

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Cuba has become the great diamond-absorbing market of the world. The Sultan of Turkey has prohibited the further exportation of Arab horses. Fifty thousand glasses of beer were drunk during the recent municipal festivities at the Paris Hotel de Ville. There will be another attempt to build a railroad through the Euphrates valley, notwithstanding the many previous failures. The castle of Clifton, so well known to all visitors to Lake Lemana, is to be thoroughly restored by the Swiss Government and converted into a National museum. The Duke of Sparta, eldest son of the King and Queen of Greece, is to visit England with the ultimate object of being betrothed to one of the younger daughters of the Prince of Wales. The Theater Libre is a new institution in Paris. It was organized by an enthusiast who enlists the services of amateurs for performing unrepresented works. Several comedies first given there have been received by the Theater Francaise and the Odeon. The Czar receives from his treasury officers every year 9,500,000 rubles for household expenses and 2,000,000 rubles for his stable. A ruble is worth 65 cents. In addition to this, the Crown Prince, now a boy at home, receives 2,000,000 rubles a year until he is of age. A weeping rose tree in a garden at Koosteren, Holland, is so large that thirty performers lately gave a concert under its branches. It is sixty-five feet in circumference and it has been estimated that it had ten thousand roses at the time of the performance. A St. Petersburg correspondent says that the actual Czar of Russia, the man whose orders are irrevocable, is not Alexander III, but Lieutenant General Gressor, the head of the palace and a member of the Privy Council. He is between forty and forty-five years of age, is a soldier by profession and has been decorated many times for gallantry on the field. The question whether marriage in Africa between an Englishman and a woman of an African tribe was valid has just been legally settled. The woman was of the Baralong tribe, which allows more than one wife, and the native ceremonies were used. The court decides that the marriage was not valid, on the ground that it was not formed in accordance with the universal law of Christendom, namely: that marriage should be the voluntary union for life of one man and one woman, to the exclusion of all others. Egypt is rapidly adopting the usages of civilized nations. The newest move in that direction is the engagement of a ballet for the theater at Cairo. The Khedive has commissioned Ambrosini at Paris to find the dancers. Conditions are that the girls must be above fifteen but not over thirty years old. They must all be good looking, which rule does not allow of infringement except as regards the first dancer, the price of whose feet may be a set-off for an ugly face. Salaries to range from \$50 to \$8,000 a year.

CARTAGO'S MARKET.

One of the Most Interesting Markets of a Central American Town. Stalls are arranged on portions of three sides of the plaza, and almost everything is exposed, calculated to find a quick sale with the natives of different hamlets who have come up to Cartago for the purpose of exchanging the productions of their gardens for meat and groceries. Seated close together on the ground, chattering gleefully among themselves, the women lay snares for pulmonary complaints. No matter if the ground be wet from heavy rains, there the women are for hours on the damp soil, thinly clad in long, full skirts and shawl, impassive as statues, apparently heedless of their by no means healthful or pleasant position. The very absence of comfort renders the plaza of Cartago all the more picturesque, for the local coloring is stronger than in the modern market place of San Jose. All around are women wearing shawls over their heads, the heavy folds for some unaccountable reason being surmounted by a big straw hat. They have peculiar methods of calculating the amount of your indebtedness, which are as trying to the patience as are their primitive and amusing. Five dozen oranges at five cents a dozen will be no bad deal, but five cincos, and to find change for even a half dollar is more than the purchaser of small wares can prevail upon any man, woman or child to do. The anaconda may be laid down and the oranges relinquished, but there is no sign of interest visible in the face of the girl, who shakes her head at sight of your small bill. The best way is to supply yourself with small coins. One is always supposed to cheapen any thing one may wish to buy, although many an apparently poverty-stricken old man will keep his price in spite of your evident intention of moving on should he refuse to come to terms. But, while at one stall purchases may be offered at fifteen cents apiece, the next man will give choice fruit at half the price. At times, owing, perhaps, to his living nearer the town, and the roads being bad, some fortunate huckster gets a corner on potatoes or cabbages; and then one may cheapen in value; the merchant stands in front of his suddenly valuable stock and refuses all attempts at cajolment. San Francisco Chronicle.

