

FARM FACTS.

The United States supreme court decided convictions under the oleomargarine laws of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire to be invalid, thus holding the law unconstitutional.

The agent of an English miller reported to his principal in April that not for years has the supply of wheat on storage in the United Kingdom been so scanty as it was during the recent past. It was asserted that during the last four weeks preceding the date of the report, the quantity had been so low that there was not over a fortnight's supply stored throughout the United Kingdom.

An excellent cure for bee stings is to cut a common onion in halves, take part of it and rub the sting. It will not swell nor itch. If some one laughs, don't care; go ahead.

"While the sun-dried fruits require time and patience, they are, without doubt, much to be preferred to those cooked on the fire," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "In the country, where a hotbed is at command, the work is easily done. Stem strawberries carefully without bruising; put them into a wire basket, which plunge down into a pan of cold water and drain thoroughly. Wash the strawberries and to each pound allow one pound of granulated sugar. Select large stoneware plates, make them very hot on top of the stove or in the oven; sprinkle over a layer of granulated sugar and cover this closely with the berries. Cover with glass and stand in the sun's hottest rays. Move the dish as the sun changes its position. At 4 o'clock bring them in and stand aside in a closet or cool place. Next day put them out again in the sun; by this time they will no doubt have become clear, almost transparent, and thoroughly soft, but perfectly whole. Lift each berry carefully with a fork and put into a tumbler or bottle. Boil the syrup over the fire for a few minutes until it thickens; strain, cool and pour over the fruit."

OBJECTS OF PLOWING.

The objects of plowing may be summed up as follows: To incorporate plant food into the soil; to loosen up the surface to enable it to more rapidly absorb moisture; to give it necessary ventilation and to aerate the soil; to break up roots; to pulverize the surface, and thus aid in preventing capillary action from bringing all the moisture to the very surface.

To sum up; it should be our aim in handling the soil to maintain a proper moisture content, to have a seed-bed firm enough to cause capillary forces to keep it well supplied with moisture from below, and to prevent such free circulation as will dry out the soil, and yet porous enough to admit enough air to permit the growth of roots, and finally, to keep the surface at all times covered either by a mulch of vegetation or, lacking that, to keep the surface three or four inches so thoroughly pulverized and loosened up that no water can come through it from below.

I cannot close this paper without paying my respects to those great benefactors of agriculture, weeds. Had it not been for them, man might still be in a state of savagery. But in his eternal battle against them man has fortunately adapted the very methods that we now know to be the most effective in conserving soil moisture, namely, continuously stirring the surface in to a mulch. True, we now stir the surface more intelligently than we used to, because we know what we stir it for; but it was the necessity for fighting weeds that taught us the lesson.—Kansas Farmer.

CASH FOR PRIZE WINNERS.

The protest of the stockmen of the west against the offer of medals as awards in the live stock department of the Trans-Mississippi exposition has resulted in the unanimous decision of the board of directors to substitute cash for medals. Stockmen declare that this change will result in making the live stock section of the exposition the greatest show of live stock ever held in the United States.

The matter was considered at a special meeting of the board of directors called to consider the matter on May 12th. One of the arguments used in favor of cash premiums was that Kansas City was preparing for a live stock show at which \$75,000 in cash prizes would be offered, and that breeders of stock would not bring their animals to compete for medals. The stock yards and other stock interests in South Omaha and live stock associations throughout the state were fully represented at the meeting, and all expressed great satisfaction at the decision, saying that the action would result in bringing thousands of people to the exposition who would not otherwise have come.

The resolution, which was adopted by the directors without a dissenting vote, was as follows:

"Resolved, That this board hereby directs the executive committee to reconsider the subject of live stock premiums and instruct the committee to offer cash prizes amounting to \$35,000 in place of medals.

In addition to the \$35,000 to be awarded by the directors under the terms of this resolution, the Union Stock Yards company of South Omaha, will contribute \$1,000 in cash to be awarded in prizes by the executive committee for cattle, hogs and sheep. The amount of this offer was made to the directors by General Manderson, representing the Stock Yards company.

