

WIT AND WISDOM.

Remorse is the still, small voice of conscience saying: "I told you so."—Puck. If every bridal moon saw the bridling of the tongue happier homes would be the result.—Rem's Horn. Mrs. Wiggles—"Does your husband have a den?" Mrs. Waggles—"No, he roars all over the house."—Somerville Journal. It is an easy matter to find nine people out of ten who are willing to do the shouting while the tenth does the work.—Chicago Daily News. "Mrs. Pendee has suffered a great loss through the death of her husband." "Yes; but, fortunately, the loss is fully covered by insurance."—Philadelphia North American. Mamma (plying the strap)—"There, there, and there! Now, don't let me catch you in the pantry again." Tommy—"Boo! hoo! I tried not to let you catch me this time."—Philadelphia Record. "You see, the jack of hearts is next to the queen of clubs; that indicates that your sweetheart is unfaithful." "Yes; but which one—Karl, or Fritz, or Hans, or possibly Ferdinand?"—Usamer Gesellschaft. "I think Miss Sorosis is a girl of very pronounced character." "What leads you to that belief?" "She got all ready to go to the theater and never once asked if her hat was on straight."—Philadelphia Times. "You can always tell an Englishman," began the Britisher, boastfully. "But it would only be a waste of breath," interrupted the Yankee, "because he thinks he knows it all."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FOREIGNERS IN MAINE.

Four Different Settlements in Which There Are Few Yankee Families.

Maine is a Yankee state, if there is one such anywhere, the proportion of foreign-born residents, or even of immediate descendants of foreign-born people, being small, yet there are in the state four quaint and prosperous settlements that show how gregarious and how thrifty are the Irish, the Dutch, the French Acadians and the Swedes. Benedicta, away up in the woods of Aroostook county, is practically all Irish; Waldoborough, in Lincoln county, on the seacoast, is still 90 per cent. Dutch; Madawaska, where the exiled Acadians of Grand Pre, the land of Evangeline, found a refuge in 1758, is more than 90 per cent. French, while New Sweden, the colony founded by William W. Thomas, United States minister to Sweden, in 1870, has today only two or three Yankee families, says the New York Times.

While all of these peoples make good citizens and add greatly to the wealth of the state, it is probable that Benedicta, the one almost exclusively Irish settlement in Maine, beats them all in point of thrift and general prosperity. Several mistaken historians have written that Benedicta was colonized "from the slums of Boston"—an unwarranted statement, many times refuted. In the early days of the nineteenth century the Catholic churches of Boston were very poor, every parish having members who found it a hard struggle to get a living. Some of the men drank too much liquor, and Archbishop Fenwick saw that it would be a good thing for many of them if they could have homes on farms, and get back to something like the conditions to which they had been used in the old country.

Acting upon this idea, the archbishop went to the general court of Massachusetts (Maine being then a province of that state) and bought a township of wild land in Aroostook county. For various reasons nothing further was done until about the year 1831, when the archbishop began to colonize the township, sending two or three families at a time to make their homes there. The experiment was a success, and at the time of the breaking out of the civil war there were 440 persons living in the colony, which had been christened Benedicta, and every one of them was Irish.

The population has fallen off somewhat of late years, being now but about 350, but the estates have increased in value, and the place is very prosperous in its small way. There are no paupers—in fact, there never has been a pauper in the town, and sickness is almost unheard of, most of the deaths resulting from old age. The people are generally farmers, most of the timber having been cut off years ago. The houses are all comfortable, the town hall is a substantial building, and the Catholic church, which is the only church there, is one of the best in Maine. The streets are well kept, and the sidewalks are of asphalt. There is no town debt, and few individual debts. Benedicta, named for the archbishop founder, Benedict Fenwick, was incorporated in 1873. The fact that there are no criminals in the place, and that some of the families contain as many as 14 children, are matters of especial pride.

The Growth of Golf. A surprising growth in the game of golf in America is shown by Harper's official golf guide for 1901, just published. Details are given of 1,837 courses existing last season, against less than 900 the preceding year, and the aggregate investment of money must be very large. New York state is first in the list with 164 courses, but Massachusetts, the second, shows a much greater concentration of golfing culture with 158. Idaho and Indian territory remain the only sections of the country without golfing organizations, but as Oklahoma and Wyoming have not entirely disclaimed the sport there is still hope. Possibly golf is destined to go wild a softening influence in those unregenerate communities.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The Imperial library in Paris has 26 books printed on white silk. Clyde Fitch has in the past 11 years written 24 dramatic compositions and every one of them has been produced, many with pronounced success.

