

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Hobson seems to be sharp as a razor.

We still insist that it should be called the "Yankee-Spankee" war.

When Rudyard Kipling fired his latest poem he evidently was "loaded for bear."

It isn't exactly for its land value that England wants upper Africa. It evidently has sand enough.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland's diamonds have been stolen, but the name of her play has not yet been announced.

Col. Waring was a sacrifice to science, but he died a hero just as truly as any man who fell at El Caney or San Juan.

That New York fellow who is shown to have fifty wives is in a position to understand the full force of the mother-in-law joke.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has published an interesting article on "How to Be Lovably Thoughtful." What does Ella know about that?

Tennessee now comes to the front with a missing cashier who is graphically described as "6 feet 2 inches tall and about \$14,000 short."

A Colorado editor who translates the national motto, *E pluribus unum*—"out of money, one," evidently shoots much nearer the mark than he imagines.

"Was the war a complete failure?" asks the Boston Advertiser. Considering the fact that it increased the price of beans it must be admitted that it was.

The czar's disarmament proposition might with profit be tried first on Rudyard Kipling. What is the use of going ahead if Rudyard will not lay down his gun?

American game may be getting less in some sections, but that it's keeping up in other directions is shown by the announcement that 7,000,000 packs of cards are sold yearly.

Speaking of the golf champion, Beatrice Hoyt, the Boston Herald says: "She has a man's arm and a man's clear eye." Well, she probably will get the rest of him sooner or later.

The Austrian authorities would not allow Mark Twain's remarks at the Vienna peace conference to be published. Those suspicious foreigners evidently are afraid that American humor is loaded.

It seems that several eminent physicians have come to the conclusion that fatigue is a disease. That is well. Now if they will discover the bacillus of fatigue and then perfect a system of inoculation against it—what a gay old world it will be.

That man Anthony who, when blown up on the Maine, saluted Captain Sigsbee and said, "Sir, I have to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking," evidently is totally devoid of fear in the face of peril. He was married the other day.

Street sweepings to the estimated amount of three million tons are collected every year in the cities of the United States. Most of this material is either used for "filling" or thrown away; but the Department of Agriculture learns that in some places farmers secure the sweepings for fertilizing purposes, and that the farmers in such cases, with few exceptions, report excellent results. Since the disposition of such refuse is sometimes a serious problem, the fact seems to be worth consideration on the part of town and country alike. One of our worst faults, as a people, is a persistent disregard of the truth that to prevent waste in all such ways is to increase wealth.

The civil war came to an end in April, 1865, but the national debt increased more than two hundred million dollars before the end of August, when it reached its highest point, in spite of the most extensive and all-embracing tax system the world has ever known. The war with Spain has been much less costly, but it is a conservative estimate that less than one-half the total expense was incurred before the terms of peace were offered to Spain. If that be so, the war cost, directly, two hundred millions. Indirectly, the larger army needed to occupy new possessions which caused a large permanent charge on the revenue, and we may assume that the war taxes have come to stay.

The Orleans family in France has always been famous for its small concubines. King Louis Philippe was sneered at in his time as a man "who counted his pennies." His descendants also have the reputation of being penurious in the use of their ample wealth. The head of the house is the Duc d'Orleans, who would be king if the monarchy were restored. His recent manifesto respecting the Dreyfus affair confirms the popular view of the family falling. Instead of sending it to the headquarters of his party in Paris by a messenger empowered to have it printed as a poster and placarded where every one could see it, he put it in an ordinary envelope and posted it by mail at the expense of five cents without warning his agents by telegraph of his intentions. In consequence of his bad management the manifesto was only placed in a few places, and was laughed at wherever it was read. He was ridiculed by the boulevard wits as a Pretender, who could not afford to spend more than a five-cent stamp even when a throne was in sight. There was the same kind of wit in Louis Philippe's time. The blind beggar, into whose hat the smallest French coin was thrown by a bystander, exclaimed: "That must have been an Orleans prince!" All Paris was stirred with merriment when the story was told in print.

