

The Columbus Journal

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A MAN FROM THE CAPE

It was an eccentric picture gallery, with pictures painted by men who were young enough to know better, of sprawling ladies in green, scarlet landscapes, and blue angels. The frames formed in themselves a grim attraction to most of the visitors; the catalogue was usually preserved by suburban patrons for the purpose of frightening birds. Yet the gallery was not without attractions on a cold day when the wind cut along from the Green Park, down Piccadilly, racing another wind which was speeding madly along Fall Mall with a slight start in advance toward Waterloo Place.

"I don't suppose you know Mr. Marchant, do you?" said the young man, pointing to a picture of a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress. "I know him," said the young man, "but I don't know the woman."

"Which you won't," said the young man, "and I feel wistful—"

"And I feel wistful," suggested the young man, "because I don't know the woman."

"Exactly. Why, then, I shall think of this hideous collection of pictures, and I shall feel reconciled to my lot. The Cape is not all honey, but at any rate you do get nature there. And nature is always good."

"I suppose these artists think she can be improved by the introduction of a little novelty."

"I wouldn't," said Mr. James Marchant, "waving his stick round the gallery, 'I wouldn't give twopenny halfpenny for the lot of them.'"

"I don't suppose they would care to sell them for less."

Mr. James Marchant laughed good-temperedly, and touched her hand, which happened to be resting on her knee. It was a very pretty hand and very neatly gloved, and there was good reason for it.

"But there is something," he said, lowering his voice, "something in the gallery, Ella, that I would give every penny I have in the world to possess."

"A picture?"

"Prettier than any picture."

"Better than any picture."

"Not disposed of already?"

"I hope not. There is only one difficulty—I am not sure, if I were to make an offer now, that it would be accepted."

"How shall you find out?"

He rose and adjusted his frock coat with the manner of a man to whom for some years frock coats had not been familiar wear. He was a tall, brown-faced man, with a good deal of earnestness in his eyes.

Bedford street. For men who want to

care money must force their thoughts away even from the direction of pleasant young women.

It was by great dexterity that at dinner in Mrs. Beckett's parlour that night Mr. James Marchant contrived to get himself paired with the excellent Mrs. Beckett. Mrs. Beckett declared herself enchanted; but this was so frequent a declaration on the part of Mrs. Beckett that it was held to mean something less than the phrase really meant.

"I should have thought you would have insisted, sir—my insisted on talking with my dear Madeline."

Mrs. Beckett flattered her fan at Mr. Marchant in a manner that had in the early seventies been pronounced bewitching.

"I want particularly to speak to you, Mr. Beckett. I want to offer my sympathy."

"—5—sh," said Mrs. Beckett mysteriously. "Not a word, I know exactly what you are going to say. Madeline, my dear. She called to a tall, bony dame just in front of them."

"You haven't shaken hands with dear Mr. Marchant. How very remiss of you. The dear girl is so thoughtful. You know, Mr. Marchant, that I declare to goodness I believe she's in love."

Miss Madeline received this rallery with a grim smile and shook hands with Mr. Marchant. Miss Madeline explained that her half-sister Ella had remained at home because she had some writing to do.

"Poor Ella," said Mrs. Beckett, with effusive sympathy, "poor, dear girl. I'm really dreadfully fond of her. You must give my advice, Mr. Marchant, concerning her at dinner. I feel already—forgive me for saying so—I feel already as though you were one of the family."

Mrs. Beckett gave her little cackle of self-approval and general satisfaction and went on as they seated themselves at table.

"I have noticed it all along, do you know, and I am so delighted. Quite enchanted really. And my intuition with the dear girl will make her like you. I dare say you may have thought her a little—what shall I say—cold?—but, as a matter of fact, it has only been—O, bless my soul, thick soup, please—what is the expression? It has only been—"

"Maidenly reserve," suggested Marchant.

"Pre-cisely! Pre-cisely what I was trying to say. How clever of you, dear Mr. Marchant. I can understand now how you got on so well in Africa. And your assertion that you had come home with very little wealth, I could see, only a pretense to try us—Yes, sherry, please."

"I want to speak to you about that, Mrs. Beckett. I'm afraid you don't realize what I mean when I say that I haven't brought much home with me."