Three sons of President John Tyler have lived to see the twentieth century. One is a member of the Virginia senate and another is president of William and Mary college.

Ida Husted Harper makes this pungent remark: "When those 33 men in Indiana were convicted of selling their votes the judge took away their suffrage for from ten to 20 years, but he had not the heart to degrade them to the political level of a woman by disfranchisement for life."

Mlle. Chauvan, the young French lady barrister, has made her first appearance in the Paris courts. She appeared as counsel for a pointsman who was charged with neglect of duties in connection with the railway accident at Choisy-le-Roi. She argued that the amnesty law applied to the case and the court decided in her favor.

This is what Henri Labouchere, editor of London Truth, thinks of humanity: "I regard the entire human race as little animals fussing about on the rim of one of the millions of millions of globes that float in infinite space for a second or two of eternity and then disappear. Artificial distinctions between these little animals have no more significance to me than those between ants in the nest which the foot of some passer-by sweeps out of existence."

Senator R. B. Butler, of Washington county, Tennessee, is the oldest member of the Tennessee legislature in point of service. He is now serving his eleventh session in the senate, and before that he had served six years in the house. Besides this experience in state legislation Senator Butler served ten years in the national house of representatives. He served in the union army and was lieutenant colonel of the Thirtieth cavalry. He comes honestly by his title of "Colonel."

SLEEPING-CAR PORTERS' TIPS.

A Discourse on a Get-Rich-Quick Scheme by a Man Who Has Tried It.

"I've tried about all lines, and I'm going back to railroading," said Jim, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. "A handy man has a chance railroading that he don't have in any other business. A good man ought to make \$15 a trip on a sleeper. I've made \$20, and sometimes \$30. But \$15 is the lowest that any good man should make, and that without much work. A porter on a sleeper has the easiest time, and makes his money with less work than anybody else in the world. So I'm going back to railroading."

"There's two kinds of porters. One is the kind that works for the pay he gets from the company. That's \$20 a month on a sleeper and \$25 on a chair car. He is satisfied to take what is coming to him, and he don't make any cracks to draw money from 'em. The other kind is different. They are the porters that are out for the passengers. The passengers like them better."

"A porter has a lot of experiences. Now you take me. I think I can spot a good man as quick as anyone. But I've been fooled. I was running on the Pennsylvania's fast Chicago train six years ago. The first people to get around one night staggered me. There was an old man with cowhide boots and a paintbrush beard at the head of a parade of six kids. There was seven berths gone, and I said to myself: 'Not a cent in sight. Well, I said to myself, 'you're up against it. Half the car a kindergarten, with a jayhawker for a teacher. I see your finish.' Golly, I was mad."

"I took the checks and showed the old man the berths. I made up my mind it wasn't worth while to bother with that outfit, and I didn't. The old man put the nursery to bed and dressed them in the morning. No help did I give! Not me. I was too busy."

"Well, we got into Chicago and I was brushing my passengers off. The old man got the kids in shape and paid no attention to me. He was kneeling down buttoning the leggings on one when I went through. I had my brush. 'Will you let me take that broom?' he said. I handed it over. Well, he brushed every one of 'em. I took the brush then and dusted him—not much, but just a little. Well, the old man went down in his jeans, and he pulled out a roll, and he knocked me down a fiver. Yes, sir! He was the best man on the train, and there I had been abusing him all the trip!"

"A bridal couple! They're the stuff. Say, the bride wants everything. She wants a drink of water. 'Porter,' says he, 'a glass of water.' That's a quarter. He wants to show off. Then she'll send a telegram home. 'Porter,' says he, 'a telegram blank.' That's another quarter—maybe 50. I know one couple that netted me \$3.50 a day."

"But the main thing is that railroading is the best business. It's easy money. All a man has to do is to be lively and be on hand, and not in the way. Then he'll get along. I'm going back to railroading."

Regular Anniversary.

Harry—Girls take things so literally, you know.

Fred—As for example?

"Five years ago, when my sister was 25, I wished her many happy returns. And if you believe it, her twenty-fifth birthday returns regularly every year."—Boston Transcript.

