

The pivotal States this year will be Illinois, Indiana and Iowa—the 'I's have it.

Cuba's sugar crop last year was worth \$50,000,000; this year it will not reach \$10,000,000. War is a costly luxury.

The crank who attempted to assassinate President Faure with blank cartridges evidently thought he was fighting a French duel.

A man has been discovered in Maryland who "has lived eighty-five years on frogs' legs exclusively." Lucky dog! How can he afford it?

Arthur J. and Gerald Balfour have been declared failures, so far as British politics is concerned. They are nephews of Lord Salisbury. Comments upon the subject of hypnotism are unnecessary.

Some sympathy is expressed in certain English circles over the fact that the allowance of Princess Hand is not large enough to be really and truly royal. As she will receive about \$80,000 a year out of the sum granted the Prince of Wales by Parliament it is not likely the young woman will suffer. If the royal worshippers in England are really sorry for the Princess there is nothing in the world to prevent them from adding to her income by contributions from their own private purses.

There has been an awkward pause in the revelation of newly discovered heirs to large estates, but it is broken by a report from Texas that amply compensates for the intermission. Thomas B. Watts, a youth of 20, is the beneficiary. He is at present in the hay business at Arcadia, and he has been informed that "property worth \$18,000,000 in the heart of New York City" has been waiting for him for six years. If this fortune proves as fleckle as others of the kind Mr. Watts can soon be congratulated on a marked addition to his stock of experience, even if he is forced to sacrifice some of his stock of hay to acquire it.

The popularity of hazing at West Point has received a temporary but serious set-back. The young man who obtained so much entertainment out of the torture of a fellow cadet will have a year of confinement within the limits of the barracks in which to think the matter over. This severe sentence will undoubtedly deter other cadets from indulging in similar cruelty, and should be an instructive object lesson to parents of other young men who practice hazing in colleges where the only punishment is expulsion. If a few fathers would administer a little retributive justice to their hazing sons a college education would be robbed of much of its present terrors.

The history of railways in this country, writes M. E. Ingalls, in the Engineering Magazine, shows the progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon race probably better than anything else that history records. Greater than any conquest of territory, more important than any other step in civilization has been the progress of the railways in the last fifty years. An illustration of this progress are the statistics published by the Pennsylvania Road, which has just celebrated its semi-centennial. Statistics were not so well kept in early days as now, but in 1852 this road reported that it had carried 192,000 tons of freight one mile at an average rate of 3.75 cents per ton per mile. In 1895 it reported 8,173,218,403 tons of freight one mile at the rate of .56 cent per mile. Nothing like this in the history of the development of the human race has ever been known. The propelling power of steam has advanced the material world more in fifty years than all else that had been discovered in the fifty preceding centuries. The year 1895 was probably, says Mr. Ingalls, the turning point in the management of railways in this country. Up to that time dishonest and illegal practices were the rule. Even the interstate commerce laws did not put an end to the pernicious systems of rate-cutting, discriminations, etc. "Probably," he writes, "a worse state of affairs never existed in reference to a large business interest than that which prevailed among railways in the early part of 1895." A meeting of representatives of the lines between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean and north of the Ohio and Potomac was held in New York in June of that year, at which the first steps of a great reform were taken, and out of which grew the Joint Traffic Association. The result of this has been that since Jan. 1 tariffs have been maintained practically all over the country with such uniformity as to well his twenty-five years of experience in managing railroads Mr. Ingalls has never known. The present duty of railway companies is to see that this improvement is made permanent. If this reform movement is not carried on, if a return is made to the methods of the two years ending June 30, 1895, "those of us," writes Mr. Ingalls, "engaged in this profession would lose the respect of ourselves and of our fellow-citizens, and deservedly so."

Slowman—There is one thing I feel glad of. All the love letters I ever wrote to the widow are destroyed. Fligh—Are you quite sure of that? Slowman—Quite. You see, I never had the courage to send them to her.—New York Herald.

How we'd all howl if we knew what other people said about us!



THE TIME OF ROSES.

