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THE REASON WHY.

He did not seem a man for deeds malicious or inhuman.
He ever had a helping hand
For friendless man or woman;
Out in the busy working world
He wrought, each day and hour,
And men deferred to him, as one
Whose word was law and power.
Then why, within his pretty home,
Once filled with joy and peace,
Stands he with bated breath, and air
Of deep remorse and sadness?
He has a haunting look, I think,
No shy and hesitating;
He seems a very brave, cool man,
And for his sentence waiting.
It storms without as if his peace,
The hearts at home would all him,
Now why do wife and sisters dear
With sidings sterner appear?
Come, let me whisper in your ear,
I'll solve the question may be.
They serve their fellow mortal thus
Because he waked the baby.
—Mrs. A. P. Taylor in *Times* affairs.

CATCHING WILD HORSES.

"Gone Bell, the 'Wild Horse King,' on the Mad Chase.

An Exciting Occupation Now Gone But Not Forgotten—A Long Race in Which Brains Count—Peculiar Customs of Wild Horses.

The day of the wild horse and the wild horse catcher is over. For nearly twenty years a number of men skilled in the capture of the untamed, arch-necked, mane-flowing denizens of the great plains have gained a livelihood and even a competence. But this once profitable calling has constantly grown more laborious and less remunerative, and this year the horse-catchers have gone reluctantly at other occupations or have drifted to the Pan-Handle of Texas or a strip of country in Northwestern Wyoming and Northwestern Nebraska, where a few of the "fleet equines of the desert" still roam in decimated bands. There are a small number of these wild horses still to be found, it is true, on the Republican river in Eastern Colorado, and on the Arickaree river, a tributary. But these are the sole remnants of what a score of years ago were a noticeable and attractive feature of the plains and ranked for numbers almost with the buffalo. Though valueless when killed and difficult of capture except by the most experienced, still the horse has outlasted its shaggy-coated contemporary but a few years, and soon, with the wild Indian as well as the buffalo, will have become a tradition.

At the head of the men who, by the extinction of the wild horse, find it necessary to now seek some more prosaic occupation is "Gone Bell" of Brush Station, Colo. Mr. Bell has made his livelihood for ten years capturing these interesting animals. He was born in the rear end of a prairie schooner in 1837 and claims to be the first person who can call Colorado his native State. As he was born on the great plains he has since lived continuously upon them, and although but a boy when he began the difficult calling of a horse-catcher he soon reached a pre-eminence by skill and endurance that gave him the title of the "Wild Horse King."

So much has been written of the horse of the plains, which, foaled upon the low-kissed grass of the prairie, has never known a halter or the touch of a man's hand, that descriptive reference to their fleetness, wariness, and often-times their graceful beauty, particularly among the stallions, would at this day lack interest. By one curious fact is known to but few aside from those who have followed them for hundreds of miles and studied their habits closely. If there are enough in a band, these animals group by thirties. The regulations of the wild horse allow to each male twelve consorts, and the remarkable feature is, no more. They draw the line at an even dozen. Even when the bands that roamed these great plains, then countless except by their wild creators, numbered in the hundreds and more than a thousand this peculiar division into families was plainly noticeable. They kept a little apart and never voluntarily mingled.

Usually the occupation of capturing the untamed steeds was followed by three men working together. They used four or five hardy, feet, well-trained horses. When the section of the country the wild animals frequented was reached, the first thing was to select a suitable location, at the entrance of a ravine generally, for a corral. This the catchers knew how to construct, using great quantities of rope, very speedily. Then near this corral, on the apparently most natural run-way, another man with one of the fleetest of saddle horses takes his station. The work of the most skilled man of the three then begins. Mounted upon the picked horse of the lot, with a pair of field-glasses, a water-bag, and a supply of food, he swings away in the earliest dawn on an easy lope. It may be ten or twenty miles before his keen eyes, aided by the glasses with which he sweeps the broad expanse of rolling plain, detect a grazing band of horses. He approaches them by the easiest course which will permit concealment as long as possible, and then, within a few hundred yards, he dashes into sight and the sport is begun.