BAD PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray. On bended knee about an hour, For grace to spend the night the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour. To either see him go to mill And buy the luckless brother bread, And see his children eat their fill And laugh beneath their humble shed. I do not like to hear him pray: "Let blessings on the widow be," Who never seeks her home, to say: "If want o'ertake you, come to me." I hate the prayer so loud and long That's offered for the orphan's weal, By him who sees him crushed by wrong And only with his lips doth feel. I do not like to hear her pray With jeweled hands and silken dress, Whose washerwoman toils all day, And then is asked to work for less. Such pious shavers I despise: With folded hands and face demure, They lift to Heaven their "angel" eyes, And steal the earnings of the poor. I do not like such soulless prayers; If wrong, I hope to be forgiven, My angel was when I spread my ears; They're lost a million miles from Heaven. Hartford Times.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

Rest for Weary Feet, and Hands, and Heart, and Brain.

He came into the composing-room one afternoon, nearly exhausted from a long walk of twenty-five miles since morning, and wet and cold with the dismal rain and sleet that was falling outside. He did not present an attractive appearance—a face that needed both shaving and washing, browned by constant exposure—and a pair of great eyes that looked hungrily around the strange room as if in search of something he never found; a coat that might once have graced the form of a gentleman of leisure—probably contributed by some "lady" printer in a philanthropic mood, but which had long since lost the traces of respectability—an old slouch hat, battered by wind and weather, and hard usage, like its owner. No one could have told, or even guessed with any degree of accuracy, the man's age. He may have been fifty or thirty-five years old. No matter—no one cared sufficiently to inquire or wonder. He walked slowly across the room, stopping at last to watch dreamily the deft fingers of one of the printers who was distributing his case for the night's work. The worker glanced over his shoulder at another man who sat behind him, saying indifferently: "Here you are, slug seven." Slug seven, who had evidently been longing for a "sub," threw himself carelessly off his stool, deposited a dozen lines of type on the stone, and turning to the stranger, said: "Want to work? Jump on that case." The tramp hesitated—only a second—murmuring something about being tired; then he took off his shabby coat, exposing to view a shirt which had no original color, and a vest equally grimy and delapidated. But when once at work, sending the type hither and thither in the process of distribution, the weary look on his face grew a trifle less perceptible, and an occasional smile lurked in the corner of his mouth at the jokes that went around the room. Outside, the November sleet beat against windows, and the streets were almost deserted. Within the composing room all was life and fun and laughter; merry talk mixed with the click, click of type from a hundred fingers. Thoughtless, light-hearted workers, earning their money deftly and swiftly, and managing to be "dead broke" each week as pay-day came around. "Where did you work last?" asked a young fellow, who stood beside the tramp. "In Philadelphia," he answered, stopping his work for a moment. "But that was two weeks ago; haven't had any work since." "That's hard luck," carelessly. "We fellows are used to that," with a little, bitter laugh. "Pretty tired, aren't you?" said "slug seven," walking up and noticing the weary look in his "sub's" face. "Yes; and I have a pain between my shoulders that cuts like a knife. I must work to-night, though," turning away to pick up a handful of type. A tall, heavily-built man stalked into the room at this juncture. He glanced sharply at the new man, taking in his general outside appearance in one swift look, from the brown, unshaven face to the shabby shoes that scarcely concealed his feet. A sudden hush fell upon the noisy crowd. The business manager of the concern was not inclined to encourage levity. He walked over to the former man's table, whispering something in his ear and received the answer: "He's all right; a little, rough-looking, but a printer is a printer; we're three frames short to-night." The business manager walked out, after which the jokes and general freedom of speech were resumed. Six o'clock sounded from the different city shop-bells, the whistles blew, the old composing-room clock clanged out six sharp notes. The office was nearly deserted. The tramp lingered, looking with a true compositor's pride at the heaped-up case out of which he might "pull a good string," if he were not so tired, and that old pain in his shoulders were not quite so sharp, though almost taking his breath at times. "It looks as if I would have to wait till lunch time for my supper, but it's