HY have you so persistently avoided me ever since—since—well, since Lady Barkston's garden party?" I inquired of Miss Windram so soon as I succeeded in elbowing my way through the dead wall of Mrs. Bennett Wyse's guests who stood between us. The result of a brief calculation, entered on the next morning, was to convince me that, during the six minutes it took me playing the part of a pick, in order to reach Miss Windram, I made as many enemies as I had made during the thirty years of my life preceding Mrs. Bennett Wyse's "At Home."

"Have I avoided you, Mr. Glyn?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide and (but this was doubtful) very innocently.

"The question is not if you have done it, but why you have done it," I said with some measure of severity.

"Suppose I deny that that is the question?" she suggested quite pleasantly, though without quite such a show of innocence as had been associated with her previous inquiry. It is quite possible to speak pleasantly without any particular exuberance of innocence.

"Suppose you deny it? Well, in that case you will have—have denied it," said I. "But it so happens that you won't deny it, Miss Windram."

"I'm not so sure of that. If any one would make it worth my while I might."

"No one will make it worth your while. There is nothing left for you but to speak the truth."

"Great heavens! It is come to that?"

"Why have you avoided me? We were good friends up to that day—I have put a blue mark opposite that day in my diary."

"Yes, we were good friends; good friends are those who have a sound quarrel every time they meet, I suppose?"

"Precisely; friends whose friendship is strong enough to survive a quarrel."

"Did we quarrel that day?"

"We certainly did not. Where would society be if a man and a young woman quarrelled because, when he asked her—"

"Is there any need for you to tell every one in this stifling room what one problematically foolish young man asked a certainly idiotic young woman?"

I felt that there was something in her question. I had not, however, been speaking louder than usual; it only seemed so because of a sudden momentary diminution in the volume of sound proceeding from the 200 guests of Mrs. Bennett Wyse, who had all been speaking at the same moment. I tried to explain this to her; and then she asked me what I thought of the Signora Duse as an interpreter of emotion as compared with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and if I held that an actress who was an admirable exponent of the strongest emotions might be depended on to interpret the most powerful passions.

"It is a nice question," I felt bound to say. "Let us clear out from this rack and I think I'll be able to tell you all that I know regarding the higher emotions. These people are not to be depended on; one minute they are talking fortissimo; the next they are pianissimo."

"Would you have them rehearsed, Mr. Glyn?"

"Well, a good deal might be done by judicious stage management."

"And a conductor with an ivory baton? There's something in that, I admit. Your idea is that they should become forte when you are speaking, so as to afford a sort of background for your wisdom."

"Wisdom? What man with the least pretence to wisdom would come into a crowd like this for the sake of talking to a girl who has persistently avoided him for the past year and a month?"

"What man indeed?"

"And this brings us back to the original question. Why have you so persistently avoided me?"

I could see that she was a trifle put out by my persistence in returning to the topic which had originated with me. She had apparently found some imperfection in the feather tips of her fan, and thought that it would be unwise to neglect the opportunity of pulling off all the uneven fluffs. Some of them settled upon my waistcoat, where I allowed them to repose undisturbed, a few made a bee line for the cavernous nostrils of our neighbor, General Firebrace. He sneezed with considerable force of character.

"Well, you see, so many things have happened since May the third last year, Mr. Glyn," said Miss Windram, when she had satisfied herself by the repeated opening and closing of her fan that she had remedied the defect in its construction.

"What things—in addition to your avoidance of me?" I asked.

"Well, you have published a book

to begin with. Isn't that something?" she said.

"If we avoid all the people who have published a book our circle of acquaintance would become appreciably narrowed, Miss Windram. Anything else?"

"Haven't it gone into six editions?" she cried in a tone of accusation.

"I don't deserve the blame for that," said I, in a way that was meant to show her that I felt the injustice of her accusation. "Blame the public, if you wish. The public are invariably idiotic, the editor of the Universe announced in connection with that book of mine. He was right, though the fact that the public steadily refused to buy the Universe points in the other direction."

"Oh, it's all very well to try and throw the blame on the public," said Miss Windram with a shrug, "but is that quite generous of you, Mr. Glyn?"

"Perhaps it isn't. Was it on account of the book you avoided me so carefully?"

"Oh, there were other things. The Geographical Society gave you a gold medal, didn't they?"

"They were right there. They couldn't get out of it."

