

Ky. Miss Lydia Von Finkelstein, late of Jerusalem. There are increased facilities and excellent accommodations for all who may desire to attend. The location at White Bear Lake is unsurpassed for its charms.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

He Will Not Attend the Grand Army Encampment.

Upset with a heavy nervous system. Kept deep within a neighboring stream the knee. Stand blinking lily in the clear sunlight; And like a dream of olden Arcady Seem the sweet languor of the summer noon.

THE QUESTION.

Still on the lips of all we question The finger of God's silence lies. Shall the lost hands in ours be folded? Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friends! no proof beyond this yearning, This outreach of our souls we need; God will not mock the hope He giveth; No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness, And call our loved ones o'er and o'er; Some times their arms shall close about us, And the old voices speak once more.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Worry crushes out the finer sensibilities of the heart and leaves it dry and barren, then life becomes a dreary treadmill and hope hides behind the clouds of disappointment until we see nothing but a desert of waiting before us. What if the clouds are dark, there is always a silver lining; if not, make one. My motto is this: Never to let anybody or anything spoil my life or spoil it myself by dwelling in the shadow when Summer is so near. Words of sympathy coming from a friend go a long way toward lightening the load of care that falls to some of the weary ones of earth. Then why should we withhold them? If we cannot be happy it is no reason we should make others unhappy. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, and very soon another guest will find an entrance through the door of the heart—contentment—and when we let that in its twin sister—happiness—will soon follow. It is selfish to be unhappy when there are so many needing help. We should be strong for others who are too weak to be strong for themselves, and are overwhelmed by the trials and temptations of life. Many a woman's life is crushed like the wayside flower by one who should be a protector and friend. For such my heartaches, and sympathy is ever awake. If we look about us we can see so many bruised hearts needing words of hope and cheer that the petty trials will vanish like mist in the sunshine.

RASPBERRIES.

It is a pretty general rule to let the raspberry canes take care of themselves. Never was there a greater mistake. Years ago when we depended on the delicious half hardy kinds, like Brinckle's Orange, Franconia, and even Hudson River Antwerp, the need of covering them with soil in the Autumn and uncovering in Spring induced extra care in removing superfluous canes and tying up the remainder. Now, this is precisely what the hardy varieties need. Go over the rows, thin out, head back and supply proper supports. For the latter stout stakes driven in the ground about six or eight feet apart, with narrow strips fastened lengthwise, enable us to tie the canes securely. A liberal supply of good rotted manure forked in around the roots when the ground becomes sufficiently dry will almost certainly insure a good crop of fruit.

CURRENTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

The advice is sometimes given to cut off all buds from the base of currants and gooseberry cuttings, but such extra care is a waste of time, as the bark of these fruits is filled with adventitious buds that are on the alert to start into life. And all, what good purpose does this practice serve? Our hot Summer's sun exerts a deadly influence on the naked stems. Nature is opposed to the tree-form of these bushes but may not be forced to follow our fancies. On the Centennial Grounds at Philadelphia in 1876 a foreign exhibitor endeavored to introduce these standards, and although the novelty of the thing caused large sales the scheme collapsed after plants had been tested. Currants and gooseberries should be grown in bush-form, without trimming, save the removal of a dead, unhealthy or superfluous shoot. They require plenty of rich food, and are the better for a slight mulch all Summer long, say of long table manure.

TYROTOXICOM.

A year ago we gave an account of the new poison tyrotoxicom—which has been isolated from cheese, and also detected later in ice cream which has sickened a New Jersey picnic party. Dr. Vaughan, the discoverer, was experimenting with this substance at the Michigan University not long since—evaporating it over the fire—when he discovered that it was as explosive as gunpowder under heat. Fortunately he had set the vessel down for an instant as the explosion took place, or he would have lost his sight.

GOAT KEEPING.

