those which require no manipulation. Especially where there are children it is desirable to have a supply of natural sweets—honey.

BEE NOTES.

Look through every colony for a queen early in the spring. Remember that the strong colonies are a colony will soon dwindle out in the spring if the queen is missing.

Queens can be reared in the spring as soon as the drones are flying. In March, if healthy, means several hundred pounds of honey in June.

Don't hurry in taking the bees out of winter quarters, but wait until all danger is over. Contract the space in the hives to suit the size of the colony, especially when weak.

Keep the entrances to all hives contracted in early spring. It will save numerous cases of robbing. See that the bees have a watering place. If there is no convenient place handy, furnish one for them. Bees must have water every day.

To stop robbing, throw an old blanket over the hive being robbed. Raise the corner to let the robbers out and the owners in occasionally.

Change your stock of bees every few years. It is no trouble to secure good queens very cheaply, and that there is a great difference in the working quality of bees is a certainty.

Bees are really very profitable and but little expense is connected with them, and it is strange, indeed, that more people do not keep them. Bees do nothing and board themselves. If your bees are cross and you cannot handle them, but get stung every time you go near them, procure yourself a good bee-smoker and you will be made master of them.

Bees gain more rapidly in strength in spring if fed frequently. They may thus be made doubly profitable at a small expense when the season arrives. It is only the strongest colonies that gather the largest yields and pile up the tons of honey for their owners.

Some Literary Fetiches.

Charles Dickens was a curious caprice. He professed that he could not write with ease and pleasure unless certain bronzes were upon his desk. When they were there the shuttles flew with magical rapidity. He needed three things—blue ink, quill pens and his fetiches.

A lady who has visited the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, at home has informed the world that in precisely the same manner he uses a queer collection of copper animals. They crowd upon his table—grotesque cats and rabbits and other bits of clever modeling. Ibsen finds in their companionship a help and spur, and he is emphatic in preserving them with him unchanged in his study for forty years. However damaged and begrimed they might become, and this was inevitable, he would not have them changed. Probably their presence seemed to assist his flow of ideas. He was equally faithful to an dilapidated table cover. Holes and ink stains were not detrimental to its value in Michelet's eyes.

In the case of Haydn, the composer, a ring was the fetich. If he had it upon his finger he could think brilliantly. He possessed it all his life seemingly gone. He often declared that without this trinket he was curiously dull. He might sit down to an instrument, but all creative power, he would find, had departed from him.

MONEY MAKES MONEY.

John Jacob Astor Becomes King-Regent of Beautiful Honduras.

John Jacob Astor is back from Honduras with fresh landholding laurels to boast of. His family already own about 845 acres of real estate in New York, which would apparently content the most ambitious.

But he now adds to this 500,000 acres of the richest coffee, fruit and lumber lands in the world. Besides this Mr. Astor runs the custom house.

The syndicate in which Mr. Astor is so largely interested, has the Honduras railroad in its control. This road, while now only forty-seven miles in length, has been the cause of the Honduras business offered to it. In the Honduras business alone it keeps three steamships per week running to New Orleans and two weekly to other points.

Two hundred colonists have gone to Honduras since the syndicate began operations. Last year, and every year, a steamship from New Orleans now is bringing from twenty-five to fifty settlers. Most of them are fruit growers from Florida. There are a lot of farmers from Illinois and ranchers from Texas and a group of foreign investors have started a rubber planting colony.

Mr. Astor, when he reached Puerto Cortes in his yacht Nourmahal, on February 24, paid his first attention to the railroad. He went up to the terminus at Potrerillos the first day and came back on the bicycle inspection car. He talked with Chief Engineer Lackie that night, and the result was that the present line will be relaid to standard gauge and the plans for the narrow gauge extension to Anapala on the Pacific coast changed to correspond.

With the road completed there will be a few more millions set to Mr. Astor's credit.