The frightened animals stand for an instant, the morning breeze fanning their luxuriant manes and tails. They snort in alarm, turn and trot off, at first, and then, as it is apparent this strange creature is pursuing, break into a run. It is now that the race is to both the swift and the enduring. The trained horse, on which the man is astride, knows his part of the work, and he does it intelligently. With head well down, swinging out on a long, swift lope, he follows the fleeing band. They run madly, become more and more frightened as they perceive that they are indeed pursued. The first wild burst of speed carries them far in advance, but not out of sight. By dexterous engineering the rider and horse

behind shorten the distance as much as possible. The band ahead are to be kept on the move. That is the trick. Not a halt are they to get for a bite of grass or sup of water. They have set the course in a generally straightaway direction. That course they must be kept upon.

Five after five is rapidly covered. The sun comes up hot and scorching in the cloudless sky. But there is no stop for a restful graze, nor opportunity for a drink from a chance stream. If the band ahead, with tails streaming and nostrils dilated, divert from the general direction to sweep around the base of a low ridge, the wary horseman and his equally wary animal take the shorter and easier way, cutting the segment, as it were, but always ever in sight and always coming, coming. The flight of the wild horses has grown into veritable terror. They throw bits of foam from their mouths. They are worried, half crazed by this merciless, continuous, unrelenting pursuit. But the man behind knows that they will soon do something that is, perhaps, as strange as their peculiar habits of community relation. He has posted his horse at every opportunity. Whenever there was a chance, his faithful animal has been given a nibble at the succulent grass and had a sip from a spring or little stream. Ridden though he is, the tough and experienced plains pony is fresher than the fleeing equines ahead. They now show signs of the greatest perturbation. Their stomachs are empty, their wind is "blown," their tongues are dry. But fear makes them half unconscious of these sufferings, although they are gradually wearing under them. At length, when they have gone forty or fifty or perhaps sixty miles, the patriarch begins to run in an eccentric way. He is not as sure of his course as he was. His wheels and turns and then goes ahead again, but with uncertainty.

It is this shrewd man and shrewd pony know would happen. They drop out of sight for a moment behind the ridge. The stallion, his nostrils dilated and quivering and his eyes flashing, makes a sudden run, and in another moment, with his band of faithful spouses, he is galloping back over the track he has come.

Now is the race in earnest and to the bitter end. The nifty, gamy, swift horse behind knows that his energies have been saved for the task that is yet before him. As he feels the spur he springs ahead with the racing blood aflame in his veins. It is a terrific chase. Now terror at this extraordinary, this unlooked for denouement of what the fleeing animals ahead had thought in their brute instinct was a successful race to throw the pursuer off the track, gives them desperate strength, too; but they are worn and fretted and starved and burning with thirst. They run for their lives. Nearer, mile after mile they approach the starting place. The sun is ablaze after noontide, but still the hot races go on. Now faithful, plucky, speedy pony, bearing a saddle-worn, but grimly determined man, do your best. Your strong legs will fail, sinewy as they are. The faster you run the quicker your day's terrible effort is over.

The man left behind on the eminence is sweeping the plains with his powerful glasses. He has watched an hour, perhaps two, or even three. At last his range of vision becomes centered upon something away in the distance. It may be a bunch of antelope. It may be a band of wild horses that are running for play. But as he watches closer he discerns it is not sport that causes that moving group of specks. He trains the glasses intently until at last he can see behind the cunning animals a solitary horse, and that horse has a rider. He is in the saddle with a bound, calls to another horse grazing near, and away they fly towards this approaching cavalcade. He sees the horse as swiftly as he can, and at length spies plainly, perhaps two or three miles away, the fleeing band, and behind them in hot chase the galloping horse and rider. A signal tells him he has been seen, and then, holding the topographical features of the intervening space, he stalks swiftly behind the ridges and elevations to cross the course. This is something which requires rare judgment of the speed of the running band, and a deft choice of the friendly ridges which he must pursue, keeping out of sight of the worn and terrorized animals whose attention should not be detracted from the relentless pursuer behind. The trick, though, is well done, and while the wary but still dauntless stallion and his following mares sweep around the base of an elevation the tired, gamy pony and the two fresh horses and men meet. As quickly as saddles can be transferred the gallant horse that has made a run of seventy-five, eighty-five, or possibly ninety miles is free and rolling on the grass, and the iron-muscle man who bestrode him is on another fleet and fresh horse and again hot after the quarry. It has been human brain against horse brain. The reinforcements have thus far won the day.

