

Senator Stanford believes that magnetism can be developed in men and horses by intelligent effort, and in breeding thoroughbreds on his California stock farm he has made experiments to that end.

The Civil Service records of the past three years show that out of the number of men applicants examined for Government offices only a little over one-half passed, while four-fifths of the women applicants passed.

The larger part of the coast of France that is suitable for the growing of oysters is divided into spaces thirty yards square. These parks are sold to the fishermen for \$60 apiece, and the beds under proper cultivation are made to yield enormous returns.

In addition to the usual advantages conferred by leap year on energetic young ladies, 1892 will give them fifty-three Sundays in which to employ those advantages. The year is going to be a crucial one for bachelors, predicts the Brooklyn Citizen.

A volume recently published on the industries of women in Paris states that the imitation of autographs is a remunerative employment, albeit somewhat dangerous. Women clerks are to be seen more frequently in France than in any other continental country, and another important fact to be noted is they receive, as a rule, quite as good salaries as a man in the same position would have.

Simon Wolf, of Washington, is preparing for the publication of a list of the Hebrew soldiers and sailors who have done service in the wars of the United States, including the war of the revolution. At the last annual reunion of the Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac, General Stahl said that half of his old regiment "was composed of Israelites with the courage of the Maccabees."

The necessity for saving up money for a rainy day is demonstrated by the statistics furnished by Charles Booth, the English social economist. He finds that out of the entire number of people in England under sixty years old four and a half per cent. are paupers. Between sixty and sixty-five the percentage reaches ten. Above sixty-five it sweeps up to forty. That is to say, of every ten persons in England over sixty-five, four are more or less dependent on the poor rates.

A building of steel and glass twelve stories high will be erected in New York City for manufacturing purposes. It will probably not rank high architecturally, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle, but it will be strong, and the workers in it will have plenty of light, as the apertures for windows, owing to the peculiar construction, will be very large. It will be a very large concern, a fact which brings to the attention of many something usually overlooked, that New York, in addition to being a great commercial city, is also the center of an enormous manufacturing industry.

To illustrate the strength of the prejudice against corn in Great Britain, mention may be made of an instance in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where it was proposed by a Member of the Poor House Board to substitute maize for costlier food in that institution. The mere suggestion brought a storm about his ears, because of his inhumanity in thrusting upon defenseless paupers a food which was only fit for pigs. American canned goods of all kinds are largely sold in Europe, but canned corn is almost never seen there. If a demand for it could be created it would mean hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly to the proprietors and workers of our canneries. Agents of the Department of Agriculture have been exhibiting the cereal in this form also abroad with the hope of teaching the people to like it. Wherever corn dishes of various sorts have been prepared and distributed by them they have been received so favorably as to give good grounds for confident expectation in this regard. The use of the potato, the tomato, and the tobacco plant, all of American origin, has spread through Europe and added to the comfort and happiness of millions. There seems to be more hope for corn now than there was for any of those commodities at the beginning.

AT DAWN.

Each leaf, another wakening, sighs; "Sweet sister, it is day! The last night-blooming glory dies, And whoso'er a petal lies, The east grows warm and gray.

"The birds are still asleep; and yet, Amid the silent throng, Like dusky vapors that beget The dew, dream-winged shades have set The germs of heavenly song."

—John B. Tabb, in Lippincott.

A HILL COUNTRY IDYL.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.



KITTY M'KISSESS looked at her brother and sighed, and the sigh was accompanied by a glance of admiration. Hugh M'Kissen was certainly a fine specimen of young mountain manhood. Tall and muscular, with a lithe and sinewy form, whose graceful proportions even the half-coat, half-sack, called "a hunting g-shirt," could not disguise; a frank and pleasant expression, and a voice that, in spite of a rather nasal tone when its owner was excited, was full and musical—Hugh was worthy of feminine admiration. He was singularly ignorant of his attractions, and, though bold in peril, fearing neither man, bear nor catamount in single fight, was timid in the presence of women, his mother and his sister excepted. The owner, subject to his mother's life-right, of a thousand acres of mountain land, of which one-third was rich "bottom," or level land, with horses in stall, cattle in meadow and steers on the hill-range, he was at seven-and-twenty a bachelor, while his fellows were heads of families by the time they had come to manhood. He loved his mother and sister, who worshiped him, and he was content.