From advance sheets of consular reports from France, Italy and Syria as to the extent to which nuts are used as

food, some interesting facts can be gleaned. In France chestnuts largely take the place that Indian corn occupies as a cheap food in this country. Especially is this true in the central districts of France, where large plantations of chestnut trees supply a cheap and nutritious food for the peasantry, who often make two meals a day upon chestnuts. These nuts are eaten boiled, roasted, steamed and in a variety of ways constitute a daily article of food. In Italy the slopes of Aetna are estimated to produce annually eighty to a hundred tons of chestnuts, though inferior in quality to the fine, large nuts of Calabria. Here, as in France, chestnuts during the fall and winter season furnish a considerable part of the food of the poorer classes and are cooked in a variety of ways. Ground they are made into a kind of cake by the peasants of the Apennines, but the result, at least to American taste, is not encouraging. Walnuts are also grown all over France as an article of food, for the purpose of making oil, and to adulterate butter. The peasants eat them with bread rubbed with garlic and they are considered to be an excellent substitute for meat. Both in France and in Italy almonds are grown largely, though not used for food as extensively as chestnuts and walnuts. In Italy there are extensive almond orchards. Filberts, or hazel nuts, pistachios, pine nuts, etc., are all eaten more or less in all these countries, as they are in the United States, not as a main food supply, but as relishes and desserts. The common and cheap peanuts of the United States are not available in Europe and prices are so high as to make them a luxury.

When we smile at the excessive conservatism of the English in refusing to adopt a decimal system of money, and sticking to their inconvenient reckoning in pounds, shillings and pence, are we sure that we are not throwing stones through our own glass house? How many ounces are there in a pound? Twelve of one kind in one sort of a pound, sixteen of another kind in another sort. Three feet to a yard; five and a half yards to a rod. Thirty-two quarts in a bushel. An acre cannot be made into a perfect square, but is a piece of ground ten by sixteen rods, making forty-three thousand, five hundred and sixty square feet. A cubic yard contains nine cubic feet. These illustrations show what a waste of time and energy there is in converting our own weights and measures from one unit to another. It is all needless waste, as we know from the ease with which we deal with our money unit. Our readers will perhaps be tired of being told that in all the civilized world, England, Russia and the United States are the only countries which do not use the metric system for all purposes. If we are asked why we do not use it we cannot reply that our method is better. We can give no better excuse than that we are too conservative, that the change is "too much bother," that we are too lazy to conform to a system which is as far superior to that we employ as the dollars and cents of our money are more convenient than the British pounds, shillings and pence. It would not be a bad idea for the young people of the land to organize themselves into a metric league, to urge on the change which must come sooner or later. Perhaps the present generation of statesmen is too "old-foggyish" to bring about the reform. Let the school boys and school girls familiarize themselves with the metric system, employ it in their games, and make their opinion of it known by monster petitions to the powers that be.

BABY'S EDISON'S CRADLE.
Edison's Assistants Presented Him with This Automatic Tender.
When Thomas A. Edison's second daughter was born his technical assistants in the laboratory at Orange presented him with plans for a cradle intended to save Mrs. Edison much of the worry and trouble usually experienced by mothers. Several other ideas were submitted to the committee, but the thought of the wizard ambling up and down the room in the dead of night, occasionally stopping on a semi-submerged deck, was too much for them, so the cradle was decided on. It was called the "automatic electric baby tender."
It was an ordinary cradle with ingenious devices for the child's comfort attached. Immediately above the spot where the baby's head would lie was a diaphragm, somewhat like a telephone receiver. If the infant started crying at the very first wail communication was established between the diaphragm and an electric clock. At the same time the cradle was set rocking by means of a small motor. If the remonstrance continued beyond a certain time the clock released a lever and an arm attached to the side of the cradle operated by what is called a bell crank lever, carrying a nursing bottle, was swung over the baby's mouth. If hunger was not the trouble and the walls continued another arm on the opposite side swung over the child's mouth with a paragon. At the same time the electric current was turned into a set of

magnets placed around the cradle, and any pin which might be causing the trouble would be at once removed. If the child continued to cry "thirty-third degree" was applied. Two arms, lying flat in the cradle under the baby, were slowly raised and the child turned over. Then an electric speaker fastened to the footboard proceeded to do its work with neatness and dispatch. However, Mr. Edison persists in regarding the baby's cradle as a joke.



