

THE HIDDEN MEANING.

High above the crowded street
Countless wires both cross and meet;
Paths are they for fairy feet.

Shed with lightning from the sky,
Unseen messengers glide by;
What they bear none may deny.

Often, when the wind is strong,
We can hear their wailing song,
Borne those slender threads along.

But, in list'ning, who can say,
As the message glides away,
Whether it be sad or gay?

So in every human breast
Lies some mystery, unexpressed
Even to those one loves the best.

Only we ourselves may know,
As our hurrying life beats go,
Whether it be joy or woe.

—Clara Bowe Bush in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ACCORDING TO LAW

By M. Quad.

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I wasn't a tramp, but I had to become next thing to one in a sense. With my having been ill and out of work for months, with my being penniless and discouraged, with my asking for a meal here and a bed there as I tramped the highways between London and Liverpool, no one could be blamed for sizing me up as a "professional" and treating me accordingly. I made no complaint of that. What I complain of is the vindictiveness of the English law, its readiness to do up a man simply because he may be poor and unknown. Once let the law lay hands on you, and it is almost a crime to declare your innocence of the offense charged. A thousand men will declare your guilt where one will dare to doubt it.

One night, in the county of Warwick, I came upon a farmer who had neither wife nor children, but was living alone on his small holding. His name was Holborne, and, though gruff at first, he finally gave me a hearty supper and the privilege of passing the night in his barn. When supper was finished and he had heard my story, he offered me a pipe, and we sat at his door and smoked and chatted for an hour. It was agreed that I should turn to next morn-



HIS DEAD BODY LAY ON THE GRASS.

ing and work with him in his fields for half a month. While we were chatting a neighboring farmer named Saunders came up and halted for five minutes, and two others passed on the highway and saluted Holborne with a good evening. It was 10 o'clock before I went to the barn, and, being tired and sleepy, I was soon in dreamland. How long I had slept when I was awakened by the sound of voices in anger I could not say, but I heard what seemed to be a quarrel between Holborne and another man. The voice of the other was high pitched and had a catch in it. It was not a stammer, but a sort of gasp, as if catching his breath. I was not fully aroused, nor did the quarrel continue long.

It was just sunrise next morning when I woke up and turned out. The house was only about five rods away, and after looking about to see if Holborne were in sight I moved along to the house. His dead body lay on the grass before the open door. He had been struck on the head with a club and killed by a single blow. I was upset by the discovery, as you may believe. After touching his face and finding it cold I started off on the run for the nearest farmhouse, half a mile away. The farmer was milking his cow and his wife preparing breakfast, but they returned with me at once, and other neighbors were called, and a boy was sent off to the nearest police station. I told my story to the people, and all believed it, as why should they not when Saunders was among them? And yet when the police came their very first move was to arrest me as the murderer. A tramp had passed the night in the barn. Of course the tramp had murdered the farmer.

If you agree that the police were asses, you will agree that the others were fools. No sooner was I charged with the murder than all turned against me. Saunders suddenly remembered that our conversation was heated as he came up. The two who passed by thought they heard me use threatening language. A farmer whom I had not seen at all the evening before claimed to have come near enough to the house to have heard me ask Holborne for the loan of £2. I was angered, but not frightened. I asked the police to investigate my bed on the straw, and they found it still warm. I asked them to look through the house, and they found nothing disturbed. I asked them to note that the body was cold, and the doctor who was summoned said that life had been extinct for seven or eight hours. Was it to be believed that I had killed Holborne at 10 or 11 o'clock and then, instead of plundering the house and

knicking off, gone to bed, slept all night and been the first to raise an alarm in the morning? And yet I was marched off to jail, and within three days there wasn't a person in the county who doubted my guilt.

I was examined by a magistrate who said I would no doubt get my just deserts, and the police made no move whatever to find any other party. Even the jailer and turnkeys chuckled over the hanging that must result. I told of having heard the quarrel, but they said I lied. I told of the arrangements made to go to work for Holborne in the morning, but they smiled in derision.

