IN CAMP.

Gyrard Pim, that saw it all,
Whisper what they were talking!
Many, many things hell!
When the moon peeped in tall,
Through the rubber shade they threw out.

Bimmy and me, it Pim, we said
Of—it all benefited me to life.
But it not been talk and Pim,
With the moon towards and the moon,
I feel we have been hell!

Ah, he fathomed me on white
Where that soft, my come and kissed
Where the happy heaven's light
Lingered with her as of right—
As of other with a sister!

All our little cares across,
Only I am naturally waking—
Waiting to be come to town,
Kiss her same time—and Lucy
Upset my letter to that clothing

But, oh Pim, will never know—
Never look and see neighbors.
He is without power to
Lie side—so who shall be
Responding in tone of what!
—Charles F. Lummis in Scribner's.

SWINDLED BY PASSENGERS.

A Conductor Tells How He Receives Plugged Coin from Those Who Ride.

While coming down town recently on a Broadway surface car a particularly loquacious and observant conductor gave me some curious facts concerning the pecuniary characteristics of the many people with whom he had come in contact. His particular enemy, according to his remarks, appears to have been woman, no matter what position in society she occupied.

They never bad change, he said, and when they did happen to have anything smaller than a silver dollar the coin invariably proved to be the adhesive penny.

"Women," said he, "are the worst passengers we have to carry. When I ask them for their fare they will spend fifteen minutes searching through their purses and pockets for pennies, at though several nickels are right at hand.

"And for bad money they beat the deck. You will hardly believe the truth of the statement, but nine-tenths of the plugged quarters and half dollars I receive come from them.

"The better clothed a woman wears, I find, the more likely they are to have mutilated coin.

"I never got even a bad penny even from a working girl.

"Several months ago there was a young miss about seventeen years old, always attired in the latest fashion, who would frequently get on my car at Thirty-fourth street and ride up town to the park. And I never saw such a girl for passing bad coin. Every trip she would hand me either a plugged quarter or half dollar. Finally I get tired and asked her where she got it!

"'Oh!' she replied, as exactly as you please, 'I've got several brothers and they give me all the bad money they get. I give it to you because you can pass it off on somebody else.'

"That took my breath away. After that she never passed any more of her brothers' bad money on me and she stopped riding on my car.

"I suppose she is working it off now on some other conductor.

"Working women, especially shop girls, never think of pennies or bad money. They have their fare ready when they get on the car and hand it over without any fuss the minute I ask for it. They work themselves and probably appreciate the fact that all bad money I turn into the receiver comes out of my wages at the end of the week.

"The other women, I guess, don't know that.

"Do I ever have trouble with men? Oh, yes, a handsomely dressed fellow swindled me out of two dollars.

"How did it happen?

"Well, the fellow got on the car up town after the theater. He wore a full dress suit, and when I asked for his fare he handed me a two dollar bill, at the same time apologizing because he had nothing smaller. He left his change in another coat. I looked at the bill and it appeared all right, so I gave him the change. That night it was handed back at the receiver's window. It proved to be a counterfeit, so I lost the two dollars.

"Little things like that come hard on a man with five children and a wife to support on two dollars a day."

I had arrived at my destination, and expressing my sympathy I left the car.—New York Herald.

Footprints of a Giant Steed and Rider.

There is a flat rock near the old Echols mill that covers an area of ground. One of the strange features of the rock is the track of some huge beast of burden, also the tracks of the rider of this queer antediluvian monster. It seems that the rider and his steed made a tour across the rock, leaving their tracks impressed in the solid granite.

About midway of the stony surface can be seen a place where the path of the rider's saddle looks and he dismounted to fix it, leaving his tracks as plain as if made in a sand bed. The hand of time has not erased them, but they are there now, showing the form of the animal's foot and the precise impression of the giant's foot impressed therein, with toes and all as perfect and distinct as a schoolboy's base foot track of today.—Cartersville Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

The Wicked Broom Pin.

As every one knows, in the early days of Methodism a considerable degree of strictness was maintained in regard to the wearing of jewelry or costly attire. An eminent divine of that church gives an amusing incident. A preacher had just gone to his new charge, and was in the habit of his sermons when a woman rose and went out, slamming the door with unnecessary violence. Of course he supposed he had said something which gave offense, but on making inquiries he learned that the woman left because "the minister wore a broom pin." The bun of it was that he had driven to the service over bad roads and one drop of mud had entered on his immaculate shirt bosom, deceiving the tender conscience of the good sister.

EXTRAORDINARILY GRATEFUL.

A Dude Offers a Brave Rescuer a Cigarette for Saving His Life.

Bang! Bang!

These were the noises I heard the other day as I stood alone on the platform of the Union depot, watching on of the Central Hudson flyers come in.

The sounds attracted my attention the more because a dude with his coat tail torn off and a big grip in his hand landed almost beside me, and then went skirting along the platform, while his cane went rolling in the opposite direction.