DAIRY DOINGS.

The war with Spain will have no depressing effect on dairy products in the far west, but may be somewhat prejudicial to the price of beef for a short time.

It is always poor policy to keep a large number of cows on the feed that will properly support only half the number. It is a losing business from the outset, and is a straight road to bankruptcy.

When milk is made into butter at home do not think that a little extra pains will not pay. This determines the value of home-made butter and cheese. Have the butter molded into regulation size bricks, then have parchment wrappers with the name of the farm and address of the owner printed thereon. This alone will be sufficient to enable patrons to refer some friend to this brand of butter, or other things produced at the dairy.

At the Nebraska Experiment Station cattle not accustomed to alfalfa pasture have a common, straight-bar bridle bit put in their mouths before turning into the field. They are compelled to wear this bit for several days, or until they become accustomed to the green alfalfa. This treatment has a place where there's a preventing blout, as no cases have occurred since the method was adopted. The theory of prevention is that in eating with the bit in the mouth an animal is compelled to eat slowly, so that an abundance of saliva, a counteract acid which is secreted in the stomach, is swallowed along with the food. When the animal system becomes accustomed to the alfalfa there is little danger of bloating and the bit may be removed with safety.

THOROUGHBREDS VS. SCRUBS.

There are, practically, four types of poultry: Standard bred, thoroughbred, half-bred and scrubs. All have a mission, but the bulk belongs to the practical side; standard bred for the fancier, thoroughbred and half bred for the market poulterer; scrubs for any and everybody who do not make poultry culture a hobby and who are not so persuaded otherwise than that a chicken is a chicken. Pure bred poultry are more profitable than scrubs. The writer has a pen of scrubs for experiment, which might be considered good layers, yet placed alongside of a pen of thoroughbred White Wyandottes (eleven in each pen), gave these results: For the month of December, the scrubs laid 30 eggs, the Wyandottes 11; January, scrubs 31, Wyandottes 15; February, up to and including the 15th, scrubs 69, Wyandottes 94. Both pens were fed alike, and the same care was given each. No forcing methods were employed. This is a fair sample of the difference in powers of the two. For the market poulterer we believe in thoroughbreds as a first choice, half-breds second—but scrubs, never!

WHEN TO SPRAY FRUITS.

(Kan. Exper. Bull. 77.)

STRAWBERRY.
For Leaf Blight—Use Bordeaux mixture, when growth starts, at opening of earliest blossoms, after crop is off remove old foliage and burn it and spray every three or four weeks.

For Leaf Roller—Use Paris green, by first of May, three weeks later. In June mow the plants and rake off leaves and destroy.

CABBAGE.
For Aphid—Use kerosene emulsion as soon as aphids appear on the cabbages.

For Harlequin Bug—Plant mustard between cabbages, which will attract the bugs, then spray mustard with kerosene.

For Squash Bug—Destroy vines as soon as crop is gathered; collect eggs and adults and destroy.

BEST SOIL FOR POTATOES.

The ideal soil for potatoes is a rich sandy loam, abundantly supplied with organic matter and naturally well drained. Very heavy clay should be avoided, if the farm contains any lighter soil. Recently cleared ground suits the potato best. It is claimed that soil that grows corn safely soil for a better quality than those that grow a stiffer soil. In order to obtain the best results, thorough preparation of the land must be followed. Deep plowing in the fall, followed by the subsoil plow is undoubtedly the best, for a deep soil will hold the moisture and thus be in a better condition to withstand drought. Potatoes are a deep feeding crop, and for this reason require a deep, mellow soil, in which their roots may branch in all directions.—Kansas Farmer.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Exercised hens ought to produce eggs at the rate of 1-2 cents per dozen while without exercise at a food cost of 5-6 cents per dozen.

Egg production under the most unfavorable condition, except as to ration feed, will clear about 2-3-4 cents per dozen during the year on the cost of the food. Eggs produced under the most favorable conditions should clear \$1.25 per egg each year. In the case there is a profit of 5 per cent on feed; in the other, 20 per cent.