"I dare say. That may be all very well, but people who get gold medals conferred on them can't expect to be treated as ordinary people?"

"I suppose you are right. But do they expect to be treated as ordinary people?"

"That's quite a side issue. I decline to discuss it."

"And that's all?"

"All? all? Heavens! what did you expect?"

"Sense—that is, a moderate amount of sense; reason—that is, a modicum of reason; frankness, that is, a soupcon of frankness. Sapper? Oh, let them go to—to supper."

And she left.

We were left practically alone.

"Are you engaged to any man for supper?" I asked of Miss Windram.

"Yes," she replied. I believed that I detected a mournful tone. If I had not detected that note I would have left her side.

"I did not leave her side."

"And I am engaged to some woman. Let us go to some place together," said I.

The reasonableness of the suggestion—that is, the modicum of reasonableness—seemed to strike her.

We reached one of the conservatories without having to tell a single lie, but that was probably because we met no one en route; every one was at supper. I steered her to a seat under a fountain. The light was very dim. A fountain flashed under the electric lamp in the distance.

"Tell me all," I said.

That was how it commenced. I saw that she was very pale; and I had felt her hand trembling as it rested on my sleeve a minute before. I perceived that she fancied I had led her hither to tell her something, and I was anxious to reassure her. It was I who wanted to be told something.

"All?" said she.

"All," said I.

"It was mamma," she said quite meekly.

"I guessed as much. And that is all?"

"Isn't it enough? You're a man. You know her."

"Ah—now."

"Now. I said now. But a year ago—"

"And a month?"

"And a month. If you hadn't remembered the exact date I should probably be at supper now. A year and a month ago she was my one enemy. She knew that I loved you—yes, a year and a month ago I loved you in a sort of way—not the way I do now; and she knew that you loved me—in a sort of way. She commanded you to keep me at a distance. Your mother is not a woman of genius, but upon occasions she can be quite as disagreeable as though she were. She prefers, however, being disagreeable by deputy. You were her deputy, a year ago—and a month."

Miss Windram got up from beside me and took a few steps to the side of the conservatory, up which a splendid rose was clambering. She had her eyes fixed on a spray. It would have been out of the reach of most girls, but she was very tall, and she managed to break it off the parent stem.

She returned to her seat.

"Well?" she said.

"Then my poor uncle—"

"Poor?" She gave a laugh.

"My poor rich uncle died, leaving his money to me, and your mother told you that you were to draw me on. I could swear that those were her exact words. Did you pluck those roses only to tear off their petals?"

One rose lay wrecked at her feet. The other dropped from her hand and lay complete among the crimson flakes. She put her hands before her face.

"But instead of drawing me on you persistently avoided me, and, in fact,

did everything that was in your power to make me believe that you were sincere when you told me, at the command of your mother, that you had never heard anything more ridiculous than my suggestion that we should love each other; and that you hoped I would not think it necessary to repeat anything so absurd. You have failed in your aim, Rosamund; you did not make me believe in your sincerity. Was I right?"

I am certain she gave a sob; but she did not take her hands down from her face.

"Look at your feet," I said suddenly. She was startled, and glanced down quickly. (Her gloves, I perceived, were ruined.) "Look at your feet. Which is to be my future—our future—our future, Rosamund? Which? The wrecked rose or the other?"

She picked up the complete rose and handed it to me.

I kissed it, and then . . .

Then a man came up and said that we would do well to hurry into the supper room if we wanted a bite of anything.—Black and White.

Hot Water as a Motive Power.
 The New York Central Company is experimenting with a new motor. Its motive power is neither steam nor electricity nor compressed air, but hot water under enormous pressure. This is stored in supply boilers and then charged under the same pressure in the battery cylinders of the motor. Its great merit is said to be its cheapness. Extensive plants are not required, and the cars can be operated on any track. All that is necessary are a number of boiler-houses along the road.

The New York Central has had an experimental motor constructed, and a freight car has been fitted up as a boiler-house to supply it with power. In the freight car are two vertical boilers, the latter being eight feet in height and six feet in diameter. In the middle of the large boiler is a great copper coil. Two iron pipes project from the side of the freight car and are connected with socket couplings to pipes in the motor car alongside. The hot water is run through these pipes into the motor car's battery cylinders, and then the motor is ready to start.