At first I thought the poor chappie had been struck by the train, but the attitude of a stalwart portmanter just this side of the thundering locomotive explained the situation. The dude had been thrown bodily off the track.

For a moment the human missile seemed bewildered. Then he merely exclaimed "Aw!" and gathered himself up and sought his grip and stick.

He approached the railroad employe with a countenance filled with mingled wonder and gratitude.

"Aw, weal-wood man," he drawled, "you ah a wonnah."

"Yep," replied his rescuer.

"Aw, if it hawdn't been fob yaw I'd been a mangled corpse."

"Yes."

"Yaw, aw, pwecipitated me from the pawth of a wushing locomotive, and I'm, aw, gweatly obliged to yaw."

"Yep."

"Yaw handled me wathah wuff, but then the impulse of the movement, I suppose, made you do it."

"Yep."

"Have a cigawette?"

"Nope."

The dude rearranged his apparel and disappeared in the parlor car.

Had it not been for the courage and coolness of the portmanter the dude would have been a subject for a mourner's inquest.

He was standing directly between the rails looking at the locomotive, as if he were trying to make out what it really was.

The portmanter had thrown him completely from the track just in time, for the locomotive almost grazed their both as it whizzed by.

Such an occurrence happens every day in the week. People will persist in staying about the yard and getting mixed up just at the wrong time.

Sometimes it is an innocent looking concertina, sometimes a woman who is bound to do just as she wishes in spite of all the railroads on earth, and sometimes it is the very clever man who thinks he knows it all.—Albany Argus.

A Bee Almost Smothered by a Python.

At Jaden, a village six miles from Moka, a man and his son, aged from ten to twelve years, were sleeping in their house inside a mosquito curtain. They were on the floor near the wall. In the middle of the night the father was awakened by his son calling out. The lamp was out, and the father passed his hand over his son, but found nothing amiss, so he turned over and went to sleep again, thinking the boy was dreaming.

Shortly afterward the boy again called out, saying that a crocodile was taking him. This time the father thoroughly aroused, felt again, and found that a snake had closed his jaws on the boy's head. He then pried open the reptile's mouth and released the head of his son, but the beast drew the whole of his body into the house and encircled the body of the father.

He was rescued by the neighbors, who were attracted by the cries for help of the terrified couple. The snake, when killed, was found to be about fifteen feet long. The head and forehead of the boy are encircled with punctured wounds produced by the python's teeth.—Sawaki (Bonoo) News.

After Hundreds of Years.

In the year 1400, or thereabouts, workmen were employed to put their stalls in Lincoln cathedral, and were told in the early English vernacular of the day to hurry the job up, as several big functions were soon to come off. But lots of things happened; money got to be exceedingly scarce, and the men weren't paid very promptly. Although there were no Knights of Labor then, human nature was pretty much the same as it is now, and the men knocked off, remarking, "No pay, no work."

The clergy were so busy running the county political machine that they didn't have time to arrange the matter, and the finishing of the stalls was postponed from time to time until the present day. At last, however, dean and chapter think they see their way to complete this Fifteenth century job, and are calling for estimates from wood carvers. England is a little slow, but she does get there after a few centuries.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

She Made Her Point.

"What is the gender of sunrise?" asked the lady teacher of a class in the Jefferson school.

"Feminine," responded a bright eyed girl near the front, with a saucy little shake of the head.

There was a chorus of objections, called forth by the teacher's look of pain at such ignorance, but the girl never blushed.

"I say it is feminine," she insisted, with the same saucy smile, "and I can prove it," she added as a clincher.

"Pray, how?" inquired the teacher, sarcastically.

"It's feminine," she explained, "because it never tells its age."

The teacher is young and pretty herself, so there was nothing what might have happened to the girl with the pun.—Detroit Free Press.

Elemental Oratory.

A down town teacher tells of a gentleman who came in and asked permission to address her pupils. It afterward appeared that he had been admitted to the bar, but felt timid about speaking in public and had broken himself in on the children.—Philadelphia Record.

POULTRY PROFITS.

What Mr. Chapman, of New York, Knows About It.

He said poultry was an annex to the dairy because in no way can the waste products of the farm be so profitably disposed of as by feeding hens. We have fed hens last year produced for him $[illegible] in eggs alone. He told how to build a poultry house and how to feed and care for poultry, and the best way to dispose of the product. First properly construct a hennery, then put a trench on each side of the building, twelve or fifteen inches deep, filled with small stones to keep out rats. Keep the hens on the ground. Use land plaster for an absorbent. Keep the hens confined unless you want to use them as stripers of machinery by treading on it.

