

SING AND BE GLAD.
 "Sing and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth!
 Creation is old and gray,
 But starbusts shine on a second birth,
 And this is our Easter day!
 Lift up thy head and be glad, O Earth!
 Thy tears and sorrowing cease;
 A fountain bath sprang in the desert's dearth,
 And passionate path hath peace!
 Ah! dear is the charnel-house of sin,
 Dreary and cold as gray,
 But a pierced hand led the angels in,
 And the stone hath been rolled away.
 The song goes up and the song comes down,
 The ear is and the sky are faint,
 And the blended note is a cross and crown,
 And Paradise won again.
 Through the throbbing psalm, in undertone,
 I hear one clear voice sing,
 And of all I hear but his alone:
 "Behold, I am crowned king!
 "I have conquered death and sting of death
 By the cross in bitterize;
 And thou poor Earth that travesth,
 I say unto thee, arise."
 Sing and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth!
 Creation is old and gray,
 But starbusts shine on a second birth,
 And this is our Easter day!
 —Horatio Gilbert Parker, in *The Current*.

LADY COTTONBLOOM.
 CHAPTER I.
 "All right, Miss Hennifin. If you don't want to marry me you needn't, that's all. I have been playing the slave long enough. I have been capering to your whims until my judgment tells me—"
 "Your judgment, Mr. Ham?"
 "Yes, my judgment."
 "I did not think that you had any judgment, Mr. Ham."
 "Neither did the people who marked my devotion to you."
 "Oh, you are very complimentary and so charming of manner. Why, sir, your name alone is quite a little social gathering, Bucksport Ham."
 "Quite as good a name, I thank you, as Puss Hennifin, I am not ashamed of my ancestors."
 "Oh, you had ancestors, had you? You are surprising as well as entertaining."
 "I do not doubt," surprised, "as a strange sound to you."
 "What are you quarreling about?" asked an old lady entering the room where the young woman and young man sat glaring at each other.
 "Why, you are enough to make a person believe that you are already married."
 Bucksport Ham was an Arkansas planter. He was all, if not more, than his name implied. Once when he was a member of the legislature, a citizen told a newspaper correspondent that one of the general assemblymen was named Bucksport Ham, and straightway the correspondent went into the house and picked out the identical man. He did not seem so much to have fitted himself to the name as the name seemed to have fitted itself to him. He had a way of blowing his nose—and it sounded like the snort of a buck—and his back, at a little distance, looked exactly like a canvassed ham. He seemed to have been designed to create a favorable sensation in the legislature, for he voted against every appropriation and labored hard to reduce the salaries of state officers. He was a shrewd demagogue, always keeping one eye on his constituents and the other on his per diem.
 Miss Puss Hennifin was dim eyed. She was languid, like a caterpillar that has staid out all night in the dew. She read American novelists whose plots are pitched in foreign lands. She was not handsome, but people said she was good. The mourners' bench at Mount Catnip church could have ill spared her. In the autumn she shed tears at the altar; in the winter she faced her "podner" and shuffled to the sound of a greasy old fiddle. She wanted to marry a duke. She might have compromised on a lord, but an ordinary member of an ordinary legislature was below the "last chance" mark.
 Mrs. Hennifin was said to be a good old soul. She was a kind of eggs and butter miser. Her late husband often said that she would get up at night and after gloating over her eggs in numerous recounts, affectionately pat her butter. She was a kind old lady, and every winter gave the circuit rider a pair of home-knit socks.
 "I say what are you two quarreling about?" continued the old lady.
 "Madam," replied Mr. Bucksport Ham, "I have asked your daughter to be my wife and she has refused."
 "Why, Puss, how can you be so rude?"
 Miss Puss flitted herself into a passion.
 "Why should I marry him, mother? What can he promise me?"
 "He can promise to make you a good living, child. That's what he can promise."
 "A good living," the young woman contemptuously repeated. "What do I care about good living? Think that all I care about is to sit down and eat? A dog can make a good living."
