EDITORS' IDEAS.

The Schuyler Quill is booming W. A. Poynter for the nomination for governor this fall. Poynter is a good man—but there are others.

Sweet potatoes can now be grafted into morning glories. Now this is just what our farmers want, for they have the owners in the summer and the potatoes in the fall. This much the agricultural department has at last succeeded in doing for the farmers.—Wahoo Democrat.

The populist Jonah is too big to be swallowed by the democratic whale, but the two would make a thundering big fish.—The Index.

SEEKERS AFTER GOLD know they may be disappointed, but seekers after health take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do them wonderful good.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy, yet efficient.

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT

Information to Those Interested in That Department of the Exposition

Lincoln, Nebraska, April 1, 1898.—To Those Preparing Exhibits.—You will be greatly pleased to learn that I have effected arrangements that will enable me to make an extension of the time in which to prepare the educational exhibit. It will not be necessary for the educational work to be shipped to Omaha until May 10.

EDUCATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

In compliance with my request, the state commission has designated room No. 1 in the beatiful Nebraska building as "Nebraska Educational Headquarters." This room is on the first floor in the northwest part of the building, commanding a beautiful view of the exposition buildings, and is a cool, spacious room, twenty-four feet square.

It will save much correspondence if each one will note carefully the following:

SUGGESTIONS.

1. Our exhibit is the "General or Collective" exhibit, and is distinct from the "Specific or Individual" exhibit which is in charge of the board of lady managers.

2. All kinds of school work is acceptable in our department if it is of the proper quality.

3. We will pay the terminal charges for one shipment from each county.

4. Counties desiring to ship from more than one point may do so by sending to me one dollar for each additional shipment, to defray the terminal charges. The terminal charges for each shipment we understand is one dollar.

5. Envelopes should be made of manilla paper (or of other suitable paper), large enough to hold six or more of the mounted cardboards. These will protect the work from dust. Each should be labelled with the name of the school and county.

6. All shipments should be securely packed in boxes and labelled with the tags which will be furnished in due time by us to the county superintendents.

7. Three mounted cardboards should be sent for each teacher represented, in order to have two to xhibit and one to replenish any damaged work. In mounting cardboards, leave at least one-half inch margin for moulding to hold the same in place. We will furnish the moulding.

8. Those going to Omaha to assist in placing the exhibits should not be there for this purpose before May 18 or 20. The necessary workmen's passes will be supplied. Exhibits will be placed without expense where it is not convenient for some one from the school or county to do this work.

9. We have provided for each school of the state a "Bird and Arbor Day Manual," the program to be carried out April 22. Why not arrange to make April 22 "Educational Rally Day" for your school? In addition to your program, arrange to exhibit the work that has been prepared for the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. You can make this a gala day that will inspire your pupils and secure the hearty co-operation of the patrons. Try it.

10. Let me urge that you seek to make the school room more cheery and inviting by suitable pictures and decorations.

W. R. JACKSON,
Supt. Nebraska Educational Exhibit

AMERICAN GROWN TEA

Productiveness of the Plant Good and Quality Equals Average in China

It is interesting to know that practical experiments in tea growing in the United States show that tea can be grown successfully and profitably in the southern states. On his farm near Summerville, South Carolina, Dr Shepard has succeeded so well that on his farm there was raised last year 1,100 pounds of the finest tea obtainable, and this year's crop will amount to more than 2,000 pounds. Dr. Shepard, in an interview, says that his plants afford him a production greater than China's average and almost equal to that of India and Ceylon. The tea finds a ready sale, being marketed from Massachusetts to Florida and to a certain extent in the central and western states. The great difficulty, of course, in raising tea in America, as compared with the farms of the Orient, is that the labor required for this purpose in the east costs a small fraction of the labor in America. The fact, however, that every pound of tea which is imported from China and India has paid several large profits to middlemen makes it possible to compete even under this disadvantageous labor condition.

Not only this but American inventive ingenuity would soon devise machinery to perform most of the labor. A machine has already been constructed which very greatly reduces the labor and cost of "rolling" the tea leaves. In the rolling of tea by a capable man can handle thirty pounds a day; a "Little Giant" rolling machine can do as much in half an hour, with the labor of one mule. The total cost of a factory suitable for the daily production of fifty pounds of dried tea may be estimated from $1,500 to $2,000."

WHEN PARLIN DRAWS THE BOW.

When Parlin rozzums up his bow
An the horsehair whines an squeaks,
I know wut's comin an jes' lay low,
But when that fiddle speaks
B'gosht all hemlock, I kain't keep mum,
An I whoop an holler so
Ye'd think 'twas dawn o' kingdom come
When Parlin draws the bow!