Mr. Astor spent a whole day in investigating the customs service. His syndicate controls the whole export and import business of Honduras, and is guaranteeing to the government \$500,000 a year. The syndicate has agents in every custom house, spies along the border lines and revenue cutters along the coast.

Since November, when they took control of Honduras, smuggling that had gone on for years has been stopped, and the duties received jumped up in the first month more than \$2,000.

On the third day Mr. Astor and his party attended the official opening of the syndicate's bank, which is started with a capital of \$500,000. The bank will have charge of the customs receipts and will pay off from them, under a new bond issue, the debt saddled upon Honduras by a lot of foreign sharpers thirty years ago. It is this great debt, \$2,500,000, that has kept Honduras undeveloped, and so far behind her sister republics.

With few exceptions, Mr. Astor's companions in the great Honduras syndicate are millionaires. Those who have reached that comfortable limit are Dr. W. Stewart Webb, Walter H. Webb, General J. G. McCullough, George S. Scott, F. Coett and William Radcliffe. The two last named gentlemen are Londoners.

The people of Honduras are foolishly delighted with the chances opened up for them by the coming of the American syndicate, and from all along the north coast they gathered to greet the Nourmahal. They were astonished at her size and elegance when she steamed in at 10 o'clock in the morning of February 24, and when Mr. Astor announced that visitors would be welcome they simply swarmed aboard.

At Santa Cruz the party visited the sixty new coffee plantations, all owned by young Americans. Each plantation had from 10,000 to 60,000 trees, and their owners were getting from \$2,500 to \$15,000 a year. Mr. Astor was especially interested in the coffee plantations and questioned around until he was thoroughly well up on the subject. He knows that coffee made the fortunes of the other Central American republics, and there is no reason why Honduras should not make hers and another one for him out of it. There are many acres of fine coffee land in the syndicate's 500,000.

"It may as well be understood right here," he said, "one member yesterday, 'that the syndicate is not a charity organization. We will not take settlers down free, nor give them land nor lend them the money with which to work. We want successful farmers and mechanics, and that one encyclopedia person who knows their business and we are quite willing to talk business with all such.'"

The Astor properties in Greater New York are figured at \$100,000,000. It is estimated that the fixed value of this Honduras land will be \$2,000,000,000, making a total of land values of \$2,100,000,000.

The Pope a Socialist.

It is stated, writes the Rome correspondent of the London Daily Mail, that during his routine visit to the Vatican gardens Leon XII came across an assistant gardener who was digging the soil. His holiness is always anxious to study under its practical aspect the problem of just remuneration for the workman, a subject on which the pope has long and earnestly developed broad minded theories.

"My good man," he said to the gardener, "how much do you receive a day for your labor?"

"Two francs, Your Holiness," was the reply.

"And how many children have you?"

"None, Your Holiness."

"And does your wife also work for her livelihood?"

"Holy Father," said the laborer, "I have never been married."

"The holiness, came to him as he reached the railway station in Jersey City. He took his seat in the train and was soon in deep study. When the porter called out "Chicago!" Edison turned to a fellow passenger with the remark that the porter must be joking, as they had only just gotten out of Jersey City. The "wizard's" mind was so concentrated upon the problem that the twenty-four hours seemed but a fleeting moment.

Dog Carried a Watch.

A story is told by George W. Griffin of Henderson county of a shepherd dog owned by him, which certainly demonstrates the superior instinct of this little woolly creature over most species of the canine family. "One day," said that gentleman, "I was driving along the public highway and the dog was following me. I met some old friends and while conversing with them unknowingly dropped my watch from my vest pocket. The watch had a short piece of leather attached to it, which answered for a fob. As soon as the cat ended I got into the buggy and drove on. I had driven half a mile or more when to my astonishment I found the dog came up to him as he reached the highway. He was holding the watch close behind the vehicle with the watch hanging from his mouth by the leather strap, which he held firmly between his teeth. Of course I made haste to stop and get out of the buggy. I picked up the dog came up to me, holding his tail, seemingly conscious and proud of what he had done. This thought, is just one of the many intelligent acts to that little animal's credit."

