



The Tyrol Landtag has put a fine on the sale of edelweiss plants with roots, in order to prevent the destruction of the plant. The law is not applied to some parts of Tyrol, such as Enneberg, where the plant grows in such profusion that it might be mowed, and there is no fear of its disappearance.

An American gentleman has sent to Lord Dunraven a calculation that the average speed of the three races sailed by Valkyrie and Vigilant last year for the America Cup was 8.313 knots per hour, and that the average speed of the seventeen Britannia-Vigilant races was 8.317 knots an hour. The London Field adds that the figures show a remarkable instance of the even average performance and speed of these yachts.

One needs only to turn to the records of the Pension Office in Washington to realize how rapidly the men who fought in the Union Army thirty years ago are passing away. The latest report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that the number of applications for pensions has fallen from 363,799 in 1891 to 40,148 in 1894, while about 37,000 were dropped from the rolls during the last fiscal year because of death.

The assassination of President Carnot has made the fortune of the hardware dealer in Certe, where Caserio bought the knife with which he committed his crime. The man's name is Guillaume. Since the origin of the knife became known, no day has passed without Guillaume's receiving orders for the "Carnot poignard." These orders come not only from France, but also from foreign countries, in such numbers that the dealer cannot fill them. One house in Brussels alone ordered 300.

Women are certainly driving men from many fields, notes the New York Tribune. In the town of Fieberbrunn, near Innsbruck, Tyrol, a few weeks ago, there was a wrestling match for women. Six representatives of the fairer sex showed their strength and agility before 400 spectators, who cheered the victors lustily. It was a disgusting exhibition. A visitor, in describing the struggles, says that the women quickly lost their temper, and pulled out handfuls of each other's hair.

The New York Tribune remarks: Among recent "silly season" topics in the London press was that of "mummy wheat" and its alleged germination. The discussion was, unlike most such, of real interest, for it revealed the fact that many people, including some with pretensions to scientific knowledge, actually do believe that grains of wheat taken from mummy cases and thousands of years old have sprouted, grown to stalk, and borne seed. Why not, they demand, when frogs and toads have been found alive after being imbedded in solid rock for thousands of years? And that such animals have thus been found, they have unquestioning confidence. Doubtless the one is as true and as reasonable as the other. But neither has the least foundation in fact. If a toad be found imbedded in coal, it must have lived in the carboniferous age, which was probably millions, rather than thousands, of years ago. But all animals of that age have long been extinct, while the toads alleged thus to have been found are identical in species with those of to-day. So it has come to pass that the alleged "mummy grain" which has actually sprouted and grown has been either oats or Indian corn, neither of which is indigenous to Egypt or was known there in the days of the Pharaohs. In the second place, it is a biological impossibility for animals thus to survive, and it is also a botanical impossibility for wheat thus to grow, for the germ is known, by actual observation, to perish in about seven years, and finally, to clinch the matter, numerous experiments, conducted with all possible care, have proven that toads thus sealed up immediately and invariably perish, and numerous test plantings have been made of grains of wheat, peas, beans, lentils, almonds, peach-pits, olives, dates, poppy seeds, etc., found in mummies and ancient tombs, of which not one has ever germinated.

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT.

Here's a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble fit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace,
Then to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit.
All the shadows soon will fit,
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.

Little hills will soon betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

—Edmund Cooks,

THE FAIR INVALID.



JUST about a half-hour after the arrival of the evening stage, the ceremony of meeting that institution having been religiously observed by every citizen of the camp, White Hawk was now engaged in its usual evening pastimes. Singlefoot Sheridan came down from the to-be-valuable claim he had located up on the hill next to the old "Red Ruby" shaft with more haste than usual. His peculiar style of gait was particularly accentuated by his obvious desire to make some degree of haste as he trotted down the hill with three or four muddly drills making reddish marks on his shoulder and down the back of his shirt. Whatever else might have been said of Mr. Sheridan, it could never be truthfully asserted that he did not at all times look like a miner of hard-working tendencies. Mr. Sheridan charged into the Double Eagle, Mr. Fair's popular resort, and trotted directly over to Mr. Dunn, whom he at once engaged in a quiet but animated conversation. "Wonder what-all's struck Singlefoot?" remarked "Wabash" Hicks. "Reckon he's been findin' a 'color' up there?" he added, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of Sunset Hill. "Color, nothin'," rejoined "Large" Briggs (so called to distinguish him from "Skinny" of that ilk), with good natured contempt. "Why, he's only bin two 'r three weeks sinkin', an' you're fully 'ware o' th' fact that Singlefoot hain't no real hurried worker, more especial when actin' like he is, as 's own shift boss an' workin' force."