Kitty M'Kissen was not his sister, however, nor was she his kinswoman. Eighteen years before, John Markham came there from the East, and bought a little "bottom-patch" of sixty acres, and settled on it with his wife. He built a log-cabin, set to work awkwardly to cultivate a few girdled acres, and tried to accommodate himself to an unusual position. Folk around, naturally suspicious of strangers, thought he must have done something wrong to make him leave home. He brought books, not over a hundred in number, which the neighbors deemed to be a great library. His house was neat, owing to his young wife's taste. The neighbors said: "It's stuck round with thing-a-majigs till it's a plom sight!"

Markham worked hard, and so did his wife, and, soon after their coming Kitty was born. She was christened Catherine Burnett. Three months after her birth her mother died, and Mrs. M'Kissen, who had just lost a child of nearly the same age, offered to nurse Kitty—an offer thankfully accepted. But John Markham caught cold by exposure, it settled upon his lungs, and in less than a year he died, leaving his little possessions to his child. Kitty thrived and soon became known as a M'Kissen, the circuit-rider's baptismal certificate to the contrary notwithstanding. She and Hugh, who was a nine-year-old boy when she came, had been brought up together. When she was half-grown, Peter M'Kissen was killed by the fall of a girdled tree, and Kitty became the mainstay of the house, for old Mrs. M'Kissen, who was ten years senior to her husband, had been half-paralytic for years, and passed her time in hobbling between her bed, the kitchen-table and the fire-side.

Frank and good-natured, as well as athletic, Hugh was a popular young man—his fellows accepting his lead and young women receiving his attentions courteously. But he never threw the handkerchief at any particular fair one, treating all with a shy deference. They did not come up to the standing of Kitty, who had inherited some of the refinement of her mother; and who, having read her father's books over and over again, was credited with a vast amount of learning. That kind of knowledge did not interfere with her housewifely qualities, for she was known to be the best cook and baker as well as the best butter-maker and neatest housekeeper in the county. Huge measured all other girls by her Procrustean standard. Beside, Hugh was not matrimonially inclined. His home was too comfortable, and he was in no hurry to bring a strange woman there.

But Mrs. M'Kissen thought it high time for her son to marry, and spoke to him about it. "What's the need, mother?" he responded. "I'm comfortable, and so are you. Why should I bring a strange girl here—one that ain't used to us and our ways, upsetting things?" "You needn't do that neither," said his mother. "But Hugh was too obtuse to take the hint and went out to salt the cattle. But he communed with himself as he went. "I might spark Lucy Campbell," he thought. "She's been East to school, and she's a sort of high-flyer, but she's pretty. Old Jim Campbell's well off, and he has only young Jim and Lucy. I dunno. I'll speak to Kitty about it. And there she is at the cows, now."

Kitty was there with her milk pails, and Hugh broached the subject at once. She looked up, blushed a little and then looked down, and listened.

"Lucy Campbell!" she cried. "So, Boss! Why don't the cre'tur' keep still! Lucy Campbell's a nice girl; a little sharp-tongued, but you're not; and she never turns a hand to anything around the house, but you're not looking for a housekeeper. Give down, Boss!"

"Well, there's Nancy Stallins. Nancy's people are not so well off as Lucy Campbell's; but they do say that Nancy is the most industrious girl in the neighborhood." "Yes," said Kitty; "yes, she's a worker. She never cleans up her dirt, though; and she—she chews snuff. You don't like tobacco in that way, do you, Hugh?"

"M-ph!" ejaculated Hugh. "Well, I dunno what to do. Mother, she's at me to marry, and I declare, except the two, I can't think of a girl I'd like to have, unless—well, there ain't one." "You stupid!" said Kitty, pettishly.

