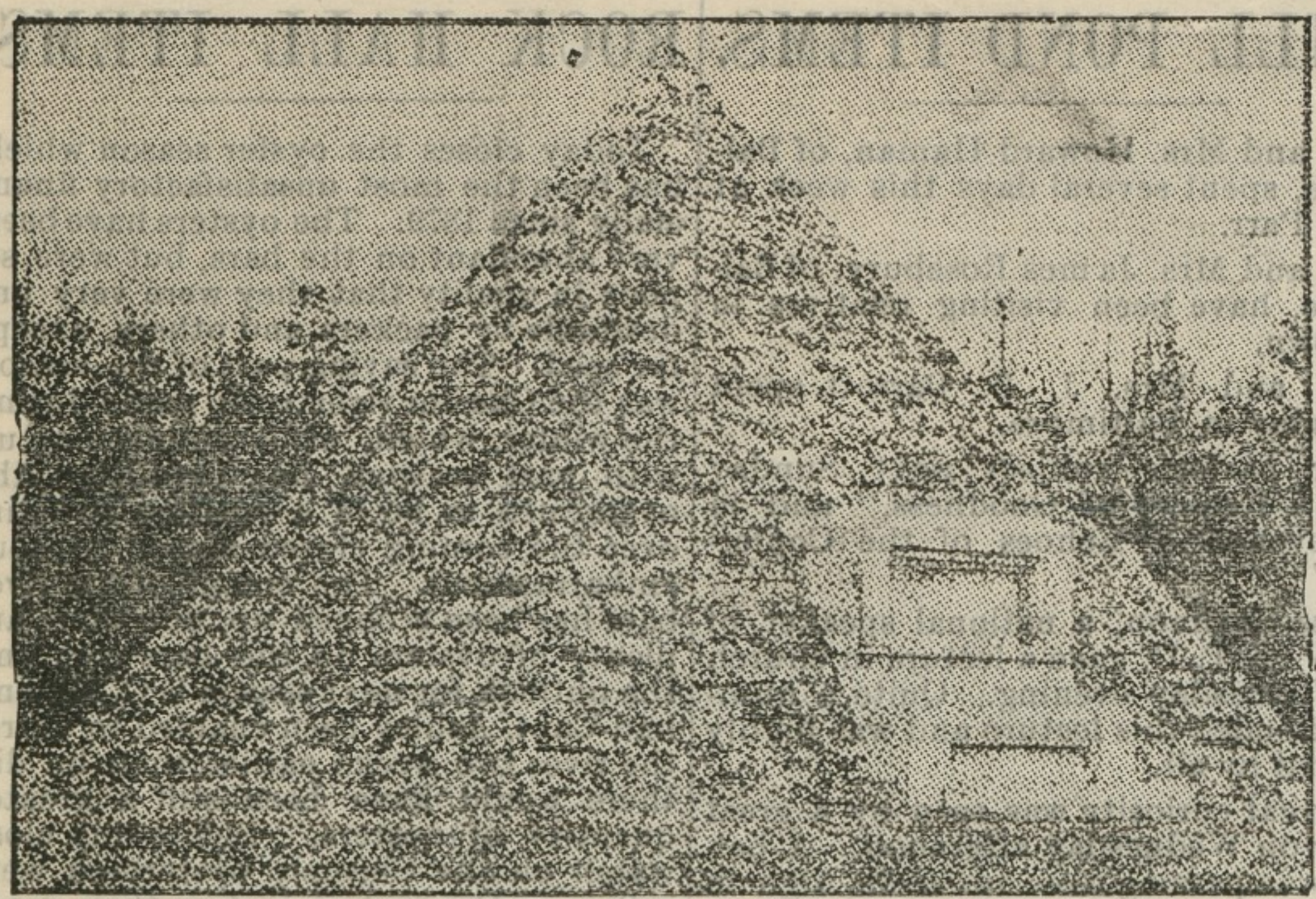


MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.



PILE ERECTED AT STONY BATTER.

The birthplace of James Buchanan, the only President of Pennsylvania who served the Nation, has at last been marked by a monument.

