

# Northwest Review

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## MATER AMABILIS ORA PRO NOBIS.

Specially Written for the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

I knew this morning that it was May, for the throats of the dear little birds have unfrozen, and their melting notes poured forth. Come, May, the gentle; have a smile in your blue eyes; let your blushes be rosy in the evening; let the voices of your ministering zephyrs be mild and balmy, unlike your harsh and rugged elder sisters, the first-born of the year. They have drowned the timid violets in tears, and shaken the hidden hearts of the daisies with rough storms. Spread your green carpet, flower-enamelled, for the feet of our Heavenly Queen. For these are the days when anigh and afar the voices of children are heard in the multiform tongues of the world, rising like the swell of the ocean, morning and evening, singing their joyous canticles—this is our Mother's month. Songs from the New World herald it, voices from her lone forests, her illimitable prairies. Songs from the Old World ringing out in her grand old cities, songs from her wildernesses, her lonely valleys. Songs from glad hearts—from sorrow-laden ones.

See how this love, this mother,  
Runs through the world God made,

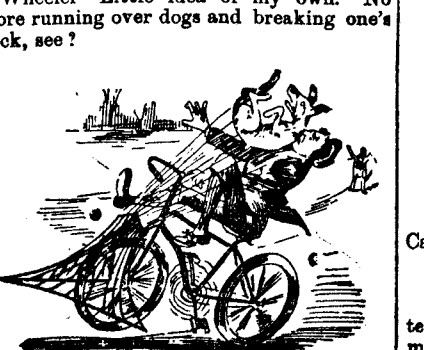
O Mary, the musical sound of your name is more sweet than voices of birds in glad springtime, the flowers that hasten into life to deck your altars are not so beautiful, are not so dear to us, as you're kind smile. Dear Mother, send down joy and blessings on our weary hearts, for winter has been there also. Mother, you who know the sorrowful ways of this world, you who have walked in them, take pity on us! Listen to us! You who have been our Mother now for 1800 years and more, you still love us, you still cherish us. You can never forget the day of utmost desolation for you, when in the person of St. John you took us, sinners and suffering, but forgiven, into your broken Mother's heart.

Doubt not she listens in heaven, on her bright throne, with infinite love and compassion. Many a time has she stooped down and given a helping hand to her children, for she knows how hard and how steep is the pathway which leads to realms above. Sometimes she stretches out her loving arms, leaning over the golden gates to this low earth, and we even know of consecrated spots her celestial feet have deigned to tread. Draw nigh unto her; she will be for you the mystical Gate of Heaven, that beautiful pearly gate through which the Orient from on high hath visited us, through which the Son came down to this sad world. Could you wish to enter it by way of any other? Ah, believe me, if you want to approach this dear Son you had better be friendly with His Mother. Mothers know a hundred ways of influencing their little ones. You that long for Him and hold out your arms towards Him, do you think she will put him into the arms of a stranger? If when you came she were to foid Him in her veil or turn His lovely face from you, what could you do? She is always there guarding Him. Let us beseech her, then, to speak for us to her dearest Child; let us humbly ask her to pray for us unceasingly during our mortal pilgrimage, and especially at our last hour, so that we too may be permitted to gaze upon that Divine Countenance which is the Joy of angels, the Light of eternity, and the Splendor of Heaven. Mater amabilis, ora pro nobis.

## THE COWCATCHER PRINCIPLE.



Wheeler—Little idea of my own. No more running over dogs and breaking one's neck, see?



He saw.

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE EDITOR DECLARES HE WILL HAVE NO MORE INNOVATIONS.

No More Editorial Dignity Will Be Dropped, No Matter Who Comes Along With Eastern Ideas—One of Joseph's Little Jokes.