BABY EDISON'S ELECTRIC CRADLE.

COURAGE:
Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look
beyond
Its tumult and strife;
Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad
breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;
Think you I find no bitterness at all;
No burden to be borne, like Christian's
pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
Because I keep them back?
Why should I hug life's ills with cold re-
serve,
To curse myself and all who love me?
Nay!
A thousand times more good than I de-
serve
God gives me every day.

IN THE ELEVATOR.
CAMPERTON stopped at the hotel desk long enough to read the letter which was handed to him with his key; then he started for his room to dress for his club dinner.
But the club dinner was no longer in his mind. The contents of that letter engrossed his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.
It was from his late traveling companion, Birch, whom he had left in Paris a month ago, and who now wrote from London to tell him that the Kingsleys had quit the continent and were intending to sail for America at once.
"So the coast is clear, old man, and you can come back," declared the writer, persuasively. "You were an idiot ever to run away as you did. Join me here in a fortnight and we'll be in time for that Mediterranean trip."
Camperton's jaws were set and his brows contracted as he stepped into the elevator.
He knew that the Kingsleys, in returning to America at this time, were curtailing their original European program by at least six months. And it was easy to guess the reason.
They were coming home to prepare for their daughter's marriage to her titled suitor. The Count himself, no doubt, would follow in a short time to claim his bride.
"And I must get away before they arrive," decided the young man. "I'll go back to Europe by the next steamer."
Through the mist of his mental abstraction he observed that the elevator had an occupant besides himself—a woman who had seated herself in a shadowy corner of the car; but her presence did not change the current of his thoughts.
The elevator came to a sudden stop—so sudden, indeed, that Camperton, not being prepared to check his upward course all at once, involuntarily rose to his tiptoes, waving his arms like a huge bird about to take flight, and then pruned itself gracefully toward the other passenger in the corner.
"There is no danger, madame," he began, in his most reassuring tones. "We're fast between two floors and must wait a while—"
He stopped short as he noted, with surprise and alarm, the attitude of the lady. She was still sitting in her corner and was holding a handkerchief over her face, while little convulsive quivers and shivers of the shoulders indicated that she was weeping.
In his contrition and his desire to soothe her harrowed feelings he was about to sit down beside her, when a sound that was strangely like a giggle came from behind the handkerchief.
Camperton started up, flushing hotly. "Do forgive me!" and the laughing voice suddenly became coaxing. "I know it is rude of me to laugh, but O, Mr. Camperton, you can't imagine how funny you looked just now, when you were hopping and waiting about and kneeling at my feet—for all the world like a performing bear!"
Camperton did not hear. He was staring at her in blank amazement. He made several attempts to speak before the words would come.
"Miss Kingsley, he managed to articulate at last. His heart had almost stopped at the moment of recognition, but it was now beating furiously. "I suppose this is your astral body. It cannot be your real self."
"O, but it is!" said the girl with animation. "We came over in the Campania, which arrived this morning, and we are stopping at this hotel until our house is put in order."
"We?"
"Of course; papa and I. You don't suppose I would come alone?"
"I—I didn't know. I was not exactly expecting you to come at all. Your plans, as I understand them, would have kept you abroad the rest of the year."
Miss Kingsley dropped her eyes.
"It is always easy to change one's plans, you know," she said, betraying a slight confusion. "You did not honor me with an explanation of why you left Europe."
"But the note!" he exclaimed.
"The note, Mr. Camperton?"
"And my letter? Do you mean that you did not read my letter through—the one I sent to you at Hotel Continental two days before my departure?"
"I received no letter from you."
"But, Miss Kingsley, you—you answered it. You told me not to mention the subject again, and you are annoyed because I have insisted on reminding you of that letter. But I only want to explain why I wrote it. All Paris was connecting your name with that of the Count, and there were persistent rumors that you were to become his wife. It was common talk that your father had set his heart on the match, and nobody seemed to question your willingness to become a countess. The rumors had the gossip had a most depressing effect upon me. I think you know, Miss

