RED SPRINGS,

If the Europeans cannot be taught to ent corn bread, the Louisville Courier-Journal thinks they might at least learn to eat canned corn. "In the time between 'rosa'in' years' there is no luxury like corn that has been properly canned."

Among others was have tried corn bread and kindred products may be cited that distinguished commoner, flon. W. E. Glad-tone, who have tout it suited his taste perfectly, and that he would be happy to see the British people taking more of American maize than they had been doing in the past.

A bureau of press clippings in London has received the royal "command" to furnish Wenty distinct sets of newspaper cuttings from every periodical in Go sound the cow-bell loudly the world, so far as obtainable, referring to the death of Prince Albert Victor, The sets are to be pasted each in a separate album. The section devoted to American clippings should make a very edifying collection, in the opinion of the Chicago Herald, if the bareau is faithful in obeying the command.

For some time a Mr. Murphy, a special agent of the United States Treasury Department, has been engage ! in trying to introduce combread, into thermany. It is reported that at last the effort is measurably successful, the demand for the new and cheap bread is rapidly growing, * and it has been officially dubbe i "Murphy bread," This title, avers, the New Orleans Picayune, is a poetic justice to "long and apparently hopoless effort of opening a new and extensive market to them little. They were all in all to each one of, the staple products of our coun-

A romantic, yet possibly true, tale is printed by the Kansas City (Mo.) Times about General Sheridan and his boyhood friend, George Binckley. The latter, it is alleged, having been appointed a West Point cadet, declined in order to let his playmate go to the Military Academy instead, the young Philip being eager to secure the prize, and Binckley, later known as "Old Bink," professing to be averse to a military career. Years after the war, this story goes "Old Bink" was to be seen in Colora lo mining camps, leading the life of a frontiersman. One of the "tenderfeet" to whom he confided this bit of history afterward saw "Old Bink" in Denver during a parade in honor of General Sheridan, and describes an affecting meeting between the two at that time. "Old Bink" is now dead.

It is said by an informant of the New are so accustomed to adulturated maple augar that they will reject the genuine come across it. A Western firm that manufactures an imitation article endeavors to give it something of the genuine flavor by boiling a piece of maple wood in it. Some scientists, however, say that the peculiar flavor of maple su rar is due to the presence of impurities in the sap, and that if these impurities could be Elminated the sugar would taste exactly like pure loaf sugar. Thus gradually is science taking all the old time flavor our of life. Pretty soon it will be giving us an improved buckwheat flour, with no more taste than a piece of chalk.

Two distinguished visitors to Wash ington recently were T. M. Buffington. President of the Cherokee Senate, and E. C. Boudinot, of the Cherokee Nation. Both are half-breeds of commanding stature. Their mission was to ratify, as representatives of the nation, the sale of the Cherokee strip to the Government. In speaking of the civilization of the Cherokees Mr. Boudinot said: "Few people in the States realize that we have a little world practically among ourselves, and one of the most complete Governments in existence. On land is most fertile, and we raise all the grains ately before he released it. We receive about \$150,000 in terest from the Federal Government and with that we support ours. We have our own Congress, the House of Representatives having forty members, and our Senate, of which Mr. Buf fington is President, eighteen. Our laws are printed in both English and Cherokee. We have had a written code for seventy years. We have our judiciary, composed of minor courts as well as district and supreme. All proceedings, however, are carried on in the English language. The system of public schools is unsurpassed, as we have 103 public and two high schools or academies. The scholastic population is between 4000 and 5000, and the statistics show that about nine-tenths attend regularly. There is an orphans' asylum, and all orphans are taken there and kept until eld enough to shift for themselves. Of course, we keep the girls longer than the boys, unless we find good homes for them. Our claidren in the schools and the asylum are taught industrial pursuits also. Our percentage of criminals is very light,"

A SPRINGTIME IDYL The bluebirds they are calling.

The robin plumes his wing, The snow-born streams are falling I pon the feet of spring. Sing sweet, oh Southland. Sing soft, oh Southland. O'er hamlet, farm and town; Invade the Northland, Surround the Northland, And pull that snowbank down.

