ARM NEWS NOTES.

Feeding Little Chickens.

There has been no best way discov-d for feeding little chicks. One per- will feed one way and have very d success and another will pursue ther method of feeding diametri-y opposed to the first method and have as good success. One will let chicks get hungry occasionally so y may relish their food, and another ver permits them to become hungry. e do not consider it a good plan to chicks get hungry. The great diffi-ity in this will be in determining at constitutes keeping chicks a little ngry. One chick may be a little ngray and another of the same brood ry hungry. It is all right to have e chicks come to each meal with a ood appetite. To determine this re-uires judgment and regularity in eding. One way to keep the appetite ood is to have regularity enough in eeding so that the intervals between eals should be long enough to rest e digestive organs, and yet not so ng that the appetite may become an nordinate one, which will cause the chicks to gorge themselves at the next meal.

The feeder who employs good judg-ment will keep his chicks healthy and will keep the appetite healthy by giv-ing them what they will eat up quick and clean of some substantial food, like johnny cake or cracked corn, and at the same time will observe them to turn about and be looking for bugs and worms. They always have their little eyes open for a bug or bits of grass and they will keep up the business of forag-ing until their little crops are distended. They are still a little hungry.

The fact of the matter is that there is a general rule observed by all suc-cessful poultrymen, and while each will have his own method, with no two of them alike, it would seem that there are many methods of keeping them healthy and well fed. The point is to keep them healthy and growing. If this can be done on sawdust, all right, but we scarcely believe that it can be done that way. The person who lacks meth-od will feed in a bungling manner, giv-ing all kinds of improper foods, giv-ing no opportunity to rest or giving them a long rest, and soon the little fellows are joining the great majority.

Improving the Farm.

The cause of the increasing number of run down farms is from a lack of knowledge of the primary principles of agriculture. The land deteriorates without attracting the attention. This decline in the farm's fertility is going on all the time, slowly but surely, and the amount produced each year be-comes less and the farmer finally awakes to the fact that his farm is wearing out, and he knows not how to stop the wear. He keeps up the pro-cess of taking off and hauling to the market the wheat, corn and oats, pas-tures the stalks with the hogs and milch cows and these help in the work of destroying the mechanical condition of the soil. The straw is burned in the wheat field or else is stacked in the open yard and the cows eat and destroy it as they brave the rigors of winter. Because of a lack of early training in the correct principles of good farming he does not see his errors and the work of reducing the farm's productiveness continues until it gets a name that makes it practically un-salable.

To Find the Live Weight of Cattle.

There are several methods of finding he live weight of cattle, and find the ollowing the most correct: Measure e girth around the breast, just be-ind the shoulder blade, and the length the back from the tail to the fore rt of the shoulder blade. Multiply the th by the length, and if the girth less than three feet, multiply the duct by eleven, and the result will the number of pounds. If between e and five feet, multiply by six-; if between five and seven feet, iply by twenty-three; if between n and nine feet, multiply by thirty-; if between nine and eleven feet, iply by forty.

Notes of the Dairy.

airymen who desire to keep up the of milk during the coming sum-should not only provide some suc-nt food for the period of scant pas-, but should take care to see that bows are kept comfortable, and an rtant point in her comfort is pro-ion against flies. There are a va-y of ways in which much can be ne in this respect, some of them be-g practical under one set of circum-stances and some under another. Shade, dark stables in midday, applications to the hair and a variety of other meth-ods are in vogue. Those suited to one's conditions should be selected and stud-ied with a view of using them during the fly season, for whether the yield of a cow is large or small will much de-pend upon whether she is annoyed by flies or is protected from them.

Regularity in feeding and milking is an important point in keeping up the milk flow. One cannot milk and feed in the morning at any time between half-past five and half-past nine and in the evening between half-past four and seven, and expect the cow to do her best. Experiment shows that there is a difference of at least 10 per cent be-tween regularity and irregularity. Hav-ing a regular hour in the mornig to milk, it will not answer to lie abed until all hours on Sunday morning. If more sleep is wanted milk the cows at the usual time and creep back into bed again. Dairying properly conducted is an exacting employment. There are many chores about the farm that two or three hours earlier or later in doing them makes no particular difference, but milking and feeding the milk cows are one of them.

LADIES' COLUMN.

NOT WORK BUT WORRY.

(By Inez May Felt.)