Kingsley, what my own hopes were. I had loved you for a year, although I had no confession. I could not believe that you cared for the Count, or that you would sacrifice yourself for a title, even to please your father. But the anxiety and suspense became so intolerable that I resolved to end the uncertainty and learn my own fate. Owing to your father's espionage I was unable to find an opportunity to speak with you alone. So I wrote that letter, confessing my love, begging the right to put an end to the rumors concerning you and the Count, telling you how anxiously I should wait for an answer, and assuring you that if my offer were rejected I would leave Paris and Europe and never annoy you again."
"I never received the letter," she said, softly, without looking up.
"Never received it! Then how do you explain the answer?" he demanded.
"I wrote that note—yes; but not in answer to any communication from you. It was not intended for you. I do not know how it came into your possession. You will see that the upper part of the sheet has been carefully cut off. On the detached part was the name of the person to whom it was addressed."
She raised her eyes, and he saw that there were tears in them, but before he could speak she asked: "Did you send your letter to me by post or by messenger?"
"Why, I sent it by Tomasso, the little Italian, whom I often employed in that way."
"And he brought you the answer?"
"Certainly."
"Ah! I think I understand it now," she said, her expression showing the light of a sudden conviction. "Tomasso, as we afterward learned, was in the pay of the Count, who employed him to spy on the movements of people whom he desired to keep under surveillance. It was he, I am now sure, who intercepted your letter and sent back to you this note. His object was to get you out of the way. The note was originally addressed to him—in reply to his third proposal of marriage—and he cut off his own name and sent it to you."
Camperton listened like one in a trance. Then he cried out sharply: "Do you mean to say you are not engaged to the Count?"
"Engaged! Why, I hate him! He is a wicked, designing man. Papa himself is convinced of that now. It was on his account—that get rid of his persistent attentions—that I prevailed upon papa to take me home before we had finished our travels. O, Jack—Mr. Camperton! how could you believe such a thing of me?"
Ten minutes later, when they were released from their imprisonment in the elevator, they parted with the understanding that they were to meet in the Kingsleys' parlor within an hour. And there was a vacant seat at the club dinner that night—Woman's Home Companion.

Antidote for a Soldier.
They were at the first matinee after the return from the summer in different places. They were exchanging confidences.
"What sort of a looking-man is he?" asked one.
"Oh, tall and thin, handsome, smooth face."
"Is he a swell?"
"Indeed, he is. He wears evening dress every night, whether he's going to a party or not."
"Does he say 'bean' or 'bin'?"
"Always says 'bean,' and carries his handkerchief in his sleeve."
"How about his 'n's'?"
"Why, he uses broad ones, and I heard that he took a cold bath every morning, whether the weather was hot or freezing."
"Really, and you know him well?"
"You lucky girl! He must be a regular swell."
"And he wears his trousers turned up whatever the weather is."
"You lucky girl! Can't you bring him around to call on Sunday? I'd like Clara to see him. She's so stuck up about that soldier of hers who never got any nearer the fighting than Tampa."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What American Simplicity Means.
Baron Pierre de Coubertin writes an article for the Century on "Building Up a World's Fair in France." Baron Coubertin says: Not long ago I read in a French newspaper that the Emperor William, while studying in detail the conduct of the Spanish-American war, had been particularly impressed by the excellence of the citizen soldiery of the United States and by the efficient aid which they rendered the regular troops. This, however, was no surprise to me, for I have long been of the opinion that, even in the art of war, the thousand and one complications with which the old world is saddled are in no wise indispensable, and that, although it may not be possible to improvise soldiers, there should be little difficulty in making good soldiers out of free citizens. In short, we see that though Europe, through all phases of national existence, has remained complicated, America has retained its original simplicity, which, indeed, is the chief characteristic of transatlantic civilization, and gives it just that plasticity, that possibility of progress, that rapidity of realization, which makes it a civilization superior in many points to ours.