Now follows the most skillful maneuvering. The terrorized band can not run much farther. They have almost exhausted even their well-kept tireless vitality. They again become confused and resort to their last device. Their straight away tactics are deserted and they commence running in a circle. At first it is two miles in diameter. The pursuer makes his circle in a little less space. The diameter reduces to a mile. The man on horseback runs but the circumference of a circle, a distance inside. Gradually this grows less. The poor, panting, exhausted creatures stagger around, determined to die in what they think is their only means of escape. They have entirely lost their reason, if such it might be called. Narrower and narrower becomes their course, until at last, with the sun sinking low in the west, they stand, panting, weeping back and forth, conquered for the time. They may have run one hundred miles. Mr. Bell states that he has had chases to greatly exceed this distance.

The three men close in on them and skillfully drive them towards the corral. Among them and in their lead

now has come a strange saddleless horse; but they are too bewildered to know it. This horse slowly marks the course guided by the men driving, and at last leads within the half-concealed section the thirteen prisoners.

Once there the wild horses are wild no longer. They are captives sure and safe. They may rest, and graze, and drink, but escape they can not. A day or two afterward the preliminary breaking to halt is done. This is both dangerous and exciting work. The wild animal is caught by a rope and thrown. While down, choked into half insensibility, the jacquima is adjusted. This is a noose loop, and when tightened hurts the sensitive mouth of the unbroken animal terribly. Next comes the saddle, oftentimes requiring an hour's patient work to adjust. But when once in place and the rider on the back that has never borne a burden, the final struggle is made until the man conquers and the feeble, swift-limbed Pegasus of the plains is a servant.

Last year Bell caught forty horses. He drove them to Nebraska and sold them for about sixty dollars each. This year he has caught but half the number, and regretfully says that the day of the wild horse is over. One source of revenue, which has been no small consideration during the last five years to the horse-catchers, was the bounty paid for stray animals found in the bands. The Colorado Live Stock Association has paid fifteen dollars a head for all such horses and they are then turned over to the owners up on the repayment of this money. The offering of this reward became a necessity, because if there is one trick a wild horse knows better than another and will always, play it to excess off with him into a career of perpetual truancy every animal of his class he chances to find. The wild horse of Colorado particularly has always been a superior animal in point of appearance, fleetness, and endurance to those running in Texas or on the ranges farther north. Why this is so is not unexplainable, but it is a fact that in the hands along the Platte and Republican rivers the animals have always been found larger and better, more particularly for saddle use. There are in Denver now a number of attractive saddle horses, highly prized by their owners, that but three or four years ago roamed at their own sweet will among the succulent pastures of Eastern Colorado and know neither bit nor spur.—*Chicago Times*.

MR. AND MRS. JONES.

They Deported Family Bred, but Quarreled About Their Wedding Day.

"It's very strange," remarked Jones to his spouse, as he hid aside the paper he had been reading, "that men and their wives will wrangle and fight in the manner they do."

"It is indeed," rejoined Mrs. Jones, putting up her knitting. "Thank goodness no one can point their finger at us and say we ever quarrel; can they, love?"

"No dear; I trust that we love each other too well for that. Here we have been married nearly five years, and never yet have the waters of our conjugal sea been ruffled by a single ripple of contention or strife."

"It's nearly six years, darling," corrected Mrs. Jones, sweetly.

"Why, no, my dear, it is but five years. You are mistaken."

"Nonsense, you forget, Constantine! You know how uncertain your memory is sometimes."

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted Jones, getting red in the face. "You don't suppose I've been asleep for a year, do you?"

"I guess I ought to know when we were married," replied she earthily, shifting about nervously in her chair. "It was in September, 1882—nearly six years ago."

"In September, 1883—nearly five years ago, you mean?"

"I don't mean any such thing! I mean just what I said!"

"Why don't you call me a hen, and be done with it. I'm a confounded idiot, my dear, and don't know whether I'm a bachelor or a hen-pecked husband, eh?" and Jones jumped up and peered around the table to where his wife was seated.

"Don't tell me you're a hen-pecked husband, Constantine Jones!" exclaimed his better-half, bustling up to him butam-fashion.

"I didn't say I was!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Don't stand up there and lie to me in that way, you old serpent!"

"Don't you call me a liar again, you—you—vixen, or I'll maul you!"

A WOMAN OF POWER.

The Career of Miss Lee, Now the Potted Wife of Count Walderssee.