Early hatched pullets produce high percentage of fertile eggs, old hens the lowest.

BEEES DYING FROM SPRAYING.

In places bees are dying by the hundreds. This is uncommon for this time of the year. People are spraying their fruit trees and poisoning the bees.

Since they have a right to spray their trees it seems there is nothing that can be done. Bee keepers must watch out and do the best they can under the circumstances.

Barnacles, the Navy Pest.

An insidious ally to Spain is the barnacle. The United States warships now busy in Cuban waters, which are particularly favorable to the growth of shellfish, are sure to have their bottoms fouled by the rank sea growth, and probably the first use to which they will put the fine dry-dock at Havana will be to clean them off.

The barnacle loves a ship's bottom. It attaches itself by means of a peduncle ending in the barnacle proper, which is a small, shell-like valve, which is a general protective shell. It makes no effort to improve on its first selection of a home, because immediately it has made its selection and becomes firmly attached, nature robs it of its eyesight. It grows backward and forward, and absorbs its food caught in several tentacles looking like fine feathers protruding from the head. It spends the days pleasantly in foreign travel till the dry-dock is reached, when it is unceremoniously scraped off and sent to the manure heap.

A tramp freighter engaged in the Southern trade had eleven tons of barnacles removed from her sides at one time, exclusive of grass and other growths. This was in the big dry-dock on West street. She had been in the water about one year.

Grass will only grow on the sides of the ship, not beneath. Shellfish grow all over. The waters a ship is sailing in make a difference. In the Bermuda trade ships quickly gather a growth of grass and other marine plants, four and five inches long, causing loss of two to three knots per hour. The use of various anti-fouling compositions to avoid the appearance of the most expensive but, the growths that have parchment wrappers with the name of the farm and address of the owner printed thereon. This alone will be sufficient to enable patrons to refer some friend to this brand of butter, or other things produced at the dairy.

A judge of the Bombay high court, who is impious in manner, and never forgets that he is a judge, was walking up and down the platform of a small railway station up-country just before taking his seat in the train. At that moment a hot and perspiring Englishman rushed on to the platform and said to the judge, "Is this the Bombay train?" The judge coldly remarked, "I am not the station master." "Then, confound you sir, why do you swagger about as if you were?"

Said the minister to an old lady of an irreligious disposition: "Woman! I've mind there's a place where there's a warning and gnashing of teeth." "Ye'll no fright me w' that," said the dame. "I've never one left in my head to gnash w'."

Miss Wabash—Indeed, how lovely. Miss Olive—Isn't it, though? Three breweries have my picture on their advertising calendars this year, and they are beautiful, too. Society belle? Well, I guess yes; I've got all the other girls faded, see?

HOME HELPS.

BREAD MAKING OF THE NATIONS.

In the remote part of Sweden the poor people make and bake their rye bread twice a year, and store the loaves away, so eventually they are as hard as biscuits. Further north still bread is made from barley and oats. In Lapland, oats, with the inner bark of the pines, is used. The two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes and cooked in a pan over a fire. In Kamchatka pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. The Icelandic scrapes the "ice-land moss" off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves for both bread and puddings. In some parts of Siberia, China and other eastern countries a fairly palatable bread is made from buckwheat. In parts of Italy chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal and used for making bread. Durra, a variety of millet, is much used in the countries of India, Egypt, Arabia and Asia Minor for making bread. Rice bread is the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese and a large portion of the inhabitants of India. In Persia the bread is made from rice flour and milk; it is called "lawaash."