TRIMMED WITH DIAMONDS.

Anna Gould's Wrapper Worth Six Thousand Dollars.

The young Countess de Castellanos has a tea gown trimmed with diamonds. Think of it! a negligee robe costing a small fortune, and she wears it.

It has just been designed for the countess by Worth. It is a tea gown as gorgeous as a ball costume, and is the most elaborate negligee gown ever made by Worth.

Anna Gould, since her marriage to Count de Castellanos, has been famous for her marvelous gowns. Her wardrobe has been the envy of every titled lady abroad. No expense has been spared, and each couturiere whom she has employed has been given carte blanche to carry out his most artistic ideas.

The tea gown which Worth has just finished shows many novelties. The robe is made of heliotrope velvet crinkled according to the latest fashion. The long straight front is of cascades of lace, purple and blue. The front is bordered with a most exquisite trimming, consisting of a fluffy jabot of white feathers, caught here and there with diamond ornaments. The effect of the diamonds glinting among the feathers is exquisite. The cutaway trimming reaches from the shoulder right to the hem of the gown.

The crinkled velvet sleeve is small and laid in tucks toward the top. And on each shoulder a cluster of artificial flowers is fastened. On one shoulder are a few sprays of velvet purple and white orchids, and on the other is a modest bunch of violets. The gown has a long train and an indescribable air of regal elegance.

This tea gown is remarkable for many reasons in addition to its costliness. It is trimmed with diamonds—an uncommon trimming, to say the least, for a negligee robe.

It is made with a close-fitting sleeve instead of the conventional flowing sleeves of the average tea gown. And artificial flowers are used to add to its beauty.

A tea gown trimmed with flowers is almost as great a novelty as a tea gown trimmed with diamonds.

ANECDOTES OF EDISON.

When the general office of the Edison company was started in New York City, think to look in a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and there were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused, that he could never keep any of his Havanas, and, as he could never, by any possible means, think to look in a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, he did not know what he should do in the matter. "Why," said the friend, "I can help you out in that. I have an intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make you up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage leaves and all cured to supply her family and cure your friends. Edison thanked him and straightway forgot all about the offer. Two months or more passed before he again met his friend.

"Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends."

"Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager."

"Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange. I wonder where they came from."

"Let me inquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did.

"Why," said that person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to California."

"Great makes!" exclaimed Edison, "then I must have smoked them myself. And he had."

The spirit of fun never leaves him. He conducts a great many of his chemical experiments in open-mouthed tumblers—ordinary thick glass flat-bottomed, kitchen tumblers. On one occasion when he had used over four hundred tumblers in an experiment, which had proven a complete failure, one of his assistants said: "Well, Mr. Edison, what shall we do next?" Mr. Edison scratched his head a moment, and then, looking at the kitchen tumblers, he slowly said: "Well, I think the first thing to do is to get some more tumblers."

The play of Edison's mind is as wonderful as the characteristic way in which he does his reading. Outside of his technical reading he reads a book unless it is spoken of to him by his wife or a friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problem," and was nervously pacing up and down his library like a caged lion.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be the "Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

"No, I never have," he said.

"Mrs. Edison assured him that it was, 'All right, I guess I'll read it now,' and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten and he was absorbed in the great story. As he finished the book he noticed the light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was 5 o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind and came to him as he reached the railway station in Jersey City. He took his seat in the train and was soon in deep study. When the porter called out "Chicago!" Edison turned to a fellow passenger with the remark that the porter must be joking, as they had only just gotten out of Jersey City. The "wizard's" mind was so concentrated upon the problem that the twenty-four hours seemed but a fleeting moment.

Thinking of Good Times.