"Eh?" "This Boss is the most stupid cow I ever saw. Now, Bullface!"

And Kitty stooped at her pail, and began a fresh milking.

"See here," said Hugh; "Did you ever see such an uncertain chap as that Si Doss? He's been here four times this week about buyin' a cow, stays around hours at a time, and ain't made up his mind yet. 'Pears to me he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

"There are a good many young men in the same fix, I allow," said Kitty. "Si Doss appears to me not to be one of that kind. He knows what he wants, I fancy."

And then, with her filled pail, Kitty moved off to the spring-house.

Hugh stood a minute, salt-bag in hand, forgetful of his cattle, when he saw Si Doss riding up and then dismounting. Si tethered his horse to the pendant limb of a beech tree, and then strode forward. He had the reputation of being the most forward young man in the country; but he had a very embarrassed air now.

"Howdy, Hugh." "Howdy, Si." "Folks all well?" "Yes. Your'n?" "Fus-rate, thank y'. Our best brood sow's sort o' lumpyish. I allow she's been eatin' so 'ethin' afore we brought her outen he woods." "Likely."

And then the two stood like exhausted receivers. At last Doss broke out:

"I've been allowin' to git married." "Yes?" "I'd like you to put in a word for me." "Me? Who's the girl?" "Kitty M'Kissen."

"Not—our—Kitty?" "Yes. I'm not quite sure whether she favors me or not. I've been aroun' some, but somebod' I ain't got the nerve to speak out. Couldn't you soun' her an' find out?"

"Our Kitty! Why, Si, she's a little girl. She's too young." "She's eighteen year old. I hearn Miss M'Kissen say so. You know, though, I'm to'rabable well-to-do, an' don't owe no man a dollar. I love the very ground she walks on."

"Well," said Hugh, after a pause, "we'll see about it. Anything new?"

"There just is. There's a fellow down to the town—a furrier from the East—got up in store clothes an' mighty sassy-lookin', an' he's been inquirin' about John Markham's folks. Sez he's a kin to 'em an' 's gwine to come and hunt up Kitty."

"No! What's his name?" "Calvin Burnett. He's a lawyer where he lives."

"Burnett? Must be kin to Kitty's mother. You told him whar she is?"

"Yes; and thar he comes now, on Sol Dingess's clayband mar'."

It was a spruce-dressed stranger who rode up, and, leading his mare, came toward them. It was not necessary to tell his kinship, for he "favored" Kitty, as they say in the hills. The same eyes and forehead, but he had a square chin. He explained his business.

"Come into the house, Mr. Burnett," said Hugh. "Kitty will be back from the spring house, presently."

Doss was anxious to learn everything, but as no one asked him to remain, went off reluctantly. Presently Kitty came in, and the newcomer introduced himself as her first cousin, the son of her mother's brother.

"Of course," said Burnett, "I am very glad to know a near relative, especially when she's a pretty girl, but I did not come for that. I am here on business. Do you know anything of your father's history?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, don't 'sir' me, Kitty; we are own cousins. Call me 'Cousin Cal.' Your father ran off with my aunt, having married her against grandfather's command. Grandfather disowned her, and was very bitter. But when he died, he left one-half of his property to father absolutely, and the other half in trust. The nature of the trust was explained in a sealed paper, not to be opened until after father's death, and to be carried out by his executor. I believe father knew its nature. The trust money increased under my father's prudent management, and that share of the estate amounts to more than what I inherit. It is nearly twice as much. I opened the paper, and the instructions are that I

am to pay it over to the heir or heirs of Catherine Markham. I am satisfied from inquiry, that you are the heir, Kitty, and I am ready to transfer to you, under the proper legal form, nearly ninety thousand dollars. I congratulate you, Kitty. You will be able to live East, as comfortably as possible, on an income sufficient, I suppose, for a single gentleman."

Ninety thousand dollars! The amount dazed Kitty; and struck the M'Kissens dumb. It was a fairy tale, and the young lawyer looked like an enchanter. Hugh was considered rich there, with less than a fifth of the sum; but ninety thousand dollars!