The wee frogs wake from sleeping, They're getting out of bed: And thro' the cold turf peeping The crocus shows her head, Arise, oh Southland, Blow soft, oh Southland, O'er dingle, delt and down; Go flood the Northland, Dissolve the Northland, And pull that snowbank down.

Wake feather, fur and fin. My brothers, see how proudly The splendid spring comes in. All hail, oh Southland, 'ome soon, oh Southland And green the hills of brown; invade the Northland, Go smite the Northland, And pull that snowbank down.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

- Dundas (Canada) Bauner.



ILES around Brian Lodge the snow lay heaped, deeper there than about the other villas. which were built on elevated ground, while Briar Lodge

nestled in a hollow. But if the two inmates of this abode were snow-bound, that fact troubled other, this mother and daughter, whose kingdom was their home, so they could afford to laugh at the vagaries of the weather.

They were very companionable; for whether through the influence of Mildred Vicars's healthful flow of spirits, of the still unquenched fire of the mother's youth, the years had passed lightly over the older woman's head. Her figure still retained its graceful outlines, her soft skin was unwrinkled, her glossy black bair scarcely showed a silver thread. A woman, one could see, who had carefully husbanded the best years of her life, so now at the harvest-time there were no disappointing tares among the golden grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and the daughter in that sweet first glow of youth - fair of face and joyous by nature as a girl of nineteen should be.

Briar Lodge was a fitting bower for two such charming women. It was the home of Mrs. Vicars's girlhood, where, as Madeline Hunt, she had made it the most attractive place on the hillside.

The Prince came at last, invaded Briar Lodge and took Madeline captive, but he died in the flush of happiness. York Tribune, that people in the West Little Mildred gave warmth to her mother's life, urging her to cast off the blighting influence of her sorrow; and Madeline's nature blossomed afresh, all article with disclain if they happen to the better and stronger for its crucial Though many of the old suitors again surrounded her, the beautiful lonely woman only twined her affections more closely about her little daughter.

After a longer stay than usual, the snow was beginning to melt, and one bright afternoon Mil-Ired Vicars armed herself with a light snow shovel, an I sallied forth to aid the sun in his work. From beneath her jaunty seal-skin cap her bright face glowed with the stirring exercise, and snatches of song rose to her ips, floating on the clear thin air down among the trozen hollows and out upon the broad stretch of moorland. Her eyes were often turned in this direction, until a critain dark spot on the horizon took a more definite shape. Then the color deepened in her cheeks, and she beat to ter voluntary labor as if her daily bread depended upon it. Nearer and nearer ame the hurrying figure of a young man, whose steps were bearing directly down upon Briar Lodge. Reaching the prickly hedge he called softly, "Mildred! Mil-

The gul dropped her shovel and turned quickly around, meeting a pair of ardent eyes that caused her own to fall in some

"I-I am glad to see you home, Herbert. When did you arrive? As she spoke she came slowly up to the hedge that divided them, and reached over her little gloved hand in greeting to the newcomer, who caught and kissed it passion-

Didn't you know I was coming totay!" he asked reproachfully. "I am sure you expected me, Mildred. Answer me truly. I cannot believe that you have forgotten.

"Forgotten! oh, no!" returned Mil. fred quickly. "I thought-I imagined -well if you must have it-I did look for you to-day."

Herbert Overton's face grew radiant. "Have you no warmer welcome for me. May I not come in?" he asked after a vain attempt to repossess himself of her hand, across the intervening bar-

"Yes," she ventured slowly, "andand mother says you may, stay to tea if

There was a tremor in the soft voice: but Mildred shot a roguish look at him from under her long lashes, and the young man waited for no second bidding. Another moment and he was beside her, grasping both hands, and trying to read the pretty downcast face. "What am I to understand by this. Mildred!" he demanded in a low, eager

She did not withdraw her hands, but with an impulsive movement she nestled loser to his side, and answered almost n a whisper: "Whatever you wish, dear Herbert.

Then they lost sight of time and place, and fell to planning their future, as only Meanwhile, Mrs. Vicars sat alone with

her thoughts, marveling as the short afternoon wore on, at the intricate weaving of circumstances which had brought these young people together. She was thankful that it was so, for it partly effaced an act of her own which had cost her many a bitter pang of self-reproach.