NO MORE INNOVATIONS.—When his honor the Mayor (who is himself) first occupied his official desk in the city hall he used a revolver as a paperweight, and things were running along in a smooth and genteel way when the mayor of Buffalo happened out this way. The paperweight attracted his attention, and he read us a moral lecture. He thought there was a certain abandon about the matter incompatible with the dignity of the office. We took the advice of a tenderfoot for the first time in five years and replaced the revolver with a piece of quartz silver. The other day as we were preparing a veto, a stranger walked in and covered us with his gun. He was a slow going chap, and had our old paperweight been in place we could have got the drop on him. As it was, he covered us and proceeded to make us eat dirt. No one happened to come in, and for ten minutes he obliged us to call ourselves a thief, liar, swindler, deadbeat and a heap of other unpleasant things. What grieved us more than all else was to be forced to declare that the Kicker had only one-fourth the circulation of its wretched contemporary, and that we stood in bodily fear of the postmaster of this town. When the fellow had fooled with us to his heart's content he backed out, ran down stairs and galloped out of town. We hunted for him of course, but he was not to be found, and it brings tears to our eyes to think we may never see him again. Our revolver has been restored to its place as a paperweight. We shall steer clear of any further innovations. If the mayor of Cleveland or Cincinnati or St. Louis happens along here and doesn't like the looks of things it will make no difference to us. We don't propose to drop 95 per cent. of our dignity with a dull thud just because those eastern mayors fall to understand us as a people.

ONE OF JOSEPH'S JOKES.—Last week we received through the mail a copy of the Kicker which had been sent to Joe Taylor, of Duck Lake, as a sample copy of the literary fruits grown in this neighborhood. Joseph used the margin and a lead pencil to tell us to go to a clime much hotter than this. We of course mounted our mule and rode over to solicit an interview. Joseph saw us when we were yet a mile away, and mounting his mule he bolted for Grass Valley. We overhauled him at Turkey Creek, however, and gave him sixty seconds in which to explain matters. He is a very rapid speaker, and in less than half a minute had not only squared himself but handed over four dollars in cash for two subscriptions, one of which goes to his aged father in Connecticut. Joseph had simply been joking us in returning the sample copy. He has a great deal of humor in his composition, and sometimes he feels so funny that he does strange things. He had no idea that his action would strike us seriously, but expected we would be tickled half to death. We are somewhat given to fun, but when a man r turns a sample copy of our paper we can't see the joke. We don't say that we expect everybody to regard the Kicker as the greatest family newspaper on earth, but it might as well be understood right here and now that under certain circumstances we shall promptly buckle on two six shooters, mount our running mule and demand an interview.

HIS MISTAKE.—His honor the mayor (who is himself) deeply regrets the little incident which occurred at the city hall Monday afternoon, and is pleased to learn that the verdict of the public is with him. For many months past the coroner of this town has considered himself a bigger man than the mayor. It was a great mistake on his part, but we let it go until the critter came to the conclusion that he was running most of the territory. Monday afternoon we found him at our official desk, with his heels on our official blanks, and one of our official cigars between his teeth. He only struck the stairs once on his way down, and it was thirty minutes before he opened his eyes and recognized Mose Williams, who was feeding him in whisky. When we were elected to run this town. When we showed signs of weakness it will be time for some one else to step in. The coroner is a good man, and he has a very graceful way of presiding at an inquest, but the swelling in his head must be kept down. He says he will gun for us as soon as able to get out, but that was to be expected. When we accepted the office we accepted all the chances as well.

## Let Well Enough Alone.



"I've got a tongue-tied child, doctor. Can anything be done for it?"

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Gumph! I think you'd better not interfere with the workings of Providence, ma'am."

## NOTES TO FARMERS.

WORDS OF ADVICE FROM CANADA'S AGRICULTURAL EXPERTS.

The Value of Russian Apples for Canadian Planters and Fruit Growers—Corn for Ensilage and How to Grow It.

A subject of growing importance to the Canadian Fruit Grower is the value of Russian apples. In order to get results more rapidly and arrive at reliable conclusions to be brought before our nurserymen and fruit-growers, I was authorized by the Minister of Agriculture, last season, to examine the oldest orchards of these fruits, which are now found in the western States, those having been planted about twenty years ago. After looking over the whole field carefully, the following conclusions have been reached:

First, that the northern limits of apple culture can be materially extended by planting the hardiest of these varieties. Second, all fruit-growing districts of Canada may be benefited by adding a judicious selection of the best kinds. Third, that among them are many valuable summer apples. Fourth, experience seems to indicate that among them are winter apples of fair quality and superior hardiness. Fifth, that in the milder portions of Ontario these winter apples are not of sufficiently good quality to be recommended. It is difficult in many localities to get an unbiased opinion in regard to the Russian apples. Two schools or factions among apple-growers have sprung up: one of which maintains the supremacy of our native fruit, while the other endorses the Russian apples. Without personal examination it is difficult to get at the actual status of the case. No doubt, amongst them are many valuable summer varieties, but owing to unpronounceable names, many mistakes and synonyms, the work of selection has been very slow. It is also assumed that there are a few varieties of long-keeping winter apples of good hardiness, but I do not think they will rate high in quality. In my report for 1892 I have described about thirty of these varieties, and have recommended that nurserymen should propagate them, because I think the time has come when these should be disseminated. In this list there are ten summer varieties, six fall varieties and twelve winter varieties.

The following varieties are selected for their hardiness and vigor from those which have been recommended in this report, and are deemed sufficiently promising to be taken up by nurserymen.

Summer.—Yellow Transparent or Thaler, well known; Baskovka, No. 52, good quality; Borovinka, Duchess type, later; Blushed Calville, a little later than Yellow Transparent; Lubak Reinette, a fine summer apple much prized in Wisconsin.

Fall.—White Pigeon, very hardy, first quality; Golden White, large handsome, Zolostreff, Duchess type, handsome, poor quality; Switzer, doing well in Quebec and Wisconsin.

Winter.—Ostroff (4 M), fine tree, fruit mid-winter; Hibernial (378 Dep.), of value as a cooking apple for the extreme north, and a top-grafting stock; Red Reinette (316), tree fairly hardy, fruit large, handsome, a good keeper; Gipsy (1,227 Dep.), tree hardy, vigorous, fruit large, good quality; Arabka (imported by Killwanger and Barry), tree hardy, fruit of the Blue Pearmain type; Zussif (No. 585), grades with Fameuse in hardiness, fruit large, handsome, fair quality, good keeper.—John Craig, Horticulturist, Experimental Farm.

The Riding Master—Have you learned to trot yet, Miss Manley? Miss Manley—Oh, yes; I could trot all right if it weren't for the horse. The playguy thing keeps jogging up and down so.

Husband—How much did you spend today? Wife—Seventy-six dollars and seven cents. Husband (ironically)—Was that all? Wife (with an injured air)—That was all I had.

"Do you enjoy a nice bird?" asked the obtuse young man as they came out of the theater. "Yes, replied the girl with an appetite. "Well, I'll introduce you to my aunt. She has some lovely canaries."

"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Joe?" "What's that, sir?" "Why, for instance, that that cow has had a prior existence in another form—perhaps been a being like myself." "Oh, no doubt the cow's been a calf."

Misplaced Bragging.—He was a very tired looking man. Dejection was written on every line of his face, and as I was a stranger in the village with nothing to do, and no one to talk to, I relieved my pent-up spirits by expressing my sympathy with him in his troubles, whatever they were.

"Thanks," he said. "My chief trouble seems to be that I am an idiot from Idiots-braggin' match with the idiot in the post-office. He bet he was richer than I was, so I took him up just for a bluff. I told him everything I had an' more too, and after awhile he gave in, sayin' as how he wouldn't have thought it. Then I said I'd swear to it, 'n' he said all right, an' I did, and by thunder, who do you suppose he was?"

"I don't know," I answered. "Who?" "The tax-assessor!" he moaned. "It certainly was a case of hard luck.—Harper's Drawer.

Trying It on the Artist.—



Artist—Now, that is what I call funny. A man who can't see the humor in that

## Nye's Notarial Bond.

It was at this time also that I was chosen by the governor to act as notary public. The appointment came to me wholly unsought on my part. When I went to bed at night I had no more idea that I would be a notary public in the morning than the reader has. It was a case where the office sought the man and not the man the office. I held this position for six years and no one can say that in that time I did a wrong official act as notary public. My seal cost me \$8, and in the six years that I held office I swore eighteen men at 25 cents each, two of whom afterward paid me. I was obliged to give a bond, however, as notary public. I do not know why, exactly, for the fees were my own, but I got any. I used to deal with a boot and shoe man whom I will call Quidd, and we were on friendly terms. I bought my boots off him and scolded the heels thereof on his hot stove on winter evenings, when the fees were dull and the winter blast outside reduced the profits of the cattle business.