The Countess von Walderssee, who is now the most powerful woman in Europe, began life as a grocer's daughter. Her father was the late David B. Lee, head of the old grocery house of Lee, Dater & Miller. Mary was the only child and was beautiful, ambitious and clever. She was sent to school to the famous Bolton primary on the Sound, which was then the most elegant and exclusive of young ladies' seminaries. Immediately upon leaving school she went abroad and in a short time sent cards home to her schoolmates announcing her marriage to Prince Frederick Emile August of Schleswig-Holstein, a cousin of Queen Victoria. He was not in very good repair, this Prince. He was decidedly damaged in fact, being old and being on the point of putting his second foot in the grave, one having been there some time.

She took this dilapidated son of royalty to the East in hopes of restoring him, but to quote the sorrowful phrase of the Misses Bolton, who had been her instructor, "He only reached Byroad to die." Then the widowed Princess, with her beauty and her millions, was pursued by every fortune hunter in Europe and had beside some of the proudest positions and titles offered her. When she relinquished her high rank to marry a Prussian Count her friends began to think that they were mistaken regarding her overweening ambition, but to one of these gossips at Taxedo, who was in Europe at the time, she said: "Von Walderssee is only a Count now, but wait—with his talents and my money and encouragement he will be something more." The young Count soon became marked in Berlin as a man who knew his business thoroughly. He distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian war, and was German Charge d'Affaires during the occupation of Paris. Meantime the grocer's daughter was not idle. She warmly espoused Bismarck's party as opposed to that of the Crown Princess, and when the former began to foment discord between young William and his mother she was William's confidant and sympathizer. Then William married, and the spirited, intellectual and liberal-minded Crown Princess, who would be a second Elizabeth were she allowed to come to the English throne instead of her fat and dissipated brother, discovered that her daughter-in-law was a dull-witted German haus frau, from whom she could expect no sympathy, and was disposed to rather contemptuously pass her over.

This the Countess von Walderssee saw and used. William's wife deeply resented her brilliant mother-in-law's contempt and fell back on the Countess for advice, and allowed her to manage her salon as she pleased, and for her own uses. When Frederick came to the throne the Von Walderssees were promptly sent into political exile at Vienna, but departed cheerfully, knowing the hour of their triumphal return would not be long delayed. Now Von Walderssee, not yet fifty years old, has succeeded the great Von Moltke, as commander of all the Imperial forces. The Countess is a pet and trusted employee of Bismarck. The Emperor is deeply attached to her and the Empress is her most intimate friend, so that all things considered the New York grocer's daughter is today the most powerful woman in Europe.—*Brooklyn Times*.

CURE FOR IVY POISON.

It is Sulphate of Soda, Properly Dissolved and Used as a Wash.

Ivy, while it is very poisonous to some, is entirely harmless to others. Actual contact with the plant is not in all cases necessary to poison a man. Persons are known to have been poisoned by simply passing by places where the vine grows abundantly. Those who are not familiar with these plants will avoid any vine or bush growing by roads, fences and wood sides with glossy leaves arranged in trees, and in the fall very particularly brilliant trees in swampy places, with leaves resembling, but slightly broader than the common sumach.

Fortunately ivy poisoning is not a dangerous affection, although persons severely poisoned present a very distressing appearance. No scars or permanent injury to the skin or general system are apprehended in ordinary cases, and no danger of catching it by contact with the eruption upon another person need be feared.

The bruised leaves of the common plantain are an excellent antidote and always convenient. Rub them over the eruptions and bind them on if possible. Fine table salt often effects a cure. Applications of soft soap sometimes afford relief. Sweet oil is one of the surest and most agreeable remedies. Bathe the irritated parts frequently with the oil. A leading physician speaks in the highest terms of sulphate of soda as a remedy, prescribes it for his patients, as he knows its value from personal experience. As to his own case he was completely covered with the poisonous eruptions and tried all the old and new cures without any good resulting from them, until one day a drug clerk gave him ten cents worth of sulphate of soda, dissolved in one pint of water, with which he bathed the parts freely. It acted like magic; it allayed the itching and was very soothing. The cure was complete in a week. Sulphate of soda can be obtained at any drug store, but in ordering it will be well to state that it is sulphate of soda and not sulphate that is wanted, otherwise there is a possibility of getting the latter, which will not answer the purpose.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

If red clover is cut for seed or is permitted to ripen seed on the ground it will last for several years. When the seed is produced the plant has completed its functions and then the root perishes, but when it is kept mown or fed down it will continue to grow. Naturally red clover is a biennial plant and dies when it has seeded the second year of its growth. The pea vine clover is a perennial and is the best of the clovers for pasture, but it is not suitable for horses, as the late growth causes profuse salivation.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WINDOW GARDENING.

