

WHAT SEED SHALL WE SOW?

A wonderful thing is a seed.
The one thing deathless forever;
The one thing changeless—utterly
true,
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.
Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today, tomorrow will
bring
The blossom that proves what sort of
thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

Right Man in the Wrong Place.

"Who is that pretty young girl you just brought?" said Capt. Biggs to his friend John Arminger.
"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpole girl?"
"I remember the eldest Miss Stackpole—Freddy—the one who hunts; but I should never dream of calling her a girl! And what possible connection has she with your charming friend?"
"A very close one, as I will tell you if you keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Herford, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpoles all my life; we belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulation and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got 23—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday, at half past two o'clock."
"But this is all beside the question," protested Capt. Biggs.
"It is not—it's the main part; so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a good deal surprised, I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpoles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth buttonholed me and breathlessly asked:
"Friend of bride or bridegroom?"
"Bride," I answered.
"Here you are, sit this side," and he shoved me into a back seat, next to an old gentleman who sat by the door, and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face and wore an old-fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.
"I looked about me and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?"
"I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met and he said:
"A friend of the bride's, sir?"
"Bless you, yes," I answered, "know her since I was in pinafores."
"Since you were in pinafores," he repeated, and he seemed rather taken aback.
"Why yes," and I was thinking of adding that she was ten or twelve years my senior, but, most fortunately refrained.
"He stared very hard for some time and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here? Can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?'
"You are aware, Briggs, of my fatal passion for a practical joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. So I answered:
"Oh, yes, I think I can point you out two or three well-known characters."
"Thank you," he replied. "I am a country grandfather, as you may see—and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow, with the gold spikes in her bonnet?"
"Oh, that," I promptly returned, "is the Queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here inog at present—just a visit to her dressmaker."
"Dear me! Why I always thought Mother Nature was her modiste," said the old man, with twinkling eyes.
"Oh, no, she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings, and rarely touches raw meat."
"And, pray, why did she honor this ceremony with her presence?"
"Because one of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl diver. He is called the King Fleisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid, post."
"Thank you, I see. Now, can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?"
"With pleasure," I answered. "The short one is Henrik Ibsen and the other is Lord Salisbury."
"Dear me, this is most interesting; and the lady in the wonderful mantle?"
"Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her, in spectacles, is the Spanish Ambassador—Don Jose Manolo; he is a celebrated waltzer, and his fandango is a thing to see."
"I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hullo! I think she has come," he added, craning his neck.
"Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and whispering and organ pealing, the usual procession of choir boys. Then the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown—a girl of nineteen, splendid as lace and diamonds could make her, leaning on the arm of a boy of 20—not my bride, but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids, in white satin frocks, white feathered hats and carrying immense bouquets of red roses; and the procession passed, leaving me dumfounded. I was an uninvited guest at the wrong wedding.

"My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that door of escape so I determined to sit still, and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation."

"The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation and the girl you saw just now bow to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as 'Grandpapa'—and said:
"How silly of you to sit so far down dear; you couldn't see."
"Too hot up there," he said.
"She behaved like a true British matron and never shed a tear," she continued, as she pinned on his favor.
"Now, Gwen, you must decorate my companion," he said, indicating me. "He has been first-rate company and pointed me out all the lions and lionesses; yet there was a look in the old man's eyes that I did not precisely understand."

"As Miss Gwen reached across to me her basket of flowers was upset and over the gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate."
"When the wedding cortege had filed by, there was the usual rush for carriages. Now was my chance. I rose, resolved to slip off, but so did my venerable companion, who pinned me firmly by the arm, saying:
"You may as well look after me. We are going to the same place. I'm a lame old chap, and want an arm—I should have said a leg. Before I knew where I was, I was being carried off in a swagger brougham, behind a pair of grand steppers; destination, Cadogan Square."

"The house was smothered in flowers and crammed with guests; my old man of the sea clung to me like a limpet and to my great dismay appeared to know every one. We passed through the packed masses, with a word here, a joke there and I gathered that his name was Sir Duncan. It was no news to me that he was Scotch."