It was 116 years ago that James Buchanan was born, near the village of Plötz, in Franklin County, at a place called Stony Batter.

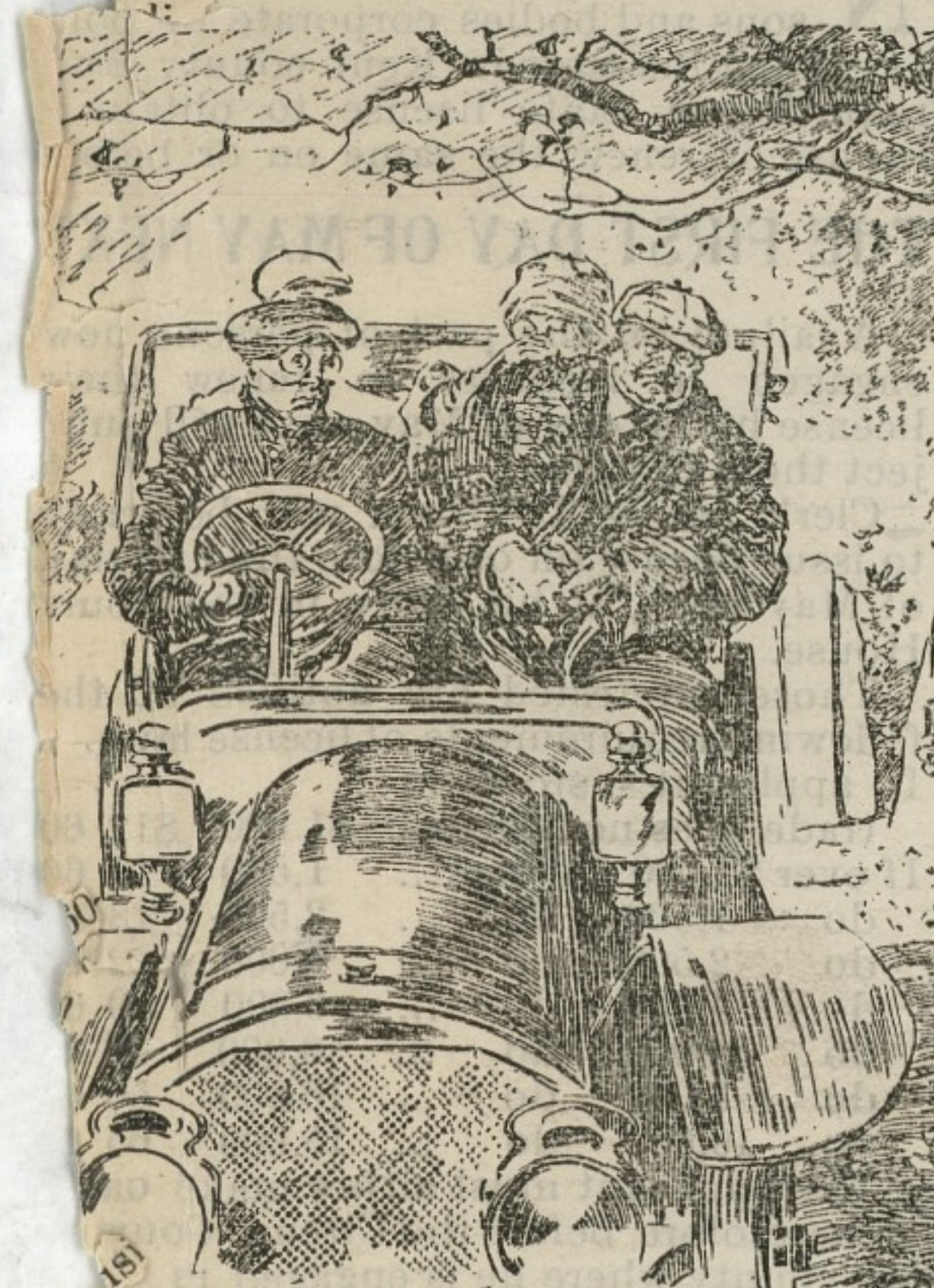
ABYSSINIA'S RULER.