Marble Ponds of Persia.
That beautiful transparent stone called Fabris marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their grandest edifices, consists of petrified water of ponds in certain parts of the country. This petrification may be traced from its commencement to its termination: in one part the water is clear, in a second it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third quite black, and in its last stage it is white like frost. When the operation is complete a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression, and one may walk over it without wetting one's shoes. The substance thus produced is brittle and transparent, and sometimes richly striped with red, green and copper color. So much is this marble, which may be cut into large slabs, looked upon as a luxury that only the king, his sons and persons specially privileged are permitted to take it.

Hedges as Vermin Breeders.
Nobody now talks about the hedge as a cheap fence, though its other recommendation of being permanent unfortunately still holds good. Except for a border around some suburban residence the hedge is a nuisance, and is now little planted. In the country it is especially objectionable, as it keeps on growing unless cut back every year or two, and its roots extend on either side, robbing the cultivated land of moisture and plant food that the crops require. Most commonly the hedge is built around the orchard, possibly with the idea that it will protect the fruit from thieves. Instead of this, the hedge is apt to stir the ambition of all the boys in the neighborhood to try whether they cannot get through it, and we never saw the hedge that could keep an active boy out of where he wanted to go. But the worst of all the evils of the hedge around an orchard is that it is sure to be surrounded by tall grass, making the best possible harbor for rabbits, which will go through and strip the bark from apple trees. In most cases, too, the rabbit will strip the bark from the hedgerow trees, thus killing them and destroying the hedge.—American Cultivator.

The Habit of Wheat Growth.
It is impossible to grow good crops of winter wheat where fall droughts are prevalent. It is only where there are enough fall rains to beat down the tender blades into the soil, and thus

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Every Farmer Should Put Up His Own Ice Supply—Fall Paving as a Remedy for Grasshoppers—The Hedge as a Vermin Breeder.

Ice during the heated season of the year is a luxury few farmers enjoy because of the expense attached to keeping refrigerator and dairy supplied. True, it is only a few cents' worth per day, yet in a season the ice bill would far exceed the amount the average farmer could afford to expend. He is kept from putting up his own ice by the notion that seems to be prevalent that an ice house is an expensive affair. A good plan is to get several neighbors to put up the building and pack together, sharing the first expense and after labor.

The building should be situated on ground that is high enough to drain the surface water away from it, as it has no floor. It is 16x16x10 feet, the walls made double, with an 8-inch space between the outside and inside sheeting. This space is packed with straw and chaff pounded in as closely as possible. A good roof that will not leak is required; in this house boards with battened cracks will prove all right and much cheaper than shingle.

But one opening is necessary, the door through which to put in and take out the ice. This is about 2 1/2 feet square and 8 inches in thickness, to correspond with the walls of the building. It is made like a box 2 1/2 feet and 8 inches deep, filled like the wall with chaff or straw.

Before packing, fill the bottom of the room with about 8 inches, of cinders or some such substance that will readily take in the water. Pack the ice on this, leaving a space of 8 inches to a foot between the ice and walls to be filled in with sawdust, chaff or straw. This should be cramped in as tightly as possible. All the cracks and crevices between the ice cakes should be filled with pounded ice, making the mass as compact as can be. Ice put up in this way will not melt down a foot in the whole season. It will not melt in the sun, rain and air are excluded, and a reasonable chance given it to drain off the little water which comes from it.—Epitomist.