Proof of Affection.

"Little boy, your father and mother must love you very much." "You bet they do! They are in a lawsuit now to see who shall have me."—Fliegende Blätter.

CRAZE FOR NOBLE TITLES.

An Englishman's View of the American Passion for Empty Names.

An Englishman, writing from Washington to the New York Herald, touches upon the American craving for titles conferred by European potentates. He says:

"The other day I stood in the senate chamber when a member took the oath of office. For two years he had been kept back from his desk by charges of bribery and corruption by the direct vote of his colleagues. That morning he stood embowered in the white flowers of purity, with the legend scrolled above him, 'The will of the people.' And yet to the crowd that greeted him he embodied not a triumph of democracy, but a triumph of electioneering. With time I may fathom the mystery of this republicanism. So far I have found more class distinction than in Britain, more conservatism than in Europe, less individual freedom than in any of our colonies."

"Since I arrived here there has been a marriage in one of the great families. All around me I found an adulation of the happy pair no self-respecting Briton, German or Frenchman would yield the noblest of his nation. There was a wide practical gulf between those who pored over the details of the trousseau in the newspapers and the bridal pair than between a Highland cottager and the duke of Argyll. The law calls all Americans equal, but greenbacks and the exigencies of society have long since set the classes on terraces as definite and as accurately ranged as the oldest peerage of monarchial Europe."

"Here in Washington there is a constant battle of precedents, and in the few days I have rested here more than one important engagement has been fought and won. There are more titles here than in a German stathalter's suite. In every buttonhole is a button indicative of the wearer's right to be called a Son of the Revolution, a Knight of Pythias and heaven knows what besides. Last year on the South African raid I ran across one or two American correspondents whose breasts were barred with ribbons. I looked and marveled, and my astonishment was not lessened when I learned these denoted that the correspondents' ancestors had fought in the civil war or in the war of the revolution—my democratic confreres wearing the badge of a hereditary nobility! For what are our patents of nobility but the indication that in the more distant past a Douglas or a Campbell or a Churchill fought valiantly for a king and country?"

BEST IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

American-Made Spectacles Are Worn in All Parts of the World.

"Up to 15 years ago," said an optician, reports the New York Sun, "four-fifths of all the finer spectacles used were made in France. In the past six or eight years French spectacles have been largely supplanted by American glasses, which are now sold even in France."

"American spectacles are now easily the best in the world, and their superiority is due to the same characteristics that mark so many American manufactured productions—namely, adaptability to their use, good workmanship, uniformity and interchangeability of parts. There have been made in this country great improvements in the special machinery with which the spectacles are made, so that the parts are produced with precision."

"You will see an increasing number of signs saying that spectacles can be mended while you wait. This can be done with these finely made American spectacles. You break a bow, for instance, of your steel spectacles, and any one out of 1,000 bows of the same style will fit in place of it."

"American spectacles may not be the cheapest produced in the world, but they are certainly the best, and a good proportion of the population of the world that uses glasses now looks through spectacles of American manufacture."

"We pay much more attention to our eyes in this country than we formerly did. There are many more oculists here than there formerly were, and many more skilled opticians. And of people who ought to wear glasses, including, for instance, children, a greater proportion now than ever before do wear them."

"I dare say that a third of the spectacles now made in this country are exported, and our exports of these goods are all the time increasing. We sell spectacles in China, in Australia and New Zealand, in South America, and some, as I said, in France, and more or less of them in Germany and other countries of continental Europe. Large numbers of American spectacles are sold in Great Britain. I guess you would find that shipments of such goods from here to England are made as often as weekly. I imagine that there are now worn in England and in Scotland more spectacles of American than any other manufacture."

A Historic Spot Marked.

The site of the "old fort," where the first settlers of Springfield, Mass., took refuge from the Indians, has been marked with a bronze tablet. The plate is two feet wide and three feet high, bearing on either side the Pynchon arms in relief of the original fort.—N. Y. Sun.

Rich Transvaal Farms.

The farms in the neighborhood of Pretoria have been proved rich in coal, copper, gold and diamonds.—N. Y. Times.

In Luck.

Queen Wilhelmina is to make Duke Henry a prince now that they are married! He is a lucky man who can be promoted by his wife.

ICE THAT CUTS GLASS

Treated to Liquid Air Bath It Acts Like a Diamond.