He gave the ration for eggs—green food in summer, clover hay, cut into half inch lengths and steamed or boiled, but not much above hay increases the egg production. Separate the roosters from the pullets as soon as you can distinguish them. Feed corn in the forenoon and wheat in the afternoon, one produces fat, the other growth. The best type of hens for layers is the short legged, small headed, plump fowl. He prefers the brown Leghorn. The cost of keep is one dollar a hen per year, the profit is what one gets above that; it all depends upon the man. With this business it requires an intelligent knowledge and love for the work. Fresh eggs are always in demand. His eggs are sold under contract for a year at thirty-five cents a dozen. At that price there is profit in the business for him.

Is there any mistake about Mr. Chapman's plan of separating the roosters and pullets and feeding them separate rations? It seems to me that this is an excellent idea—one that will pay the farmer to work out. We want fat on the rooster but not on the hen. We would not follow this course with a rooster intended for breeding, however. We should feed him egg food.—Exchange.

The First Engine Dishorner.

I have dishorned a good many cattle and calves for my neighbors, in some cases whole droves, but mostly vicious bulls and ugly cows. In the west, where wholesale dishorning is practiced, a special crew is employed who carry the animal and permits rapid work. This choice is carried from farm to farm by professional dishorners, but I use the rope and ring. Having first placed the animal in an ordinary cow yoke or stanchion, the head is turned to one side and securely tied to the yoke, when one horn is removed, the head is turned the other way and the next horn is taken off. This takes only a short time. I use Hood's dishorning saw, although I have dishorned bulls with a stiff backed carpenter saw.

With a pair of shears I remove the long hair at the base of the horn so that it cannot obstruct the saw and I can see better what I am doing. Then I take off half or three-quarters of an inch of flesh with the horn. If so much is taken off a stub will form and be unsightly. The wound heals rapidly. The hair grows out and cords over the place, covering it up entirely. I always spread pine tar on a long strip of muslin six or eight inches wide, lay it over the wounds and tie it under the neck. It will stay on for some time. This helps healing, shuts out flies in summer and prevents cold in winter.

I would just as soon dishorn an animal right in the dog days as in the dead of winter. The wound bleeds but little—sometimes not enough to speak of—and a cow may shrink a little in her milk yield for two or three mornings only. There appears to be no check to the health, for the dishorned animals go right on as if nothing had happened, except that they become very submissive and do not attempt to rule the rest of the dairy. Dishorning is a humane act, for it saves human life and has come to stay.—M. N. C. Gardiner in Rural New Yorker.

The Medicinal Value of Onions.

I am constrained to make a plea for onions, not as an article of diet particularly, although their value in that form is well known, but as a treatment in long, lean, consumptive cases, coughs, colds, etc. Applied as poultices and administered internally in the form of syrup their effect is wonderful. When our little two-year-old was so ill with congestion of the lungs our doctor prescribed onions at once, and we think they saved his life. Purdie Sanders of young mothers following methods of preparing them are given.

For the poultice peel the raw onions and allow them into a frying pan containing some good lard. It will probably take three large onions and a level tablespoonful of lard for one poultice. Let them cook slowly, but put on water with them. Have a bag made of thin cheesecloth, into which put the hot onions and sew up at the end. Make the bag large enough to cover the whole chest and lungs, and in so very young put a smaller poultice on the back between the shoulders.

I find it convenient to sew strings to the bags, so they may be tied around the little patient's neck, thus preventing their slipping down. The poultices should be changed often enough to keep them warm, and several thicknesses of flannel should be put between the poultices and the outer clothing.

When the poultices are finally removed use thin slices of fat bacon to a flannel large enough to cover the chest, and keep this pad on several days; then remove the bacon and leave the same greasy flannel over the chest for a week longer, when treatment seems to prevent taking cold easily again.—Mrs. M. Sanders in Home with.

Which Women Used to Eat Heartily.

We may theorize on food nowadays with much seriousness, but what theory will give us back the appetites enjoyed in the good old days of yore? Our modern stinking is more refined; all manners of high flavors excite our appetite, and yet we cannot eat as they were wont to eat. It is a melancholy fact to think of which makes us sad at heart. Here are, for instance, a few extracts from a certain household book or diary, written by the Earl of Surrey in 1550. On Aug. 8 in that year the earl, as was his habit, dined in "his lady's chamber." This was but an ordinary dinner, consisting of two mutton, at one of which all the servants partook. The guests were five in number.

This was the simple but substantial fare: "First mutton—Capons boiled and a leasse of mutton and a pone of lard, cawdle, a swan and a pig, a breast of veal, roast capons and a custard. Second course—Chickens, pigeons, rabbits, a party of venison and several tarts."

But perhaps the most comfortable entry was that we can give of the good appetites of our forefathers in those days is the entry entered by the ladies in table. On Oct. 24 we find it related in the same diary that two ladies were served for their break fast as follows: "To my lady and my Lady Wyndham, a pone of lard, a gammon, a brisk of ewis, cow, a capon." This is decidedly good fare, we would remember it, but breakfast only.—Family Doctor.

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