"In the drawing-room he had another word with Gwen and then he remarked to me, with a malicious grin.
"Well, I don't see the Queen here yet, nor the playwright, not even the dancing ambassador. What has become of them?"

"What was to become of me was of far more importance, and, finding that my companion was making straight for the happy pair to tender his good wishes, and being an absolute stranger to both, I broke and fled, hoping to lose myself in the crowd, to find some efficacious means of escape, even were it through the kitchen and scullery. But the mob, surged toward the presents, carried me along in spite of my struggles and I found myself figuratively 'cast up' in front of a table covered with magnificent diamonds."
"I counted no less than three tiaras, as many necklaces and of stars, rings, bracelets, bows, a great multitude. The surrounding company appeared to be almost exclusively Scotch and either intimately acquainted or of the same clan. Personally, I had never felt such a complete outsider in the whole course of my existence! There was one other man who stood close to me and who also appeared a stranger to me and all, and this afforded me the only crumb of comfort offered by the entire situation."

"As I stood, gazing blankly at the diamonds, he gave me a premonitory nudge, and then addressed me in a low voice, but with elaborate courtesy:
"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of the bride?"
"No, I cannot," I answered, shortly.
"Then, perhaps, you can oblige me with the bridegroom's name?"
"I am sorry I am unable to assist you, I said, very stiffly. I noticed that as his eyes wandered from me to the diamonds and then back again, they wore a very suspicious expression."

"But, this won't do, you know," he whispered. "I've had my eye on you this good while—you swell crackmen are getting too fashionable altogether; too fond of wedding parties! Where's the diamond bracelet and three stars that were taken last week at Lady Banks's reception—eh? and the two valuable rings and the Spanish point founce, from Mrs. Fleming's in Lancaster Gate; and, you know, you are not above a few apostles spoons, or even a pair of nut-crackers! You see I've caught you; I've had your description and photograph."

"What the deuce do you mean?" I asked, and I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window.

"I mean that I'm a detective officer, of No. 7 Division and that I'm going to hand you over to my men below, who will take great care of you and escort you in a cab to Bow Street, where you will be searched and charged. Oh, we have been expecting you for some time."

"I made a feeble and utterly futile effort to escape, but he said: 'The less trouble you give the better for you, as you know of old. You come away quietly; don't go and make a row and spoil the party,' and he gripped my arm as in a vise."
"I say, stop," I said. "Here's my card, and I jugged it out and handed it to him."
"Mr. R. Arminger, 'Arming Park, Wilts."
"The Apex Club, Pall Mall."

"He read aloud and then calmly remarked:
"Oh, yes, of course, I'm up to all these little dodges. I wonder you did not take a title."
"But I am Mr. Arminger, I swear."
"Is there any one in the room will swear to you?"

"No one. I have come by mistake to the wrong wedding."
"So I should suppose," he sneered. "And you've made this mistake once too often."
"Our altercation had been carried on in a window recess and no doubt if any one noticed us at all, they sup-

posed that we were two dear friends enjoying an animated conversation after a long separation.

"You come quietly," he repeated for the third time and as I saw no other alternative, I obeyed. As we crossed the great landing, outside the reception-room, I noticed my old man of the sea, sitting on a divan. He touched me with his stick and said: "Hullo, going already? Won't you wait and present me to the Queen or Madam Bernhardt? But I was too furious to reply. However, my companion stooped down and whispered something and showed him my card."

"The old fellow glanced quickly at it, then at me, and exclaimed: 'I thought I knew that nose! Why, you must be the son of Teddy Arminger, who was my old fag more than 50 years ago—you are Arminger, of Arming Park, eh?'"

"I bowed profoundly. Apparently, I had to thank my father's nose for my liberty! The Arming nose had a widespread celebrity, but it was the first time that its reputation had been of use to me!

"Mr. Hook," to the detective, "you are quite mistaken for once. Pray resume your duty." Then to me: "Come here and sit by me and tell me all about yourself."