The motor car has been put on the main track of the company a number of times, has been run for five to ten minutes each time, and, it is said, a high speed has been attained. Chauncey Depew, the President of the New York Central, says the new motor will be used in the suburban service of the Grand Central if it proves to be the success predicted for it. The series of experiments started with it have not yet been finished, and the motor is therefore still an object of study and uncertainty, but some engineers believe that it will revolutionize railroad locomotion.

The Sea Gull is a Benefactor.
 The sea gull is doubly the benefactor of man. It not only follows the plow (on farms near the sea coast), in order to eat the freshly-turned grubs, but it scours the surface of the sea near the shore, and frequents harbors to seize on floating garbage, dead fish, or other putrefying morsels. The service of these birds has saved many a seaport town and village, round which they hover, from plague and pestilence.

Yet every year they are massacred by thousands for idle and cowardly sport or for the sake of their wings to be used in millinery. Their eggs are plundered wholesale for museums and to fill the shop windows of naturalists. One man boasted a year ago that he had killed 4000 kittiwake gulls in a single season with his own gun, and an order was given and executed from one London house for 10,000 pairs of wings. At this rate gulls must soon disappear altogether.

The carrion crow, the raven and others which follow their example, more or less, confer an immense boon on mankind. Sparrows clear the gutters and places which they inhabit from a vast quantity of scattered fragments. Though too small to be seen, these unsavory morsels would soon become dangerous to human life and health.—Spare Moments.

Extirminating the Alligators.
 "Next to the disappearance of the buffalo for remarkably rapid extermination comes the killing of the alligators," said A. L. Stephens, of Jacksonville, Fla., at the Ebbitt. "There are a good many of the saurians left in a very few localities, but they are becoming scarcer every day, and in ten years, possibly in half that time, there will not be a wild alligator left in the United States, except in impassable swamps like the Everglades. Ten years ago every stream in Florida and many of those in Louisiana were filled with the reptiles, and a common recreation for tourists was shooting alligators. Now the St. Johns River, that formerly teemed with them, has not an alligator in it, unless he has happened to come from one of the creeks. I have not heard of an alligator having been seen in Louisiana during the past three years, and it is very rare that the tourist through Florida obtains a glimpse of a saurian. They are still being industriously hunted, their hides being valuable, and it cannot take a great while for them to be entirely exterminated."—Washington Star.

Income of the Goulds.
 The yearly income of the Gould family from its holdings and Western Union and Manhattan is about \$4,500,000. George Gould, the head of the family, gives just enough care to business to see that the income comes in regularly. He would rather talk fishing than finance, and prefers Furlough lodge in the woods to 195 Broadway and Russell Sage's talk.

AGRICULTURAL
 TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

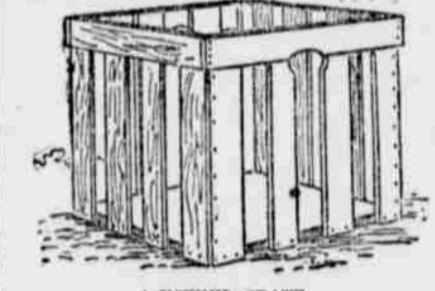
NO GRASS FOR WORKING HORSES.
 It is a great temptation to cut some grass to feed either green or partly dried to the horses that have to work hard every day on the farm. It should be resisted, for grass will surely induce derangement in the digestive organs, which will make the horses too weak to do effective work. After the plowing is finished many farmers think the hardest work is over, but a horse cultivating all day will need good dry hay and grain no less than when plowing. The step is quicker in cultivating than in plowing, and requires quite as much muscular exertion to keep at it all day.—Boston Cultivator.

TO PREVENT ROT IN BOARDS.
 It is the alternate wetting and drying that rots wood. If the boards are kept wet all the time, or dry, they will not rot, at least if they are exposed to the air. There is such a thing as dry rot, when timber is always dry, but is not exposed to the air. This is due to the fermentation of the sap in the timber. There are several processes to prevent all kinds of rot in timber; one is to saturate it with lime water; another is to keep it painted, after well soaking it with oil or a priming coat, as it is called. When pots with plants are kept on wooden shelves it will tend to preserve them to set the pots on small bars of wood an inch thick, so as to leave an air space under them.