Parisian Scientist Makes Some Original Experiments with the Wonderful Fluid—Gives Warning to the Public.

At a conference the other day of the Museum of Natural History at Paris Prof. d'Arsonval liquefied air with the greatest success. It was liquefied by enormous pressures.

The temperature of the liquefied air was minus 180 degrees centigrade. The liquid can be kept in double-sided, silver-covered bottles, from which it will not evaporate, as it did in former experiments when kept in other kinds of receptacles.

It was shown that liquefied air destroys the elasticity of India rubber, which becomes hard and brittle as glass. It can then be pulverized. When the air is evaporated the India rubber again becomes elastic. Meat can be treated in the same manner.

Prof. d'Arsonval showed a beef steak that had been dropped in liquid air. He let it fall and when it struck the platform it sounded like a stone. It broke into pieces. Meats can be reduced to a rosate powder that is easy to masticate and assimilate. In this form it will be found important for use in hospitals.

Ice dropped into the liquefied air will cut glass like a diamond, and mercury will become as hard as antimony. Liquefied air gives metals, especially steel, tenfold the qualities obtained by ordinary methods. It increases their ductility, enabling them to be drawn out to the thickness of a hair. It cannot be used to preserve meat, because it is in no wise antiseptic and does not kill microbes. It is five times dearer than ice. It cannot be used for motors or submarine boats because, when it is heated, it becomes such an explosive that no metal could resist it.

Prof. d'Arsonval warned the public to beware of companies collecting money for preserving meat or propelling motors by means of liquid air. Personal experiments, he said, showed that this could not be done.

WINS WALKING MATCH.

Gen. Wheeler Challenges Record Clerk Smith to a Race and Comes In a Safe Winner.

"O, pshaw," said Gen. Joe Wheeler, as he caught up with Record Clerk Smith, as the two sprinted across from the house side to the senate, "the trouble with you is that you walk too slow. I would never have the patience to wait for you."

"Why, general, I have the reputation of being one of the fleetest walkers in Washington, and can beat you on a march any day."

"We'll see; we'll see," said the testy little general, as he forged gayly on, all the time interesting Smith in general conversation, but keeping an eye to the inside track himself. Away they went, everybody watching and wondering, with the clerk, who is years and years younger than the general, toiling to keep pace with the fighter, who is past three score.

Strangers sidetracked as the two men swung around the corners, while the pages of both sides of the building started in pursuit. Smith was clearly losing wind, although so small that he and the general combined would not make a big man, and his body, small and wiry, was bent toward the goal with a vengeance. Several other pedestrians joined at the finish, and when the testy little general passed through the arch into the marble hall with not a feature ruffled yet a full length ahead of Smith, everybody smiled, while even Mr. Smith joined in betweenbreathless wheezes of laughter.

CROPS OF GERMANY.

Report by Consul at Berlin Showing Comparison Between Yields of 1899 and 1900.

Consul General Mason at Berlin has transmitted to the state department the official crop statistics of Germany published at the close of the calendar year, which gives the results for 1900 as compared with the preceding year.

The wheat crop last year was 3,841,165 tons, a decrease of 2 per cent. from the amount harvested in 1899. The output of rye in 1900 was 8,550,659 tons, a decrease of 1 1/2 per cent. from the amount in 1899. Over 40,300,000 tons of potatoes were produced in 1900, and 7,091,930 tons of oats, a net increase in each case respectively of 5 1/2 and 3 per cent. being noted over the results for the previous year. Clover and lucerne showed decreases of 18 and 2 per cent., and hay fell off 651,514 tons.

In respect to the average yield per hectare, the crop of rye, wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and meadow hay for 1900 exceeded slightly the mean annual average for the previous eight years, while the yield of clover and lucerne was considerably below the mean average during the same period.

Challenge to Nebraska Girls.

The governor of Nebraska, who is a bachelor, wants to sell the executive mansion and turn the money over to the people. We shall lose our faith in the girls, declares the Chicago Times-Herald, if some one of them doesn't step forward now and make the governor decide that he will need the executive mansion in his business.

Beet Soup.