The Persian oven is built in the ground, about the size of a barrel. The sides are smooth masonry work. The fire is built at the bottom and kept burning until the wall or sides of the oven are thoroughly heated. Enough dough to form a sheet about a foot wide and two feet long is thrown on the bench and rolled about as thin as sole leather, then it is taken up and tossed and rolled from one arm to the other and flung on a board and slapped on the side of the oven. It takes only a few minutes to bake, and when baked is spread out to cool. This bread is cheap (1 cent a sheet) and is a favorite food of the Armenians. The "hungry bread" from Armenia is made of clover seed, flax or Bensed meal, mixed with edible grass. In the Molucca islands the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white, floury meal. This is made into flat, round loaves, which are baked in small little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves. Bread is also made of roots in some parts of Africa and South America. It is made from manioc tubers. These roots are a deadly poison if eaten in their natural state, but when properly prepared, to prepare it for bread the roots are soaked for several days in water, thus washing out the poison; the fibers are picked out, dried and ground into flour. This is mixed with water and kneaded into a dough, then baked in the sun.—Good Housekeeping.

FASHION'S LATEST DECREES.

Pique and duck are to be worn almost exclusively for the summer tailor suits. They are made up in an infinite variety of colors and combinations, and white alone figures in the most elegant costumes.

Duck and pique are classed as simple garments. In reality they are anything else. They must be well cut and well made in every detail, else their appearance is spoiled. The collar, cuffs, and finish of seams and hems, else they fray out. In buying the ready made suits this is the point to investigate. See that the seams are strapped, that the hems are well turned under, or better still, piped up on the right side. Note also that the skirt is full, long and amply wide. All of these qualities are to be found in the suits shown by the leading shops.

They are so handsome and stylish that they are fully adapted to the needs of the best dressed woman. Plain skirts with contrasting flares, skirts adorned with numerous bias bands with contrasting pipings, and double and triple skirts are shown in this lot. The latest style is very late. The skirts are really bouces cut and adjusted to a plain skirt. They are not gathered at the waist, but are fitted to the body and set on smoothly and yet flare broadly at the edges. Scallop and numerous methods of fancy trimming are used to finish the flounces.

The very latest importation from Paris is the blue of white showing a shaded flange. Blue of white blouse; the revers, vest and collar are of silk. Silk also lines the scallops, which produces the basque to the blouse. The vest is adjustable, so can be alternated.

And the blouse remains! It is no longer Russian, but the simple sailor blouse, with broad collar and revers. As the predominating feature of a spring costume the blouse is chic and comfortable. It is usually made of a dark, solid color, to contrast with a skirt of some light shade. Both waists and collars are made up in this pretty fashion, as the style admits itself to all fabrics.

Velvet ribbon belts and collars are considered stylish on figured or argyle gowns. Many of the sleeves are shirred, the fullness thus gained forming a double cuff up to the shoulder.

Fans to match every costume are what the fashionable woman must now provide. There is an immense variety of colors to choose from, so this should not be a formidable task.

More dainty and varied than ever are the Japanese fans. They are truly the friends of the fashionable woman. A number are really handsome enough to be carried with fashionable gowns. The summer home is not complete without a large assortment of every size and hue.

A cheap, flashy batpin will spoil the appearance of the most expensive hat. The hat should be a handsome and substantial head. The purchase proves a good investment in point of looks and durability.

Honey will soon be coming in. Honey is the way to take care of it. Honey readily attracts moisture, and in the open extractive honey will become thin and in time may sour; and with comb honey the case is still worse, for the appearance as well as the quality is changed. The beautiful white surface becomes watery and darkened, drops water, soaks through the capings, and weeps over the surface. Instead of keeping honey in a place moist and cool keep it dry and warm, even hot. It will not hurt to be in a temperature of even 100 degrees. Where salt will keep dry is a good place for honey. Few places are better than the kitchen cupboard, in a hot jar next to the roof is a good place, and if it has had enough hot days there through the summer it will stand the freezing of winter; for under ordinary circumstances freezing cracks the combs and hastens granulation or candying.

Select a number of small, firm tomatoes, one for each person. Cut a small piece from the stem end and with a spoon scoop out the seeds and soft center. Turn upside down for a while to drain, then sprinkle the interior of each with pepper and finely chopped onion. Rub the tomato with a brush, arrange the prepared tomatoes in a large buttered pan, not too close together, and place in a hot oven until the eggs are set—about eight minutes.

LIFE OF A NAVAL RESERVE.