 "I can promise you more than that," said Mr. Ham. "I am going to be a candidate for the senate. A recent amendment to the constitution of the United States—though I don't suppose you ever read politics—says that each state senator shall be a lord with the privilege of selecting any name he may see fit. By marrying me you would become lady so-and-so, according to the name we might select. If I am elected, I shall name my farm Cottonbloom. Then I shall be known as Lord Cottonbloom—an original and flowery name. Of course I'll not press this matter. Most any young lady would like to become Lady Cottonbloom; so if you persist in your refusal, I will lay my title at the feet of some other woman."
 "Law, Puss, do you hear that?" exclaimed the old lady.
 "Of course I hear it, maw," replied the young lady. "I have always respected Mr. Ham, and have never refused to listen to him. I knew that the law had passed, and I very well knew that should Mr. Ham desire it, he could go up into the house of commons."
 "Well, ladies," said Mr. Bucksport Ham, "I must go out and formally announce myself as a candidate. Practically, I shall have no opposition, but it is better to show myself to the people."
 "Don't be in a hurry," the old lady remarked.
 "Oh, no, there is no need of making so short a visit," said the young lady.
 "I'll see you again soon," replied the future lord of Cottonbloom.

CHAPTER II.
 The friends of Mr. Ham wondered at his admiration of Miss Puss Hennifin. The neighborhood, or as the saying goes, the woods, were full of better looking girls than she. Sometimes Ham would stop and argue with himself. "Hang it," he would say, "I have loved that fool girl for years, and it is about time I had sense enough to keep away from her. No, blamed if I can keep away from her. I know that she is weak and fond of feathers, but I can't help loving her. That house of lords twist will catch her. Living down here in a quiet way, she may never discover the fraud."
 The next time Mr. Bucksport Ham called, Miss Puss received him with stately politeness. She smiled upon him, and the music of her sweet giggle floated on the tranquil air. Never before had Bucksport so much enjoyed parliamentary power.
 "Puss?"
 "Yes, Bucksport."
 "There is no doubt of my election."
 "Why should there be? You have already distinguished yourself, and your constituents, proud of their honor, know that they could not do better than by elevating you to a position for which you are so eminently qualified."
 "Your sentiments charm me, Puss. You make me feel as though a great career were about to stretch itself along my future pathway. Puss, I love you."
 "Oh, how can you? I am a simple country girl; you are soon to be elevated to the peerage."
 "Yes, precious, but to me the grandest peerage is the priceless peerage of your love. Have I been thus elevated?"
 "Oh, Bucksport, you must kill me with happiness."
 He buckled his arms around her waspish waist. Her dim, buttermilk eyes lighted up with a glow of pride. He tenderly kissed her.
 CHAPTER III.
 Ham was elected. Three days afterward he and Puss were married. Cottonbloom was a quiet old place. The house, not lordly, but comfortable, was almost hidden in a grove of cottonwood trees. Puss soon convinced the neighbors that she did not care to associate with them, unless they carefully regarded the distinction which her position imposed. Those who had heard of the joke humored it; those who had not, kept away from Lady Cottonbloom.
 The time for the meeting of the legislature drew near.
 "My lady," said Lord Cottonbloom, "I shall have to leave you for a time."
 "Leave me?" she exclaimed. "Why can I not accompany you to court?"
 Ham thought that her courting days were over, but replied: "It is not polite to go at once, my lady. After parliament is organized, and after I have received the distinction of the Garter, you can come."
 "But why can I not witness the imposing ceremony?"
 "Because, my lady, we must observe the small rules to show that we are capable of handling the large ones. I will write to you and let you know when to come up. There, now, be patient."
 CHAPTER IV.
 Senator Ham wrote regularly to his wife, but said nothing about her presentation at court. She became indignant, and, acting upon the advice of a farmer who had formerly prayed for her heart but who had received the back of her hand, she set out for the capital. When she arrived, Senator Ham was out of town, having, as a member of a committee, gone to investigate the condition of a distant educational institution. He returned the next day. While on the train he was, upon taking up a newspaper, shocked to find the following among the hotel arrivals:
 "Lady Puss, wife of Bucksport Ham, lord of Cottonbloom."