Professor Long, of England, advises working people to keep a goat, because it can be kept more cheaply than any

next from the 27 to the 30th inclusive. It promises to be the largest gathering of veterans of the late war ever seen. The organization was never in so flourishing a condition and the membership never so large as at the present time. It will be the first encampment located in a city near the center of the country, and the first ever held in a Southern State. Our people are sparing no effort to insure for the assemblage a welcome of unusual warmth and a reception the most hospitable. The undersigned are a committee appointed by the general convention of Agriculture of Washington indicate

a reduction of nearly 2 per cent in the area of Winter wheat. The spring wheat area has been enlarged 6 per cent from increase of immigration and farm-making West of the Mississippi in the districts traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The total area of wheat is about 37,000,000 acres, a fraction of 1 per cent more than that of the previous crop. In the condition of Winter wheat there is no marked change, the average being 83.9, a reduction of nine-tenths of 1 per cent.

The condition of Spring wheat is good in Dakota and territories Westward, but below average records in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska. The general average for Spring wheat is 87.3, which is lower than in recent years, but thirteen points higher than in 1881. At harvesting last year the condition averaged 80.

The area of Winter rye has been diminished over 6 per cent, mainly by a large reduction in Kansas. Condition is better than that of wheat, averaging 88.9. An apparent enlargement of the barley acreage or 3 per cent is indicated. Condition averages 87, strictly being above that of wheat.

CURRENT NOTES.

Cut off the heavy leg feathering of the Asiatic in Winter, but do not pull out the feathers, as others will grow on the legs again.

Professor Stewart reports the feeding of 104 cows on an acre of corn in the milk, and it gave them full feed for four days, equal to 416 days for one cow.

The fresher the egg the smaller the air-sack in the large end and when cooked the stale egg can be peeled like an orange but the contents of a fresh egg adhere to the skin when hard-boiled.

Sour sauce—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one even teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; beat all well together; pour over it one pint of boiling water, and let it come to a boil. Spice with nutmeg to taste.

Snow drop—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, one small cup of milk, three full cups of prepared flour; flavor with vanilla and nutmeg. Bake in small round tins. Those in the shape of fluted shells are very pretty.

Finely-ground bone is cheaper, in proportion to the amount of phosphoric acid contained, than superphosphate, but is not so immediately available as plant food. It is best to mix one-third superphosphate with two-thirds grounds one on heavy soils.

Professor Johnson, of Michigan Agricultural College, writes to the Rural New Yorker: "The college silo was built in 1881, as an experiment. After these years of experience we are fully satisfied as to the value and economy of silage as an auxiliary fodder.

The rose bugs, which Colonel Pearson speaks of as devastating Vineland, are now feasting on Delaware peaches to an extent that will shorten the crop materially. A letter from Secretary Williams gives a gloomy account of the advance of this pest through New Jersey.

An English paper speaks of the silver bell tree—halesia—as a neat, small tree or large shrub from twelve to twenty feet in height. We have seen it in the mountains of North Carolina attaining the dimensions of a timber tree. One measured specimen girthed 109 inches and stood straight as a gun-barrel with the first limbs forty feet from the ground.

Mr. Cooper of Coopersburg, is one of the breeders who is disposed to challenge the Holstein men in view of their elation over success at the New York Dairy Fair. Mr. Cooper proposes to take five daughters of Pedro and match them against any five Holsteins in a herd of sixty, the number of his own cattle. An account is to be kept of everything fed, and the butter sold to some first class firm. Each owner is to be credited with the sum received and the one obtaining the greatest net earning is to take \$1000. Mr. Cooper is after the cow that gives the largest quantity and best quality of butter and milk for the food consumed.

This picture, drawn by the editor of that excellent paper, Mirror and Farmer, is not a cheerful one to contemplate. He says: It is a hard, patent fact that something must be done to enable the farmers of this State (New Hampshire) to carry on their business with better results than they are now able to do or our farming towns, with few exceptions, are doomed to depopulation. Taken together, the farmers of New Hampshire have not made a dollar for the last five years. Their farms are constantly depreciating in value, and every year they find more difficult to make the ends meet. Many of them are in debt, and while many have the savings of former years invested so as to make them independent they are adding nothing to their accumulations from any balance from their farms.

DAKOTA DOINGS.

News Gathered From The Most Reliable Sources.

THE YANKTON ASTYLUM.
C. N. Harris, public examiner of De-

BUTTER ECONOMY.