When the Yankee steamed out of the navy yard there were about 300 naval reserves on board, and they had no sympathy.

All day they had worked like tigers shoveling coal, loading the ship with arms, ammunition and provisions, and they were cooked and eating like the crew. These reserves belong to the most prominent families in the north. They are men accustomed not only to the comforts but the luxuries of life. There were even some sons of millionaires in the crew, and yet they were cooked around and cursed by the officers as if they were a lot of laborers being paid by the day. But they went cheerfully about their work, as if it were a great picnic.

The next day they presented a sad spectacle. Their faces were grimy, their clothes dirty, and their hands, once soft and white, were blistered, scratched and swollen. Their breakfast had consisted of half-dried oatmeal and hardtack and a cup of coffee, and they were not only tired, but as hungry as any of the Cuban reconcentrados. They were cooked around and cursed by the officers as if they were a lot of laborers being paid by the day. But they went cheerfully about their work, as if it were a great picnic.

There were three dogs on board—a pug, a black and tan and a nondescript animal, probably of Irish extraction, but they were called the name of "Mike." The dogs evidently shared the general hunger, and occasionally one of them would go up to one of the freshly painted guns and take a lick of paint. "Mike" had been white originally, but he belonged to the reserves, and he had to dirty to be in the fashion. A lean cat wandered up the gangplank in a fit of mental abstraction, but she must have scented the situation, for she made one frantic leap ashore and disappeared. Even the flag floating at the mast was sagged.

There was only one youth, who had been christened "Cupid," stood disconsolately eating peanuts, while the twins—handsome, strapping young fellows by the name of Murray—pitifully begged him to divide.

Fond mothers and sweethearts were duty to guard the greatest honor in the world against the reckless, school-teacher and the careless sailor for a shad. So they are permitted to remain and those who had been sent to serve in their stead returned to the Borough of Brooklyn crestfallen and disheartened.

Discipline is the watchword of this fleet which blockades New York harbor by night and patrols its channels by day. Nothing is permitted which is not in strict accordance with the regulations of the United States navy. Each tug is manned by two officers and six men. They compose a company which, whether the sea be calm or rough, especially rough, is willing to give up all for the sake of safeguarding the approaches to this harbor.

This navy respects all the traditions of the service as nearly as a man with out a wardrobe. The moment you get on board the flag tug of the blockading squadron you are impressed with the earnestness of officers and crew. There have been some cold and rainy days, and the men were obliged to wear their own clothes they had. They walked the decks clad first in their bluejacket clothes, their white canvas working clothes composed the next stratum and over them was a blue pajama. They wore their yellow canvas leggings; not that the regulations prohibit such things on shipboard, but because the gear kept them warm. Their heads were surmounted by blue worsted watch caps. They wore cutlasses and carried rifles, so as to be ready to sound a note of warning or rebel boards.

COMMISSARY

We are going out for a night with the squadron, and we will have supper before the serious business which we have in hand. Supper is served at half past 6 o'clock, and the naval reserves go to the gallery with provisions and the place of the reserve is taken by the crew. It resisted successfully even the assaults of the famished reserves. They were promised their feast before they sailed and when at noon they heard the dinner whistle they answered with alacrity. Soon they were again beginning to hunger and when at 1 o'clock they were told to get them something to eat.

"The same old bill of fare," one of them said, "hardtack, pork and coffee. That's the Sunday's spread!"

After dinner one young fellow came on deck conspicuously clean. "Look at George," his fond mother cried. "He has on clean clothes." "He hasn't either," his matter-of-fact sister answered. "He's just turned them wrong side out."

"Oh, see my boy! They're making him sweep!" another mother cried in horror. "How well he handles that broom! But, oh, dear, he sweeps the deck!"

One woman was accompanied by her footman, and when a disreputable-looking boy, with hands and face so black that he could have passed for a negro, came up to greet her, she threw up her hands in horror. For a time words failed her. Then she appealed to the footman. "Marshall," she cried, pointing a finger of scorn at the grinning boy. "Would you think that was Mr. William?"

"No, mam; not if you 'adn't a-told it," he answered sorrowfully.