I was almost ready for the assizes and the hanging when a person whose identity I do not know to this day and who must have been moved by a spirit of fairness sent me a lawyer and gave that lawyer money to work with. Presumably he was a friend of the family. Why, a born fool could have picked up the threads of the case and cleared me. Within six hours after I had told the lawyer of the quarrel and the man with the catch in his voice they had the murderer spotted. His name was Jamison, and the quarrel was over the lease of the farm, and the club with which he had delivered the blow, having lost his temper, but not meaning to kill, was found in his house. More than that, he broke down and made a full confession, and when the assizes came on he stood in the dock in my place. Nevertheless in setting me at liberty the judge did it grudgingly and with a warning that his crimes must sooner or later find me out, and I was scarcely clear of the courtroom when the humiliated and chagrined police overhauled me and said:

"It is just possible that you did not commit this crime, but only because somebody else got ahead of you. We know you had planned to do it and are a dangerous man to be roaming about, and if you are not outside the county by sundown you shall be run in on suspicion."

Jamison was hung for the killing, and a long confession was left in writing over his own hand, but there were scores of people who still believed that "the tramp" had something to do in some way with that murder.

Winterbottom's Clever Scheme.
"And now, darling, it only remains for you to say when?"

But at this moment the automobile, which had reached the top of the hill, started down the other side of the hill with frightful velocity.

The young man hastily applied the brake.

It failed to work.

He shut off the power.

It was too late.

The maddened machine raced down the steep grade.

At the foot of the incline there was a sharp turn to the left.

Here the automobile left the turnpike and ran down the embankment, throwing the young couple out and landing them in a big pile of sand.

"Never mind, darling," exclaimed the youth, who, with hat gone, collar loose at one end and coat ripped up the back, was presently engaged in digging sand out of the hysterical maiden's mouth; "this is one time that the course of true love runs smooth, even if it did get a bit of a jolt at the end of the run."

"Cyrus Winterbottom," she said half an hour later as they were journeying toward home in a farmer's wagon, "I believe you did the whole thing on purpose so you could have the chance of saying something smart."—Boston Journal.

Birds and Their Baths.

Naturalists tell us that in making their toilets some birds use water only, some water and dust, while other prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only nice in the choice of bath water, but also very particular about the quality of their toilet dust.

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of water as about the quality of the dust. The city sparrow must take a water bath where he can get it. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass and fill their feathers with cool earth.

Most birds are fond of ashes. Take a walk some early morning across a field where bonfires have burned and see the numbers of winged creatures that rise suddenly from the ash heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the bathers disappear.

A Dinner For a King.

The father of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Kent, had no objection to dissenters and, in fact, cultivated intimate relations with a well known Congregationalist minister, Dr. Stoughton, whom he knew both at Windsor and Kensington. The doctor lent the embarrassed duke some money, but refused many invitations to dine at Kensington palace. At length Victoria's father pressed him for his reason, and the doctor explained that he would not accept because he could not entertain in return.

"Oh," said the duke, "you can easily do that. I like boiled leg of mutton and trimmings better than anything, but I cannot often get it." Taking the hint, the doctor had a fine leg of mutton duly prepared, and the duke thoroughly enjoyed his dinner. The warm friendship cemented by the leg of mutton continued unimpaired until the duke's death, and one of the first acts of the queen on coming to the throne was to repay the doctor's loan, expressing high appreciation of his considerate kindness.

A Cat's Long Jump.

How far can a cat jump without hurting itself was partly exemplified in Brooklyn the other night. A pretty white cat ran up a tree to get away from a dog and at last crawled out on a small branch at least 90 feet above the ground. The branch was not much more than a twig, and the cat could not turn around. She sat up there on the swaying limb and meowed. At last the twig broke, and down came the cat. She alighted on the ground on her feet, looked around for a moment and then bounded away; which shows that a 90 foot drop does not hurt a Brooklyn cat, whatever it might do to cats of other places.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Stood the Test.

Heeler—Smith is top of the heap now. He can have anything he wants in this town if he only doesn't get spoiled.

Wheeler—He isn't spoiled yet, is he?

Heeler—No. He's a good fellow.

Wheeler—Well, if he isn't spoiled now he never will be. He was brought up by his grandparents.—Philadelphia Press.

MINING CAMP TRICKS.

One Instance Where a Scheme Worked the Wrong Way.