At last Kitty asked:

"Mr. Burnett—Cousin Calvin—must I live there to get the money?"

"No. You can live where you like; but if you want to enjoy life, the East is the place for you. You are your own mistress, or, at least, will be at twenty-one. In the meanwhile, the court here will probably let you name your own guardian and trustee."

"Thank you, cousin. I am glad to know you; glad to have this unexpected fortune, and would be glad to see a place that I have heard so much of. But the only kin I ever knew, though not of my blood, are dear to me. This is my only home. I may visit the East, but I could not stay there."

The news of Kitty's wonderful inheritance soon spread. Rumor increased it by an additional cipher. It was heard of with a thrill of awe and envy. It was said that the dashing "furrier" was to marry Kitty, and take her away immediately; and Josiah Doss was in the gulf of despair.

Hugh knew better, so far as Kitty's views went, but he felt a sinking at the heart. Kitty would stay, but with such a fortune in possession she seemed out of the common sphere.

Burnett, while the legal forms going on, amused himself by studying this cousin, who was so readily accommodating herself to circumstances and the M'Kissens, especially Hugh. It required no penetration to see that the latter was in love with Kitty, but seemed not to quite realize his own feelings; and that Kitty loved Hugh and knew it.

"That young man is bright enough in some things, but very stupid in this," said the lawyer to himself. "I'll play the good genius, for the fun of the thing."

The court at Kitty's instance, appointed Hugh M'Kissen her guardian and trustee, to the scandal of the young folk, who thought she should have chosen some older man. Hugh and Burnett had divers conferences, before affairs were over. At one of these the lawyer said:

"What a very pretty girl Cousin Kitty is! Don't you think so Mr. M'Kissen?"

"Ye-es." "She'll make a figure when she gets into society, too. She is one of the rough gems that take to polish kindly."

"M-h." "The fact is, I admire her the more the more I know her. I must try and persuade her to leave the mountains."

"Kitty M'Kissen isn't one of that kind," said Hugh. "You heard her say that she would stay here, and she is the one to keep her word." "I beg your pardon, Mr. M'Kissen," said Burnett. "Her proper name is Catherine Markham, and she is not likely to change it—in this place. No offense to you; but the name is a good one, and sounds well; but it would sound better if it were changed to Burnett, in my judgment."

And then Burnett walked off, to take a stroll through the hills, leaving Hugh confused and indignant.

"Confound his impudence!" cried Hugh. "Mrs. Burnett! He's after Kitty's money. Kitty marry him!"

Hugh walked out to cool himself and met Kitty coming from the spring-house; for Kitty was born to love cows and chickens, and her money had not changed her ways. She nodded. Hugh kept at her side, and as she reached the porch he said:

"I—I want to have a talk with you, Kitty."

"All right. Sit down on the porch, then, and I'll listen."

"Kitty—I—the fact is—"

"Yes?"

"The fact is— You don't care for Burnett, do you?"

"Care for him? Of course I do. He brought me good fortune; he's my own cousin, you know, and he's a very nice man, too." "Are you—going—to marry with him?"

"What a question! I suppose you can ask it as you're my guardian. I don't see how I could; he's not a Mormon, and he has a wife already."

"Oh, Kitty, you know I—"

"Well, I don't know, till I know what it is I know."

"Kitty, I love you."

"Of course you do; we were brought up together."

"It's not that, Kitty; but why can't we marry?"

presume Miss Burnett will have the approval of her guardian in this matter."

Kitty did go to the East, but it was as Kitty M'Kissen, and with her husband. After their return there was a house put up on the M'Kissen place which was the wonder of the neighborhood, both of itself and furnishings.

"Such doings!" said Nancy Stallins to a gossip. "You know the house, built outer bricks and rocks—a sorter cross atwix' a co'-house an' a meeting-house; an' enough rooms in it for a tavern. But I was inside; six wagon-loads o' things was put in; the floors are kivered all over. Yes!" continued Nancy, with the bitterest climax, "kivered with kivered!"—The Lodger.

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