The bar'l 'at Parlin's settin on
Keeps still because it must,
But every human 'at hears the fun
Hez got to dance or bust.
W'y, even the candles on the wall,
They dance an flicker low
When the boys jes' stomp as they "sashay all"
An Parlin draws the bow!

They hain't a tune 'at he don't know—
"Tempest" an "'Ginny Reel,"
"Vesuvianny," "Blackbird an Crow,"
"Lancers" an "Ole Tarheel."
An he plays with such a ticklesome touch—
Ma's seventy-nine, you know,
But she'll skip an hop till it beats the Dutch
When Parlin draws the bow!

I wonder ef ther's fiddle strings
To sound in paradise?
W'y not? Ther's harps an trumps an things
'At ain't not half so nice.
Waal, when I've crossed the crystal wave
I'll dance a jig—by Jo,
I know I shall—on the jasper pave
Ef Parlin draws that bow!
—J. L. Heaton in "Quilting Bee."

A DRAMA OF THE SEA.

Deeply touched and still quivering with emotion, I write these lines.

Many and full of terrors are the sea tragedies enacted on this island, that is nevertheless rightly named the "beautiful."

Its lovable and courteous inhabitants are divided into two distinct classes—farmers and fishermen.

The former plant wheat, corn, oats and potatoes.

The latter catch the sweet fleshed tunny fish, sardines and lobsters.

Neither farmers nor fishermen ever become rich, and meat is almost unknown in their homes.

The people are, therefore, far from strong, the women especially being tender and delicate, with straight noses, slender, graceful necks and a slow, aristocratic carriage.

The men are of medium height and well built, but lack the vigor characterizing the peasants of Normandy.

The islanders are proud and never beg. A careful observer cannot fail to notice that among the many wrinkles which give character to their faces those written by laughter are wanting.

Both men and women have a serious and melancholy air, and their foreheads seem burdened with sad memories or a certain restlessness. Has not each one a father, a brother, or a son on the malignant water that lies out there—out there—encircling the island everywhere as far as the eye can reach?

Here these people have lived for centuries surrounded by a moving, agitated cemetery that smiles so alluringly and at the same time so savagely.

Occasionally the laughter of a child in one of the huts bubbles out toward its mother working in the fields. Her face lightens up for a moment, but she dare not seem happy, for as she turns there lies the sea, and its waves sob as they roll at her feet.

* * * * * * *

Yesterday there stood near me a dainty little girl of 13. She shaded her eyes with one hand in order to watch as long as possible her brother, who was walking down the street leading to the harbor of Bordery. Soberly as a matron she called after him: "Be careful of yourself and do not take cold. Au revoir! Good catch!"

The boy disappeared, and his sister returned to arrange her little household for the home coming of both her brothers, as the three were orphans to whom the state paid a small pension.

The girl was dressed in mourning. Father and Mother Gouenantin having died two years before—he in the hospital after 12 days of cruel suffering caused by the poisonous sting of a fish, she a few days later from consumption and grief.

Yes, there they lived, the three orphans. The elder brother, aged 18, had arisen at daybreak to be ready for his share of sardines, and the other, a lad of 15, was just to depart with his cousin Pierre-Marie to catch lobsters.

The three companions, Pierre-Marie Gouenantin, Eugene Gouenantin, the orphan, and Michel Samzun, boarded a little boat, L Enfant du Desert, hoisted its pale blue sail and disappeared.

* * * * * * *

The heavens were slightly misty, the wind came out of the west, and I, sitting on the rocks, looked before me, dreaming the endless dreams born of the changeless yet ever changing sea as one gazes into its depths, full of charm and mystery.

Faraway cries caused me to turn my head and look about.

A flock of screaming sea gulls flying above me had attracted my attention. I was just about to leave the rocks when new cries reached my ears. These were piteous and broken like the sobs of a child. I arose and, looking toward the island where the lighthouse of Poulaire stands, saw Mother Le Pelletier, the wife of the lighthouse keeper, down on her knees, waving her handkerchief, weeping and calling for help.

Workmen, busy in the neighborhood, saw the woman just as I did. In a few moments the little island was crowded with people.

What a painful, what a terrifying spectacle!

Opposite the point of the island, 300 meters from land, lay the boat L'Enfant du Desert capsized. Her sails were under water, and on her keel, which rose in the air, clung Eugene Gouenantin, the orphan. His face was as pale as a winding sheet, his eyes were closed, and his head, a plaything for the waves, swayed from right to left. With my telescope I could follow the entire development of the tragedy.

The child had become helpless and was just about to loosen his hold of the boat. Right near him lay Michel Samzun, clasping the edge of the keel convulsively, crying continually for help. His voice, hoarse with the death struggle, was partly drowned by the waves rolling furiously over him, as if reluctant to surrender their prey.