When the last all-around had been given, one slender, bright-eyed young fellow started for the gangplank, and then ran back to the group he had just left. "Take good care of mother," he said.

Those were the last words spoken ashore by any of the Yankee's men.

KATHERINE NELSON.

One of the few jokes credited to General Grant had buttons for the subject. An officer, so the story goes, was at Grant's headquarters when he received the news of his promotion to the rank of major general. Grant was clad in the simplest kind of uniform, which was much the worse for wear. There were only three buttons left on the soiled fatigue jacket. "You see, I have anticipated matters," said Grant, pointing to the almost bare buttons and "three buttons for a major general."

C—There is one thing for which mankind I think deserves credit. Y—What might that be? "When you think of all the bars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the north pole."

General Recruit (surveying the ball-room)—I think your ladies would make excellent soldiers. Van Teel—Why so? General R.—They display so much backbone.

Mrs. Bainbridge—The girls of today should be taught to say "No." Mrs. Humphreys—That's just what I think. The pert thing all say "Nix."

WITH THE NAVAL RESERVES.

Lookouts are stationed on the tug at bow and stern, scanning the darkened waters for craft which disobey the regulations of the war department. From the bow there comes a man who hastens to the pilot house. He salutes the ensign and speaks quickly and sharply in an instant all on board the tug is action. Did you ever see the crew of a man-of-war when the word had come to beat to quarters? Is there anything on board this tug. The craft is not painted slate color and there is no stripping for action. In other respects it is the same. Over the decks come sounds of the fall of feet, the rattling of muskets and the fall of gumballs upon the deck boards. From the bow came a long whistle, followed by three sharp blasts.

Over the waters we can see three long black craft with low freeboards. Above them is a funnel, and then, half concealed, a deck house, from the windows of which comes a glare of light. It might be a fleet of Spanish monitors which is slowly making its way out of the harbor after the forbidden hour.

"Tug and scows," the words have gone forth.

Every sound of steam is applied. The vessel of the naval reserves is putting on all speed. Again the shrieks of the Dalzell's whistles fill the air and echo along the waves. The low lying craft are hurrying clumsily along. It is a race between the swift flying ocean steed and a drove of marine elephants. At the bow of the Dalzell stands a man with a rifle, patiently waiting the word of command. Then comes the order to fire. There is a flash and a loud report.

"She has heaved to," says the ensign.

"Well, this beats chasing after lime juicers," remarks the tugboat captain as he gives the wheel a turn. "I'd rather do this than be chasing down beyond the banks for towns any day. Somebody will lose the number of his mess one of these days if you reserves fellows keep this up."

We are alongside the erring craft now.

"Why didn't you stop when we signaled you?" demands the ensign.

"Well," replies the master of the scow fleet, "the tide caught me and I couldn't stop."

The scows are back on their way up the bay and the swift flying patrol continues her tireless vigil.

Eight vessels were spoken before the night closed. The masters of some of them are surprised to learn that war has been declared; others have heard of the port regulations and anchor of their own accord. All of them regard the much uniformed naval reserves with interest. Foragers look in amazement at the rifles and cutlasses. From the rail of a Belgian passenger vessel half a score of passengers are peeping down at the formidable vessel which has come alongside and given a note of warning.

Watches come and go as the night wears on. Two hours the men stand guard, and then sleep for four. There are three bunks in the cabin, which are enough for those who think they must sleep. It is hard, though, to court slumber amid the alarms of war. The crew take up their rest listening for the shrill whistle and the crack of a rifle. For those who have no bunks there is the floor of the cabin. An overcoat rolled up is a good enough pillow for who serves his country on the deep.

Every proper sailorman should have a hammock. The naval reserves took their hammocks to sea with them, but there is no room to swing them on board a tug. Still, when rolled up these same hammocks will serve the purpose of pillows. The hammocks sleep in the pilot house. One sleeps while the other watches. All night long are heard the throb of the engines and the steady churning of the propeller.