Yielding to the progressive spirit of the time, the King of far-away and secluded Abyssinia has decided to give his country a constitutional gov-



KING MENELIK

of Abyssinia, who has granted a constitutional government to his people.



STEAMSHIP OF INDUSTRY: THE RAW MATERIAL AND THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

Power Hammer.

The work of the blacksmith and wheelwright can be materially aided by the use of the power hammer.

How He Made Money.

"Rich, isn't he?" "Fabulously." "Where did he get it?"

Employment of a

employment of a voted by a Texas



Dairying Enriches the Farm.

Something of the importance of live stock and especially dairying on the farm is seen in the fact that only 10 cents fertility leaves the farm in 500 pounds of butter sold, but \$18 of fertility goes from the farm for every 100 bushels of corn sold from it.

Squab Raising.

The most successful squab raisers are those who have begun in a very small way, and increased their stock and equipment as the business grew.

Spreading Manure.

When manure is not decomposed in the heap it must be decomposed in the soil before the plants can utilize it as a food and the sooner the manure is spread the better it will be for the crop.

Good Cultural Methods.

All general staple crops such as cotton, wheat, etc., can be largely protected from serious insect damage by what is known as cultural methods.

Living on an Acre.

The wonderful possibilities of rich soil combined with irrigation are well set forth in an article in the Century Magazine, in an account of a one-acre ranch at Clarkston, Wash., by Mr. Wm. H. Kirkbride.

Feeding Tobacco to Sheep.

The first suggestion after tobacco feeding is, that in a day or two there would be a job of pulling wool.

Green Cut Bone.

I am a reader of the Farmer and much interested in the poultry department. I read the article of J. G. at Ohio Institute on "Feeding for Eggs" in number of Feb. 15, page 12, and would like to ask J. G. where he gets the green cut bone, that he talks about.

Men Do the Work.

In many ways the Chinese are a very clever people, but owing to the foot-binding practice, much of the work that we consider appropriate for women is done there by men.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Manual training ought to be a part of the education of every child, rich or poor.

The rich and poor meet together in natural relations, their common friendships which are highly prized.

Theodore Parker was right in his conclusion that nobody could have invented the character of Jesus but Jesus himself.

We are old fashioned enough to believe that the family church is, next to the family itself, the main defence of morality and religion.

Why not have a directory of the quarters where misery and wickedness most abound with the names of the men and women who own the property and derive income from it?

The training of the physical senses and the skillful use of the hands helps in the development and education of the brain.

Our experience has been so unlike that of a well known literary professor that we have frequently been surprised by the courtesy and kindness of hard-handed laboring men travelling in the street cars.

For thirty years, at least, sharpers have lived by an appeal to the generosity and probable rascality of Americans.

Many rich men and women die before their time because they have adopted conventionalities which prevent their getting access to the earth and refreshing themselves by cultivating fruits and flowers with their own hands.

We have heard of more than half a dozen cases of persons who have received from some one in Spain, always bearing the name of the person addressed, letters offering a chance to secure a fortune while rescuing an heirless from danger and distress.

From "Brevelites" in the Christian Register.

EARTH HOLLOW.

Professor Revives Old Theory of Entrance at Poles.

Under New York City, a few thousand miles, more or less, there is a land where there are no Rockefeller's, no railroad rebate questions and no base-ball fall-downs, according to Dr. Orville J. Leach, geologist, and an investigator.

Arctic explorers who have never returned from the land of ice, mayhap, are now sailing around in the sea that lies the inner side of the earth.

They may have found a port and dropped anchor and gone ashore.

Prof. Leach looks some like Prof. "Tody" Hamilton, the circus word-wizard. Like Hamilton, he is very sincere.

He talks earnestly and with enthusiasm.

The possibilities of a land inside the earth was first brought to my attention when I picked up a geode on the shores of the great lakes.

The geode is a spherical and apparently empty stone, but when broken is found to be hollow and coated with crystals.

The earth is only a large form of geode, and the law that created the geode in its hollow form undoubtedly fashioned the earth in the same way.

"Dr. Kane, the arctic explorer, found evidences of animal life that could not be accounted for. These, I am convinced, came from the unexplored country reached early from the poles, whence came the northern lights."