 His mortification was deep. There was no chance of escape. His brother committee-men began to gey him. He thought he would slip down to the hotel, tell his wife that parliament had suddenly adjourned, and take her home. She was not at the hotel. The clerk said that a "crank woman," calling herself a cotton bloom when indeed she looked more like dog-fennel, had just gone up to the state house. Ham hurried to the capitol building. Some one said that a woman wearing yellow feathers on her head and carrying a shawl embroidered with red tape had just gone up into the governor's room. Ham almost flew up the stairway. A voice caused him to stop at the executive chamber door.
 "So you are the governor?"
 "Yes, madam."
 "I am glad to meet your highness. I desire to be presented at court."
 "Which one, chancery or circuit?"
 "The court of the state, sir."
 "The supreme court is not in session."
 "I am sorry. I am Lady Cottonbloom. Perhaps you are acquainted with his lordship, Bucksport Ham, lord of Cottonbloom."
 Before the governor could reply, Ham rushed into the room, seized her by the hand and said:
 "Come, quick and let me present you to the prime minister. Stay here a minute," he said when he had led her into the hall. Then, stepping back to the governor, he said: "She is my insane wife. Imagine that she belongs to the nobility. Wish you would tell her that as the supreme court is not in session, ladies are not expected to visit the capitol. Ah, my lady, come hither a moment."
 "What does his lordship desire?" she replied, entering the room.
 "The governor, chief of the armies and navy of the realm, has just issued a mandate, declaring that as the supreme court is not in session, ladies are not expected to visit the capital city."
 "The mandate has just gone forth, my lady," said the governor.
 "Your highness, I am very sorry. Has his lordship received the Garter?"
 "He is a knight of the Garter, but the ceremony, owing to the weather was conducted in executive session."
 "When does your highness think the supreme court will meet?"
 "Well, my lady," said the husband, "as an important secretary, I have just received information that the court, on account of impending war, cannot meet for some time. Well, let us proceed."
 After remonstrating, and declaring that she should not be controlled by the governor's mandate, she consented to go home. The senator, having procured a leave of absence, accompanied her. After all, she was pleased with her visit to the capital city, for the governor had treated her with marked respect. The next day after their return to Cottonbloom, Ham, with a woeful expression of countenance, entered the parlor where his wife sat.
 "What's the matter, my lord?"
 "We are ruined."
 "How?"
 "Why, envious members of congress, assisted by a jealous president, have repealed the nobility act."
 "My gracious you don't tell me so!" she exclaimed, dropping a handful of yellow feathers.
 "Yes, dear, and we are reduced to Mr. and Mrs. Ham."
 "Oh, ain't that shocking!"
 "Dreadful, but it cannot be helped. I am heart-broken, but I am compelled to return to Little Rock. We would have had a glorious time, dear, for it was my intention to visit foreign courts."
 "Well, I don't care," she said after a few moments reflection, "we can live in the remembrance of having once been noble. I am no longer a lord's wife and you are no longer a lord, but I shall never forget that you were once knighted in executive session."
 "Precious, do you want to go back to Little Rock with me?"
 "What, after this humiliation! No, sir, I shall remain at my home. Go on, dear, and pass your plebian laws."
 —Ojiv P. Beard, in *Arkansas Traveler*.

A Town With Novel Smells.