"You must allow me, please, to tell you exactly my position. Unless I work and earn money we shan't have—"

"Mr. Marchant! This elaborate ruse is one that I have heard of before. A woman like you to live in this world for—well, a certain number of years for nothing."

"No," said Mr. Marchant; "it costs money, I know."

only want to marry your stepdaughter.

"Ella!" cried Mrs. Beckett amazedly. "If you don't mind."

Mrs. Beckett laid down her fish knife and fork and stared distractedly around the table at the other guests. Finally she eyes rested on Madeline, and she frowned so much at that young lady that Madeline asked across the table in an audible tone if she were ill.

"Ill!" echoed Mrs. Beckett tartly; "I have uncommonly good cause to be. To think that I have taken all this trouble for the sake of poor Mr. Beckett's ridiculous little daughter by his first wife. Why, she isn't worth—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Marchant promptly; "you will remember, please, that you are speaking of a lady who is to be my wife."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Beckett—Chambers' Journal.

MAKING THE TORTILLA.

The Process of Preparing the Same.

Main Article of Food.

The tortilla is typical of Old Mexico and is encountered wherever the influence of the Mexican republic has reached, says the Woman's Home Companion. It was found as the main article of food among the ancient Aztecs at the time of the Spanish conquest more than three and a half centuries ago, and the little hand-ground and palm-faceted corn cake has well held its own down through the ages, being to-day as popular and in as general use as ever. "Shelled corn intended for this use is first soaked over night in lime-water until the outer husks of the kernels is loose enough to be removed by being rolled between the hands and then ready for grinding. This is done by the Mexican women of the lower class, who often work in the doorways of their homes, bending over the historic stone hand mill called in Mexico a metate. The mill is simply a rough slab of stone supported by four stony legs and is made of volcanic tuff, the coarse grain of which is best adapted for the grinding of the corn, beans, chile, seeds, cheese or whatever may be desired to finely pulverize. The stone hand mill is an indispensable item in the culinary outfit of the tropical home. The accompanying hand piece, looking like a rude rolling-pin, is made of stone and is bristly with sharp points. The hand mill is worked up and down the incline of the coarse stone table by the woman as she bends to her work with a steady swing of body, shoulders and arms. It is claimed that the flour for the tortilla can be perfectly milled only by the ancient methods and when one sees the result of the grinding he is ready to admit that possibly the assertion is right. As the moist windrows of the mill roll off the grinding table it is caught in a basin and is then all ready for being formed into cakes for baking. When ready to bake a woman takes a small lump of the heavy mixture and lays it in the palm of her hand. Then with the other palm she rolls it into a ball and begins to quickly pat it into the required thickness, dextrously spreading the fingers to allow it to enlarge its size and changing it from hand to hand until it is only an eighth of an inch in thickness and generally about six inches in diameter, although sometimes as large as a dinner plate. The plastic cakes are tossed, one after another, as completed, upon the stove, called a brasero, and as fast as delicately browned and turned they are placed in a steaming heap and enveloped in a cloth to keep them warm from which arises a most tempting odor."

Wash-a-Kie Baptized.

After living a pagan and polygamist for ninety-three years, Wash-a-Kie, chief of the Shoshones, has been baptized at Fort Washakie, Wyo. He is one of the bravest and wisest of the Indians of the west.

Definition of a Fool.

Dollie—A man who neglects to kiss a girl who has asked him to tuck her sleeves in her coat.—Yonkers Statesman.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

"Now for another Arctic exploration," said Fogg, as he started on a search for his overcoats.—Boston Transcript.

Kansas Shelby's Faithful Slave.

Shelby's Faithful Slave. A darkey with bent form and hair locked up with traces of age and sorrow stood on Minacota avenue in front of the office of the Star in Kansas City, Kan., early yesterday morning. For a long time he watched the newsboys enter the building and then run out again with their papers under their arms. Finally he went into the office and asked for a paper containing General Shelby's picture. A smile lighted up his face as he took the paper in his trembling hands. Then he leaned against the wall and gazed steadily at the picture on the front page for ten minutes.