Undergraduates of Brown university, with a scientific turn of mind, find time to drop in at Prof. Leach's. They are always cordially received and sent away with something to think about.

It is matter of fact, this inner world theory, as developed by Prof. Leach, is an old one and apparently of great prominence early in the present century, when a man named Symmes, a resident of Cincinnati, publicly advocated it so persistently that it came to be known as "Symmes' Hole."—Anburn (R. I.) correspondence, New York World.

Faint Praise.

Jealousy is not entirely confined to members of the higher professions.

Three laborers were eating their noon-day meal.

"Poor Mike is gone," said one. "He was a strong man and a good shoveler."

"He was that," said the second. "He was a good man in his home, and a good man outside, and he was a fine shoveler."

"True for you, true for you," said the third. "He was a good man at home with his family, and he was a good man abroad with the boys, and he was a grand shoveler, but he was no fancy shoveler."—Browning's Magazine.

A Gem from Indiana.

A reader for a New York publishing house gives the following, quoted from a story submitted by an Indiana author, as being about the choicest bit he has come across in many years.

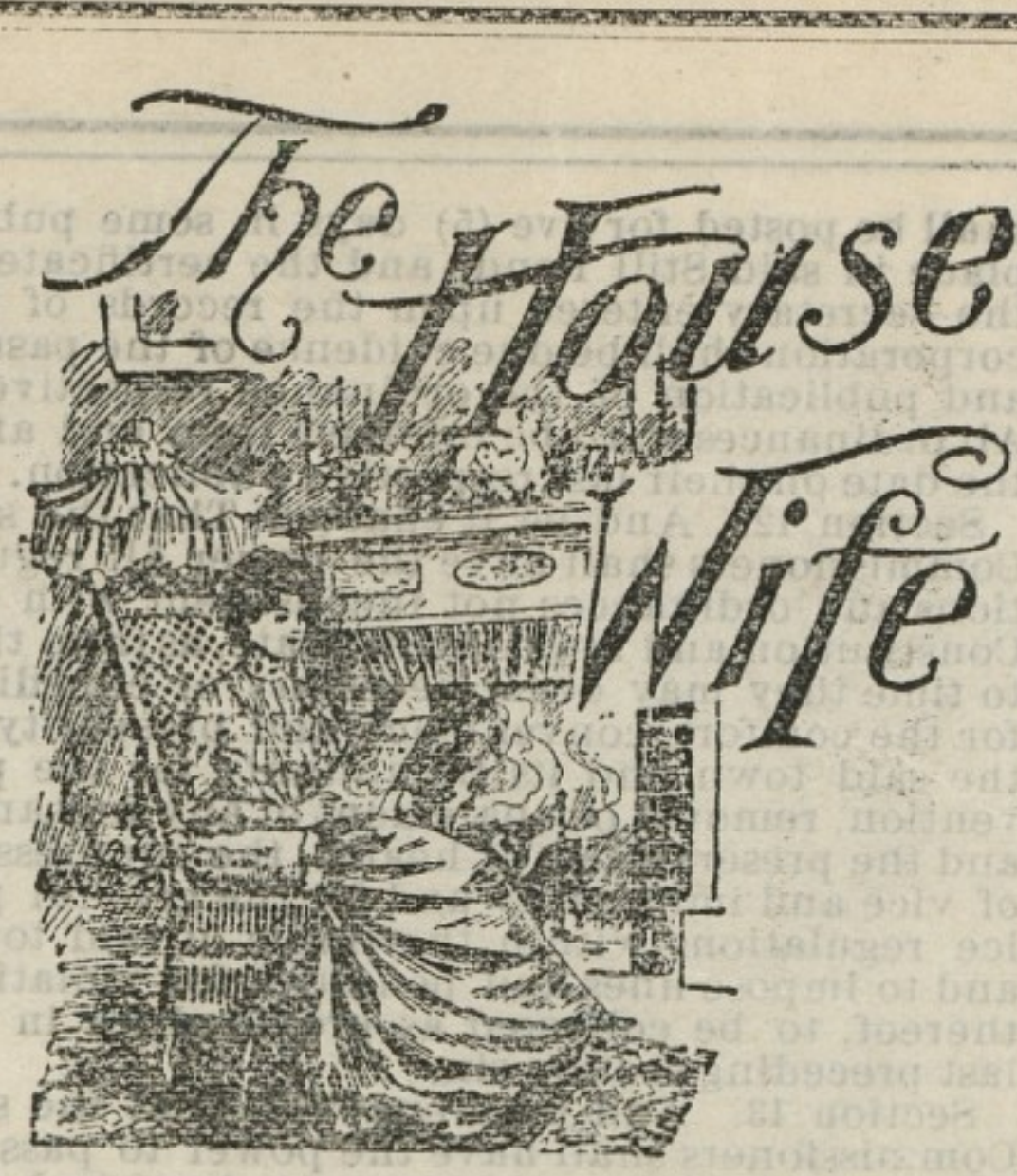
"Residual was bewitched. Never had the baroness seemed to him so beautiful as at this moment, when, in her dumb grief, she hid her face."—Lippincott's.