Love ter think o' good times comin'—Birds a-singin', bees a-hummin', All the cattle in the clover, An' the blue skies bendin' over, Roun' my way they're allers drummin'—

Regiments o' good times comin'! Love ter think o' good times growin' In the sunny seed o' my sowin'— With the lark aroun' me wingin'—Voices of the reapers singin'—

Oh, the whole creation hummin' O' the good times comin'—comin'! Love ter think o' good times smilin' Like yer sweethair's lips beguillin', Stars up yander whar the blue is, Daisies dreamin' whar the dew is, All the world in chorus hummin' O' the times—the good times—comin'!

Love ter think o' good times—sorrow Is no factor in tomorrow! That's my country, allers showin' Streams with milk an' honey flowin'! An' my heart's forever hummin', Music o' the good times comin'!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A LESSON FOR FARMERS.

It is not a pleasant duty for the faithful journalist to take a pessimistic view of the condition which confronts those who are engaged in productive industry. As we all live on what grows out of the ground; as the farmer stands in the front rank between the beneficent ruler of the universe and human society, feeling the whole world with the bread of life, all are interested in his prosperity. If his labors are attended by abundant crops and he has a good market for his surplus industry he is quickened into new life. The miner, mechanic, merchant and manufacturer acknowledge their dependence upon the cultivators of the soil for their well-being.

It will not be disputed that in the ownership of the homes is the foundation of liberty, civilization and progress. Hence prosperity and happiness depend very largely upon the individual ownership of the home. It is a fact that no assurance of the perpetuity of free government when the farm tenant is not also the landlord. It is a sad, but well authenticated fact that the number of the real owners of homes and farms in the United States is diminishing, while the percentage of rented homes is increasing. A few decades ago the great majority of the population were home owners and were in a great measure free from incumbrance. Today the number of tenants is fearfully large.

The census of 1880 reports a population of about sixty-three and a half millions, of 12,000,000 families of five members each, or an average of that many homes owned or rented. About 8,250,000 occupied hired homes or farms, and only 2,190,000 occupied their homes free from incumbrance.

Eighty-four per cent of the total number are the occupants of hired or mortgaged homes. Fifty years ago the United States was a nation of home owners, and today 70 per cent are tenants.

It is an unwelcome and startling truth that in this our great republic, boasting of its free institutions and free homes, the percentage of its dependent population is greater than in any nation of the civilized world with the single exception of Great Britain. It is astonishing and alarming with what rapidity tenant farmers are multiplied in the United States. Between 1880 and 1890 the number of owning farmers decreased in every New England state. In the six New England states the owning farmers diminished 24,177 and the tenant farmers increased 7,246.

Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, in the decade, lost 21,259 owning farmers and gained 48,864 tenant farmers.

In Iowa, when public lands could be obtained without charge until very recently, the number of owning farmers increased 3,521 and the number of tenant farmers increased 16,562.

In forty-seven states and territories the number of owning farmers increased 158,951, and the number of tenant farmers increased during the same decade 599,837. The reader should bear in mind that these great changes from owner homesteads to tenant occupants took place during a period when farm lands in all the states had fallen in comparative value from 30 to 60 per cent. The reliable historian, Archibald A. Hays, tells us that in the seven years immediately following the demonetization of silver by the British government the number of land owners fell from 169,000 to less than 30,000. Nearly all the farmers of England are today tenant farmers who hand over to the greedy and avaricious owners all their earnings except a meager subsistence. England boasts of her unbought wealth. She has the interest bearing debts of the United States standing at the present time at \$2,000,000,000 (all payable in gold). It is no wonder that England has a larger proportion of dependents or tenant families than any nation in the civilized world, and it is no marvel that the United States stands at the head of the parade of pauper support by charity. If our Gags and McKinley succeed in establishing the single gold standard the United States will soon surpass England and stand at the head of the list of the nations in the production and support of the pauper poor. Young as is the United States she can furnish a list of multi-millionaires whose acquired wealth is greater than that of any state where the laws of primogeniture and entailment are established. The decline of which is very rapidly changing farm ownership into tenant occupancy, is a recognized fact. This is not more marked than the shrinkage in all the products of human industry. The farmer whose home is incumbered with a mortgage which he reasonably expected to meet by the sale of his surplus crop finds that the market value of his livestock and the products of his labor have both depreciated in price, which was equivalent to a great creation of the incumbrance. The holder of a mortgage has no use for the farm and he very generously proposes to take the title and rent the farm to the despoiled owner for a money rent, with an understanding that the holder will receive upon the expiration of his paying the debt with interest. This is the way the farm owner becomes a tenant.