An Albany newspaper tells of a well-to-do but very careful gentleman who recently told a friend in good faith that he had discovered how to save on his butter bills. "Just spread your bread with butter," said he, "then scrape it off as closely as you can and hold the buttered side down when you eat it. Your tongue strikes the butter at once, and you get just as much flavor as if you had three times as much butter and ate it in the other way."

UGHT TO HAVE TWO VOTES.

Lynn Union: Since it became fashionable for young ladies to wear a collar and necktie their superiority to men has been fully demonstrated. You never see a lady with her necktie over her ears. A brief trial of six months has taught woman more in the necktie wearing art than men have learned in 6,000 years. A human being that can make a necktie stay in place should have the right to cast two ballots at every election.

DIDN'T LIKE BOSTON.

"Are you not perfectly delighted with our dear old Boston?" asked a gushing Bostonian of a young woman direct from Arizona. "We are very proud of our city, and I am sure you will be charmed with its lovely suburbs, its works of art, its beautiful homes—O, it is lovely!"

"Yes," said Miss Arizona, coolly, "it's pretty fly. I don't know but it takes the cake over Omaha in some things. But, somehow or other, I ain't very much stuck on either place. I like Dodge City 'bout as well as any place I ever struck. It's got the snap and go that Boston never had."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Your story does not hold together. You say that they were cast upon a desert island, with nothing but what they stood in, and yet you say that they went to work immediately and built houses and tilled the land and slew wild goats, dressed their skins, and made themselves shoes and clothing."

"Ah! but you see there was a woman in the party with a handful of hairpins, and she taught her fellow-castaways how to use them."

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

Bagley—"Well, Susan, we are going to have an old-fashioned Fourth. Think of that, Susan!"

Mrs. B.—"William, I'm sorry to hear it."

"You cold-blooded Boston female, how dare you!"

"O, don't tell me! You may enjoy loosing your thumbs, and perhaps you want to see Tommy peppered with powder and the roof on fire six times before supper, but I don't. I'm going to Boston, where they don't celebrate anything but Browning's birthday."

SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE.

"Thrift and economy, my son," said the old man, "are the important elements of success in this world. Together they will accomplish wonders."

"Then I hope, father," responded the young man earnestly, "that you will practice both for my sake."

FAITH CURE.

Blifkins—"O, there's no doubt about it. The faith cure will do anything."

Mifkins—"Have you tried it?"

"I should say I had. Three months ago I was taking anti-fat, and it did me no good whatever; then I tried the faith cure, and my weight has gone down from 375 to 300."

"Well, that is remarkable."

"Yes, indeed. I just stuck right to it, although it was a great strain for a fat man."

"Why, in what manner?"

Well, you see I had to attend service three times a day, and the church was two miles away.—[Omaha World.

HE SAVES THE MONEY.

Wandering Philosopher—"Yes, my dear sir, I've reckoned up that by walking down town to my business every day I have saved \$300 in the last ten days."

Indifferent fellow (who always rides)—"and your health is better too?"

Philosopher—"Oh, much better."

Indifferent fellow—"Well, I am out that much. Good day!"

Philosopher—"Ah—by the way, could you lend me \$5 for a few days?"

—[New York Graphic.

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

"O, you dear, darling old papa!" exclaimed the fair-haired daughter of a Nob Hill plutocrat. "You know how much I wanted those lovely sapphires, and it was so good of you to buy them."

"But, my darling, I have not bought

the future as he may deem advisable, and the act of 1887 empowers.
LOUIS K. CHURCH,
Governor.

Dated June 30, 1887.

CROP REPORTS.

The June crop report of Territorial Statistician Sheridan is less favorable than we had not a few days ago.

UNBOUNDED AFFECTION.

"Theodore, I don't believe you love me any more," said a K street girl, plaintively, as her best fellow, a P. O. Department clerk, pulled her hastily past an ice-cream saloon.

"O, don't say that, dearest," said he, reproachfully. "Why I named fourteen postoffices after you last week."

WHAT SHE SAID.

Young man (to messenger boy)—What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers?

Messenger boy—She asked the young fellow who was sitting on the porch with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole bouquet.