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the luster and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled,
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the roses is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven,
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah! 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

We hear much of unhappy marriages, but little of the happy ones. The lat-ter bear their fruits as quietly as does the apple tree, while the former are attended by all the noise of a tree crashing to the ground. It is because happiness in marriage is quiet and self-contained, and matrimonial infelicity is too often loud-spoken, that inexperi-enced or superficial persons are apt to acquire a distorted idea of the whole institution of marriage. A little horn-blowing from the army of husbands and wives who are happy in their mar-ried lives would be useful in keeping false impressions of matrimony from the minds of the youthful, and I am glad of an opportunity to sound a little blast myself.

My own happy marriage and close ob-servation of the lives of others has made me feel well qualified to speak on this subject. I am convinced that there is a much greater volume of happiness in marriage than those whose matrimonial knowledge is ob-tained chiefly from the newspapers and gossips would suppose. As a matter of fact, there are more successes than failures in this vital relationship of life. The number of failures is small compared to the immense number of marriages. But it would be very much smaller than it is, if men and women were less selfish. The married condi-tion in its essence is one of mutual ad-vantage and mutual surrender, and is thrown completely out of balance by attempts on either side to enjoy the benefits without yielding equal ones to the other.

To the young couple beginning mar-ried life, I cannot say more, in a gen-eral way, than this: Be unselfish in your relations with one another. Con-sider not merely the physical comfort and well-being, but also the feelings of the other half of the family. Give individual prejudices or even peculiari-ties a little room, remembering that you have them yourself, although yours do not, of course, seem like peculiarities to you. Your husband has his own sphere—that of business. Do not en-tirely surrender your own sphere to him, except where the common good of both demands it. Retain your indi-viduality of thought and action; he will respect and admire you the more for it. There is such a thing as a husband and wife seeing too much of one another.

I think there is more danger of disas-ter in early marriages than in those contracted at full maturity. The youth-ful choice is apt to be unwise. The man whom a girl thinks she loves at 17 would rarely appeal to her so strong-ly if she were twenty-five, and the girl whom a young man of 21 believes he would like to marry would probably not be his selection if he were 30. A knowl-edge of the world before marriage is conducive to contentment afterwards. The most unfortunate unions I have known were formed while the husband and wife were still in early youth. The man when he assumes the responsibility of matrimony before he has reached maturity, has had little or no experi-ence in the typical bachelor life, and its attractions are likely to seem much greater to him than if he has already tested them. The wife who was mar-ried early also feels the temptation to taste of life beyond the prosaic domestic circle, although usually in less degree than the man. She has not experi-enced enough of ball room and summer resort flattery to have wearied of it and to have become cognizant of its empti-ness. There seems to her to be gayety in life which she whose youth has been devoted to home duties has never known, with the result that she, as well as her husband, becomes restless. Un-less there are strong ties and will power to keep a husband and wife who are in this mental condition to the road which leads away from this temporary unrest, they may stray into bypaths which lead to dissatisfaction and ulti-mate misery.

Miss Josie Wanous of Minneapolis has been chosen third vice president of the American Pharmaceutical association, being the first woman to hold office in that body. Miss Wanous, who owns a successful drug store in Minneapolis, holds a leading place in the ranks of the pharmacists of the county.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Suede gloves in the rare tint of old lace are the novelty of the moment.

Cameo buckles and buttons are re-vived again with great effect on some of the new gowns made by the smartest dressmakers.

Some of the newest Mexican leather goods are very handsome. They com-bine several kinds of work, including carving and painting in beautiful col-ors and designs.

For boating, yachting and mountain wear inexpensive suits are made of Russian linen crash of ecru flax shades. They are slightly rough, but cool and very strong and durable.

A shepherdess hat of cream-colored fancy straw is trimmed with pale blue tulle and hydrangea blossoms of nat-ural size and coloring. The effect of the pinkish lilac shades against the folds and loops of airy blue tulle is charming.

Enameled jewelry has come back to us again more beautiful than ever in the belt buckles, either turquoise blue, emerald green or red, oval in shape and quite plain if you like. Some of them are ornamented in filigree de-signs or with flowers and birds.

The perennial Eton and bolero jack-ets take a very prominent place among the dominating styles of the summer. As far as the jackets themselves are concerned, their prototypes can be found among the Hungarian prints of the sixteenth century, on treasured hand-paintings, on Watteau fans, paintings of Queen Elizabeth, Hugue-not portraits and so on down to the present time.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid. The collars are wide, revers shape in front, pointing down at either side of the braid trim-med vest and the bands in the skirt are out in inverted scallops on the upper edge. There is the same full waist with a belt and the puffed sleeves of the last season.