Plowing to Kill Grasshoppers.
In presenting helpful and timely notes on a few of the many insects against which farmers may have cause to use preventive measures the Michigan station advises as follows:
The best known remedy for grasshoppers is fall plowing for the destruction of the eggs. Where this practice can be regularly carried on over large areas the grasshoppers are not likely to become troublesome, but there is always some stump or neglected lane which would be difficult or impossible to plow, or else there is some farmer who will refuse to plow his land, and these lanes and unplowed lots will furnish places for the hatching of enough locusts to infest an entire neighborhood.
The eggs are laid in pods containing about twenty-five or thirty eggs. These pods are made of mucus, which is given out with the eggs during the process of laying and dried down hard, becoming brittle and impervious to moisture. The eggs are thus provided with waterproof covering about three-fourths of an inch long and smaller in diameter than a lead pencil. The pods are concealed in holes in the soil in which they were formed. These fragile little pods of eggs are open at the upper end, providing a place for the escape of the young locusts. Now if the soil be plowed under most of the egg pods are turned wrong side up, besides being buried so deep that the young locust will never be able to escape. Then, too, many are broken and their contents are lost, and the moisture which gains entrance and leads to the destruction of the eggs. It is likely also that the plowing will expose many of their natural enemies, such as birds, shrews, mice, etc.

A good rolling after the plowing and dragging will pack the dirt so tight that very few will escape. To be of the most value the plowing must be general. No strips along fences, no lanes of any size, and no clearings containing brush and stumps should be allowed to seed the rest of the farm.
When it is absolutely impossible to turn the soil under in these places, recourse may be had to another remedy—viz., poisoned balls. Bran mixed with Paris green, using 1 1/2 to 2 pounds of the poison to 25 pounds of bran, should be stirred up with water to the consistency of dough. Sometimes cheap molasses is added to make it stick together better. This is made up into small balls and placed about the field. The greatest care must be observed for a long time after using these baits that no live stock or poultry be allowed to gain access, and if it is impossible to completely exclude them it is best not to use the baits.

Hedges as Vermin Breeders.
Nobody now talks about the hedge as a cheap fence, though its other recommendation of being permanent unfortunately still holds good. Except for a border around some suburban residence the hedge is a nuisance, and is now little planted. In the country it is especially objectionable, as it keeps on growing unless cut back every year or two, and its roots extend on either side, robbing the cultivated land of moisture and plant food that the crops require. Most commonly the hedge is built around the orchard, possibly with the idea that it will protect the fruit from thieves. Instead of this, the hedge is apt to stir the ambition of all the boys in the neighborhood to try whether they cannot get through it, and we never saw the hedge that could keep an active boy out of where he wanted to go. But the worst of all the evils of the hedge around an orchard is that it is sure to be surrounded by tall grass, making the best possible harbor for rabbits, which will go through and strip the bark from apple trees. In most cases, too, the rabbit will strip the bark from the hedgerow trees, thus killing them and destroying the hedge.—American Cultivator.

check their growth, that the wheat will tiller or spread to either side, getting a firm hold of the soil, and also at the same time sending up side shoots that will make a spreading habit of growth. This protection will not prevent the frost from going into the ground, but it will shield it from the sudden changes from freezing to thawing, and the reverse, that are far more injurious than steady cold weather would be. In fact, the wheat grower is never better satisfied than when he finds fall snow water frozen in the ground with a light fall of snow over it. If wheat can be kept covered with snow through the cold weather that will prevent cold weather from browning the leaves, and it will come out in spring in good condition to grow. Some wheat growers harrow the wheat in fall, but this bruises the leaves, and coming before a cold weather, when the wheat plant is dormant, it is too great a check to its growth. Harrowing in spring, if possible before a rain and followed by warm weather, is a much better practice.

Prices of Sugar Beets.
Western beet sugar makers are willing generally to pay \$1 per ton for beets that show 12 per cent of saccharine matter. The pulp after the sweet has been pressed out, has also the leaves. But it is difficult to keep them long in good condition, as they sour and rot when exposed to air. The rate of 12 per cent of sweet has been much exceeded in the East. In a favorable season, which is one rather dry and with much sunshine, beets have been grown that showed 14 and even 16 per cent of sugar. In such cases, however, the yield is lessened. Twenty tons of beets have been grown on an acre, but it must be in a season so cloudy and moist that the sugar percentage could not exceed 12 per cent. If it did exceed that, over four tons of beet sugar per acre has been made in Germany. There land suitable for sugar beet growing brings high prices. But in Germany sugar beet growing is made profitable by a government bounty on all beet sugar that is exported.