Both men laughed and went over to the bar, where Singlefoot and Dunn continued to talk interestedly. Dunn motioned to them and they came up to receive the news.

"'Twor djoost loike dthis," said Singlefoot, importantly. "Oi wor coomin' down th' back trail whin, all of a suddint-loike, Oi tink t' meself, 'O'ill go down t' Johnny McAfee's (him that's in Miryco, dyez moind?) an'—"

"Well, go on," interrupted Briggs. "An' ain't Oi as fast as Oi can?" retorted Singlefoot, indignant at the idea of being obliged to cut his lines. "As Oi wor sehin', Oi tought O'd'd go down th' old trail t' Johnny's an' swoipe a couple o' dozen candles. So Oi went."

"Oi wor walkin' oop to dthe dure whin Oi runs oop agin' a mon—an' ouldish stranger chap."

"Says he 'Does dthis house b'long t' youse?' Says Oi, 'Ut does not.' Says he, 'Misther, Oi'm playin' in har-rud luck.' An' thin he goes on t' tell me about how him'a his sister, wor reidin' frim Tucson overland t' Silver City, an' 's sister wor tuk bad, doon dthe trail by Johnny's, so 's tuk up quarters doon there."

This was interesting. A woman was always interesting to people in White Hawk, and this one was particularly so on account of the fact that Singlefoot described her as being young and quite good looking. The news of her arrival spread rapidly, and when it was also reported that the fair stranger and her brother had nothing on earth but their clothes and the two little overworked bronchos they were traveling with, White Hawk rose as one man.

Here was a golden opportunity and one which they could not and would not permit to pass, to show the chivalry of White Hawk. A small delegation with Singlefoot Sheridan, by right of discovery, acting as spokesman, went out to Johnny McAfee's cabin, with a large supply of all the eatables and drinkables the camp afforded, and the assurance that the strangers were to make themselves as much at home as possible, and that everything in White Hawk was theirs. It was disappointing that the lady was

unable to receive them, and Singlefoot suddenly became more important than ever on account of the fact that he had actually seen and talked with the fair stranger, but the boys were somewhat reassured by the statement of the brother that the invalid would no doubt be able to receive visitors in a day or two. The suggestion made by one of the committee that they send to Silver City for a doctor was declined with profuse thanks from the Tucsonian, who declared that his sister's illness was nothing really serious—that all she needed was rest.

"Wa-al, good night, Mister White," said "Professor" Warman, taking the stranger's hand and holding it a moment. "Now, ef they's anything at all—anything, ye understand—jest shout, an' you all sho' gits it ef it's in the camp." And he turned away, followed by the rest of the committee, after all had solemnly shaken hands with Mr. White and assured him of their willingness to divide the half of their kingdom with him.

White watched them out of sight and hearing. Then he slipped quietly to a corner of the cabin and listened intently for a moment. Then he slipped over to the next corner and listened again; and so, until he had completed the circuit of the cabin. There was not a sound. For a sick person or any one who needed rest and quiet Johnny McAfee's cabin was just the place. And White had in his pocket the twenty-dollar gold piece the "Professor" had quietly handed to him.

Meantime there was a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting in progress up at the camp, with Faro Fair presiding.

"Jows, gents," he said, as he gracefully took the chair, "that we all sabs the object o' this yere meetin'. Ef any gent yere ain't onto the play I preceeds to 'xplain in a few brief remarks. Th' situation is jist this: Yere's a lady an' gent frim Tucson has struck this yere camp in a dead-sho', hard-up p'lush. They've be playin' in hard lines, an' th'er broke, they are. An' th' lady's sick, she is. Now, th' question b'fore th' house is, does we do th' square thing, an' fix'em out quite a lot, 'r does we not? On any gent in this yere camp, or th' hull camp, afford t' have it give out t' him 'r them th't we-all don't do th' right thing good 'n plenty t' th' stranger within our gates? None, whatever. Gents, I heads a 'scription with twenty."

"Twenty-five!" shouted a voice in the rear of the room, and another got as far as "Thir—," when the chair arose and hit the table with his fist.

"Hol' on, gents!" he remarked. "I calls you all down, right yere. Th' rulings o' this yere chair goes, quite reg'lar. I reckons, an' th' chair rules th't no gent sh'ld raise his bid. Howsomever, jes' t' do th' right thing I raise my bid t' fifty 'd."