FOR THE TABLE.

White Mountain Cake—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup corn starch, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, white of six eggs.

Railroad Cake—Break two eggs in a cup, fill up with sweet cream. One cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half-teaspoonful soda, a little nutmeg and a little salt.

Celery Sauce—Is easily made, and is appetizing. Cut the celery in small pieces, and boil until it is tender; then add half a pint of cream, salt and pep-per, and a small lump of butter rolled in flour; let these all just boil; spice, or a small pinch of curry powder may be added if you choose.

Breakfast Muffins—Set a rising as for bread over night. In the morning, early, warm a pint of milk and beat into the dough sufficient to make it as for ordinary muffin batter; beat well for five or ten minutes and set to rise for breakfast. Bake in rings on a very hot griddle, and turn frequently to prevent burning.

Ginger Lemonade—Take half a cup of vinegar, one cup of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of ginger; stir well together; put in a quart pitcher and fill with ice water. If one wants it sweeter or sourer than these quantites make it, more of the needed ingredients may be put in. It is a cooling drink, and al-most as good as lemonade, some pre-ferring it.

Cocoanut Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cpu butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, white of four eggs. Bake in three layers. For icing, beat one egg to a stiff froth, thicken with powdered sugar and dessicated co-coanut. Spread the layers, and sprin-kle additional cocoanut thickly over the top layer.

Farmers' Fruit Cake—Soak three cups of dried apples over night in warm water. Chop slightly in the morning and simmer two hours in two cups of molasses. Add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one dessertspoonful of soda, flour enough to make rather a stiff batter. Flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon to the taste. Bake in a quick oven.

Boned Chicken—This is nice for pic-nics. First take out the breast-bone; then remove the back with a sharp knife, and next the leg bones; keep the skin unbroken, and push within it the meat of the legs. Fill the body with alternate layers of parboiled tongue, veal forcemeat, the liver of the fowl, thin slices of bacon, or aught else of good flavor which will give a marbled appearance to the fowl when served; then sew up and truss as usual.

Corn Chowder—Cut half a pound of salt pork in little slices not more than an inch square; slice four onions very thin, as if you were to fry them; boil the pork and onions for twenty minutes in two quarts of water; cut six me-dium-sized potatoes in rather thick slices, so they will keep their shape; add them to the soup and boil ten min-utes (meanwhile scald one quart of milk; after the potatoes have boiled add one quart can of corn, and lastly the milk, and let all come to a boil; cover the bottom of the soup dish with but-tered crackers, and pour the soup over them. Follow the directions carefully, and you will succeed. Clam chowder can be made in the same way, using soft-shelled clams, chopped fine, and omitting the corn.

General housework girls of Decatur, Ill., are holding meetings for the pur-pose of bettering the condition of this class of workers. It is stated that a union will be organized.

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said slowly, "that hopin' to find it is bett'n findin' it."

Dull gleams of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miner, rugged, homely, deep-fur-rowed by time and hardships, and offer-ing a marked contrast indeed to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner.

"Findin', Billy, means quittin'. It's an end to the wants an' privations I've knowed for nigh twenty year. But somehow, I've come to like these still ole mountains, an' the singin' of the pines, an' the river. They're growed like friends, an' I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen! you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the las' time they'll ever sing fer me."

"We're goin' back to civilization," continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminis-cent mood, "an' that means separa-tion. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better partner than you have been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with yer eddication, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy. I—"

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his com-panion, impatiently, "you're in the dumps tonight. Take a drink and brace up. Should think you'd look on the bright side of things now. We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these damned solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can all be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through."

Billy laughed gloatingly in anticipa-tion. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yel-low heap which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, love-lack nature.

"But it ain't for me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wan't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in 'Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunnysack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safely, Billy," he said, jocularly; "we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be perticular."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said the other, shortly; "good night."

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out itno the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foam crests gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent mystery the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hard-ships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway of civilization. He lit his pipe and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's com-position. Had the fates seen fit to con-tinue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whited sepulchers that so largely make up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of hu-manity—those who observe the conven-tions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the ap-proval of men, and dying are respect-fully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had prefered giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wits his only capi-tal.