Bulbs for Out-door Culture and for Winter Blooming.

Unless one has had some experience, it is hard to select from a catalogue bulbs that will do well for the house. Many of the imported bulbs are dry and worthless, and what are advertised as home-grown are too old to do well in the hands of an amateur, but if your dealer is reliable and can assure you of the freshness of his stock it will be safe to select the following as among the best for winter blooming: Single Tulips, Jonquil, Crocus and Lily of the Valley, Giant Oxalis, both yellow and pink; Fair Lily, a species of Amaryllis, Hyacinths, Cyclamen, a Calla and Prince of Orange Amaryllis. The Tulips, Jonquil, Crocus and Lily of the Valley must be potted in the fall and buried where they will freeze two or three times before they are brought in-doors, then put them in the cellar where they will thaw and become well rooted. When they are well above the soil bring them up and put them in a window, not the most sunny one, but a north or west window and as far from the stove as possible; keep quite moist and you will soon have Crocus, Tulips and Jonquil will follow and Lily of the Valley for the last. Hyacinths should not be grown in glasses, they are unsatisfactory and the bulbs are worthless for future use. Pot them in good rich soil eight or ten weeks before you wish to put them in the window, and bury them in the cellar. When they are rooted sufficiently the tops will push above the ground, and when an inch or two high bring up and give rather more light and heat than the first named bulbs. The Roman Hyacinth is easiest of culture and each bulb will throw up two or three flower stalks.

The Fairy Lily, Oxalis and Freesia need much the same treatment. Four or five bulbs of either kind may be allowed to a five-inch pot; give them good soil, plenty of sun and a good degree of warmth and they bloom very soon. The Freesia is the finest thing I have ever grown for winter blooming, requiring little care, sure to blossom, and beautiful to look at, while nothing can compare with its delicious fragrance.

Procure your Cyclamen of the florist, well started for winter growth; they are very fine and remain in blossom a long time. A Prince of Orange Amaryllis will blossom twice a year, in August and again in December. After the summer blooming set it away in a somewhat cool and dark place, giving little water until the new growth starts, then give plenty of water and a sunny corner and the ball stalk will soon appear. If your Calla does not show signs of blooming after a reasonable time, water quite freely with warm water, nearly as hot as you can bear your hand in.

There is a fascination about the growth of bulbous plants, the unfolding of leaf and bud under one's very eye, that nothing else can give, and I much prefer them to any other class of plants, both for out-door culture and for winter blooming.—*Myra C. Darjeo, in Good Housekeeping*.

HOW TO GET RICH.

No Victim in Liberty That Makes Others Wealthy and Free.

There is a very large class of men who are always complaining of the success of rich men. This class seems to regard a rich man as a criminal, as a matter of course. Now there are several ways of becoming rich, and some of them are unquestionably criminal. The rich criminal classes are well defined and easily recognized. But wealth and great wealth may be attained in legitimate ways, and in some instances are all in all, more than any other class of men. As we sometimes wait through our great dry goods stores, we notice the crowd that throngs them, and observe the cash boys and cash girls running hither and thither, and the store a veritable hive of industry. Some of the customers who are spending their money freely we know. One is the wife of a man who has a mortgage upon his home that he will never pay. Talk with him and he will say that conditions of society and business are such that the poor get poorer and the rich richer. He mentions, perhaps, the name of the rich owner of the dry goods store in which we saw his wife spending money for what she could easily have done without. He regards the conditions that enable the proprietor of that store to accumulate money so rapidly while he is unable to get money enough to pay his mortgage as monstrously unjust, and yet this man's wife will go on steadily putting this man's money into the pocket of this rich store owner, who could not accumulate wealth the way he is doing it if people like this wife did not spend the money that she should go toward the payments of the mortgage that is upon her home.