 Hohioh is not an attractive town. The streets of the suburb outside the wall are even narrower than those of ordinary small towns in China, much dirtier, and the visitor, who has already some knowledge of China, detects a few varieties of bad smell that impress him with the idea of absolute novelty. The inhabitants show the mixed types of Fokien and Kwangtung, with such indigenous elements as have, during many thousands of years, been finding their way here from the mainland of the peninsula of Father India, or the islands that lie to the southward of it. They are well dressed and far less curious than the Chinese of mainland cities. The shops contain such Chinese goods as are suited to a population of this class, with odds and ends of European and American notions which have within thirty years found their way to the most retired villages in the interior of Asia. The markets make a liberal display of excellent fish and pork, which is considered the diet in China, and what can not be seen elsewhere, a kind of water-snake (for sale at the fish-stalls), which is esteemed a delicacy by the Hainanese. The dress is with some variations, that of the Kwang-tung province. The language heard in the street is so different from that of the mainland as to be hardly intelligible to a native of Canton. The houses are of lava-stone, or brick, one story in height, and though swarming with pigs, dogs, and vermin, are permanent and comfortable in a climate that is always cool and sometimes cold in winter. The residents of the merchants and officials are spacious. The guilds have large halls, or detached buildings, conspicuous by their Chinese ornaments in front, their two lofty poles bearing huge baskets, and a stage where theatrical representations are occasionally given. The wall of the old town is not crenelated. The streets are broader and cleaner, and the shops larger and better stocked. The foreigners connected with the customs and consulates are comfortably domiciled in Chinese houses, no European residences having been built during the eight years since Hohioh became an open port.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle*.

Murder of a Japanese Diplomat.
 A correspondent of *The London Standard* gives the following particulars of the assassination at Rotterdam of Sakurada, the Japanese charge d'affaires for the Netherlands:
 While residing in Brussels, Sakurada had made the acquaintance of a young Belgian woman, Jeanne Marie Lorette, living in the suburb of Molenbeek St. Jean. On his removal to the Hague last December she followed him hither, apparently in the expectation of marriage. Her hopes in this direction were, however, destined disappointment, as she ultimately succeeded in ascertaining that Sakurada already had a lawful wife in Japan. On Friday last, after a violent quarrel between Mile. Jeanne and Sakurada, the latter left her and went to Gonda. Thither the following day the lady followed him and ultimately they proceeded together to Rotterdam, alighting at the Hotel de Hollande. There a fresh quarrel took place on Sunday morning, in the course of which the lady drew a revolver from her pocket and fired at her paramour. The ball penetrated the right temple of Sakurada, who was at once conveyed to the Rotterdam hospital, where he expired at half past 10 the same night. Mile. Jeanne, after shooting Sakurada, attempted to commit suicide by cutting open the veins of her wrists; but the wounds she inflicted on herself were not dangerous. The murderer, who is only 21 years of age, has been placed under arrest.

Father Peter Havermans, of Troy, N. Y., who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is believed to be the oldest priest in the United States. He has been in Troy forty-three years.

FARM MANAGEMENT.
Relishes that Can Be Cultivated in Gardens.
Suggestions on Planting Potatoes.
Home-Grown Condiments.
 The table fare of farmers might be greatly improved with very small expense and little trouble by raising various condiments in the garden, says *The Chicago Times*. These vegetable relishes sharpen the appetite and digestion, and impart a desirable flavor to many articles of food of the taste of which we are likely to tire after continued use. Of the value of celery reference has often been made. Its consumption has rapidly increased in cities during the past few years, but it is not generally raised by farmers on account of the labor required in cultivating and blanching it. There are many plants very desirable as relishes that farmers neglect to cultivate, though they are very easily raised. Among these, the common radish, no garden product is more easily raised, or is served with less trouble, while none is so generally relished. The best radishes are produced by planting the seed in soil that contains considerable sand, and which has been made rich by the application of well-rotted manure. The quicker they are grown the more crisp and tender they will be. Very good radishes may be raised by dropping the seed a few inches apart in the rows where the seed of other vegetables or flowers are sown. Radish seed germinates in a very few days, and the young plants mark the rows of plants that are slow in making their appearance. They thus enable the gardener to work the soil between the rows and to keep it free from grass and weeds. Radishes will be of a size to pull before the other plants will be of any considerable size. Their production will be without cost of land or labor. A few radish seed should be planted every week from the time the first leaves of the ground till the middle of summer. By adopting this course a constant supply can be secured. Any that are not wanted for the table should be pulled up before they come of very large size, as their presence in the garden is not desirable. It is ordinarily cheaper to buy radish seed than to raise it.