Did you know General Shelby?

one of the office men asked of him. "Did I know him?" the old darkey replied, without taking his eyes from the paper. "Did I know you Shelby?" he repeated. "Why, he was my one best friend and he looked up to me. We were courting down his checks for a day. The old darkey's name was George Miller. He was the faithful slave who was with Shelby through the war and took care of the general's horses. He is now 58 years old and lives at the corner of Tenth street and Washington avenue in Kansas City, Kan. He earns a living by delivering groceries for Henry Horstman a grocer. Miller told a reporter that he was born in Madison county, Kentucky, in 1838. About ten years before the war broke out he was brought to Leasing-

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

CAMP-FIRE SKETCHES FOR OUR OLD SOLDIER READERS.

Partisan Rampant in a Female College—An Old Negro Whom Gen. Shelby Bought Just Before the War—Marriage of Soldiers.

HOE the steed with silver That bore him to the fray When he heard the guns at dawn— Miles away When he heard them calling— Mount— all is lost; Quick, or no is lost; They're surprised and stormed On the charge he led; They push your routed host— Gallop! retrieve the day.

House the horse in ermine— For the foam-fake blew White through the red of his coat; He thundered into view; They cheered him in the looting— Horsemen were the foe; The turn of the tide began, The rally of bugles ran, He swung his staff in the van; The electric flash of his eye; Wreathed the steed and led him— For the charge he led; Touched and turned the express into amaranths for the head Of Philip's army; Who raised them, from the dead, The camp at dawn; Rang with laughter of the host At belated Early feed.

Shroud the horse in sable— For the mounds they heap! There is firing in the valley; And yet no strife they keep; It is the parting sleep; It is the parting sleep; Who lead, and nobly save, Who had no knowledge in the grave Where the nameless followers sleep.

Partisan Rampant in a Female College.

Two years ago the faculty of Vassar College, New York, voted that, for various reasons, Washington's birthday should not be given to the students as a holiday. In 1896 the day fell upon the last day of the week, and so seemed like a holiday in many respects. But this year brought it on Monday, and the young lady students, in their patriotism, were obliged to attend classes on a legal national holiday. They resolved to protest against this as a body.

Time Mock Dixie.

Chicago Times-Herald: Brick Pomeroy did not pose as a wit, but he had an appreciation of humor and was full of fun. He was not particularly fond of practical jokes, but occasionally indulged in a humorous fancy that was a practical truth. He had many funny experiences to relate, and he laughed most heartily as he told his story about the organ-grinder.

While I was publishing a New York

edition of the La Crosse Weekly Democrat I had a little business office in the Daily Sun building. One day in the week I went to the office to find that a man was trying to earn his living by grinding an organ. Something moved me to talk to him, and learning his history and that he had lost an arm at Fredericksburg, I handed him a quarter and asked him to grind out just one tune for luck. He thanked me, turned the crank, and out came "Dixie" in a strain that would almost cause a mule to stop eating oats. It was the waltziest thing I had ever heard. Then another idea occurred to me: it was to hire him to sit with his organ immediately next to my office door, between it and the window. I closed my contract with him that he would play for four hours each day under my window, from 1 to 4 o'clock, and that he should play nothing but "Dixie." For this service I was to pay him 50 cents an hour and he was to have in addition all the money thrown into his hat by the public. This he consented to do, in force so long as he kept sober. The soldier picked up his organ, went with me and began work at once. At first no one took any notice of him. I told him not to be discouraged, that he would make a hit if he persevered, and to peg right away until the city had clock opposite indicated 4. Then I went upstairs to wait.

"Away down south in Dixie's land,

A way away, In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, 'Til live and die in Dixie."

waited the organ. Then it began all

over again. In about half an hour a man came out of a store adjoining and went to the organ. The soldier said "no," never missing a turn of the crank. The man went across to the city hall for a policeman, who came back with him and ordered the organ-grinder to move on. This gathered a crowd. Then I came down stairs and met the policeman that I had employed. The policeman said he was swearing mad. Just before 4 o'clock Editor Dana sent a messenger to complain to the mayor. When the messenger returned the organ grinder had collected his first installment of \$2 and departed.