a long time till two o'clock to-night," he said to himself, as he walked over to the sink to wash his face. No one seemed to notice that he must needs feed—that he would be obliged to bunk under his case—in the waste-box, or press-room—anywhere for want of a little money to procure a lodging outside. None of the smart young printers who held regular cases on that enterprising sheet could be expected to take to their respectable boarding places a man so dirty and uncouth-looking as this tramp. Even if their hearts prompted any such action, the fear of being snubbed by their landladies for the generous deed overruled all thought in that direction. At half-past six one of the men coming into the room found the "sub" seated on a stool, resting one arm on his case, his hand covering his eyes. As he did not look up the man spoke with pensive indifference. "Been out to supper?" "No," in a choked voice, "I am dead broke." "You must have some supper," said his questioner, "you will not be able to work to-night. You are nearly tired out now, I imagine." "Oh, no, I can work—I must work to-night." The man made no answer, but leaving the room, returned presently with a lunch from a bakery. "Here, my man, this will set you up till lunch-time, when the boys will give you a bite, no doubt." "Thank you," he answered, the tears coming into his eyes—immediately looking a little ashamed of it. "What a fool I am," he said, as he was again left alone, with only the tick of the great clock and the glibbing cockroaches for company. At seven o'clock the force were on hand ready for work. No jokes now, but each man buckled down to his task before him, anxious to do his best. The usual amount of "working the hook" was indulged in; no one hesitated to "soldier" a little for a phat take of editorial or a cut which would measure eight hundred. All but the tramp—his ambition seemed to be on the decline, as the hours rolled by. Once his partner who stood next to him said in an undertone, as he walked to his place with a dash-rub take: "Pull out, the next is a head and twelve leads." But the "sub" could not "pull out." The letters refused to come to his hand with their customary readiness. Twice in succession he "piled" a line, and once he struggled full fifteen minutes in the process of "making even." "You must be rattled," his neighbor said, laughing at him, quietly. "A little nervous, I guess," he answered, saying nothing of the dreadful weakness and weariness that was stealing over him, while the old, sharp pain never relaxed its steady, distressing hold. At lunch time he could eat nothing, although the boys were profuse in their offers to share with him. "I am not hungry," he said. The very words choked him; the fool would have done the same. Work was resumed, but the tramp was not with the rest. He would go out for a breath of fresh air, he had said, but he did not return. "I guess slug seven's 'sub' has jumped his cases," remarked one of the men to the foreman; "he went out at lunch time for a breath of air, he said." "Or a drink," remarked another. "No matter, thirty is on the hook." Click, click, went the type in the sticks. The sleepy galley boy was roused for his last task that night; the last form went rattling down the elevator to the press-room, and still the "sub" did not return. "Gone to look for lodgings, perhaps," laughed one, as the gang stood around the sink, each waiting his turn at the soap and water and mourning towel. "He'll find them in the City Hall; he looks like a rough customer," said another. "A very quiet sort of fellow, I thought," said the man who had worked beside him. "He was sick and tired; all he wants is a good night's rest." "And a clean shirt." "And a shave." "Oh, come now, boys; you may be on the road yourselves, yet, and look as rough as this man." "Not while I can stand off the barber and the tailor," was the answer. But the tramp, where was he? A little bewildered by the change from the lights of the composing room to the dimly-lighted street, he stood for a moment, scarcely knowing where he was. The fire of fever was in his eyes, the flush of fever in his rough cheeks; his head felt heavy and his heart bounded against his side tumultuously. He walked slowly down the street, farther and farther, turning here and there, heedlessly—going he knew not where—in any direction to escape that ringing in his ears, and the terrible pain that clutched at every breath. The city lights grew farther apart—the brick blocks faded away into quiet country roads. Still he walked on, until half-uncertain he sank beside the way, and could go no farther. The shabby hat fell back from his head, revealing a forehead broad and high; the great, sad eyes gazed up in an unseeing way at the moon that drifted overhead, and looked down at him pityingly from its flight through heavy clouds. Then between his face and the night