There was some grumbling about such arbitrary ruling, but the bidding was very spirited, and in a few minutes the shotbag of Michael Hennessy, who had been appointed custodian of the subscription fund, was heavily loaded with coin and nuggets. Then, having selected Messrs. Hennessy and Fair and the "Professor" to act as committee of presentation next day, the meeting adjourned—not, however, without passing resolutions of condolence, the same to be written in the "Professor's" very best chirography and presented along with the "wad" held by Mr. Hennessy.

And that night several scores of susceptible male persons retired to dream of a female face they had never seen.

"I gives it out cold, right yere," said Mr. Faro Fair, positively as he and his colleagues of the presentation committee walked toward Johnny McAfee's cabin next morning. "Th't I don't make no talk—none whatever. You got t' do it, perfesser."

"Not any," replied the gentleman addressed, with some warmth. "Think I'm goin' t' do all th' work? You fellows are givin' it out too strong t' me, because I'm so good natured. I balks quite copious an' makes no speeches."

"Bet I don't," chimed in the treasurer. Then, as a sudden inspiration struck him, "Say, what's th' use o' doin' any chin work, anyways? Le's jes' go an' sneak th' stuff in an' make our escape."

"That's all right, Mike, but it don't go. Don't we git t' see an' converse w' this yere lily o' th' valley, this ill an' charmin' stranger? We does, ef she says so," insisted Mr. Fair. "My gallant an' chivalrous blood 'r bels agin' any other sort o' play, an' I insists on payin' th' r'specks due t' youth an' beauty, I does."

As they neared the cabin there was considerable diffidence displayed by every member of the committee. Neither wanted to lead, and it was not until Faro and Mike "downed" the "professor" by a majority vote that he consented to knock at the door. This act was rendered unnecessary, however, by the appearance of Mr. White, who came out and greeted them cordially.

"Come in, gentlemen," he said, when the "professor" had blunderingly informed him that they had come to inquire about the invalid.

"Come in. My sister is very much better to-day—very much, thanks to your kindness," and, with his guests trying to shrink behind each other as

though they were school boys instead of three of the leading citizens of White Hawk, he led the way up to the door.

"My sister, gentlemen," he announced, whereupon the committee became more embarrassed than ever, and Faro stepped heavily on Mike's foot, causing that gentleman to writhe in silent agony.

Over in a dark corner, wrapped in blankets and seated in a big barrel-chair, was the person who had created the present sensation.

"Sit down, gentlemen," she said in a deep, melodious contralto voice. "I'm very glad to see you. And please let me thank you for your great kindness to me last night."

"Thanks, mum; that is, no'm, we didn't do it—that is," blundered the professor with shifting eyes; "twant nothin'; mighty glad, miss, ef we c'd do anything."

"Thank you very much; I can never forget it," said the melodious voice from the depths of the chair, thereby causing the visitors to clear their throats and shift their feet a good deal and to stare at the ceiling in an effort to think of something appropriate to say. White came to their relief, however, with some remark or other, and presently Faro managed to make a move toward leaving, which example was about to be precipitately followed by the others, when the voice asked:

"Won't you come and shake hands?"

While his companions were hurrying to accept the invitation, Hennessy, at a moment when White was not looking, and with what he considered a very deft movement, managed to shift the shot-bag to the top of one of the soap boxes just vacated. Then he shook hands and the trio floundered out.

White looked out of the window to see when they got out of earshot; then he lay down on the floor and laughed till he cried, while from the chair in the dark corner arose a figure from which came deep, deep laughter—and also came the remark, after a few moments' painful effort at controlling risibilities:

"Bill, if you don't beat all for schemes, I'll eat my hat, and it ain't a good year for hats, either," which remark was responded to by more hearty laughter, in the course of which "Bill" kicked over a soap-box, and, with a dull crash, down came the sack of "stuff" recently left by Mr. Hennessy et al.

While the extremely satisfactory investigation of the sack was going on, the three gentlemen who had brought it walked up the trail somewhat quietly, much dazed, but with pride in every footfall.

About 2 o'clock White made his appearance in camp, and straightway sought his visitors of the morning. "Gentlemen, this is too much. Your kindness overwhelms me," he assured them, with grateful tears in his eyes.

"Oh, say, now, ol' man, none o' that," said Faro, with a clap of his hand on the Tucsonian's shoulder that made the latter wince. "Th' gent's talk don't go; does it, boys?"

"But," began White.

"Come off, now, ol' chap, 'r we'll feel 'sulted."