 The earliest home-grown relish that can be obtained is horseradish. In eating on salt pork, ham, bacon, or any kind of cold meat, it is the best relish that can be obtained. The horseradish that is generally found in farm-houses is of very poor quality. It is raised in soil in one corner of the garden or field, where it is allowed to grow for years without cultivation. The roots become old, tough and yellow. They have not the pungency of some roots that have been quickly grown in good soil. To have a good article some roots should be planted in good soil and cultivated during the summer to produce roots for use next season. In digging up roots for use this spring the small roots that are commonly cut off from the main one should be saved for planting. Those of the size of pipe-stems answer very well for the purpose. These small cuts or rootlets can be cut in pieces from four to six inches in length and set out in rows that will admit of stirring the soil between them. The sets should stand at least six inches apart in the rows. A long, pointed stick is convenient for making the holes in holding the sets, which should be inserted so that the tops are two or three inches below the surface of the ground. They will throw up branches and leaves in a short time, when the plants should be tended like other vegetables. The plant makes its main growth in the fall, but the size of the roots will depend on the care given to them during the summer. Just before the ground freezes in the fall a sufficient number of the roots can be dug and stored for use before the frost leaves the soil in the spring. They can be kept covered with earth in the cellar or in the pits that are used for other vegetables. Roots served in this manner will be quite tender, white and very pungent. They are vastly superior to old roots which grow in soil.
 The common garden-cress, or pepper-grass, makes an excellent salad for use during the early part of the summer. The seed germinates in a few days, and the leaves are sufficiently large to use before there are any other garden vegetables. As the plants soon produce seed-stalks, some should be sown every week till about the 1st of June. A few plants can be allowed to produce seed for sowing next season. Water cress is far superior to garden-cress, and its cultivation is recommended to all persons who have springs or running streams on their farms. Seed can be obtained of all extensive dealers, and a bed of it once established will remain productive an indefinite time. The seed should be sown on the margin of the stream, from which the grass has been removed. The plants require constant moisture, and the water should be very cold. The plants are very productive of leaves, which can be plucked every week during the growing season. Water-cress is a relish which is desirable during the entire year. It forms a beautiful table ornament, and is as useful for this purpose as parsley. The leaves are more tender and less pungent than those of garden-cress.
 Water-cress is now in good demand in all cities, and many who have good beds of it derive considerable income from them. When gathered for a market it is tied up in bunches of a size that can be clasped in the hand, and put in cheap baskets or crates. Water-cress is not only a desirable relish to use with meat, but with plain bread and butter. It requires no addition but salt. Considering the ease with which it can be grown, the permanency of the plantation, its continued productiveness throughout the year, and its many points of excellence, it seems strange that it does not receive more attention.
 Every kitchen garden should contain a variety of sweet herbs. The list should comprise sage, sweet marjoram, summer savory, and thyme. They are all desirable for seasoning pork, which is the meat chiefly used by farmers. All these plants are raised from seed which can be obtained from any dealer. The seed should be sown in rows from twelve to fifteen

inches apart. As these herbs are chiefly used during the winter, they should be gathered before the appearance of frost, dried in the shade, and carefully packed in paper bags.

The Eye of the Potato.
 During recent years, writes a Pennsylvania correspondent of *The Country Gentleman*, much has been written about the culture of the potato. All the various phases of the subject have been treated, from the breaking of the ground to the disposal of the crop in the market. We have learned much as to the mechanical preparation of the soil, of manures and fertilizers, as well as the general treatment of the crop during growth. Single eye, two eyes, half and whole potato planting, was discussed and advocated by different writers. The argument for single eye cultivation are: "More large tubers, closer planting, and consequently a more profitable crop. My investigations into the structure of the so-called 'eye' of the potato convince me that single eye planting is in most plants in accordance with natural laws of growth. We all have seen how a vigorous shoot on some tree or shrub has absorbed the sap so that smaller shoots below very slowly developed or eventually died off. The so-called law of 'survival of the fittest' would seem to be well illustrated in the growth of our high forest trees by the vigorous growth of the topmost branches and death of the lower ones. Since the potato tuber is nothing else than an underground branch, what we call an eye is analogous to a leaf or flower-bud on branches above ground, many of these buds producing a number of leaflets or flowers, as in case of the cherry or apple. The same number of shoots are produced by the eye of the potato; thus, in examining them under a microscope, we find from one to six germs in an eye. In the early rose I seldom met with more than three, while burbank, beauty of Hebron, and snowflake have as high as six germs or buds. Now, in all I have examined, I invariably found the central germ to be from two to four times the size of any of the other; some which had sprouted to the length of nearly an inch were examined, and in a few instances only, showed any of the minor germs which had doubtless been absorbed by the central one. Again the few that were left did not increase in size, showing that the more vigorous growth of the central germ prevents the development of the minor ones."