Few Grass Seeds After Grain.
It is a common mistake of farmers in sowing grass or clover seeds with drill-planting to try to sow it as quickly after the grain is deposited as possible. Many grain drills have been made with grass seed sowers attached, so as to drop the grass seed immediately after the grain drills had deposited the grain and while the loosened soil was still falling on the seed. The plea of course is that the grass seed is thus "better covered." It is, in fact, usually covered much too deeply, sometimes not coming up until several weeks later. The truth is that grass seed on cultivated soil needs no covering save what rain, frost and melting snow will give it. Nor is it best with winter grain to sow the grass seed until two to four weeks after the grain is put on the ground. In that way it will grow large enough, and yet will not injure the grain crop the following season.

Sheep Breeding in the Arid Region.
The extensive cultivation of alfalfa in some of the States where little water falls is leading to the introduction of sheep breeding and wool growing as a leading industry. The alfalfa will grow and keep green in the driest soil, as it sends its roots down deep for moisture. The sheep also will live with less water than any other farm animal. In all our Eastern States sheep may be kept in summer on pasture with no water except what they get by eating grass at night or in early morning, while it is covered with dew. This does not prove, however, that sheep can be kept on pasture in regions where dew seldom if ever falls. Even with dew in the morning, if the weather be warm the sheep will drink some before night if they get the chance to do so.

Economy of the Silo.
Good silage that has been well and closely packed in the silo is estimated to weigh about forty pounds per cubic foot, and forty pounds is also about the ration allowed each cow for one day. A silo ten feet deep and ten feet square will consequently hold 1,000 pounds of ensilage, which will supply two cows over four months. Such a silo is a small one, but the estimate shows what a large proportion of food can be stored away for winter in a small space by the use of ensilage.

Variety of Feeding.
A quart of bran mixed with a peck of cooked turnips will give better results than when the same proportions of bran or turnips are fed separately, for the reason that the turnips are composed mostly of water and the mixture is more complete as a food, while the bran is better digested when fed with the bulky food. Variety in feeding conduces to health, and the less valuable foods become more valuable by mixing them with substances that are more concentrated and nutritious.

What to Do with Soft Corn.
If there is room under shelter, soft corn should be spread thinly on the floor, so as to keep it from heating. When freezing cold weather comes, it will freeze dry, and may then be ground in the cob with greater advantage than to use in any other way. But there will be a considerable part of the poorest corn that has little corn on it, and which is mainly cob. This can be better given while soft to cattle than fed in any other way. In drying corn cobs, most of their nutriment is lost, and only when there is considerable corn on them will it pay to grind them for feed.

The Lady Apple.
It is probably the small size of this variety, as well as its bright color and good flavor, that make it such a favorite on the parlor table. A plateful will give a taste of apple to a great many people, each taking a specimen. It has a small core, and is easily peeled, though many like the aromatic flavor of apple skin, and prefer to eat it without peeling. Though a small variety, it is a very productive apple, and always brings a good price in the market.

Hens in Autumn.
The hens that are moulting will not lay, and at this season nearly all flocks are going through the moulting process. To feed largely on grain will be a mistake. Give the fowls chopped meat and corn meal, and three times a week give a ration of bran, ground oats and linned meal mixed, which will be found excellent in promoting the growth of feathers.

SPANIARDS AND THE "MAINE."

Capt. Sigsbee Tells of the Demonstrations Against the Vessel.
Six bulls were killed at the Sunday bull-fight. Our party arrived at the first one was being hauled away dead. After the fifth bull had been dispatched it was decided, as a considerate measure in favor of General Parra, that we should leave the building and return to Havana early, so as to avoid the crowd. We therefore left very quietly, just before the sixth bull entered the ring. We tried to reach the ferry promptly, so that we might return to Havana on a steamer having but few passengers. Three members of our party were successful in this attempt, but General Lee, Lieutenant Holman and I failed. On our arrival a steamer had just left the landing. We then hailed a small passenger boat, and were pulled to the Maine. While General Lee and I were conversing on the quarter-deck of the Maine a ferry-boat came across the bay, carrying back to Havana a large number of people from the audience. There was no demonstration of any kind. The passengers were doubtless those who had left early, hoping, like ourselves, to avoid the crowd.