"There is a great deal that is out of the ordinary in mining," said Samuel Mott of Boise City, Ida., "although I think from personal experience it is probably more so in the relation than in the actual happening. In every mining camp I have known there have always been charges that those working a vein had gone through into the next claim in taking out the ore, and consequently were taking out what wasn't theirs. These claims it was always difficult to substantiate, for the reason that the offender, of course, would not allow the offender to enter his workings, and without a survey it would be impossible to make out a case. Every subterfuge and excuse possible was resorted to to get into a suspected mine.

"I remember one case in an apex of a vein suit, where the workings had been temporarily shut down and a man called 'Johnny Come Lately,' heavily armed, was on guard. The other side had tried again and again to get by 'Johnny,' but had always failed, when one man, who knew that 'Johnny' was an enthusiastic hunter, hired an acquaintance of his to stroll by with a gun over his arm and to engage 'Johnny' in a conversation about 'bar.' It worked to a charm, and while he was thus engrossed they managed to slip in and survey the mine.

"Then there was the case of the Last Chance against the Tyler. In this case the workings happened to run together, and the Last Chance people were working the same vein from underneath that the Tyler owners were working from on top. Knowing they would sooner or later break through, the Tyler people prepared smudge—that is, saturated cordwood that would give forth a tremendous smoke—which, they hoped, would drive the Last Chance people out of their mine. But when they finally set it off it went the other way and made the Tyler workings absolutely untenable. Indeed three of the miners were overcome and were rescued only with great difficulty."—New York Tribune.

WOULDN'T INTRODUCE HIM.

The Young Woman Rather Thought She Needed the Introduction.

A young man with a beaming brow and a nice new necktie entered a law office in one of the big down town office buildings and inquired for a member of the firm, a Mr. Younger, whose name he pronounced with strict regard for the rules of orthoepy.

"Is Mr. Younger in?" he asked of the young woman stenographer, with whom he seemed to be acquainted.

"You mean Mr. Younger?" she replied, pronouncing the "g" hard.

"Can it be he pronounces it that way?" asked the caller, feigning surprise. "Of course it's his privilege to pronounce it as he chooses; there's no set rule for pronouncing names. But you know X-o-u-n-g-e-r doesn't spell Younger, but Young-er."

"No, I didn't know it," she answered as one who doesn't care. "But here he comes now. That's him going into his private office."

"Excuse me, but that's not him."

"No? Pray, who is it then?"

"It's he."

They stared at each other for ten seconds, and then the young man said:

"Will you introduce me to Mr. Younger?"

"No!" she retorted. "Since you seem to know so much more about him than I do, I think you'd better introduce me."

There was an ominous click in the rattle of the typewriter as the young man entered the private office and presented his card.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mint Mark Collections.

The mint mark collection is the latest thing in the line of numismatics. It is the fad of the specialist and has little attraction for the amateur. The object is to secure complete sets of perfect specimens of all the coins issued from the different mints.

A great many people are scarcely aware that there is any way to distinguish the coins issued from the different mints. They may not have noticed the small "S" or "CC" beneath the eagle or under the wreath, and showing that the piece was coined at San Francisco or Carson City, or if it bears an "O" at New Orleans, and they may or may not know that if it has no mint mark it comes from the "mother mint" at Philadelphia. But the mint mark collector will see these little letters in an instant and is very apt to know just how many dimes, quarters, dollars or half dollars were turned out at any of the mints during any year since 1794.—Minneapolis Journal.

Her Proper Place.

Miss Brooke, the English actress, once gave a couple of seats for the theater to her landlady, who had never seen her on the stage. On the following day the landlady seemed to be satisfied with the play, but she did not give any opinion of Paula. So Miss Brooke asked her the straight question: "What did you think of me?" Then the landlady exclaimed with a bland, admiring smile: "Oh, Miss Brooke, dear, you're far too good for the stage! You ought to be in a shop, tryin' on mantles!"

Ready For Him.

Little Willie—Say, pa, was the earth created before man?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Little Willie—Why was it?

Pa—It was probably known that it would be the first thing he'd want when he arrived.—Chicago News.

India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having 15,000 native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe embraces only about 10,000.