It is a help-less undertaking for a farmer to bid his land of an incumbrance by the sale of his products when his labor is constantly depreciating in its value. The purchasing power of gold and fixed investment in bonds is rapidly growing. A gentleman who has given much attention to the statistics furnished in the census report says that the average value of crops of 1873 (the year that silver dropped from coinage) was \$5 per cent greater than in 1893. If the farm products of 1893 could be sold at the prices prevailing in 1873 they would bring the farmer nearly \$60,000,000 more than the price realized. What a vast army of hardy industrial farmers would have been emancipated from debt and been made arm owners instead of farm tenants.

The cotton crop of 1893, at the price of 1873, would have been worth to the south \$49,000,000 instead of \$14,000,000, its actual value in 1893. The corn crop of 1893, at the price of 1873, would have yielded to the farmers \$60,000,000 instead of \$12,000,000.

It is not a very comfortable thought to those who must pay the great war debt by their labor that it will take twice as much corn to pay the balance of the debt than it would to have paid every dollar of it when it was contracted.

This article is already too long. We could, and we will in the future, give our farmers much more to think about before they are summoned to the polls to decide whether the policy shall be continued which is swelling the number of tenant farmers and paupers and tramps. We say to the farmer, who is staggering under a load of debt that is not after knowing the facts, will vote richly deserve whatever of financial calamity may befall him.

The great painter, C. F. Watts, is now painting an angel with bowed head and despairing figure bending over a marble tomb covered with bird's wing while a spirit of evil grins below. He feels very strongly about the fashion of wearing the plumage of birds.

SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

While there isn't a town on the Jersey coast which is piling up the barns and houses and population to equal Squan Creek, and while there isn't another town of its size in America with so many fancy class liars, there are some things to be looked to with awe and regret. All this was the winter of 1890-91. Amos Schofield, president of the board of trustees and commodore of the fish-boat fleet, was practicing on new lies about whales. He had bin our shark har for three years and had done so well that he was to be promoted.

In the spring, as the ice went out of the bay, Amos begun his whale lyin'. A meetin' of the Liars' club was called and he stood up and got off such a whopper that the applause broke out three winters and tore up the floor. It was a sleek, slick yarn, and he was praised and complimented 'till he had to buy a bigger hat to put on his head and put lead in his butes to keep his feet down. The lie had had a week to git around town, when Sunday cum and we all went to meetin' in the mornin' and he givin' us a powerful sermon on Dan'l in the lion's den, when Peter Joslyn's boy stood in the door of the meetin'-house and called out that a big whale was plowin' around the bay. Everybody jumped up, but the preacher stopped preachin' and says:

"All of you sot right down agin. That's the tail-end of Amos Schofield's new lie, and I'm surprised that you didn't ketch on to it."

Everybody set down with a thump and a grin, and Amos himself laughed 'till the tears run down his cheeks. The boy hung around, however, and he told Silas Tompkins and Dan White, who sot highest in the door, that he'd seen the whale himself. When he was givin' us a powerful sermon on Dan'l in the lion's den, when Peter Joslyn's boy stood in the door of the meetin'-house and called out that a big whale was plowin' around the bay. Everybody jumped up, but the preacher stopped preachin' and says:

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