sky there crept a picture. A long, low, vine-covered house—a porch in front where a woman stood, one hand on the head of a boy—a slender, pale-faced lad, with great, sad eyes. She kissed his lips, and held his hand and murmured blessings on her child as he left her standing alone beneath the vines and climbing roses. Then another scene drifted through the dulled and weary brain. A place where mirth and wine and revelry ran high, and one there—the gayest of the gay—a man with a pale face and sad eyes, belying his own nature by the words he uttered. A messenger at the door—a telegram thrust into his hands—"Your mother is dead!"—then followed a blank. The moon waded through an intervening cloud, and by its light the dying man saw still another picture. Wrapped in the robes that angels wear, descending to his side in the track of a quivering ray of moonlight, she came—his mother. She lifted his head to her breast, the weary head that had missed caressing so long, she pressed her lips to his, and the kiss went like new wine to his very heart; she touched with her soft fingers his tired eyes, and they closed in a long and undisturbed sleep, never to open again till the last trump sounds through the startled skies. No more weary miles; no more days of hunger and loneliness and cold. Rest, perfect rest, for feet and hands and heart and brain.—Emma Lyndon, in Yankee Blade.

RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

Their Existence One of Misery, Want, Hardship and Toil. The established religion of Russia is formulated after the doctrines of the Greek church, and the priesthood of the empire form a unique and entirely separate class of the community in which they reside. Their education is somewhat above that received in our public schools, but as the opportunity never occurs for entrance into a university they are not versed in classical lore. The Russian priest, or pope, as the people call him, is at all times ready for the discussion of public questions, but if he finds himself on the wrong side of the argument, he will simply smile and walk away; he thus avoids all feeling of anger on either side. The income derived from weddings, christenings and funerals and even collections from other sources proves entirely inadequate to his wants. He can not marry, as the law allows him but one wife, and should she die he must forever remain a widower, an unpleasant contingency to contemplate. Therefore selects the healthiest woman he can find, in the hope of a long life of domestic bliss. Travelers always feel free to stop at the priest's house, but the heaviest burden he has to bear, and one which taxes his resources to the utmost, is the bringing up and suitable education of his numerous family. It often happens that on reaching the village placed under his care he finds an old, dilapidated dwelling unfit for habitation, and thus the drain on his pocket begins immediately. Sometimes the appearance of the priest is the signal for marriages which have been delayed owing to the proper functionary not being on the spot to perform the ceremony. In this latter case the wife and eldest daughter are expected to attend the wedding, and it would give the gravest offense should they decline the invitation. They are also expected to appear in better garb than any of the parishioners. This necessitates the purchase of new sarafens (sarcenets). Thus the poor priest is forced sometimes to deny himself even necessities that his women folk may present a respectable appearance at the village gathering. Often the parish is small and poor, and the contributions from the villagers very meager. A peasant will, perhaps, give 5 kopekas (2 cents), another 10 kopekas, but the merchant usually doubles the peasant's gift. If the priest and deacons of the church are on friendly terms the latter will influence the peasants to assist the former in his labors. But while no money is given in return for the assistance thus rendered, it yet entails considerable expense for vodka (whisky) and food, and the priest, therefore, prefers to do his own work if possible. During harvest he is compelled to accept assistance, as the climate is very uncertain, but the treatment he receives from the peasants is indeed aggravating. Some priests go into the business of raising bees, and by this means increase their income perhaps 40 or 50 rubles per year. Another source of revenue is the collecting of eggs during the Easter season, and the making of perogs (a peculiar kind of cake) and buckwheat cakes, for which they find a ready sale. Happy is the priest if at the end of the year he finds he can make both ends meet. When old age overtakes him he becomes an object of charity. The Russian peasant has but little respect for his spiritual advisor; he is also very superstitious, and believes that should he meet his priest while walking through the village some evil will surely befall him. To disarm the bad genius and turn aside the impending wrath he spits on the ground as he passes the priest. This is religiously believed to be a sure protection against all evil influences. The life of a country priest in the great Russian Empire is far from a pleasant one. It represents every possibility between the positive and superlative degrees of misfortune.—The Countess Voronoff, in Chicago Herald.

BUTTER FACTORIES.