By daylight the work of the patrolling squadron is less onerous. It is easier to see vessels when the sun comes to near to the forbidden mine fields and are in danger of being blown to pieces. It is not so difficult, either, to keep watchful eyes upon the shad fishermen, who have a playful way of cutting away any mine cables which might become tangled with their nets. Several of the fishermen have recently drawn up several hundred pounds of gun cotton along with their consignment of shad. Such things can no longer take place when the argus eyed naval reserves are patrolling the bay.

By day the distinguished signal of the vessels of the fleet is the code flag which stands for the letter "S," a white flag with a blue center. At night the tugs carry three vertical lights—white, red and white.

Arrangements have been made for a harbor patrol under government auspices, but it will be many a long day before the mariners have forgotten the time when the fleet of naval reserves went into commission.

How to Tell an Officer.

The rank of a general officer may be determined at a distance, as far as the buttons on his coat may be seen. The buttons are placed in two rows on the breast of the coat, eight in each row and these in pairs on the coat of a brigadier general. There are nine buttons in each row, in groups of three, on a major general's coat, and in three groups of four each on a lieutenant general's coat.

For colonel, lieutenant colonel and major the arrangement of buttons is the same as for general officers, except that there are two unbroken rows of nine buttons each on the breast of the coat. The distinctive colors of the various arms of the service are: Infantry, blue; cavalry, yellow; artillery, red.

The shoulder strap of a lieutenant general has three stars; two stars denote a major general, and the brigadier general wear one star.

For a colonel the same side straps are used as for the generals, four inches long and one and three-eighths wide and bordered with gold embroidery one-fourth inch wide, with a silver eagle in the center.

For lieutenant colonel, the same as for colonel, with a silver leaf at each end, instead of an eagle.

For a major, the same as for lieutenant colonel with a silver leaf at each end in gold, instead of silver.

A captain's shoulder strap has two silver bars at each end.

First lieutenants have one silver bar at each end of the shoulder strap, and second lieutenants have the plain strap devoid of any decoration save the embroidered border.

Non-commissioned officers wear chevrons on the sleeve, points down.

For sergeant major, three bars and an arc of three bars.

The rank of an officer may be determined also by the braid on the sleeve of his overcoat. A lieutenant's coat sleeve is ornamented with a single knot of braid. The same pattern knot is used on a captain's coat, with two braid knots and one and three-eighths inch wide, and three-eighths inch wide, and three-eighths inch wide. General officers wear a more elaborate, or double knot with an additional braid.

COMMISSARY

Discipline is the watchword of this fleet which blockades New York harbor by night and patrols its channels by day. Nothing is permitted which is not in strict accordance with the regulations of the United States navy. Each tug is manned by two officers and six men. They compose a company which, whether the sea be calm or rough, especially rough, is willing to give up all for the sake of safeguarding the approaches to this harbor.

This navy respects all the traditions of the service as nearly as a man with out a wardrobe. The moment you get on board the flag tug of the blockading squadron you are impressed with the earnestness of officers and crew. There have been some cold and rainy days, and the men were obliged to wear their own clothes they had. They walked the decks clad first in their bluejacket clothes, their white canvas working clothes composed the next stratum and over them was a blue pajama. They wore their yellow canvas leggings; not that the regulations prohibit such things on shipboard, but because the gear kept them warm. Their heads were surmounted by blue worsted watch caps. They wore cutlasses and carried rifles, so as to be ready to sound a note of warning or rebel boards.

COMMISSARY

We are going out for a night with the squadron, and we will have supper before the serious business which we have in hand. Supper is served at half past 6 o'clock, and the naval reserves go to the gallery with provisions and the place of the reserve is taken by the crew. It resisted successfully even the assaults of the famished reserves. They were promised their feast before they sailed and when at noon they heard the dinner whistle they answered with alacrity. Soon they were again beginning to hunger and when at 1 o'clock they were told to get them something to eat.

"The same old bill of fare," one of them said, "hardtack, pork and coffee. That's the Sunday's spread!"