HER STANDARD.

Father (to daughter just returned from seminary)—Have they good instructors at the seminary, Ethel?

Ethel—Yes, indeed. The Professor of Chemistry was just splendid.

Father—Understood chemistry pretty well, did he?

Ethel—Yes, I suppose so, as he had just the loveliest eyes and brown, curly hair I ever saw.

FALSE RETURNS.

"Let me have a couple of gallons of good whisky."

"Why, we don't keep any whisky in stock."

"What do you mean, then, by advertising that you have a complete line of fishing-tackle?"

Strange Hallucination.

A man named Henry Harden, who has been staying in a hotel on False Creek, awakened Thursday morning fully convinced that his head had turned round during the night. So convinced was he of this strange hallucination that he refused to get out of bed, saying it was no use doing so as he would not be able to walk. As the case seemed serious and the man evidently believed such to be the case the police were sent for and Sergeant McLaren soon appeared and requested the man to get up and go with him. He refused to do so, but finally did get up and commenced dressing. While this operation was going on the sergeant was astonished to see Harden putting on all his clothes wrong side foremost, and for a moment was staggered as to the best course to pursue. He reasoned with the man, but to no effect, as he insisted that his head was turned the wrong way and that his clothes must be turned to suit the change. When fully dressed he presented a rather strange sight and the sergeant was rather timid as to the advisability of appearing on the street with him. At this stage the man refused to attempt to walk, as he said he couldn't go forward with his head looking behind him. He was finally persuaded to try, but the effort was a painful one, and it actually seemed as if he was walking backward. He was finally lodged in the police station, and yesterday morning, as he appeared better, he was discharged.—[Vancouver News.

The Czar's Ambition.

According to the Vienna Tagblatt the Czar's highest aim is to be crowned "Emperor of Asia" on the site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Crimean War had its origin in the quarrels over the holy places in Palestine and was a continuation of the conflict between East and West which the Crusaders left still unsettled. Every step of the Russians toward Constantinople is thus a step toward Jerusalem. It is of great significance that the Emperor Alexander III. confides much more upon the power of religious enthusiasm than either of his predecessors did. He wishes to procure a most official and ostentatious consecration of his religious authority, and to have his position emphasized as the supreme protector of the Eastern Churches and the Orthodox Faith, and so rally all the Greek-Oriental Churches and peoples around the person and office of the Czar as the Constantine and Justinian of the modern world. This bold project has been long in preparation, is never lost sight of in any diplomatic movement, and no sacrifice of money is thought too great to secure this end. Numbers of settlements of Eastern monks, of apparently harmless and unpretending character, have been and are being founded, and Russia finds the money for the purchase of the land.

Cardinal Newman was so feeble at the recent celebration of the feast of St. Phillip at the Birmingham oratory, that he had to be supported down the steps by two priests. When he pronounced the benediction his voice could not be heard half way down the church.

Carna. They will continue the line to Pierre. It is believed that the road will be complete from Aberdeen to Faulkton this fall and to Pierre early next year. At the last session of Congress the company were granted a franchise to build a bridge across the Missouri river, at Pierre.

TEMPERANCE.

occasion when the survivors upon either side of that fierce strife met together in peaceful harmony, and vied with each other in expressions of devotion to their common country. Among the many present was Mrs. Fickett, wife of the General whose forces bore so conspicuous a part in the conflict of arms between the Blue and Gray upon the renowned battlefield of Gettysburg. The Philadelphia Brigade arrived first and welcomed as their guests the Pickett veterans, and again the Union cheers and Rebel all resounded through the historic town in token of the celebration of peace and fraternity.

A camp-fire was held on the evening of the 2nd, at the court house Mrs. Pickett being given a place of distinction upon the platform, amid tremendous cheers which shook the building as she and her son were introduced to the audience. She was visibly affected by the reception accorded her. Col. Chas. E. Bane of the Philadelphia Brigade Association, addressed himself particularly to the members of Pickett's Division of the Army of Northern Virginia present, saying that old issues were all now dead, and welcoming the visitors with soldierly greeting and extending to them a cordial invitation to be the guests of the Philadelphia Brigade, which had met them in hostile array in the old days. "May our stay here," said he, "be one of pleasure to each of us, and of fraternal greeting that shall guide us to higher resolves for perpetuating the Union and the Constitution."