Where Creameries Can Be Established to Considerable Advantage. The most profitable branch of husbandry at the present time is the manufacture of creamery butter or furnishing the milk or cream from which it is made. Making choice butter is as profitable as it ever was, and this can be said of very few things connected with farming. Creamery butter commands a high price, while only a small price can be obtained for most of the produce of the farm. That the price of choice butter will always continue to be high seems certain. This is a nation of butter-eaters. In no country in the world is there as much butter consumed according to the population. In some countries only the more wealthy classes eat butter freely. Common laborers eat it only on Sunday or during holiday seasons. Then it is used three times a day by all classes of people. Most have observed that the use of butter is rapidly increasing. The broiling-iron has taken the place of the frying-pan in preparing meat and fish for the table, and in doing so has increased the consumption of butter. In slavery times the blacks in the South seldom ate butter, but they all do so now. The civilized Indians take readily to butter. Fishermen, miners, lumbermen and cowboys are all careful to lay in a stock of butter with their other supplies. Persons who have eaten choice butter a few times do not care to go back to that which is poor. They would sooner have a smaller amount and have that of superior quality. Restaurants in most large towns attract patrons by applying their tables with very fine butter. More complaints will be heard in a hotel or boarding-house if the butter is poor than if any other article on the table is of inferior quality. In buying other articles at a grocery customers care more for price, but in obtaining butter they are willing to pay a high price providing the quality is the best. It now seems likely that creamery butter will drive common butter from the town market. The majority of persons appear to prefer oleomargarine to inferior butter, both for cooking purposes and for eating on bread. That creamery butter will long retain its present price is somewhat doubtful. As butter-making is more profitable than grain-raising or meat production it is most likely that it will receive greater attention year by year. People who give up other branches of farming for dairying seldom return to them, while many give up the production of grain, meat and wool every season for the purpose of engaging in milk farming. There is scarcely a township in any of the Western States, not already supplied with one, in which a creamery or butter factory can not be started that would be of great benefit to the farmers. Such a factory relieves women of a large amount of hard work, prevents the necessity of fitting up a milk cellar on every farm, enables farmers to realize much more for their milk or cream than they could for their inferior butter made in the house, and keeps them supplied with ready money throughout the year. Indirectly it leads to the improvement of dairy stock, to better methods of feeding, and good roads. That several creameries have been started that failed is certain. The failure of some was due to a bad location, of others to poor management and of still others to dissatisfaction of patrons. Ability is required to run a creamery as it is to manage any manufacturing establishment. The most approved implements, if in the hands of one who does not know how to use them, will not turn out a first-class article of butter. More skill is required to use the machines and implements in a creamery than there is in most manufacturing establishments. A creamery is not likely to be profitable unless the milk of at least four hundred cows can be obtained for it. The most profitable creameries are those that receive the milk of from eight hundred to a thousand cows, half of which have dropped their calves during the fall. By having a steady supply of milk during every month in the year the creamery can be run at its full capacity all the time. When this can be done the cost of running the concern is greatly reduced, as the machinery and building are never idle and the operatives can be employed by the year. The management can also sell the butter to better advantage. They can arrange with hotels, boarding-houses and private families for supplying a certain number of pounds of butter during every week in the year. When this is done commissions for selling butter are saved and all the money it brings goes to the producer. Few who indulge in good living will now eat old butter if they can obtain that which was recently made. The demand for fresh butter in winter is now so great that it is found advisable to operate a creamery during the entire year. A creamery should be located where the ground is dry and the air pure. Milk and the butter that is made from it will readily absorb bad odors if there are any to take up. It should also be located where an abundant supply of pure water naturally exists or can be obtained by boring. The site for a creamery should have good drainage, as stagnant water will produce bad odors. The building should stand where it can be conveniently reached by a majority of the patrons. A large lot of land is not necessary, but there should be enough to afford sufficient room to turn and to hitch teams. A location on the main road to the nearest railroad town will be of advantage to patrons, as many of them will wish

to go to the post-office or station at the time they take their milk or cream to the factory. It is seldom necessary to pay much for a site for a creamery. Many farmers will give an acre of land for a creamery lot in order to save the trouble of hauling their milk a considerable distance.—Chicago Times.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