White took away with him the assurance that another word about not accepting what they gave him would really insult him.

Somewhere about the time that White came up to camp Large Briggs stood in the doorway of his domicile, critically regarding the interior. Briggs had one of the best cabins in camp, and had it quite "luxuriously" furnished. Moreover, he was quite famous as a remarkably neat house-keeper, and endeavored to maintain that reputation. To-day, however, found him very hard to please, and it was only after much labor that he got things in shape to even half suit him. Finally, however, he closed the door, and sauntered down the trail—toward Johnny McAfee's.

As he neared the point where the path from the trail diverged toward Johnny's cabin his steps grew slower and slower. Presently he paused. As he did so he heard some one creeping stealthily through the brush at his right, and in another moment his friend "Wabash" Hicks confronted him. Both men reddened, then hysterically gave vent to an unoriginal "Hullo!"

"Where goin'?" asked Briggs, with lively interest.

"Oh, 'er jes' chasin' that pinto burro agin'," lied Hicks, uneasily. "Where you?"

"Me? Oh, w'y, I got t' go clear over t' th' ol' Niwat tool shop. S'm'-things over there I want."

"Come on," said "Wabash," briskly. "I'll go over a ways with ye."

They started off down the trail together. There was a certain constraint manifest, and as they passed the McAfee cabin both looked straight ahead.

After a few minutes' walking Briggs halted. "Come t' think, I don't b'lieve," he remarked, rubbing his unshaven chin and looking thoughtfully at the ground, "that I'll go over t'-day. Don't think I'll need them things for a day 'r so. Expect t' find y'r burro up yere? Well, so long."

Hicks watched "Large's" big form

go swaying back up the trail. Then he scratched his head reflectively and started off on a new tack to find the burro—and, oddly enough, he presently struck a higher trail that led back toward McAfee's, which trail he followed slowly.

Large Briggs hurried back toward Johnny's with a certain degree of determination—but this faded, as coming down the hill whereon his new claim was located, he saw Singlefoot Sheridan.

"Confound that varrier," he muttered. "Where's he goin', I wonder?" For Singlefoot was headed toward McAfee's Mecca. Briggs sneaked back into the brush and watched the newcomer. Just below the Irishman met Hicks. They talked a moment, then both started off in opposite directions, leaving Briggs free to emerge from his hiding place.

The latter walked slowly, nonchalantly passed Johnny's. He did not see Ben Reed hiding in the brush, and he was totally unconscious of the presence of Colonel Larkin behind a tree on the other side of the trail. He presently met, however, one Larry Brown, who was strolling down toward McAfee's.

Two persons on horseback rode quietly, but at a good pace toward the Mogollon Mountains along about midnight. Both bubbled over with glee.

"Oh, Bill, but this was the softest I ever struck," gurgled the smaller one, leaning over theommel of his saddle in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Wait till you're out of the woods, Tommy," remarked the other grimly. "We haven't got away yet; but say, it was too plumed funny for any use. Seven or eight different jays held me up on the quiet during the afternoon, and each and every one insisted on my taking twenty or so; and that big Briggs chap I he was just bound we should take his cabin. I told him we'd move in the morning. We're moving."

"But, say, Bill, what did you say in the note?"

"Oh, something about like this—"

Gentlemen— please accept the assurance of my friend Mr. Smith, the well-know (by another name) female impersonator, and yours truly, that we heartily appreciate not only the courtesies extended us, but the fact that you are the choicest collection of subscribers we have met anywhere in our travels. Cheerfully yours, WILLIAM WHITE.

"Bill, the public is dead wrong. Who says 'er ham-fatters? We're stars, that's what!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

WHEAT FED TO ANIMALS. SURPRISING FACTS COLLECTED IN KANSAS.

Of the 1894 Crop More Than Eight Million Bushels Will Go to Feed Cattle, Swine and Poultry.

FOR more than a year the press of Kansas has contained references to the fact that in many localities the farmers were feeding their surplus wheat, in lieu of corn, as a stock food.

Early last summer F. D. Coburn, Secretary of the Kansas Department of Agriculture, became satisfied that, owing to the shortage and comparatively high price of corn and the considerable accumulation of wheat, its almost unprecedentedly low price and generally unquestioned worth as a nutritive ration, a much larger aggregate of wheat was being withheld from the milling market and diverted to the new and widely-differing purposes of meat production than there were statistics to verify.