She had once been engaged to Colonel Overton, Herbert's uncle and guardian; but with the dawn of her love for Ashley Vicars she felt that she could no longer keep her promise. He released her-it was all'he could do-for her happiness was his first thought. But from that day he never set foot in Briar Lodge. He spent a good deal of his time abroad. superintending Herbert's education, but when his nephew determined to practice law in the city, he took up his residence once more in the old mansion on the brow of the hill. He had never married. He and Madeline met occasionally, but beyond a grave bow on either side there was no further intercourse.

The young people, however, made up for their elders, and Madeline was glad to see the feeling that had grown between them. Not so the Colonel. He listened quietly enough, when on his return that evening Herbert asked his consent to a speedy marriage with Mildred Vicars. let a handsomer man appeal to her fancy, and her over-tender conscience will blight your happiness. Withdrew before it was too late.

"It is too late now," burst out Herbert vehemently. "I cannot understand your prejudice against Mildred."

"I have no prejudice against the young lady. I do not know her," answered the Colonel. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I am the last person to oppose a true love match, Herbert; besides I know that opposition only adds fuel to the flame. But this much I ask of you -leave things as they are for awhile. You are both young, and can wait. Go back to the city and your work, and if in the end I find that I can give my full and free consent I will send for you." "Yes-but-" began Herbert.

Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as he laid a hand on his nephew's shoulder. "I know what you would say, Herbert. You are of age and quite your own master, fully capable of controlling your own affairs; but I deserve from you some slight consideration after years of faithful guardianship. The same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses through yours, and I will not have its warmth chilled if I can help it. Can you trust me for awhile?"

There was a short struggle, then Herbert held out his hand. "I owe you too much, uncle, to refuse

such a request," he said, in a trembling Colonel Overton grasped the proffered

hand, then went slowly and thoughtfully from the room.

Just at sunset the following day anther figure made its way across the moorland toward Briar Lodge-a taller, statelier figure than Herbert's. It was the Colonel himself. It was over twenty years since he had taken that walk, and he hesitated now-almost afraid to stir the slumbering passion of his youth. He had fought a long, hard battle, and if he had not been victorious, he had at least retreated with flying colors. Why should he jeopardize the little that remained of his future for the sake of Herbert's hap piness? The thoughtless boy might be grateful to him for an hour, and then he would live his life alone; for Madeline's daughter should not haunt him always with her presence. That would be too much. At fifty, when the sun of youth is forever set, and the twilight shadows creep on apace, he should have peace, undisturbed by the gnawing of a pain which he thought dead.

But as he strode along, his fine figure alert with graceful, easy motion, and an eager look in his dark eyes, one might almost have tancied that the years which had silvered his hair had done no further damage. And he was himself surprised to find his heart beating with the old impatient throb, as he traversed the well remembered path.

The sun had vanished behind the bill leaving a misty pink trail, when at last Colonel Overton passed up the pretty walk which led to Briar Lodge.

How strangely familiar everything looked without. The garden still preand an unwonte t flush came to his handsome face as he said

"I am sorry for this, Herbert. Had you confided to me sooner I might have spared you much pain. Such a thing cannot be thought of, and let me advise you, my boy, to go back to the city. The only hope for your peace of mind is to root out this unfortunate love."

Herbert looked flushed and indignant. I do not wish to root it out, uncle, you a not know Mildred. Sae is truth and eetness itself."

The girl is like her mother," an swe ed Colonel Overton; "she loves you now at least, she thinks she does; but served the same trim aspect, but as he was admitted he noticed at once the subtle change that pervaded each nook

A blazing log fire cast grotesque lights over the room into which Colonel Overton was ushered, and he stood on the hearth preparing himself for an interview which would surely be a painful one to both

How would she meet him! With the same unembarrassed coldness that had so often wounded him? His conjectures came to a sudden halt, for Madeline had entered quietly, and now stood before him with outstretched hand and a faint smile hovering on lips which trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"You are welcome, Greville," she said, using unconsciously the familiar name, and as the Colonel took her hand and looked into the sweet, unaltered face, he felt a strange, wind impulse to take here in his arms and forget the intervening years.