Poverty is the stone on which many wits are whetted.—Chicago News.

Lacked Winning Nerve.

"When I was a racing fiend," said the old telegrapher, "I one day got a tip by wire from an operator, a friend of mine in Philadelphia. It read: 'Lillian K sure! Get in with both feet!' I fancied Lillian K myself, so I pawned my watch, borrowed all I could and went to the poolroom. The race was due in about half an hour, and Lillian K was up in the entries all right, but there were no odds against her.

"So I says to the man at the desk, 'What's the odds on Lillian K?' He looked at me like he was too tender hearted to rob a 'come on' and pitched me over a blank ticket and says carelesslike: 'Make out your own odds. I'll take 'em any way you fix it.'

"That was too much of a jolt for me, and I told him to hold on to the ticket for a minute while I went out to see a man. I went out and took a drink and tried to figure whether the man was four flushing or whether I looked any greener than I felt. Then I came back and tried to get my roll out of my pocket, but it wouldn't come, and finally I sat around and watched the report come in, and put me on the blacklist if Lillian K didn't win at 200 to 1, and the only man on it was a little hump-backed shoe pirate with his box under his arm and a dollar in dimes, nickels and coppers."—Washington Star.

Irish Trust and Distrust.

The most trusted people in the world in money matters are the Irish. A stranger can go into any shop and get a check cashed without the least difficulty, though the proprietor never saw him before and never heard of the drawer. Bank notes are very largely used, as almost every bank in the country issues notes worth £1, £2, £3, £5 and upward, and they are all looked upon as being quite as good as gold.

But Bank of England notes, even in the large towns, are looked upon with suspicion, while in remote places people won't take them at all. It is said that this suspicion of English notes is hereditary.

From the time of James II up to 75 years ago the law was such with regard to currency that if an Irishman wanted to pay £100 in England he had to remit £118 6s. 8d., while if he were being paid a debt by an Englishman he received only £85. Naturally he thought rather badly of English money, and in the 190 years during which this state of things continued the Irish people became so deeply convinced that John Bull was cheating them that they still regard the Bank of England as a corporation of robbers.

The Jews in Frankfurt.

George Brandes thus describes the position of the Jews in Frankfurt, Germany, at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "All Jews were forced to live in the narrow, miserable, overcrowded Judengasse (Jew street), their sole abode since the year 1462. At the beginning of night all the inhabitants of the ghetto were locked in. They were not allowed to use the sidewalk while walking in the street in the daytime, but had to take the middle of the street. They had to remove their hats before every passerby, who would call out, 'Jew, make your bow!'

"To prevent too large an increase not more than 14 couples were permitted to marry in any one year. On every festive occasion they were driven into the ghetto. On Sunday the gates were locked regularly at 4 o'clock, and no one was allowed to pass by the guard at the gate except when on an errand with a prescription to the drug store or for the purpose of mailing a letter. One general rule was 'No Jew allowed on a green spot.'" Napoleon abolished this state of affairs in 1810, but it was restored after his downfall.

A Suspension of Sentence.

For 25 years Squire Quigg held the office of justice of the peace in Doniphan county, and in the early part of his administration he held the idea that a justice had as much jurisdiction as a district court. Once a shooting scrape occurred in the township, and the culprit was brought before the squire for preliminary examination. After listening to the arguments the squire ordered the prisoner to stand up. He then said, "Mr. Prisoner, it is the sentence of this court that you be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead."

Turning to the constable, the squire said: "Take this prisoner outside and hang him to the tree in the yard. There is a rope halter in my buggy."

The constable made a move for the prisoner, and then the squire, taking a second thought, said, "Mr. Constable, I guess you had better not hang the prisoner until we see whether his victim dies."—Kansas City Journal.

Work Toward the Standard.

With such a rapid multiplication of breeds as the last two decades have witnessed it is sometimes difficult to give the exact history of a breed or variety. Several originators may have been working at the same time toward the same end, but using different means. This has been the case with such breeds as the newer varieties of Wyandottes as well as some others. Is it any wonder that there is such a wide variation in the types of these birds seen at our shows? Is it any wonder that they "sport" so often and that different strains vary so widely? Many of them are composites. But if all breeders work faithfully toward the ideal as expressed in the adopted standard for the breed approximate uniformity ought to be attained eventually.—Poultry Monthly.