"You are growing more and more like your father every moment," he chuckled; he always got white when he was angry. You poked fun at me, young sir, and I paid you out by bringing you here against your will. Now we are quits, Gwen, come here," he said; "this gentleman, Mr. Arminger, is the son of an old friend of mine. I give him into your custody; he wants to escape, but don't allow him to stir. I hold you responsible."

"Miss Gwen, delightfully ignorant of my narrow escape from the custody of the policeman, in a surprisingly short time restored my good humor, not to speak of my self-respect. She conveyed me into the refreshment-room, commanded me to distribute cake, presented me to the bride (her sister), and in short was so amusing, unaffected and light hearted that I remained her slave for half an hour."

"Well, that was something like a surprise party!" exclaimed Capt. Biggs, who had been interested to the point of silence. "And the other function?"
"Had taken place at the same church at the same hour, on the previous day. I had made a mistake in the date, but about one thing there will be no mistake, I swear—I'll never go to another wedding as long as I live."

"Oh, yes, dear Jack, you will, to your own. And here they are, grandpapa and Miss Gwen, coming back again and grandpapa is going to stop and speak to you."

"This acquaintance promises to extend further than the ladies' mile for Mr. Jack Arminger will be one of the guns on Sir Duncan's moor this season.—London Telegraph."

He Lived on Funerals.

Wast de Kelkow, a Belgian of aristocratic descent, has fallen on evil days in Paris. He has given himself up to the police so as to avoid begging in the streets, and has been accommodated with a temporary home in the Central Depot. His story is a strange one. After having spent his patrimony he had to live by his wits. He accordingly set up as a graveyard orator. His plan was to follow a funeral and to inquire about the life and career of the dead person. Then when the interment was over he stood up at the graveside and descanted on the virtues of the deceased. This caused the mourners to regard him as an old friend of their defunct relative, so they thanked him tearfully and invited him to the banquets prepared for them at some restaurant near the cemetery. The Belgian was thus enabled to live on funeral baked meats, otherwise cold sausages, charcuterie and occasionally cold chicken. The supply was usually so copious that Wast de Kelkow put fragments of the feasts in his pockets so that he could subsist until another funeral gave him a chance of obtaining more food, as well as money, for he was occasionally tipped by mourners who relished or were moved by his sepulchral eloquence. At last, however, the Belgian found that his black clothes were becoming too seedy, and as he could not afford a new suit of the solemn color he surrendered to the police, charging himself with having obtained money under false pretences. He is now thoroughly enjoying the shelter of the depot, and looks forward to finishing the winter in a snug prison, free from carking care and from the necessity of delivering funeral orations over dead persons whom he had never seen.—London Telegraph.

Origin of "Norway Oats."

David W. Ramsdell, aged seventy-three, died at his home, near South Royalton, Vt., recently. He was born in Washington, Vt., and always lived in that state. In 1861, in a package of seeds he received from the government at Washington, Ramsdell found a peculiar variety of seeds which experiments showed to be a new kind of oats which he named "Norway oats." Ramsdell in ten years made an enormous fortune from the sale of this grain. Over \$3,000,000 was spent in advertising it. Poor business ability, however, dissipated his riches, and he died practically a poor man.

Parliament Lights.

The British Houses of Parliament are partly lighted by 40,000 electric lamps, which number is being constantly increased. Fifty experienced electricians are employed to keep the system in order.

The estimate of the number of tramps in the United States varies between 40,000 and 60,000.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Digestibility of Ensilage—Carnation Rust—First Work for Teams—The Value of the Weeder—Etc., Etc.

DIGESTIBILITY OF ENSILAGE.
There can be no doubt that ensilaged food, being succulent, is much more digestible in winter than the dry food that it supersedes. If there is a little fermentation in it, that shows that the food is already partly decomposed and more ready for the gastric juices to act on. But to effect this advantage the succulent ensilage has lost some of its carbonaceous and more of its nitrogenous matter. This is represented by the carbonic acid at the top of the silo, which is relied upon to keep it sweet by excluding oxygen and preventing further fermentation.