Somehowat the sight of him a crowd of tender memories swept over the siceping heart of Madeline Vicars. feeling deeper than friendship made the blood mount slowly into her cheek. She J., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1892,

withdrew her hand from his grasp, and said in a low, burried voice, "I—I will ring for lights. It is very gloomy here."
"Oh, no," answered the Colonel quickly; "I will not detain you long. surely, after all these years, you cannot

"I have never done that," "True," he interrupted. "It was voluntary banishment. I was afraid to come here, Madeline. I am afraid to be here now, but that necessity forces me." "You speak of the children?" she

deny me a few moments."

questioned. "I speak of your daughter and my nephew, who have most unfortunately formed an attachment for each other." "Unfortunately?"

"Yes, I say unfortunately, for you know from experience how it may end. I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted as mine was. He is young, ambitious and clever. I have great hopes of him." The tears slowly filled Mrs. Vickers's beautiful eyes. "You are-hard," she

murmured. "I thought-I thought-" she paused. "Mildred's happitess is even dearer to me. She loves your nephew truly, and perhaps, Greville, their marriage may--may bridge over the gulf between us. We may be friends once more."

She nervously clasped and unclaspe l ber hands, and Colonel Overton saw a few bright tears trembling on her lashes.

"You mean well, Madeline," he answered quietly, "but though we are past the turning point in our lives, the even flow of friendship can never exist between us. As for Mildred -she is young -she has seen nothing of the world There may be some other who may touch her heart more deeply-I have known such cases-and then Herbert's happiness will be wrecked."

Madeline was weeping bitterly; but Colonel Overton continued: "I do not mean to reproach you. Your course was better than deception, but I will protect Herbert to the best of my ability."

"And Mildred-poor little Mildredis she to suffer too?

Madeline rose from her chair, and coming close to him laid a beseeching hand upon his arm. The Colonel seized it, and fixed his passionate, pleading eyes upon her.

"Madeline, Madeline! vou try me past my strength. Did you think of my feelings when you told me the cruel truth years ago, and now am I required to make still greater sacrifices? Even if all should turn out happily, do you think that it would cause me no pany to see Mildred-your very image-flitting about

the old place which has known no gentle presence since you refused to enter it? Would you force me into extle again? Madeline, I am too old-leave me my solitary hearth, where I may spend a few peaceful twilight hours."

"Mildred could make them much happier for you," pleaded Mildred's

"Never!" he said with sudden fire. There is but one way of happiness for all. I am mad to dream of such a thing. for when I gave you up, Madeline, I swore I would never approach you again. I shall keep my vow. But, if you truly wish to mend the breach between us, then it is your place to seek me-not for Mildred's sake, nor Herbert's, nor even mine, but at the bidding of your own heart and desire."

He gently disengaged her clinging hand, and left her to ponder his words. So while Mildred sang in the joy of her heart, Madeline went about her accustomed duties, dazed and bewildered. When the twilight came that meant so much to her, she could bear it no longer; she left the lovers to their dreams, and scarcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, halting at last at the familiar gate. The spirit of the place was dead-the serene old gentlewoman who had brightened the homestead for her children.

The front door stood ajar, so Madelin slipped in, and guided by old associations, found her way to the library. This door was closed; she turned the handle softly, and entered unobserved by the lonely occupant.

The room lay deep in shadow, the glow of the fire was subdued and fitful, and the sight of the solitary man before it, buried in his own thoughts, unconscious of her presence, touched the tenderest chords of heart. She heard him sigh once, as she moved silently toward him in the gathering gloom. She pause i behind his chair, and summoning all ner courage, laid a timid hand upon his

"Greville, I have come," she whisp-

He did not start, nor even turn, but he reached up and drew her gently around in front of him, without a word. She crept into his embrace, and there another sweet and solemn secret was told in the twilight .- Times-Democrat.

Velocity of Light.