 The presence of the minor germs (or buds) is a wise provision of nature. In case of an accident to the main germ, the minor ones will develop, and in this way they serve to preserve the species. Letting potatoes sprout before planting, and then rubbing them off, must necessarily be injurious to the eyes, as it requires the development of the minor germs, which will be weaker, unless an abundant supply of plant food is at hand and the weather is favorable at the time of planting. If this central or main germ is allowed to develop, we get one vigorous plant, and may expect large tubers; while, on the other hand, if the eye is forced to develop its minor germs, they will all have an equal chance, and the result will be probably from two to five stalks none of which will be strong enough to produce large tubers.
 Here it seems to me an advantage to be gained by using a stimulating fertilizer in the hill or drill, since that will aid the vigorous growth of the main germ in such a way as that the minor germs will, perhaps, not develop, and one strong plant will be the result. Many writers have found differences in the yield of "stem end" and "seed end" eyes as well as "middle" eyes! I notice that both stem and seed end eyes have smaller buds than middle eyes. The seed end eyes are more crowded, and since they are situated at the growing end of the tubers the eyes are not so fully developed. The stem and eyes, however, have plenty of room, and yet the buds are smaller than the middle ones. The claim that they produce later tubers is no doubt true, since they lack the start that the middle eyes have.
 Owing to the presence of considerable protoplasm, which was not consumed in the previous season's growth, the seed end eyes may mature somewhat earlier than the central ones. A suggestion to cultivators may not be out of place here—namely, that they make observation as to the number of stalks produced in single eye planting, to see how many of the minor germs will develop. The yield of the potato varies so much in quantity that we ought to be interested in the causes of these differences, and ask ourselves how much of this can be ascribed to the mechanical preparation of the soil, how much to manures and fertilizers, how much to the conditions of the seasons, and last, but not least, how much to our mode of planting the tuber.

Industrial Brevities.
 The substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase in Paris, this being especially the case in these business structures in which the cellars of the Credit Lyonnais, on the Boulevard des Italiens, the whole of the ground is paved with large squares of roughened glass imbedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellar beneath there is sufficient light, even on dull days, to enable clerks to work without gas. The large central hall at the offices of the Comptoir d'Encompte has also been provided with this kind of flooring, and it is said although its prime cost is greater than that of boards, glass is in the long run far cheaper, owing to its almost unlimited durability.
 One of the most noteworthy of all the French breeds of poultry is La Bresse, as it is regarded as the most delicate on the table. Of these there are two varieties. One is from the department of Bourg, principally white, with here and there a few black penciling. The other is from the arrondissement de Touleans, and this is entirely black. Both are rather long in body, with shortish, slender legs, and there is a small crest, or tuft of feathers, on the head. They are hardy and the hens lay from 150 to 160 eggs per year, but these are rather small, averaging about 9 to the pound.

In the Rocky mountain region, where corn does not grow well on account of cold nights, peas have been discovered to be a valuable feed for horses, cattle, and hogs, and to possess a larger amount of nutrition than corn. Horses keep in better condition while working hard, and gain in flesh readily, as do oxen, while hogs fatten very rapidly, and make excellent pork when fed on peas. All require less in quantity than when fed on corn. Not having mills to grind them, they are soaked in water twelve hours for horses and cattle.
 President Lyon, of South Haven, Mich., gives the following rules for planting pear trees: First, choose suitable varieties; second, select sites sloping to the north and east, with well-underdrained, rather strong, and moderately rich soil; third, plant trees of only one year's growth from the seed, and, when planted, cut back to only a foot and a half high—upright growers cut lower; fourth, give light manuring, late in autumn, and the next summer cease cultivating by August; fifth, prune moderately and annually—when required.