CARNATION RUST.

A writer in an English paper gives this recipe for preventing rust in carnations, which he received from a gardener in Germany, whose plants were unusually fine and in healthy condition. He mixes two pounds of vitriol and four pounds of freshly slaked lime in 27 gallons of water, and stirs well together until it is clear, not blue, and then he adds two pounds of sugar and mixes all again. With this he syringes his plants once a week, early in the day. The syringing should be done quickly, finely and evenly.

FIRST WORK FOR TEAMS.

After their winter's rest, if it has been such, horses need to be broken into work very gradually. Their necks and breasts, where the harness chafed, and which had been toughened by a whole season's work, have grown tender again, and it will require several days of light work to renew the cuticle which disease had allowed to disappear. There should be frequent rests, and at such time the collar should be pulled forward so as to allow the air to strike the part. On no account should the horse for the first week or more be allowed to do work in the rain, or be hard pushed when he is sweating. Care in the beginning of the season will save the horse perhaps from being disabled for work during a large part of the summer.

THE VALUE OF THE WEEDER.

There are few agricultural instruments which have proved their value to the farmer so largely in advance of their cost as the weeder. As we have come to better understand the value of stirring the soil, or in other words cultivation, in order to render more available to the growing crops the moisture and the chemical elements of the soil, the more necessary has become some tool which would do the work effectively, and in the weeder we have one which answers the double purpose of a cultivator and a weed exterminator. Of course, this tool is not really available on all soils, but nearly every farm contains some land which is loamy and friable and usually enough so as to make the weeder a profitable investment.—Atlanta Journal.

GUINEA FOWLS.

Wherever predatory birds are liable to attack young chickens, a few guinea fowls are a valuable adjunct to the poultry yard. Their loud cries on the approach of a hawk or other dangerous enemy frighten it away, and also give warning to the flocks that they may make their escape. Besides this, the guinea fowl is a fair layer, though in this it will not compete with the best laying breeds of hens. Its flesh is dark, and has a gamy flavor, as it is less removed from its wild state than any other domestic fowl, and needs a wide range, where in summer it will feed on little grain, living mostly on insects. It is a mark of the progress that fowls have made in egg production that in our boyhood we used often to hear that guinea fowls would lay more eggs than any other kind of fowl. That is not by any means true now, and it may be this fact that has led to discarding the breed. But a few odd variety to the poultry yard, and are valuable as sentinels for more valuable birds than themselves.—Boston Cultivator.

SAN JOSE SCALE TREATMENT.

Among the several methods of treatment for San Jose scale, the following from Prof. Smith of New Jersey is worthy of attention: If the trees are smooth bark, paint the trunks and larger branches so far as they can be easily reached with whale-oil soap water, and put it on thoroughly, being sure to get an inch or so below the surface to reach scales at that point. During a dry spell in January spray the upper parts of the trees with a mixture of the same strength and again treat the trunk with spray. In February or March trim out carefully, and cut every twig and branch that the tree can safely spare. The object of this trimming is to get rid of those small spurs and twigs that are most difficult to wet thoroughly by a spray, and which would be most likely to harbor isolated scales. The object of spraying first, before cutting out, is to retain the greater surface to catch the spray, which will run down the crotches and branches that are left.

This treatment will kill all but a very small percentage of scales and some trees will be entirely cleared. Thereafter the trees should be closely watched in early June. At about the middle of that month a very careful search should be made for crawling larvae, which being yellow and active,

are easily seen with a little practice, especially when aided by a good magnifying glass. Every tree on which even one larva is seen should be marked and treated with either whale-oil soap, one pound in a gallon of water or the mechanical mixture of kerosene and water, put on with an emulsion sprayer.

EXCHANGING EGGS.

Early in the spring is when the neighbor who does not believe in buying eggs of pure-bred fowls will come over and request an exchange of eggs for hatching purposes.