On behalf of Pickett's Veterans, Capt. C. F. Reeve, of Richmond, responded, tendering the sincere thanks of himself and comrades for the cordial and hearty welcome. Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, then extended a welcome from the citizens of Philadelphia particularly, and from the State of Pennsylvania generally, to the Virginians. Col. Wm. R. Aylett, who succeeded General Armistead and was commander of the brigade upon the death of Armistead, responded on behalf of the State of Virginia, to Pennsylvania's welcome.

Speeches were also made by Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith, Gen. Joshua Tower, Gen. Isaac Westar, Col. John T. Taggart and others for the "Blue," and by Col. Charles T. Lochr, Secretary of Pickett's Division Association, Col. J. F. Crocker, Col. Robert M. Scribner, Dr. J. A. Marshall, Col. Tinoluen Smith, Col. Kirk Okey and others on behalf of the "Grays." John W. Francis, secretary of the committee on arrangements, stated that letters of regret had been received from the President and cabinet, from Senator Sherman, Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, Hon. Geo. W. Childs, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana and others.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

was read. It was as follows:
EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 24, 1887.—I have received your invitation to attend, as guest of the Philadelphia Brigade, a reunion of ex-Confederate soldiers of Pickett's Division who survived their terrible charge at Gettysburg and those of the Union army still living by whom it was heroically resisted. A fraternal meeting of the soldiers upon the battlefield, where twenty-four years ago in deadly fray they fiercely sought each other's lives, where they saw their comrades fall, and where all thoughts were of vengeance and destruction, illustrates the general impulse of brave men and their honest desire for peace and reconciliation. The friends of peace there to be made resistless because inspired by American chivalry, and its results will be glorious because conquered hearts will be the trophies of its success. Hereafter this battlefield will be consecrated by a victory which shall preface the end of the bitterness of strife, the exposure of insincerity which conceals hatred by professions of kindness; the condemnation of frenzied appeals to passion for unworthy purposes; and the beating down of all that stands in the way of the destiny of our united country. While those who fought and who have so much to forgive lead in the pleasant ways of peace, how wicked appears the traffic in sectional hatred and betrayal of patriotic sentiment! It surely cannot be wrong to desire the settled quiet which lights for the entire country the path to prosperity and greatness; nor need the lessons of the war be forgotten and its results jeopardized in the wish for that genuine fraternity which inspires national pride and glory. I should be very glad to accept your invitation and be with you at this interesting reunion, but other arrangements already made and my official duties here will prevent my doing so. Hoping the occasion will be as successful and useful as its promoters can desire, I am, yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed during the whole proceedings and after reading the President's letter was finished three cheers were given for the President of the United States. The festivities lasted till a late hour and then the first camp fire ever held between the Blue and Gray was over.

On the 3rd, thousands upon thousands of visitors poured into Gettysburg upon excursion trains, and the day was passed in sight-seeing, and during the afternoon a meeting was held and numerous addresses made on the battle ground of July 3, 1863, in the course of which the various monuments were duly dedicated with most interesting addresses and reminiscences.

A Fable For Economists.

An ant, which was painfully toiling across the road with a grain of corn, observed a mouse scamper out of a hole under the door of the grain elevator near by.

"At your old tricks, I suppose," said the ant scornfully; "why don't you work for your living as I do, instead of stealing what you eat?"

"Poor drudge, said the mouse in pitying tone, "you are only fit for life of labor. You have not the far-seeing genius that grasps great combinations, and insures enormous profits. But know this—that myself and two or three other mice have formed a syndicate and bored a hole through the bottom of the grain bin. We have established a corner in corn, and are making more in a day than you can in your natural life. Do not complain of this, because it is perfectly legal—the corn, following the laws of gravitation, must fall into our pockets."

The mouse stalked away with the air of one owning the earth, and the poor ant wondered why the laws of gravitation were so arranged that he never could find an easy way of making his living.