A Matter Whose Importance Should Not Be Underestimated. The importance of a judicious rotation of crops should not be ignored, notwithstanding the asserted ability of chemical fertilizers to supply all that is required for any crop for any number of years. Fertilizers are costly. A liberal application of them costs from \$20 to \$40 per acre, and if this expenditure can be spared by skillful management of the soil so much money is saved, and that is equivalent to the earning of it. A crop of potatoes takes little of value for the soil, 25 per cent. of the tubers only is solid matter, and of this less than 1 per cent. is mineral matter; but the vines contain nearly three times as much mineral as the tubers, and, as these are left to decay upon the land, and are turned under for the next crop, it is evident that this crop has gathered a large quantity of valuable mineral plant food from the soil, and has left it in the most available shape for the following crop. It has in fact changed so much inorganic matter into organic substance and available plant food. A large part of this mineral matter is potash, which is much required by wheat, and hence we find wheat does very well after potatoes; this being due in part to the direct contribution of plant food from the preceding crop, and in part to the useful effect of the tillage. Clover adds nitrogen to the surface soil, bringing it, as the potato brings potash, from the subsoil, and thus both of these crops are usefully brought into a rotation. It is clear that what is gained has not cost the farmer any money out of pocket. The remains of a good clover crop leave in the soil 180 pounds of nitrogen, worth in money \$27 per acre. This value is the same to the farmer as so much artificial nitrogen, and possibly in some cases several times more; hence is apparent the advantage of a rotation of crops, selected for their beneficial effects upon the soil. No doubt our very narrow rotation of three grain crops and one of grass and clover is too exhaustive for the most profitable culture of the soil. Two or three years grass and clover, then corn taken from the turned soil and followed by oats, and after this wheat, with all the manure made, and then beginning with grass again, may suit a very fertile and virgin soil for a few years, but it has resulted in the gradual reduction of the average yield to a point at which a very inadequate return is made for the farmer's work. The rotation should be enlarged so as to include more of the so-called ameliorative crops, and thus act favorably on the soil as well as produce more money-making products. Potatoes, beans, fodder corn, clover and roots for feeding need to be added to the corn, oats and wheat, and the grass and clover following this, while permanent meadows should supply the pasturage, and instead of buying fertilizers, feeding substances, as bran, oil-cake meal, etc., should be purchased and kept at home for the fertilizing of our own fields, in preference to foreign ones.—N. Y. Times.

EXCESSIVE SALTING.

A Matter of Considerable Consequence to Dairy Farmers. A singular fact was brought out at the meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture. A gentleman stated that he gave his cows a quantity of salt with a view of increasing the milk production, as he had seen it stated that such would be the result; he was not disappointed; the increase of milk was quite marked, but the singular feature of the trial was that while the milk yield was increased the cream yield was proportionately decreased; that is, the rate of cream to the milk was diminished as the quantity of milk increased, and upon the abandonment of salting this ratio was restored. This is a matter of some consequence to dairymen who are interested only in the production of milk, but where cream is desired it seems that excessive salting acts against the production of cream. Dr. Creevey stated that this was a result that might naturally be expected; that the excess of salt prevented the active development of the fat globules, while the milk secretion was actively going on. Accepting that explanation, while it might be expected that the result indicated would at first follow from a sudden and rather violent change in the matter of salting, if the feed remained the same and from which would be secreted a normal quantity of fatty substance, from diminished activity at first it would be reasonable to suppose that after a little time the extent of the secretion would be restored to its original state and the cream produced brought to its uniform ratio to the entire milk product. It is, in our mind, a more rational conclusion to come to to attribute an increased flow of milk because of an increased amount of water drunk, while the fatty secretion remains constant, which in case of cows in prime condition is believed to be a rule. We should hardly be willing to believe that salting fully would have any very marked effect on the cream.—German Town Telegraph.

It is said that there is not a negro in Richmond who can be induced to go near Libby Prison after a nightfall. They have a tradition that the cellar of the old warehouse is a huge pit of bones, and they believe that the spirits of the dead men stalk about at night.