A hundred meters from them Pierre Marie Gouenantin disappeared in the water, the boat's car under his shoulders; but, strong and vigorous as he was, he arose with a cry of joy, for he had seen Father Le Pelletier coming. The lighthouse keeper, hearing the cries for help, had jumped into his boat and pushed from the shore without waiting for any of his companions for fear of being too late.

He was obliged to round the point.

"Courage! Hold fast!" called Michel Samzun to the little sailor hanging to the keel. "Courage! Father Le Pelletier is here, our gallant deliverer."

Then on came a wave, a sheer wall of water, with a foaming crest, and buried the boat. When it had spent itself, Michel raised his head and looked about—the keel was empty. Far away the wave was now rolling, and in its cruel bosom it held the orphan boy. Finally it disappeared in a whirl of waters, boiling and swirling in a horrible struggle for their victim.

The sun just then pierced the fog and shone dimly on the raging, tumultuous sea. In the meantime Father Le Pelletier had rescued Pierre-Marie Gouenantin, and then rowed to the place where the accident occurred. Great tears rolled over the weather stained cheeks of the brave lighthouse keeper, as with inexpressible tenderness he loosened Michel Samzun's cramped hands from the boat's keel.

For three-quarters of an hour the three fishermen had struggled with the waves and with the winds that had been blowing furiously for the last 20 minutes. When Michel's fingers were released, Father Le Pelletier drew him into the boat and placed him next to Pierre-Marie. It being now certain that the orphan was lost, the lighthouse keeper made for the island where Mother Le Pelletier was waiting with dry underclothing, stockings, shoes and coats, while my maid had prepared a drink of hot wine.

Finally Le Pelletier stepped on shore and the two poor shipwrecked mariners followed. The pilot shook the former by both hands, saying over and over:

"Brave fellow, brave fellow! Another rescue added to your long list."

"Oh," answered Le Pelletier, pale with sorrow and in a bitter tone, "a life has been lost!" And, although worn out and wet to the skin, he assisted the two fishermen, whose teeth were chattering, into some dry clothing.

Michel Samzun could not open his hands, so swollen were they. They hung down limp as the hands of the dead and seemed to be clutching something invisible.

Pierre-Marie, the elder—this was his second shipwreck—recovered first. With half suppressed anger he looked at the sea and cursed it. Then in taking off his soaked wool jacket he felt his watch. He held it to his ear. "It did not stop," he exclaimed, tapping the lid lightly. "It is a very good watch."

When the sailors were dressed again and somewhat warmed by the wine, they asked about their boat. A deep flush spread over Pierre-Marie's face when he heard that the pilot, Alexandre, had saved it. Although the sailors' limbs were still trembling and their hair stiff and wet from the salt water they at once stepped into the vessel, hoisted sail and steered for the pretty harbor of Bordery. Some one must tell "la petite Gouenantin."

I took the road and arrived at the same time. The murmurs of the sympathetic crowd was the first premonition the little girl had that something was wrong. She came out of her door, still dressed in black, her restless little head covered with a white coif. She saw the farmers and fishermen form into a group. She knew they were pitying her as they turned aside their heads. She could hear the "alas, alas!" which the wind carried to her.

A nameless fear urged the girl forward to meet the crowd. With pale face and eyes wide open with horror the child understood at once when she saw the two fishermen alone. She fled back home, calling out in tones broken by grief: "He is dead! He is dead!" This was her message to the unseen dwellers there.

"He is dead! He is dead! Dead without confession!" she cried and fell down before the black crucifix that hung on the white wall.

"He is dead! He is dead!" she whispered, kneeling on the floor, her head pressed against the stones, her arms spread out toward the crucifix.

And the crowd of fishermen and farmers stood on the doorsill. They held their hats in their hands. They did not speak. They found no word of comfort.

And I—I was in their midst, one of them.—From the French of Sara Bernhardt For Chicago Times Herald.

Ignorance In Motion.

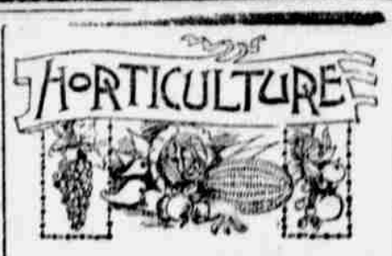
I do not in the least mind if England, when the people are less ignorant and more experienced in self government, eventually becomes a democracy. But violent, selfish, unreasoning democracy would bring expensive bureaucracy and the iron rule of a Cromwell. Let the demagogue remember "Liberty forgetful of others is license, and nothing better than treason." The hero of the morning is too often the traitor of the afternoon. It was the mob who smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows on the anniversary of Waterloo. As Goethe says, "The worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion." The world would grow into the wickedest of worlds should all this babble and gabble ever succeed in impressing on the people that the obligations of contract are mere tyranny and that law is nothing but coercion.—Tennyson.