Not the Right Word.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Nextore, "is positively delighted with her new piano. She's quite familiar, you know."

"Familiar," exclaimed Mrs. Peppery, "why, she's positively flippant."—Philadelphia Press.

The brownish spots which appear in books are really due to the ravages of bacteria. The tiny destroyer is especially fond of starchy material and its propagation is promoted by damp.



Banishing Mud Stains.

For mud stains on dresses dissolve a little carbonate of soda in water and with it wash the mud stains. Another plan is to rub the stains with a cut raw potato, afterward removing the potato juice by rubbing it with a flannel dipped in water.—Pittsburg Press.

Cleanliness.

It is not hard for a woman to be neat in the way of keeping her skin clean, which is all it demands to do its work well. If a wash cloth is used keep it clean; if a sponge, see that it is rinsed every day in a soda bath and hung to dry; if bath mittens or flesh brush, or whatever is the choice, rinse every particle of soap, and use hot water to do the rinsing after every using.

To Clean Chamois.

That useful friend of the housekeeper, the chamois has an amazing habit of stiffening after a bath unless it is given great care. Wash a chamois in soft water to which has been added a little borax and enough soap to form a lather. Shake up and down in the water and rub very gently, rinse in cold water, shake in the air to get out as much of it as possible, pull it out well and lay it flat until partly dry.

Boiling Does the Work.

Cleaning the silver is always the most personally done, they conjure up pictures of themselves bathed in patent soapuds or covered with gritty powder while the silver lies in front of them caked with the drying "cleansers."

Recipes.

Stuffed Potatoes with Meat.—Take uniform size potatoes and bake. When done, cut them into halves and scoop out the centres. Have ready cold cooked meat chopped fine and nicely seasoned. Fill the potatoes with the meat, mix with a little of the potato, dust the top with breadcrumbs, put in the centre a piece of butter. Place the potatoes in a pan and bake until thoroughly hot.

Squash Croquettes.—These are usually made of left-over baked squash, parsnips, and carrots. Mash the squash, add salt and pepper, and mix with a little of the potato, dust the top with breadcrumbs, put in the centre a piece of butter. Place the potatoes in a pan and bake until thoroughly hot.

Steamed Lettuce.—Pick apart a head of lettuce, wash carefully and put into a steamer over a kettle of boiling water (a steamer may be improvised by using an ordinary colander and a pot of boiling water).

Orange Jelly.—One ounce packet of the best isinglass or gelatine, four ounces loaf sugar, six oranges, one lemon, one pint water. Soak the packet of isinglass or gelatine in half a pint of cold water; boil four ounces of loaf sugar in half a pint of water till it becomes a syrup, then add the juice of six oranges and one lemon, and the peel of two oranges and half a lemon. Place on the fire for a minute, skim well and add a glass of cold water by degrees, to make the soup rise; put in the isinglass, stir till dissolved and strain through muslin.

LOOK OUT FOR HER.

I know a maiden fair to see, Who seems to be impressing you, A damsel who appears to be, Too much of late obsessing you. Dan Cupid's made a fatal spot, Instead of merely winging you, You better take a tumble, for I fear the maiden's stringing you.