We are familiar with the rush of the express train as it flashes past us at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but light actually travels 11,179,560 times as fast! The initial velocity of the shot from the twelve-pound bronze service gun is only 1769 feet a second, or 1-556, 134th only that of light. And yet so stupendous is the scale on which the visible universe is framed that this vehicle of our sole knowledge of our neighbors in space, which would travel round the earth in 0.1336 of a second of time, does not reach us from Neptune under a period of more than four hours; while from the nearest fixed star (alpha Centaur) it occupies three and one-half years, and from a little star called mu in Cassiopeia its journey occupies ninety and seven-tenths years. These, be it noted, are stars whose "parallax" has been measured and whose distance is known. In the case of the more distance ones thousands of years may elapse ere their light mesrage reaches us, and did our optical means enable us to see what is going on on their surfaces we should gaze upon the events of their ancient history, and be eye-witnesses of what happened thousands of years ago. - Leisure Hours.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A PAIR OF STREETS FOR THE BOYS.

On a mediam sized farm a pair of steers may be raised with no great trouble or expense. So may colts, indeed, but the steers will never carry the boys to the racecourse. Let their training be the boys' pastime and pride. The steers will grow up between the boys and the city. Boys who have a little roke of steers, and a little cart, a little sled, and a little stoneboat, all of their own manufacture, will not pine to forsake the farm. Before the boys are men, the steers may be great, powerful oxen, well able to perform a kind of labor always in demand. - Hartford (Conn.) Times.

A PLUM ORCHARD. No doubt a plum orchard will be profitable investment if it is taken care of as it should be. The trees are set eighteen feet apart, and some good kinds are the Lombard, Green Gage, Yellow Egg, German Prune, Damson, and Jefferson, with some others of local reputation. Wood ashes or lime is an excellent fertilizer, and to prevent damage from the only dangerous insect enemy, the curculio, which is such a persistent enemy of the plum that it is almost impossible to grow this fuit unless the fowls are kept among the trees, or the trees are sprayed with Paris green. One hundred and thirty trees may be planted on an acre at the distance mentioned .-New York Times.

ROSEBUG BAIT.

The object in planting spirrers in the vineyard or garden where grapevines are growing is for the purpose of attracting the rosebug or rose beetle. This insect, as is well known, is very fond of the flowers of the grape and will soon destroy them, and thereby cut off the croy of fruit; but they are also very fond of and seem to prefer the flowers of certain species of the spines. They will usually desert the grapes, and cluster upon the spirsess if afforded an opportunity, and, as these shrubs and herbaccous plants cost little or nothing, we may use them freely as bug traps or bait, and from which the insects may be shaken daily into hot water or a little kerosene and water. The two best species of the spies for this purpose are the Sorbusleaved, a hardy, early-blooming shrub from Siberia, and the Goats-beard, a native vigorous growing herbaceous species. There are also several Japan species, with fine white flowers, and blooming at the same season as the grape that may also be employed for the same purpose, but the two we have named seem to answer every purpose. - American Agriculturist.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR BERRY GROWERS.

In setting out new beds of raspberries or blackberries cut back the canes to about six inches above the surface of the soil. Throw all the strength in the plant and get a good sturdy cate this season for next year's fruiting. Plant as early in the season as possible, while plants

When setting strawberries in spring cut back the roots one-tuird with a sharp knife; this starts a new fibrous growth quickly. Let the soil be rich and

When strawberry plants are received and it is not convenient to plant at once, let them remain in their packing of moss out under a tree or shady place in the

Current cuttings ought to be set so that the top bud of the cutting is on a

level with the surface of the ground. Prune bearing current bushes, cutting back last year's growth. The fruit is borne on wood of two years old and more, and the cutting back develops the lower buds and causes larger fruit. Remove all old, unproductive wood and thin out so as to admit light and air freely into the centre of the bush .--Orchard and Garden.

SETTING OUT TREES AND PLANTS. So far as is possible early planting is the best, but it is no admantage to set out trees or plants until the soil is in a condition to work into a good tilth. About the only exception to this is evergreens; these can be set in the mud and will grow and be none the worse for it. A good plan with all trees and plants is to have a bucket or tub of water convenient and dip the roots of the plants carefully into this so as to wet the roots thoroughly. Before doing this all of the bruised or damaged roots should be cut off and the top cut back in proportion to the roots. Two men can set out trees to the best advantage; one to hold the tree and work the soil in among the roots with the fingers and the other to find and shovel in the dirt as needed. No kind of manure should be applied so as to come in direct contact with the roots. If the soil is not naturally rich the best plan of applying manure is to work it thoroughly in with the soil before filling in around the roots. It is important to tramp the soil well after the roots are covered, so as to keep the tree firm, or the winds we usually have in the spring will tend to loosen it. If necessary to stake, when the tree is set out is a good time to set the stake. A piece of rubber shoe or boot put around the tree where the cord is fastened will aid materially to lessen the risks of injury by chafing. Wool twine will be less liable to injure the trees than hard twisted hemp twine. Set the trees at the same depth that they grow in the nurs-