Quite Likely.

Teacher—Willie, if your father gave you 10 cents and then took away 4 and gave them to your brothers, what would that make?

Willie—Trouble.—Yale Record.

HORTICULTURE



Strawberries for Home Use.

It would seem to be the part of wisdom for all who till the soil to give special attention to those crops that are almost sure to pay. This is especially true when the number of paying crops is small. A crop pays when it brings, in satisfaction, more than it costs to produce it. There is a home market in every farmer's family for a few bushels of strawberries, and the price they will bring is so satisfactory, so far beyond the cost, that the wonder is that any farmer fails to supply this demand. Every person who is at all proficient as a grower of strawberries knows perfectly well that the cost of producing them is not great, and all who have had an abundant supply know that they contribute very much to the enjoyment of all concerned. Having perfect confidence in the soundness of these propositions, I will try to tell how to grow this fruit at small expense: Early in the spring select a strip of ground in a convenient place, not too far from the house, and fully exposed to the sun. If the ground has been cultivated for two years you will be less likely to be troubled with white grubs. The plot should be long and narrow, so that it can be cultivated with a horse. You should have at least two square rods for each member of the family. Put on a heavy coating of manure and plow it under. Then harrow very thoroughly and smooth the surface with the float. All this should be done as soon as the ground is dry enough. Then procure plants of two good varieties, one early and one late, both having perfect blossoms. The Marshall and Brandywine would be a good selection. Cut the roots back to two or three inches, and plant with the crown level with the surface, packing the ground firmly about the roots. The rows should be three feet apart, and the plants sixteen inches in the row. The bed should be cultivated and hoed immediately after planting, so as to leave a loose surface that will prevent the evaporation of moisture from the soil. This is the main object of stirring the soil, and it should be done often enough to keep a loose surface at all times. This incidentally prevents the growth of weeds. From one to two inches is deep enough to stir the ground, and it should be kept up till October. The blossoms that come out in May must be cut off, and all runners as they come out through the growing season. This must be faithfully attended to, or the old plants will be exhausted by supporting a lot of useless runners. Just as soon as the last hoeing is given, at the first of October, or earlier, an inch or two of cut straw should be put on the surface between the plants in the row. If all the space between the rows can be covered, so much the better. This will protect the surface roots from the first freezing and thawing, and still leave the foliage to do its work until the end of the season. At the beginning of winter the bed should be well covered with straw, which is to be removed from directly over the crowns when growth commences in the spring. As soon as the fruit is secured the leaves are to be cut off, and when they are dried the mulch is to be stirred up and the bed burnt over. New, healthy growth will start at once, and not a rusty leaf will be seen that season, as a rule. The bed is to receive the same care it had the first season. If these directions are followed there will hardly be a failure in twenty years.—M. Crawford.

Spray in Time.

Every fruit grower should own a spraying apparatus and should apply Bordeaux mixture once before the blossoms open, second time just as the flowers are opening and again when apples are about the size of peas and a fourth and fifth spraying at intervals of about three weeks thereafter, says a bulletin from the Oklahoma station. This should prevent apple scab and fungi that attack the foliage. The 50 gallon formula for Bordeaux mixture is as follows: Water, 50 gallons; Blue stone, 6 pounds, unslacked lime, 4 pounds; take one head out of a 50-gallon vinegar barrel and fill half full of water. Tie up 6 pounds of blue stone in a piece of gunny sacking and suspend it from a stick across the top of the barrel, beneath the surface of the water. In another vessel slack 4 pounds of lime to a smooth paste free from lumps and grit. When the smooth paste is obtained add enough water to make 25 gallons. This is called the milk of lime and must be well stirred before using. It will be found very convenient to cut a 50-gallon barrel in two, making two 25-gallon tubs. Having a 50-gallon barrel empty, each of two persons should take a bucket and into the barrel one should pour the milk of lime while the other at the same time pours in the blue stone solution. When all is mixed thoroughly, a steel knife blade should be held in the solution for one minute and then examined. If the steel takes on a copper color more lime must be added, but if it does not the preparation is ready for use.

Size of Seed Potatoes.—The Ontario experiment station made a series of experiments with seed potatoes, using different sizes, large, medium, small and very small potatoes for three years in succession. The yields were approximately in proportion to the size of the seed, the largest yield being obtained from the largest seed. They formed the conclusion that more depended on the size of the sets than upon the number of the eyes.