He remembered tonight his struggle to maintain his social position; the slights heaped upon him by erstwhile boon companions; the gradual sinking away of hope, until, with starvation staring him in the face, he had shipped in a vessel bound "'round the horn." On his lips were curses for the friends who had failed him! in his heart a resolve some day to retaliate. He recalled his hardships on the western frontier, his final falling in with Tom Jenkins, and the hopeless search for gold until a week ago, when the gravel of a dried-up mountain stream unexpectedly yielded them their fortune and ended for him the hell-on-earth existence in these soli-tudes. His future course was plain. Mercilessly he would engage in the war for wealth. His heart must know but one love—the love of gold.

And the stake! It was not so much after all. If he only had Tom's share, too! The thought startled him and he looked furtively about, as though al-ready under surveillance. Well, why not? What was Tom to him now? The old man cared nothing for gold—he had said as much. Why not begin the task of wealth-gathering tonight and double his fortune by a single coup? The skift was all ready for the morrow's journey down the river. He could easily reach North Fork by daylight, and miles of distance would lie between him and Tom before the latter could make the trip across the almost impasable moun-tain trail. He weakened for a moment as he thought of Tom's almost motherly solicitude, of how throughout their wan-derings the big-hearted miner had borne the brunt of the struggle. Even when the treasure was discovered the old man's first words were: "I'm glad for your sake, Billy." Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing senti-mental, and tonight, of all nights, on the very eve of battle.

He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell aslant the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mir-rored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necesary for the short journey down the river and to se-cure the treasure for safe transporta-tion. There was a look of cunning triumph on his face as he completed his preparations. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom, who had been "fool enough to believe in human friendship."

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next in-stant the bag of gold crashed to the floored, while Billy sank on his knees, as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart.

The two gazed at each other a mo-ment in utter silence. Billy's eyes, fixed with the penetration born of despair, scanned the old man's face and read there reproach and pity, rather than a thirst for swift revenge. This somewhat reasured him, and he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"So," said Tom with a long breath, "I wuz mistook in you, after all. To think that I give you my friendship an' you wa'n't worth it. What be I going to do? What do men usu'lly do when a pardner turns thief?"

"You wouldn't shoot me, Tom?"

"Why not? Men's been killed for less 'an this, an' the world wuz well red of 'em."

Then it did mean death.

As Billy realized this his face turned ashen pale, while a palsying terror struck through him, rending his bravado mask and revealing him as the pitiable dastard he was. He cowered before the old man, pleading hysteri-cally.

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I—I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I—I—can't—die."

"Git up," commanded the other, coldly; "don't make me despise you worse'n I do. What would you do if you wuz in my place? Shoot, wouldn't you? You'd kill me now, if you had the chance."

"But think, Tom, what life means to me, Billy. I'm young and—

"Think what friendship meant to me, Billy. I'm old."

In the momentary silence that fol-lowe dthe pines and the river could be heard singing their old, old song, un-heeding of the strife of mortals for a scrap of the treasure they guarded. Tom heard the song and his bitterness seemed to go out with the weird mel-ody. The hand that held the weapon dropped listlessly to his side.

"I'll spar' yer life," he said hoarsely; "you kin go."

Billy stood a moment as though he had not heard.

"Yer free. Go!" said Tom.

The boy glanced from the old man to the bag of gold, and then turned slowly toward the doorway.

"You better take yer pile now," said Tom, quietly, "as I reckon you won't be comin' back."

"Do you mean it?" gasped Billy.

"Certainly; half's yourn, ain't it? There's only one thief in this camp, an'—it ain't me."

Tom proceeded to open the bag, and roughly divided the contents.

"You can take the boat; that goes with your half. As fer me," he added, in voice that wavered in spite of him-self, "I'll do what I'd 'a' done if you'd robbed me. I'll stay awhile longer with the mountains an' the river. They're uncertain sometimes, an' sometimes they're dangerous, but mostwise they're better'n men."

Billy vaguely appreciated the nature of the man with whom he was dealing, yet he felt that such nobleness required some acknowledgment. He sprang for-ward and tried to grasp the old man's hand.

"No, no—not that!" cried Tom, fierce-ly. "Don't touch me. That gold is yourn. Take it and go. But quickly, Billy—fer God knows—I'm only hu-man."—Leavenworth Macnab in the Argonaut.