We know several rich brewers who are getting richer every day, and are making their money in part, and perhaps the greater portion of it, from men who are wild with indignation toward the rich. If people do not spend their money other people can not accumulate it. It is because they spend more than they should, that fortunes accumulate on the one hand and poverty exists on the other. The stingy man, as a rule, becomes rich. He at least does not help other men to become rich, and stinginess is an absolute virtue. The spendthrift is of no benefit to this world. He is an injury to it. He helps make the great fortunes which bode no good to society. He sets a miserable example and travels straight and steadily toward the poorhouse, where finally he lies down on a bed which stingy men must pay for and he is buried in a grave which stingy men buy. The young man shrinks from the "disgrace" of being called stingy. Young friend, there is no virtue in that liberality that makes other men rich and you poor; that puts other men in palace and you in an almshouse; that enables other people's children to ride in equipages while yours struggle along barefooted.—*Western Pioneer*.

Call out the flock and fatten for the butcher those sheep which failed at shearing-time to yield a profitable fleece. Lambs that are intended to turn off should be given generous feed.

STONE IMPLEMENTS.

Many of Them Will Be Found in Virginia and Other Southern States.

All over our country we find many interesting relics of the Indians. Stone spearheads, arrowheads, hammers, chisels, knives, scrapers, etc., together with pottery, some of burned or baked clay, some cut from soft stone, as slate, steatite, etc. Similar remnants of the so-called stone age of mankind are found in nearly every portion of the globe, and, besides their interest as curious survivals of a by-gone time, they aid us toward a discovery of the prehistoric man. It is hardly of less interest, or of less historic or scientific value, to note how the stone age still survives among us to no little extent.

Here in Virginia, for instance, many people still seal their slaughtered hogs in hogheads or barrels, as our barbarian progenitors boiled their meat in skins, by heating stones and putting them into the water until it is hot enough for the purpose. The stones ordinarily used in this way are rounded, hard and very heavy black or brown nodules, sometimes called "hogrocks," or iron stones, although they are compressed lava upheaved in strata through crevices in the rock crust of the earth at remote periods of geological time.

We sometimes encounter stones that are hollowed out in the center, often to a socket, and these not infrequently are treasured by their finders as an ancient Indian stone for mashing or grinding corn, with the aid of a stone pestle, yet they are nothing more or less, for the most part, than discarded stones once used by our rural brethren for their gates to swing upon—many gates in all parts of the Commonwealth being still thus pivoted.

Many a housewife in remote country regions still has her stone weights, more or less rough, but honest. Wherever the old Kentucky rifle lingers there is likely to be found still a set of soapstone bullet moulds; our log cabins yet have rough stone and clay chimneys, where they are not of mud and sticks; in many a humble household, a thin rock not always smooth, is the utensil for baking corn bread, and the stone "mash tray" is familiar to all our country boys. The stone pipe, believed by many to have come out with the Indian, is made and used to-day by many colored folks and by no few white folks. Whenever soapstone, or steatite, is found not only the stone pipes, but many other articles supposed to be archaic, are still manufactured, and put to service by the ingenious and thrifty. In such localities stone pans, stone troughs for children, etc., are still common. Some day they will be dug up and attributed to the Indians, or even to their predecessors. A little inquiry and investigation would show much more of the stone age still here than we have reverted to.

It is not rare to see stone slabs in use for lines and nets in fishing; the flat is not yet superseded wholly by the match; there we check in the land yet run by stone weights stone hovels, with dirt roofs, are not unknown in our mountains, the colored ruffian, and sometimes the white one, carries a stone in a staiding, along with his razor, when on the warpath; many a older press and tobacco press are still made effectively by stones, swung at the end of their lever, and our small boys are all in their stone age when they can give their nature full and free play.

We are not so far from the stone age man as some imagine, many of the implements and relics supposed to be prehistoric, and destined so in many cases, have their modern duplicates, and in some instances are all in all, more than any other class of men. As we sometimes wait through our great dry goods stores, we notice the crowd that throngs them, and observe the cash boys and cash girls running hither and thither, and the store a veritable hive of industry. Some of the customers who are spending their money freely we know. One is the wife of a man who has a mortgage upon his home that he will never pay. Talk with him and he will say that conditions of society and business are such that the poor get poorer and the rich richer. He mentions, perhaps, the name of the rich owner of the dry goods store in which we saw his wife spending money for what she could easily have done without. He regards the conditions that enable the proprietor of that store to accumulate money so rapidly while he is unable to get money enough to pay his mortgage as monstrously unjust, and yet this man's wife will go on steadily putting this man's money into the pocket of this rich store owner, who could not accumulate wealth the way he is doing it if people like this wife did not spend the money that she should go toward the payments of the mortgage that is upon her home.