Many persons are willing to pay an extra price for some choice new variety of garden seeds, but when the old hen manifests a desire to convert herself into an incubator for the purpose of raising a crop of chickens they generally accommodate her with anything in the shape of eggs that they may happen to have on hand, in utter disregard of the universal law that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Probably they may offer to "swap eggs" with a neighbor who is enterprising enough to own a flock of thoroughbred fowls, but the idea of paying a dollar or two for a sitting of eggs is to them preposterous. A little reflection on the subject could satisfy any one that it is not alone the first cost of his breeding stock that makes it necessary for the professional breeder to sell stock and eggs for dollars when the same would only bring dimes for table use.

In the first place it is not every bird raised from pure bred parents that is fit to use as a breeder, as a good proportion must be marketed as culls. Only the very best are selected to make up the breeding yards.

Again, if the breeder is so careless or penny wise as to resort to inbreeding, or neglects to introduce new blood, regardless of the cost, his stock will soon be worthless.

The different breeds must be kept separate at least five months in the year. Houses and yards or runs cost money. The extra care and feed the fowls require, when not allowed free range, must also be taken into consideration. Egg baskets, shipping coops, advertising, postage, etc., help to keep down the profits.—Mirror and Farmer.

PRACTICAL SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Regularity of feeding is one of the necessities of life for a flock. We must think from what we know of ourselves—for we are very sheepish at times—that nervous restlessness is opposed to fattening, and is conducive to leanness, just as Shakespeare described "the lean and hungry Cassius," a restless, discontented individual.

Corn is not the best feed for ewes in lamb, but a light feed of corn will do lamb no harm if the ewes have plenty of exercise. Feed a bushel of oats mixed with half a bushel of wheat bran the rest of the season, and your lambs will come strong and active.

Beans are not generally regarded a safe feed for ewes in lamb, as they sometimes produce abortion. A moderate feed of them, however, if regularly given, will do no harm, though a little better ration, both before and during lambing, would be about a quart per day of oats and wheat mixed. This feed is laxative and favors a good flow of milk.

There is no question about clover hay being by far the best kind of this fodder for sheep. It is the most nutritious, affording the most nutriment for the bulk of it of all kinds of hay. We prefer the pea vicia variety sometimes called mammoth, or perennial clover, and it stays in the ground five years or more, giving a heavy yield, and good pasture soon after cutting.

We must not be afraid of getting up early and feeding the sheep. They are ready for their first meal at bare daylight. Of two small flocks fed by the writer, the one having four meals a day at four hours apart, one is conspicuously in better condition, and the puny lambs are growing better than the other, having all three meals at six hours apart. The full daily ration is the same for both flocks.

Naturally a lamb is a hardy little creature. A bunch of them, from two days to fourteen days old, are skipping about in a yard in a temperature in the shade of 10 degrees above zero, after a severe blowing night with a "norwester," which might be thought too severe for the little things to withstand. All they want is a chance to do their best, and they will do it.

The fashionable trend of fine woolen fabrics is not the only reason for the sharp advance in fine merino staple. The primary cause lies in the great shortage of the Australian clip, which it will take years to bring back to its old status; in the enormous loss of merino wool by the almost universal cross breeding in South America, and the general dissipation of Merino flocks in the United States by free wool and extended cross breeding.

The "Osward Ration" is for fattening sheep and lambs, and would not do for ewes in lamb. It is made up of corn, oats, wheat screenings and oil meal in about the following proportions: 280 pounds of shelled corn, 60 pounds of oil meal, 32 pounds of oats and 30 pounds of screenings. In first putting the sheep and lambs on feed, begin with a light feed of oats mixed with a still smaller per cent of corn, screenings and oil meal until the flock are well used to the mixture, when they may be put on full feed of the regular ration in the proportions given above. Full feed means three to five pounds a day, according to the size and age of the sheep, or about all they will eat, fed with regularity as to time or times.