The next day the soldier reappeared

and began business. The soldier promptly at 12 o'clock. The editors and proprietors of the Sun were enraged. They sent for a policeman. I informed that officer that the organ grinder was my employe and I should protect him if I had to appeal to the supreme court. The policeman departed to consult his superior authorities. The crowd in the street gathered to the number of hundreds, and realizing the situation, began to throw money into the soldier's hat, so that he took \$20 during his four hours' work. For five weeks he continued his business, but he couldn't stand prospering, and going on a spree, lost his situation. I was sorry because of his fall from grace, but to tell the truth I was getting a little tired of "Dixie" myself. —Stanley Wood

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Their Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

HE double-necked skim milk test bottle has now been in use about a year. Its principal advantage over the milk test bottle is the fine graduations which it has for measuring fat. Each graduation of the double-necked bottle represents .05 of one per cent fat and one graduation requires so long a space on the scale that so small a quantity of fat as .02 of one per cent can be measured by this scale. We have found by the use of these test bottles at the Wisconsin Dairy school that an accurate test of skim milk may be made with them just as easily as with any other test bottle, although it is not because of any fault in the bottle. The test bottle measures the fat all right, but if the speed of the tester is only low or if it is not run long enough on a small part of the fat is separated so that it can be measured. We have repeatedly noticed that while the usual amount of acid and speed of the tester may give satisfactory results when testing whole milk, both acid and speed must be increased to give correct tests of skim milk. Wherever a skim milk test shows that the fat has not all been separated, although the fat in the test bottle may be very clear and to all appearance look as if the test was all right, it is very seldom, if ever, that a separator skims milk so that the skim milk contains only .05 of one per cent fat, and when a test shows less than this amount of fat in a sample of skim milk it generally indicates that the test was so made that the fat was not all separated. In order to separate from skim milk as much fat as is possible by the Babcock test, it is necessary to add about one-third more than the usual amount of acid to the milk in the test bottle. This is clearly shown by the following results: The amount of acid used in each test and the length of time the tester was run each time, as well as the per cent of fat obtained in each test, are given in the following statement:

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This shows that the four-minute time if running the tester was sufficient, as so more fat was separated by running it six or eight minutes, but about twice as much fat was obtained in each test when an excess of acid was added. Similar results were reported by the writer in Bulletin 52, Wisconsin experiment station. We have repeatedly found that an excess of acid will separate more fat from skim milk samples than an excess of acid. The amount of acid which is the amount of acid used for testing whole milk.

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Poultry Raising on the Farm.

Condensed from Farmers' Review. The following is a summary of the Wisconsin Round-Pup Institute.

Mrs. A. H. Lehman read a paper on her above topic. Her paper was followed by a discussion, a part of which was as follows:

Q.—What breed of poultry do you recommend for winter laying and for market?

A.—For laying in the winter I would recommend a black langshan, but for market a Plymouth Rock. For turkeys I prefer to raise the mammoth bronze.

Q.—How large flocks are profitable?

A.—That depends on how you handle them. I would not keep more than 50 together in one flock. I keep mine in flocks of about 25 on the farm provided you keep them in separate flocks.

Q.—Would it pay to keep say 500 or 1000 on a farm, if you kept them separate?

A.—Yes, sir, if you kept them in flocks of small size as I have said.

Q.—What is rosy comb?

A.—It is a cold in the head, or caruncle. You can tell it by the birds having swollen heads. They will sneeze and cough. It is usually caused by lice and mites and by drafts. Damp quarters for poultry are very bad. The best remedy is prevention. Keep the house dry and free from drafts. In their drinking water put tincture of iron, at the rate of a teaspoonful to a quart of water.

Q.—Is rosy combing?

A.—I think it is.

Q.—Which are the best layers, white or brown leghorns?

A.—I think my brown leghorns have laid best this year.

Q.—What do you do for diarrhoea?

A.—We use Venetian red.

Q.—Do you follow the practice of whitewashing your pens?

A.—Yes; we whitewash every year, and the pens should be cleaned out every week.

Q.—What do you use for a dust bath?

A.—We use coal ashes very largely. Wood ashes are not so good. They seem to make their crops sore.

Q.—Do you have any trouble with the leghorns flying over your fences?

A.—Yes, sir; and I have to cut the wings of some of them. But they do not all fly over.

Q.—Do you wash the henhouse with any disinfectant, and if so what?

A.—Yes; we sometimes wash the house with a mixture of carbolic acid and kerosene. We take a bucket of water and put in about a pint of acid. We buy the cheap acid that does not cost much, and put in a little kerosene in the water with it.

Q.—What do you do for scaly legs?

A.—Kerosene is the best thing that you can use.

Q.—What do you think about an underspread henhouse?

A.—I think that unless they are very well built and are well cemented that they will prove wet and consequently

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