With plants grown either in the hotbed or seed-box, care should be taken to harden them off before transplanting. This can be done readily by leaving them exposed two or three days and nights before transplanting. If the soil is dry, a good plan is to water the plants thoroughly an hour or two before taking them up. With early plants this is not usually necessary, as there is generally plenty of moisture in the soil. Set the plants down to the first lea! This can be considered a safe rule with all plants, and if the plants have made a long, spindling growth even deeper setting

than this will be advisable. It is im portant to see that the soil comes in close contact with the roots. Generally with all garden plants it will be best to do the transplanting late in the evening .- St.

Louis Republic.

NOTES ON THE VEGETABLE GARDEN. Oftentimes very little foretangit is given to the plan of the vegetable garden, and yet it is one of the most important considerations connected with gardening. The great object should be to plant in such a manner as to facilitate the use of all horse-power possible. Very few farmers find much time to use the hoe, while many of the gardens are so planted as to admit of no other means of cultivation. In the hands of many the hoe is not the best cultivator; it does not have the desired effect of loosening the soil, and is often good only in finishing up after the plow. For many plants the soil needs to be deeply and thor oughly dug. Frequent stirring prevents a crust forming, which is so detrimental to plant growth, it shutting out the air rom the roots. When too much de-

endence is laid upon the hoe a great cal of neglect will naturally result. c weeds get a start, the ground becomes baked, and in a very brief period the crop is put beyond recovery, and the vield greatly lessened. This taking a rainy day to "mind in" a garden will result unsatisfactory. Soil worked over at such a time becomes baked in clods and unfit for seeds, or the tender roots of plants. Too wet to plow corn, means too wet to stir the garden.

Plants that have been grown in a hotbed should be transplanted in rows in the open air before being set out, and given protection from the sun and drying winds until they become well established. By this method of management they

and larger growth in the garden. For most vegetables the long row system will be found best. Tomato plants ought to have a distance between rows of about thr & feet and a half, and two feet and a half in the row. Some might think the distance too great, but with the large varieties, such as the Acme, Trophy and Livingston, the ground will be pretty thoroughly covered at the time of maturity. With plenty of room it is possible to secure large, well-ripened

Cabbage needs less room. Rows two and one-half feet apart in the row for large varieties will be found a satisfactory distance.

All plants of the garden should be se put out as to make borse cultivation in part, at least, available.

The value of potting plants to secure a good set of roots, cannot be overestimated. All who have tried it regar! the plan most favorably. Plants put in pots should not be left too long, for in that case the roots become cramped, and that is a detriment rather than an aid to its growth. - American Farmer.

PARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Keep the cattle off the plowed land. Parker Earle is generally conceded to

be an excellent strawberry. Plenty of water and grain should be furnished to ewes in milk. Set cut the strawberry plants as early

as the ground can be prepare I. The Souvenir de Congres pear is large in size, good in quality and matures

Young chickens that are just beginning to run about should be fed regularly every day.

If the egg shells are fed to the poultry, care should always be taken to crush them thoroughly before feeding. The syrings is a most soluble shrub,

and by planting the late flowering sorts the season may be considerably extende I Marshall P. Wilder is a rose of vigorous growth; the flowers are full, wellformed, fragrant and cherry-carmine

A hen pays in proportion to the num ber of eggs she produces; therefore it is an item to feed so as to secure plenty of In shipping young poultry at this time

see that they are well 'watere' and fer before cooping, and do not crowd tox many into the coops. When desired to fatten rapidly there is nothing that will equal good cora meal. Fowls should be given all that

they will eat up clean. One can depend with close, carefu

plucking, upon an average of one pound of feathers per bird from a flock of common geese per annum.