After dinner one young fellow came on deck conspicuously clean. "Look at George," his fond mother cried. "He has on clean clothes." "He hasn't either," his matter-of-fact sister answered. "He's just turned them wrong side out."

"Oh, see my boy! They're making him sweep!" another mother cried in horror. "How well he handles that broom! But, oh, dear, he sweeps the deck!"

One woman was accompanied by her footman, and when a disreputable-looking boy, with hands and face so black that he could have passed for a negro, came up to greet her, she threw up her hands in horror. For a time words failed her. Then she appealed to the footman. "Marshall," she cried, pointing a finger of scorn at the grinning boy. "Would you think that was Mr. William?"

"No, mam; not if you 'adn't a-told it," he answered sorrowfully.

When the last all-around had been given, one slender, bright-eyed young fellow started for the gangplank, and then ran back to the group he had just left. "Take good care of mother," he said.

Those were the last words spoken ashore by any of the Yankee's men.

KATHERINE NELSON.

One of the few jokes credited to General Grant had buttons for the subject. An officer, so the story goes, was at Grant's headquarters when he received the news of his promotion to the rank of major general. Grant was clad in the simplest kind of uniform, which was much the worse for wear. There were only three buttons left on the soiled fatigue jacket. "You see, I have anticipated matters," said Grant, pointing to the almost bare buttons and "three buttons for a major general."

C—There is one thing for which mankind I think deserves credit. Y—What might that be? "When you think of all the bars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the north pole."

General Recruit (surveying the ball-room)—I think your ladies would make excellent soldiers. Van Teel—Why so? General R.—They display so much backbone.

Mrs. Bainbridge—The girls of today should be taught to say "No." Mrs. Humphreys—That's just what I think. The pert thing all say "Nix."

One of the few jokes credited to General Grant had buttons for the subject. An officer, so the story goes, was at Grant's headquarters when he received the news of his promotion to the rank of major general. Grant was clad in the simplest kind of uniform, which was much the worse for wear. There were only three buttons left on the soiled fatigue jacket. "You see, I have anticipated matters," said Grant, pointing to the almost bare buttons and "three buttons for a major general."

C—There is one thing for which mankind I think deserves credit. Y—What might that be? "When you think of all the bars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the north pole."

General Recruit (surveying the ball-room)—I think your ladies would make excellent soldiers. Van Teel—Why so? General R.—They display so much backbone.

Mrs. Bainbridge—The girls of today should be taught to say "No." Mrs. Humphreys—That's just what I think. The pert thing all say "Nix."

One of the few jokes credited to General Grant had buttons for the subject. An officer, so the story goes, was at Grant's headquarters when he received the news of his promotion to the rank of major general. Grant was clad in the simplest kind of uniform, which was much the worse for wear. There were only three buttons left on the soiled fatigue jacket. "You see, I have anticipated matters," said Grant, pointing to the almost bare buttons and "three buttons for a major general."

C—There is one thing for which mankind I think deserves credit. Y—What might that be? "When you think of all the bars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the north pole."

General Recruit (surveying the ball-room)—I think your ladies would make excellent soldiers. Van Teel—Why so? General R.—They display so much backbone.

Mrs. Bainbridge—The girls of today should be taught to say "No." Mrs. Humphreys—That's just what I think. The pert thing all say "Nix."

One of the few jokes credited to General Grant had buttons for the subject. An officer, so the story goes, was at Grant's headquarters when he received the news of his promotion to the rank of major general. Grant was clad in the simplest kind of uniform, which was much the worse for wear. There were only three buttons left on the soiled fatigue jacket. "You see, I have anticipated matters," said Grant, pointing to the almost bare buttons and "three buttons for a major general."

C—There is one thing for which mankind I think deserves credit. Y—What might that be? "When you think of all the bars we have, there has never been one who claimed positively that he had seen the north pole."

General Recruit (surveying the ball-room)—I think your ladies would make excellent soldiers. Van Teel—Why so? General R.—They display so much backbone.

Mrs. Bainbridge—The girls of today should be taught to say "No." Mrs. Humphreys—That's just what I think. The pert thing all say "Nix."