The bible was not circulated in Cuba until 1882. In that year the American Church Missionary society built at Ma-tanzas the first Episcopal church in Cuba. Since the war began the build-ing has been turned into a vaudeville theater. The desecration seems espe-cially awesome when one considers that the worshipers called themselves the "Faithful of Jesus" congregation and their meeting place was located on "St. John of God" street.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is the prize offered by the Sabbath associa-tion of Maryland for the best 1,000-word article on the advantages of a change of pay day from Saturday to Monday. October 12 is the limit of time.

WOMEN OF ZANZIBAR

Something About Their Mode of Dress and Their Ways of Living

In referring to the ways and customs of Zanzibar, R. E. Mansfield, ex-United States consul at that place, says that one of the most picturesque features was the veritable Rebecca at the well.

At almost any hour of the day crowds of half-clad women, dressed in gayly-colored costumes, can be seen at the wells and hydrants, drawing water, which they put into tin cans or earthen pots that will hold about six gallons each. When the vessels are filled they are hoisted upon the heads of the car-riers, who march along under the bur-den as erect and graceful as an athlete would move about unencumbered. All the water supply for the 175,000 inhab-itants of Zanzibar is carried upon the heads of women.

I have frequently seen a native wom-an carrying as many as three water pots upon her head, one on the top of the other, and each standing at a differ-ent angle. Each of the vessels would hold several gallons of water, and with them all filed, she would march along, balancing them so perfectly that not a drop would be spilled. I have also seen one of those water carriers balance a six-gallon jar, filled with water, on her head, while she was engaged in other tasks that required the use of both her hands, and at the same time place her in a stooping position. The head was so poised as to maintain the equilibrium of the jar. This practice of carrying articles on their heads has given the women of Zanzibar a fine muscular development of the neck and shoulders, as well as an erect and graceful carriage.

The Arab women, very few of whom are seen on the streets, wear a kind of pajama, a robe of colored materials, a veil, or sometimes a silk handkerchief folded and fastened across the brow a l'Idienne. An embroidered waistcoat and the "barakoa," or gilt mask of Muskat, reaching nearly to the mouth, are common, also, while over all this is thrown a large, square piece of silk fabric, which is draped gracefully about the form. Sandals, or wooden clogs, held by a strap or a button between the toes, complete the costume. The Hindoo women dress similar to the Arabs, except that they wear more gaudy fabrics and more ornaments.

The costume of the native women, while less elaborate and expensive, is quite as picturesque. It consists of two pieces of cotton cloth, usually of special pattern, with large figures, varied and bright colors. These kangas, as they are called, are made especially for the Zanzibar trade, and their like is found no place else in the world. One piece of cloth is drawn tightly around the body, just below the arms, and is deftly and securely fastened without the aid of any pins or buttons. Native women never wear anything on their feet. Many of them decorate their faces with paint. The women of Zanzi-bar wear rings in their ears. They also wear nose rings and nose studs. Civil-ized women wear gold and silver bands on their wrists—so also do the natives of Africa. They even go farther, and wear anklets. In fact, a native wom-an's social standing is gauged by the amount of jewelry she wears, and many of the gold and silver ornaments they wear are handsome in design and ar-tistic in finish. The semi-barbarous African women tries to make herself beautiful by the arrangement of her kinky hair. She will spend hours with a small hand-glass, arranging her hair and admiring herself.—Washington Star.

Wellington Was a Good Sleeper.

Wellington, on one occasion started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at 7 a. m., rode to a place 28 miles distant, here held a review, and was taken back at the place from which he had started for dinner between 4 and 5 p. m., says Goldwin Smith in the June Atlantic. He galloped 26 miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode 17 miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball and supped; was in the saddle again at 2 a. m.; galloped back to Freneda by 6, and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at 6, and wrote till 9, and after dinner wrote again from 9 till 12. It must be essential to every general, and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious busi-ness, to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first-rate sleeper; so was Pitt, so was Brougham, so was Mr. Gladstone, so was Wellington. At Salamanca Wel-lington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aide-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitz Roy, I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills wake me." Then he lay down, and was fast asleep in a minu-te. In the midst of the critical opera-tions before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face and took a nap.

T. W. Chamberlain, who lives three miles north of Phoenix, Arizona, has a rose bush six years old, 32 feet from tip to tip, and 16 feet high. The flower is a delicate pink.

"I'll have to leave your service, sir," said the coachman to the trust magnate.