The Russians make a beet soup, which is much liked by all who have tasted it. To one quart of good beef stock take six large beets. Cut three beets into narrow strips, which add to the stock, and let simmer for one hour, until all the color has been extracted. Drain these from the stock, and add narrow strips of the remaining beets, which have been previously baked. When these have simmered for a quarter of an hour add a third of a cup of sour cream. Serve with croutons, or, preferably, forcemeat balls. When properly prepared the soup is a rich red color.—N. Y. Post.

FOR THE SICKROOM.

Some Advice Regarding Ventilation, Disinfection and Furnishings.

In caring for any contagious disease at home there are certain precautions to be observed by the nurse for her own safety as well as the spread of the disease. Free ventilation is one of the most important items. The better the ventilation the less the chance of contagion by diluting the air. To insure this take a board about a foot wide and the length of the window and slip it under the window opened to admit it. This provides a constant current of fresh air through the middle opening between the two sashes and without draughts. Then, by opening the window from the top a short distance, several times an hour, the room is kept thoroughly aired. Prolonged contact with the patient should be avoided and no food or fruit that has been in the sick room should be eaten by any but the patient. The person filling the office of nurse should never eat without previous and thorough washing of the face and hands. Ordinary soap and water cleanliness is not enough. This must be supplemented by some disinfecting preparation, preferably a solution of one to 2,000 corrosive sublimate. For the prevention of contagion to others a strict quarantine should be established. An upper room should be used if possible, and the furniture should be as severely simple as is consistent with the comfort of the patient.

If there is a prospect of long illness, two small cots will prove a great convenience. By placing them close together it is easy to move the patient from one to another when changing the bedding, and also permits each to be thoroughly aired each day. Preferably the floor should be bare, with two or three light rugs that can be cleaned when the quarantine is removed. All draperies of woolen should be dispensed with, likewise pictures, books or any upholstered furniture or bric-a-brac that will not stand disinfecting. In severe cases an excellent precaution for the safety of the rest of the house is to hang a sheet portiere-wise between the door of the sick room, and frequently saturate it with diluted carbolic acid, so that whenever it is necessary to open the door, the air passing out of the room is purified before reaching the halls. The nurse should also be provided with several loose cotton gowns to wear in the sick room, changing them if permitted to go into other parts of the house, says a health authority.

Nothing must go out of the sick room until disinfected. The dishes used must be thoroughly scalded before sending the tray out of the room. At the end of the disease the room and its contents, including both nurse and patient, must be thoroughly disinfected.

ODD BITS OF FASHION.

Tasty Trifles That Go to Make Up the Attractive Costumes of the Season.

There are varied opinions about this new revival of the fashion of dressing the hair low on the neck. Their tone depends very much on whether or not the mode is becoming to the woman who is speaking. If she is young, with a fresh, oval face and a small, shapely head, she glories in the new coiffure and adds a piquant charm by putting a rose just back of her left ear. But if she has lost the bloom of youth she experiments with it in the seclusion of her own room, and decides that it is not nearly so smart as the old way of perching the hair high on the crown of the head, says the New York Sun.

Another point against the low coiffure is its untidy appearance, unless great care is shown in its construction, and even then it very soon has a disheveled look, as it must be arranged loosely to have any style.

For full evening dress it has decided advantages, however, provided, of course, that it is becoming, as it sort of dresses the shoulders; but with high-necked gowns nothing could be more undesirable. Women with long hair dress it in puffs or a low, soft coil, while for shorter tresses there is the simple style of turning it up once and tying it with a bow of ribbon. Part the hair at one side in front and give it that fluffed-out, soft appearance in the center of the brow.

French camelhair serge is one of the popular materials for the spring tailor-made gown.

Silk embroidery of the most elaborate and elegant description is a very striking feature of the latest evening gowns, and is considered much more chic than the spangles which have been worn so long. Velvets and transparent fabrics alike show this decoration, which in many instances is hand work.

A pretty finish is given to a plain silk shirt waist by having a belt and a stock to match. These are effectively made of Russian gold or silver ribbon combined with taffeta ribbon.

The new crepe de chine sashes are lovely in coloring, texture and gloss. Some of them have an embroidered design in white around the edge, and all of them have silk fringe on the ends. They are pretty to drape around the shoulders, with a knot and ends at one side.

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Scalloped Squash.

Heat one-fourth cupful of milk almost to the scalding point, stir in a lump of butter the size of an egg, rolled in one tablespoonful of flour, take from fire and add a beaten egg. Dip the whole into one cupful of cold boiled squash, season, and put into a buttered pudding dish, sitting bread crumbs over the top. Brown in quick oven.—Ladies' World, New York.