We do not recommend corn in the fodder, or in the ear, for any kind of sheep. It is difficult for them to shell the grain, and it is better given shell-

ed. The fodder itself is excellent, and we have reason from our own experience to prefer it to the best hay. The sheep first eat the leaves, and finally tackle the stalks and eat them at their leisure. There is less waste with this feed than with hay. We prefer not to mix the grain for sheep, but to feed the different kinds, each by itself, as sheep love variety and a change of food. We give our sheep a quarter of a pint a day of the shelled corn, and half a pint of the oats. A mixture of cottonseed meal, or linseed oil meal with bran, we find to be an excellent food for ewes with lamb, as it makes plenty of good milk.—American Sheep Breeder.

THRILLING CLIMAX TO A TRIAL.

Proving That Circumstantial Evidence Can Be a Great Lie.

"One notable instance of circumstantial evidence which came immediately under my observation occurred in London, England, some years ago," said a well known lawyer. "A young man, known to be somewhat of a spendthrift and a dissipated character, was accused of murdering his uncle, whose heir he was. The evidence showed that on the day of the death of the old man the nephew had called on him just previous to a hunting trip into the country, with a shotgun in his hand. The servants in the house heard the men quarreling, then there was an interval of silence, and finally, after some minutes, the report of a gun."

"When the old man's room was reached his body was found lying on a sofa with a charge of buckshot through his heart. His nephew's weapon was lying across a table near the body with one of the barrels discharged, but the owner was nowhere to be found. The officers were notified and the young man was finally located and arrested in a neighboring village. He was after an incarceration covering a considerable period, brought to trial. The damning evidence noted above was brought out and the prisoner attempted a defence which, until the last day of the trial, appeared extremely weak."

"On the day mentioned, however, the young man's counsel created a sensation by bringing into the court room an exact representation, considerably reduced in size, of course, of the room in which the tragedy occurred. In this miniature room was arranged a dummy, representing the deceased, the sofa, the table, the gun and all details complete. On a table entirely across the room from the one on which the weapon was found was placed a glass of water, it having been brought out in the previous testimony that such a glass was in the room when the tragedy occurred."

"The attorney, by means of a strong light and reflectors, then introduced into the room a ray of light which was arranged to take the same course as did the sunlight on the day of the supposed murder. Then a attorney proved, by means of scientific instruments and established facts, that at the time the report of the gun was heard a ray of sunlight had penetrated the windows of the room and shone directly on the glass of water. From there it was reflected on the stock of the gun, which was an old-fashioned affair, and when the cap was reached by the ray the gun exploded, the charge entering the body of the dummy lying on the sofa. All of these facts were demonstrated by the use of the miniature room, and when the case went to the jury it rendered a verdict of acquittal without leaving the box.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

All About Vegetables.

The watercress and the scurlock, which is used as a salad in Germany, for many centuries wasted as weeds before they were put on the table of civilized man.

Lentils, which came from the Himalayas, were probably the first plants man ever cultivated. The lentil is cultivated in India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Nubia and parts of Europe.

Celery was unnoticed for many years in Great Britain, until it was finally put on the table as a choice dainty.

Asparagus has always been a favorite. It was originally a wild seacoast weed of Great Britain and Russia, and the Greeks and Romans were very fond of it. It is closely related to the famous asphodel, which the ancients supposed was the leading flower of Elysium. Asparagus is so plentiful on the Russian steppes that cattle eat it like grass. In some parts of southern Europe the seeds are dried and used as a substitute for coffee.

The tomato is native to Mexico and South America. It takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Beans, native to Europe and the East Indies, have been cultivated from the earliest times. The pea is a native of Asia, and was brought by the Aryans into Italy and Greece.

The turnip came from Rome. Spinach is from Persia, brought into Spain by the Arabs. Lettuce comes from the east, and the ancients called it the food of the dead. It was eaten at the end of a feast to counteract the heating effects of the wine.

Fish That Wear Clothes.

The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves. The most conspicuous of them is the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Saragasso Sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings and then, as it were, holding the garment on with its fore fins.

It is reported that in the construction of a new trolley line in Birmingham, Eng., the rails came from Pittsburgh, the cars from Philadelphia, the bolts from Erie, the engines from Milwaukee and the general fittings from Schenectady.