 In relation to purifying beeswax a bee-keeper writes: "The best plan that I know of is to melt ten pounds of wax in a vessel, after having first put in the same one pint of strong vinegar, together with one quart of water. After all is melted, set the vessel from the fire and wrap it in several thicknesses of blanket or old carpet, so it will cool slowly. By this plan the wax is in agitation while liquid, and all impurities worked to the top or bottom. It strained before putting through this process there will be nothing but fine dross at the bottom, with nothing on top."
 The lime process of keeping eggs is to take one pint of salt and one quart of fresh lime, and slake with hot water. When slaked, add sufficient water to make four gallons. When well settled pour off the liquid gently into a stone jar. Then with a dish place the eggs in, tipping the dish after it fills with the liquid, so they will roll out without cracking the shell, for if the shell is cracked the egg will spoil. Put the eggs in whenever you have them fresh. Keep them covered in a cool place, and they will keep fresh for one year.
 J. Sagar, of Naples, N. Y., writes in allusion to the well-known fact that the Rebecca grape does not succeed well on its own roots, that grafted into an Isabella or Catawba, it becomes a prolific bearer, and thus a cultivator at that place has several hundred vines grafted with it, and they prove the most profitable of anything in his vineyard. He set a year ago 2,500 Concord roots to graft with Rebecca.
 A German paper states that vaseline is a good preservative for eggs. The eggs should be thoroughly washed, and rubbed in with vaseline previously melted with three-tenths per cent of salicylic acid. The operation should be performed twice, the latter one month after the former. On boiling, the skin of vaseline easily separates from the eggs. Eggs thus treated are said to keep perfectly fresh for a year.
 California is the great bee state. In four counties there are five hundred bee-farms, and the annual product of these farms is between four and five million pounds of honey. From New York state to Colorado, also, there are thousands of bee farms where the owners give their whole time to the care of the honey gatherers. The production of honey is enormous, but the demand has not been supplied.
 Large variation in color is to be noted among the prize-winners at the recent great show of shire horses at London. Of ten prize-winning stallions, four were black, three chestnut, and one each bay, gray, and chestnut-iron. It is incidentally mentioned that all the prize-taking 3-year-old fillies were bays.
 According to *L'Apiculteur* the sale of honey in France was not satisfactory last season. Much of it remains unsold. Marseilles reports 50,000 kilograms of beeswax on hand, and the receipts exceeds the sales. A kilogram is about two pounds.
 A stock company for the manufacture of liquid cheese is preparing to seek incorporation in New York, backed by German capital. The product will look like maple syrup, and have all the pungency and other good qualities of American cheese.
 A local paper insists that there have been great exaggeration of losses in Western Dakota among the herds from the severe winter. They are much less than expected, it says, and the cattle are now in splendid condition.
 Statistical calculations show the wheat crop prospects of Virginia to be about 30 per cent less than the product of last year. This shortage is due to the damage done to the crop by the extreme cold weather.
 From present indications there will be an average crop of peaches in Delaware. Very high prices are anticipated, as peach buds are killed over a large part of the country.
 Of the \$255 awarded in premiums to sheep at the New Orleans exposition \$475 went to Vermont and \$375 to one breeder, H. C. Burwell, of Bridgeport.

Wars and Rumors of Wars.
 There is nothing in the current news of the day to indicate that the millennium is any nearer than a thousand years ago. France is in war with China, England with the Arabs of the Soudan, and likely soon to be in conflict with Russia over the Afghan dispute. There is war in Central America which likely will involve all the little republics, with Mexico assisting them to maintain independence against the ambitious designs of President Barrios of Guatemala. There is rebellion in Manitoba, with a prospect of the earliest kind of campaigning. The only great nations profoundly at peace are the United States and Germany, and the latter may, through the complication of continental politics, and the incidents of colonial expansion, become involved in serious trouble at any time.—*Commercial Gazette*.