The next ferry-boat was densely crowded. Among the passengers were a number of officers of the Spanish army and of the volunteers. As the ferry-boat passed the Maine there were derisive calls and whistles. Apparently not more than fifty people participated in that demonstration. It was not general, and might have occurred anywhere. I have never believed that the Spanish officers or soldiers took part. It is but fair to say that this was the only demonstration of any kind made against the Maine or her officers, either collectively or individually, so far as was made known to me, during our visit. Adverse feeling toward us was shown by the apathetic bearing of soldiers when they saluted, or of tradesmen when they supplied our needs.

After the Maine had been sunk, and when the Montgomery and the Fern were in Havana, Spanish passenger-boatsmen exhibited bad temper by withholding or delaying answers to our calls at night. The failure of the Spanish authorities to compel the boatmen to answer our calls impressed me as being very closely akin to active unfriendliness. It was at the time when the Vizcaya and the Oquendo were in Havana, using picket-boats and occasionally search-lights at night, apparently to safeguard themselves. Halls were made sharply and answered promptly between the Spanish men-of-war and the boats constantly plying about the harbor at night. It must have been plain on board the Spanish men-of-war that the boatman were trifling with us. This was after the Vizcaya had visited New York—Capt. Sigsbee, in the Century.



Du Maurier's "Trilby" has at last been translated into Italian and is running as a feuilleton in a Milan daily paper, the Corriere della Sera.

Boston books of the season are: James Russell Lowell and His Friends, by Rev. E. E. Hale, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Reminiscences.

Marion Crawford's new book is Ave Roma Immortals, a selection of studies from the chronicles of Rome, and will be issued in two volumes.

Florence K. Upton's juvenile book for this year is called The Gollywag at the Seaside. Her first success was The Dutch Doll, followed by The Gollywag's Bicycle Club and The Vegman's Revenge.

Hezekiah Butterworth will publish shortly through the Doubleday & McClure Company "South America," a history of the struggle for liberty in the Andean republics, Cuba and Porto Rico. It is said to be the first connected history ever written of this tropical and subtropical America, and Mr. Butterworth prepared himself for the task by two extended journeys through South America.

"The War as a Suggestion of Manifest Destiny" is the subject of a critical study by Professor H. H. Powers which should attract widespread attention. It has just been issued by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Professor Powers shows the development of the policy of imperialism from the time of Jefferson, and the inevitableness of the war. He then sets forth the results which must follow from our appearance as a world power, and why the final struggle for world domination must be between the Anglo-Saxon and Slav races.

Knives Made by Pressure.
It is announced that an entirely new method for the manufacture of table cutlery is being introduced into Sheffield, England, and is exciting much interest. A round bar of steel is placed in a machine, and by means of hydraulic pressure a perfect knife is formed—blade, bolster and handle. The "fash" is taken off, and it is subsequently ground and polished by machinery. One such machine is capable, it is stated, of producing 5,000 of these all steel knives per day, at a comparatively small cost in labor. The machines are capable of dealing with any kind of cutlery or tools.

A Worldly Habit.
Follows—You seem to forget that the world owes every man a living.
Belongs—No, I don't, but I've discovered that it has imbued the human habit of not paying its debts.—Richard Dispatch.

Shore Lines.
The United States shore lines of the great lakes are as follows: Ontario, 290 miles; Erie, 370 miles; Huron, 515 miles; Superior, 955 miles; Michigan, 1,320 miles.

Fire from Meteor.
A meteoric stone weighing four tons fell on a warehouse in Flume, America, and set it on fire. The stone crashed through the house and was found buried in the cellar.

The surprising thing about Heaven is that it remains a heaven with so many different women living under the same roof.