COSTLY LEGISLATION.

Cost of Getting a Railway Bill Through the English Parliament.

Few of the outside public can have any idea of the enormous cost of getting a railway bill through Parliament. The Parliamentary surveying and engineering costs of the Kendal & Windermere Company, amounted to a trifling over two per cent on the whole expenditure on the line. Of Parliamentary cost the Brighton railway averaged £1,806 per mile; Manchester and Birmingham, £5,190; Blackwell, £11,414. These figures are almost beyond belief, when we consider that some English lines in favorable positions cost altogether only £10,000 per mile. The Brighton line for two seasons fought a desperate battle against several other companies, and when its bill came before the committee, amended to over £1,000 a day, and the discussion of the measure lasted fifty days.

The solicitor's bill of the Southampton railway contained 10,000 folios, occupying twelve months in taxation, and amounted to £240,000! One company found such difficulty in getting their bill through its preliminary stages that at last, when they had reached the long-desired last stage, they had already spent nearly a million of money, and this simply for obtaining the privilege of making the railway. Of the terrible costs which have been incurred only to lead to ultimate failure, one instance will be sufficient. The discussion upon the Stone and Rugby bills lasted sixty-six sitting days from February 21st August, 1839, and in the year 1840 the measure was defeated, after having resulted in a loss of £146,000 to its unhappy promoters.

It is needless to say that such enormous expenditure cripples many a railway and prevents its shareholders from ever earning good dividends. The ceaseless energy, untiring perseverance and best diplomacy which have to be shown in pushing a railway bill to a successful issue are almost beyond belief; but it is much to be desired that some means should be discovered of keeping down the expenses which so often go far to ruin a line even before it has begun working.—*London News*.

FARM AND FRESIDE.

Remove the seeds when feeding pumpkins to cows. They do harm by acting as a strong diuretic.

A sure and safe way to remove grass seeds from silk is to rub the spot quickly with brown paper. The friction will soon draw out the grass.

If you will be as pleasant and anxious to please in your home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you may have one of the happiest homes in the world.

Putting away summer lawn-mow muck is it best not to stretch them, as it rots cotton when long in it. Wash and dry thoroughly and roll away for spring time.

The average farmer can not get where his "independence" comes in when he has to work hard all summer to pay the interest which falls due on his mortgage in the winter.

STRAW ON THE FARM.

Its Excellence and Value in the Shape of Bedding and Manure.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the value of straw on the dairy farm. That it has a value and is to be despised is conceded by all, but the practice differs very much in the methods of handling it. At the extreme East we find the farmer handling it with almost as much care as he does the grain that comes from it. He not only preserves it dry and in good condition, but runs it through the cutting box, mixes the ground feed with it and feeds it to the cows in his little excess in amount with the quantity of hay or other stores that is fed in the same manner.

While it may not be necessary to even consider it in the Western States, the straw of the farm that is so contemptuously thrown away is well worth its weight in gold, and it is well to say that the straw which is so contemptuously thrown away is well worth its weight in gold, and it is well to say that the straw which is so contemptuously thrown away is well worth its weight in gold.

It is a common thing for back-walkers to tell us the relative value of straw as compared with good hay, but straw is a valuable food for the cow, especially in feeding calves. The straw that has become too ripe or too old to be too immature are also almost worthless for feeding purposes, while the one that was cut at the proper time has a great deal of good in it. Then the straw of different grades have not the same feeding value. Oats and rye make an indifferent food compared with the straw of wheat and barley. Especially do we recommend this latter article. The farm practice of cutting barley in rather an immature state to prevent the grain from shelling out in the field conduces greatly to the feeding value of the straw. The only serious objection to the use of barley straw lies in the villanous habit the little barbs have of getting in the eyes of the cows, but they rarely do any serious harm if let alone. The men who handle the straw are more apt to suffer from this barbs mischief.

We must not overlook the usefulness of straw on the farm in the shape of bedding and manure. There can be nothing better to put under the cows than dry straw, and when we consider its manurial value it will pay to haul it from a considerable distance, even when a fair price has to be paid for it.