A Story of the Sea.

"The pirates and the buccaneers scoured those seas for years," remarked the captain of a ship in the Gulf of Mexico. "And still," murmured a sea-sick passenger with his head over the lee rail, "they don't seem to be very smooth."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE DEBUTANTE.

A Few Words of Caution and Advice to Young Ladies Going Into Society.

It is not the grave omission and commission in the conformance of affairs in what is known as the polite world which make or mar one's social status. It is faults neither of the head or heart, but a disregard of the icy rules of set regulations which make one wish a woman would think twice sometimes, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In large gatherings nothing is deemed more provincial than the monopoly of any particular man by a woman, young or old. Debutantes alone need a word of caution here. A single season shows them that attentions of any marked character are decidedly to be avoided. No girl who hopes to do her legitimate share of shining in society will even permit herself the stealing away into shadowy nooks or to secluded corners after a dance, but will release her partner with no outward evincing of regret or relief. A ball-room may be the place from which one afterward traces conquests (they are not, however, so common as the debutante might suppose), and she is much more eagerly sought when her motive is apparent—that of gracing the society with her beauty, the taste of her toilet and her evident enjoyment of its affair in toto, and not that she is using her hostess's camp as a field for her flirtations.

A pretty Frenchwoman, Mme. de Girardin, once wrote: "Amuse yourselves, oh, young beauties, but flatter your wings in the broad light of day. Avoid shadows in which suspicion hides."

In glittering novels, written by those who know nothing of the inner folds of fashionable and exclusive society, the young heroine, scarcely out of her teens, reigns like a queen in every huge assembly. Her beauty, her gorgeous gown set the whole gathering on excited edge, but the facts are widely different. The debutante is never pushed by a wise parent, her entry beyond the ripple of her "coming out" leaves but little stir upon the already seething, agitation of the social wave. She is never overdressed, because, wisely, she is most in made of her youth, which perhaps never again will shine in such undoubted radiance without the aid of external ornament. She appears for a time only, as the young and treasured assistant of her mother, or, if motherless, as the representative of her father's home, and she is sure to win far, far more lasting admiration if she displays a sweet and winning graciousness, and an unexpected dignity, than if she makes her entry with a patent intention to dazzle society, whose eyes are long accustomed to all conditions of brilliancy.

Clever talkers are sometimes disagreeably surprised at finding the men whom they dazzled by their wit during a first conversation slow to return and seek them. They see girls distanced by them at school, slow of wit, not always beautiful, chosen and led away before them—and this by men whom they respect.

The witty mocker, the cynic, the clever critic of folly as it flies, may serve to amuse a passing hour; but for an enduring diet men crave the essentially feminine qualities of forbearance, sympathy, gentleness and a readiness to condone offense.

A SHREWD WITNESS.

She Made a Strong Defense and Won Out on Well Grounded Arguments.

She was on the witness stand in her own behalf, being also defendant in the action. She was a sturdy widow, hard-working, shrewd in a deal and garulous. A landlord was suing for back rent on a little farm she had abandoned, says the Detroit Free Press.

"You say that the land was hard and sour and sterile," suggested the attorney for the plaintiff.

"That's what I said, only I wasn't so persnickity about it, and I'll say more—" "Just a moment, please. We want evidence, not opinions. Did you raise anything on this land of ours?"

"Land of ours?" with a sniff. "You never owned a thimbleful of it. Yes, I did raise things on it. It took two hills to raise a bean and a whole row of corn to raise a nubb'n. I raised a cabin, I raised a pigpen, and I tried to raise a goat, but it starved to death, poor thing. That ground wouldn't raise dog fennel or even Canada thistles."

"Don't exaggerate, please. You say the soil was sour?" "I couldn't exaggerate about that ground if I was a lawyer. In the morning when the dew was steamin' off in the sunshine you'd think you was livin' next door to a pickle factory. I kept my sugar in an air-tight jar."

"Pshaw! That's ridiculous. I suppose the ground was so hard you couldn't blast it?" "Nuthin' of the kind. I'm here to tell the truth. But I'll tell you how hard that ground was. I had to chop my onions out with a hatchet, and a big gander I had broke his neck tryin' to pull a tuft of spear grass."

The landlord did not recover.