If the weight of the fodder in the sile will complete its perfect packing after it has been well tramped, by settling it any more than is necessary to insure it being level and of uniform solidity; But this uniform solidity cannot secured by any other than a persistent tramping and crowding by faithful help. The advocates of not tramping say that it might be obtained by the use of some method of delivery which would send it to all parts of the silo in equal quantities. but would not this cost more than the spreading and tramping by careful men!

The Biggest Kite Ever Made. The biggest kife to the world w made in Durham, Greene County, N. Y about a year ago. It may be taken

The frame consisted of two main sticks twenty-eight feet long, weighing each 100 pounds, and two cross sticks twenty-one feet long, and weighin; seventy-five pounds each; all of thes sticks were 2x6 inches in dimensions.

the biggest kite ever made.

Over this frame work was stretched great sheet of white duck, 25x18 feet, and weighing fifty five pounds; the tail of the kite alone weighed fifty pounds and contained 150 yards of muslin Twenty-five hundred feet of a half-inch

rope served as "kite strings." This plaything cost \$75, and when mounted into the air, it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men open permitted it to ascend 1000 feet,-Atlasta Constitution

THE GREAT TULIP MANIA

B. W. TOWNSEND, Manager W. F HARLLEE Editor

A SEVENTRENTH CENTURY CRAZE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE.

Fortunes Won and Lost On the Pret-

ty Flower Bulb Origin of the

Spring Beauty of Our Gardens. TYHAT gay flower, the tulip, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly up-lifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of flowery Persia, growing there in prodigal luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulbend, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles. At last in its migratory moed it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of 'two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and ever since florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of pro-

Tulips were introduced into Northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to sieze a nation as well as an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation.

ducing black tulips, but with no better

success than their compeers who sought

The rise and fall of the tulfpomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is to-day. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed with no expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the epeculation, from noblemen to turfmen. Servants, becoming suddenly rich, left their places to set up establishments for themselves. Men parted with houses,

land and even clothes for bulbs. A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bite would have banqueted the

Prince of Orange and his retinue. Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared-but the tulip had come to

Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stern, joyless rule that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. An old book gives a pleasant picture of General Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden

Tulip. But while those bright flowers blush "in gay diversitie" at our feet, and make our lawns and parlors brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill will allow, they have companion blossoms that refuse to lend themselves for such lowly ends. They bloom but for the stars, and choose for their admirers birds with plumage as showy as themselves. Perhaps the eagle pauses to wonder at the gay coloring of the

tulip tree.

Press.

Although common in the Middle States, comparatively few have seen the magnificent blossoms of this tree. This is because of the great height it attains before it branches out. It seems strange to think of those great cup shaped flowers glowing in their strange beauty of variegated scarlet, yellow and orange over a hundred feet from the ground. For hundreds of years those trees, the largest in America except the California group, will bear their blossoms and people living in their shadows will never see the coloring of their canopy. By some law of association, perhaps that instinct which makes birds frequent those trees whose foliage will best concest them, the tree attracts to itself the gayest hued birds, notably the oriole, to which Hawthorne comparet its flower. - Detroit Free

A Guitar's Tale.

Miss Bessie W. Harris, daughter of a musk dealer in Troy, N. Y., broke a guitar which her father had given her some time ago. It was a peculiar-looking but fine-toned instrument, which had belonged to her dead grandfather, and no one knows how it came into his possession. Mr. Harris, in examining the pieces to-day found the following strangs

ascription written on the wood: "March 6, 1880,-This guitar is put together to-day by a man who has been in prison eleven years under a sentence of life, a prisoner who is a victim of circumstance and to-day is held as a criminal. To carry out revenge the plan was so laid that Chamberlain is into it yet unbeknown to himself. In time this guitar may be broken and these words read by some one, and whoever it may be I ask them to know and publish this

fact. - * "A man may be a State prisoner for years and yet get square with his enemies. I have enjoyed many pleasant moments even in this prison, for it is a pleasure to believe that there are those who fear me as a man. Chamberlain stood with his hand on his revolver, Christman, 1879. Oh, how contemptible he looked, the poor cur. Yes, he is a cur of the mongrel breed. Rets of Neb., cripple nine years, caused by neglect of prison

Read backward the signature forms the name "Ben Foster."

Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America,