Appreciating the importance of this new phase of agriculture and the important bearing it has upon the future of both grain and animal production, Mr. Coburn undertook the collection of such helpful information as might be furnished by the farmers who were making the practical test.

Inquiries covering all the features of wheat feeding were sent to 1000 men who were best situated and equipped for discriminate observation. The forthcoming report will contain over 400 replies, which are of a character to make them very useful contributions to this investigation.

With these reports will also be represented much other matter of an important and interesting character, that bearing on the average cost of the growing and binding of the wheat crop of Kansas being not the least important.

From advance sheets of this report a correspondent of the New York Times has been able to get the following facts:

Of the 24,827,527 bushels of winter and spring wheat raised in Kansas in 1893, there have been 4,069,523 bushels, or 16.4 per cent., used as feed for farm animals, Cows and Summer Counties leading, with 297,044 and 407,606 bushels respectively.

Three-fourths of the reports, representing fifty counties, state that a pound for pound, wheat is superior to corn for fattening hogs, even 25 per cent. unmaستicated, and 35 per cent. The average of the reports indicates a superiority of 10 per cent., while the average of other one-fourth indicates 12 per cent. inferiority.

As to the quantity of live pork which may be expected from a bushel of wheat, the average of all reports gives eleven pounds. One report gives seven pounds, most of them over ten, and a few as high as twenty pounds.

In a general way, these reports show that in Kansas, under the conditions as to production and prices of wheat and corn existing in 1893 and 1894, wheat has become a very unusual and important factor in the grain feeding of all classes of farm stock. It is superior to corn, pound for pound, as a grain to produce healthy, well-balanced growth in young animals. Mixed with corn, oats, or bran, it is much superior to either alone for work horses. Feed to cows, it is an exceptional milk producer, and for that purpose corn is scarcely to be compared with it.

For swine of all ages it is a healthy and agreeable food, giving generous returns in both framework and flesh, but fed whole, especially without soaking, it is used at a disadvantage. Ground and made into slops, it is invaluable for suckling cows, and for pigs, both before and after weaning.

For cattle it has, at least as a part of their grain ration, a very high value, which is very much enhanced in the line of needed variety by mixing with corn, and in a still greater degree by mixing judiciously with bran, oil cake, or other albuminous foods, tending to balance the too carbonaceous nature of the clear wheat.

With corn and wheat approximating the same price per bushel, it is not unprofitable nor wicked to feed wheat; yet, if it can be ground, rolled, crushed, or in some way broken at a cost not exceeding five to seven cents a bushel, to feed it whole and dry is unwise. It can be ground at a cost of five cents a bushel, and on a majority of Kansas farms for very much less.

If grinding is impracticable, soaking from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, the length of time depending somewhat on the weather and season, in various reasons desirable, but in judicious in that its being moist facilitates swallowing without mastication or the proper mixing with saliva. Any system of feeding by which the grain is delivered in such a way that the animal can eat but slowly, will largely overcome this defect.

It is a superior food for fowls, and as a promoter of maximum egg production is surpassed by no other grain.

Seventy thousand pedestrians and eight thousand teams cross London Bridge every twelve hours.

WISE WORDS.

- Self-confidence is rock bottom.
- Woman is woe tacked on to man.
- Luck is the encouragement of pluck.
- Man learns by tuition, woman by intuition.
- A woman's love is as blind as it is beautiful.
- The sun can't shine through a torpid liver.
- The hardest worker isn't the greatest gainer.
- Those who commit injustice bear the greatest burden.
- Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.
- Time heals all wounds, but nothing short of a miracle can remove the scars.
- The man who would have done so and so if he had been there never gets there.
- The truly generous is the truly wise: and he who loves not others lives unblest.
- A craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.
- He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.
- Truth should be the first lesson of the child, and the last aspiration of manhood.
- Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.
- The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than does the gift itself.
- Language cannot express to any one much beyond what he has lived or experienced.
- Be not afraid of enthusiasm; you need it; you can do nothing effectually without it.
- Let the motive be in the deed, and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.
- Commonly those whose tongue is their weapon use their feet for defense.

Why His Gas Stove Wouldn't Work.

Rambo Squeaks, of Tullyville, Kan., was very much pleased with the working of an improved gas stove which he saw on exhibition in Chicago. He stayed in town all day, and learned how to cook chops and bake bread. Then he bought a stove, which he had shipped to his Kansas farm. His home was not supplied with gas, and he couldn't understand why the old thing wouldn't work until he had made three complaints to the company.—New York Mail and Express.

In Delaware suffrage is exercised by women in several municipalities.