I casually asked Mr. Quidd to sign my bond as notary public, and told him what a sinecure it would be for him; but to my astonishment his chin quivered, his eye grew dim with unshed tears, as he told me, with his hand trembling in mine, that he would never sign a bond or note with any one. I said, "Do not mind this, Mr. Quidd; it is a trifling matter. Others will sign. I will get some comparative stranger to sign with me. Do not feel badly over it." On the way home I got Edward Irvinson, Gen. Worth, Otto Gramm, Henry Wagner, Abraham Idleman, Charles Custer, Dr. Harris, William H. Root and James Milton Sherrod, the squaw man of the Buffalo Wallow, to sign my bond. All of these were men of probity and property, and the bond was said to be the best notarial bond that was ever floated in Wyoming.

On the following day a case in my court as justice of the peace required a bond on the part of a saloon-keeper, and he went out a moment to get a surety. He was hardly out of the office before he returned with the name of Mr. Quidd. After that I bought my boots elsewhere. I could not trust a man who would so soon forget his promise to his dying mother. Years have flown by and my grey hairs have come on the head of Mr. Quidd, though I haven't a grey hair yet, and may not have for years, but I have always purchased my boots elsewhere.—Bill Nye, in the November Century.

A Chicago Dialogue.—Mrs. Penns—So their marriage was secret? Mrs. Percus—Alas, yes! Mrs. Penns—How was it discovered? Mrs. Percus—The divorce proceedings were by publication.

Miss Poplin—Are you going to the dentist's this morning? Miss Elderby—Yes; and I am so nervous. I hope he won't pull out the wrong tooth. Miss Poplin—You needn't be afraid of that.

The simplicity of expression natural to a child was freshly illustrated by a 4-year-old day or two ago who suddenly cried out, "Oh, mamma, I ate up my mouth!" He had bitten his tongue.

Caller—Heavens, man, what are you burning these rank weeds here in your room for? Husband (sadly)—I'm trying to break myself in for the cigars my wife will give me Christmas.

"I wondah, now, where I got these seven single cents, doncher know?" said Goolin, as he drew forth some small cash from his pocket. "You must have changed your mind," suggested Dolley.

McGobb's Excuse.—Police Commissioner—McGobb, how did it happen that you let a raving lunatic go around terrorizing people on your beat for a whole afternoon? Officer McGobb—Sure, I thought he was some felly payin' a lection bet.

On the Way to Church.—Mr. Hobbs—How much ought I to put in the contribution box? Mrs. Hobbs—Wait and see. If that odious Mrs. Jennings is looking, put on a \$2 bill. If not, a nickle will do.

Dismal Dawson—This is goin' to be a hard winter for us, I'm afear'd. Hungry Higgin.—Not for me, it ain't. I didn't do a thing last summer but go around bettin' dinners wit' the farmers on ole Grover.

Remembered Her.—Mrs. Ann—I ordered a dress pattern here yesterday, to be sent. I wonder if it has been out yet? Floor walker—Certainly not, madam. The salesman said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.

Mrs. Flutter—I hear the dealers are going to raise the price of sealskin saques this winter. Mrs. Simpurs—I hope they'll be more successful than I am. I've been trying to raise the price of one for the past three years.

In the Near Future.—Old Friend—And so both of your children are studying professional! Hostess—Yes, my daughter is in a polytechnic college, studying mechanical engineering, and my son is in Paris, learning dressmaking.

Mr. Shortwheat (dealer in coal)—I want you to settle for that ton of coal you got a few days ago. A man has to pay for what he gets in this world. Customer—You are right, sir. And when he buys coal he has to pay for a lot he doesn't get.

Miss Footlytes—Did you see in the papers that my diamonds have been stolen? Stagedoor—Yes, but I don't believe it. I don't believe you had any diamonds. Miss Footlytes—You don't. Well, if you will come to my flat I'll show them to you.

Just the Thing.



Patentee—I have here a patent celluloid imitation lemon. Floats around in the lemonade O. K. Use 'em over an' over.

Showman—Good! Give me a dozen.