Corn as Poultry Food.

Texas Farm and Ranch says: "Poultry writers inveigh too much against corn as a poultry food. There is no single grain that can take its place. All corn of course is not so good as a variety, but half corn and half 'variety' is unobjectionable, and the proportion of corn may be increased beyond that ratio without anything resembling disaster. When fattening for market, corn is not only the best but the cheapest food known. The universal preference of chickens for corn whole or in any possible state of comminution should be regarded."

IMPERIAL PEKIN DUCKS.

A Popular Bird That is Extensively Bred in This Country.

Scientists call them Anas domestica sinensis. Under this name Professor Duerlingen speaks of them, saying: "The Peking duck, a native bird of the entire southeastern part of Asia, bred to the creamy buff Siberian wild duck, a bird that changes its color to pure white in winter, are their parents as well as of the Japanese ducks of today." The erect carriage and general characteristics of these now distinct varieties seem to be proof of that gentleman's statement and indicate even to the casual observer closely related blood.

Pekin and Japanese ducks, even if the latter are brown plumaged throughout save a ring of pure white around the neck, are virtually sister varieties. Pekins inherited to a great extent the white winter plumage of the Siberian duck, now almost extinct, and the Japanese duck of today took its feathers from the Peking, at present found only in a semiwild state in the back provinces of China. Further proof of the fact that Pekins have a dark

plumaged line of blood can be had by crossing them back to their ancestral variety, the winter white Siberian, and more or less of the dark feathers of the Peking crop out.

Mr. Richmond of Klele has the distinction of exporting the first Pekins from China. In 1872 the first lot was shipped to England, and the Crystal Palace show of 1874 brought the first pair of Pekins to public notice in the show pens. This importation into England was augmented by later purchases in 1873-4 and 1880-3. All of these birds came from the flock kept by Mr. Richmond in Shanghai, where he experimented long previously with the large sized Pekins gathered from different parts of the country.

Mr. Palmer of Stonington, Conn., imported in 1872 his first Pekins to the United States. These birds are to be designated as the parent stock of America, as the later on appearing duck raisers procured most of their stock from him.

Mr. James Rankin of South Easton, Mass., often rightly named the King of Ducks, was one of the first if not the first to recognize the market value of the then comparatively unknown Pekins. His experience in having bred Rouens, Aylesburys and other varieties for market, both pure and as a cross, enabled him to give the Pekins a thorough trial. This trial, being eminently satisfactory, caused him to discard all other varieties and devote his whole time and energy to the Pekins exclusively. Public opinion of ducks and the people's taste for duck meat early in the season were at that time an unknown quantity in the problem, and Mr. Rankin had not only to raise the birds for market, but also to find a market for the birds. In this he was very successful.

When he raised his tens of thousands on dry land, hatching them in incubators, with no water to enjoy a bath, and found Boston's commission merchants anxious for his products, then, at last, the whole of New England believed that there was money in ducks, and an army of "I do likewise" came into existence. Hayfield and cornfield were neglected, and Tom, Dick and Harry commenced to stock up with "dem whitish birds." They started brooding houses, bought incubators and kept on raising and selling and enlarging their plants as the years rolled by.—Thomas F. Jager in American Poultry Journal.

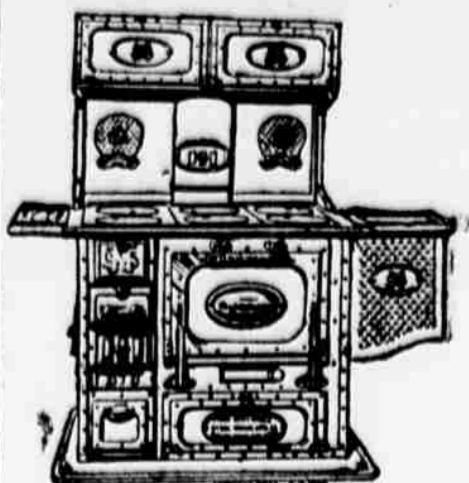
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