She giggles at the jokes you make With evident hilarity, But oh, young fellow, don't mistake, She does it out of charity. Don't judge her silence too, for she's, 'Tis she is kindly winging you, There's little meaning in her praise— I fear the maiden's stringing you.

She's wishing that you'd get your hat, While looking at you amiably, There's danger in the glance that She gives you so beguilingly. Be sure that anything she says, The future will be bringing you, You'd better take a tumble, for I fear the maiden's stringing you.

—Chicago News.

FUNNY FELLOWS COLUMN.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

She (indignantly)—You had no business to kiss me. He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—Pick Me Up.

Boggs—I'd like to have my face on all the ten dollar bills. Coggs—I'd prefer to have my hands on them.—Harvard Lampoon.

He (hearing to waltz)—Is it very hard to reverse? She—No, just take your foot off of mine, and put it on the other.—Life.

He—My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof. She—I don't live on the roof.—The Circle Magazine.

A novel engagement of the future—"Doctor, the doctor's powders are exhausted." "Then engage the enemy with quinine and whiskey."—Life.

Snaphigh—I've got a cold or something in my head, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Well, if there's anything there it must be a cold.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Cloek—Isn't the doctor's wife beautiful? She has a neck like a doan. Miss Knock—Quite so. And the doctor has a bill like that of a pelican.—Boston Record.

"Sir, I have come to ask for your daughter's hand." "Take her, dear boy. As I have just failed, your proposition is a very handy one."—Baltimore American.

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the house if you insist on playing the cornet. Mr. Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Acress—Mercy! This paper says I am inclined to be stout. Do you think I am? Manager—I should say not. You are stout, all right, but very much against your inclination.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Crimshaw—You were pretty late getting in the house that night, weren't you? Mr. Crimshaw—Yes, dear; it was very slippery. "What was slippery?" "The key-hole, dear."—Yonkers Statesman.

Callier—I see you keep chickens. What breed do you consider the best? Suburbanite—It's hard to tell. I notice, though that more of my White Wyandottes are stolen than any other breed.—Chicago Tribune.

"Humph!" ejaculated the Japanese official, "we could land an army in California within twenty days." "True," replied another dignitary; "but could we keep it there long? I've read that living expenses there average about twenty dollars a day."—Judge.

Little Pitchers—Mr. Smith, let me see you do your sharpening, will you? Visitor—Do my sharpening! What do you mean, sonny? Little Pitchers—Maama asked papa what you came here so much for, and papa said it was because you had an axe to grind.—Baltimore American.

Old man (whose thoughts have been turned by whiskey to controversial topics)—Can't tell me square, the difference between "contracts out" and "not-provided schools"? Squite—Go away, home, me man, and come to me again when you're sober. Old Man—Sober! Nobody cares for them sort of things when they're sober!—Punch.

To Collect Post Cards.

A Danish girl living in her father's home in Denmark, having probably heard something about Sydney, and anxious to add to her collection of postcard views from this state, hit upon a plan the success of which will probably astonish her.

Having selected a card with a very pretty picture of the home in which she lived, she addressed the card in English "To the cleverest girl in the biggest school in Sydney, and would she please send a card in return?"

The card was delivered by the postman to the Girls' High school in Elizabeth street. The pupils, numbering some 500, are going to forward each a card to their unknown Danish friend. She will therefore receive 500 post-cards.—British Australasian.

Austrian Ice-cream Factory.

In Austria "ice sticks" are manufactured at a profit.

A series of poles is arranged so that the water will fall slowly over each one in the series. Of course, the water in the winter time freezes, forming large icicles. When the icicles have attained the proper size, the employees of the "ice plant" come around with carts, break off the great sticks of ice and haul them away to a place where they are put in storage.

Of course it is much easier to handle a large quantity of ice in this way than it is to cut it from some stream and then pack it away. There may, however, be a difference in quality between stick ice and lake or river ice.—Pathfinder.

An ingenious Yankee made a locomotive run his toy factory not long since when repairs were necessary in the power plant and there were large numbers of rush orders on hand.