FEEDING WEAK EWES.
 Weak ewes that have a short supply of milk for the lamb should be fed in the best manner. Pasture alone will not be sufficient, and some linseed and bran will be needed to add to the nutriment. The ewe is first to be supplied before the lamb can be nourished, and the lamb must be fed through the ewe in this way until it is able to eat sufficient for itself. It is a good plan to have a small enclosure in the pasture into which the lambs may creep but the ewes cannot, and in this to provide a feeding trough to be supplied with such a mixture as this: Ten pounds of linseed meal, twenty pounds of bran, twenty pounds of oats finely ground, four ounces of salt, two ounces of ground ginger, and the same of ground gentian root. Mix those thoroughly and give two ounces a day to each lamb to begin with, increasing gradually as the lambs grow. It will be a help to give half a pint of this to the ewes that are deficient in milk.—American Sheep Breeder.

AN IMPROVED POTATO CRATE.
 The cut shows a crate with the slats all upright, obviating the use of corner supports, since in the case here illustrated the slats lap at the corners and thus nailed give great stiffness to the whole crate. The use of such crates for gathering potatoes, apples, etc., cannot be too highly commended. A lot of them can be made up—enough, at least, to make a wagon load—and load after load taken from the field with a single handling of the vegetables or fruit, which saves much

in time and also in the great lessening of bruises. This, in the case of apples, pears, etc., is an item of great importance, for the keeping qualities of fruit depend very largely on preventing bruises. The crates are made perfectly rectangular, so they can be piled up in a wagon box with great ease. The making of such crates as are here figured is a very simple matter. Where a large number are to be made, get the material sawed to the right dimensions at the mill. The proper lengths even of bottoms and slats can be sawed off at the mill, leaving only a bit of nailing together, and the cutting of a place for the hand on either side as shown. Such crates, with careful use, should last a dozen years.—New York Tribune.



A USEFUL CRATE.

PRAISE FOR NEW STRAWBERRIES.
 In regard to the strawberry seedlings of A. B. Howard, it gives me pleasure to say that I have never seen so many varieties together that show decided merit, even in the collection of 200 named varieties on the grounds of our Massachusetts agricultural college, writes Professor S. T. Maynard. Mr. Howard has shown especial skill in his work of cross fertilizing varieties, and his seedlings show that there is some decided assurance that the results from cross fertilizing varieties of decided character give much more promise than the chance, haphazard way of growing new seedlings, so much in practice.

It is difficult to describe the many varieties of marked merit Mr. Howard has on his place, without more careful and critical examination than the writer has had time to bestow upon them. But for quality, vigor of plant and form of berry, many are certainly unequalled by any of the named sorts. These seedlings are upon new land, and of course fruit with greater perfection than they would on old garden soil, but these conditions must be provided for the best results with any variety. The only question of uncertainty in regard to the value of these seedlings is what they may do in other

localities and on different soil. Questions Mr. Howard will be pleased to answer after another year's trial. We predict that among the 200 seedlings which he is fruiting there will be found many that will be more valuable than the standard knot varieties now in cultivation.

THE BUNCHER—A HELD IN MIND.
 A simple hay buncher is illustrated herewith. By means of a rope twelve feet long, attach a hook at each end of the buncher and the lengthwise of the windrow. Then turn the horses and draw until clear. Ordinarily four



A HAY BUNCHER.

will make a fair sized load, which is pitched in half the time required on a load from small bales. Many barns are so situated that part of the hay may be economized drawn by the buncher alone; in some instances, by means of a line of direction, it may be drawn to the gable end of the barn, when used for field work a buncher will amply repay its cost in a single season.

Any farmer can easily make these bunchers. For teeth, use straight-grained pieces of hard wood must be used. They should be inches square, and eight feet long, planed to a rather blunt point at each end. Place the square end on two planks, and at right angles to them, as shown in the cut, and entirely fasten them together by a pair of bolts through each tooth. Planks should be eight inches wide from twelve to sixteen feet long; the teeth should be about eight inches apart, though for very coarse work twice or even three times that distance may answer. Next mortise four each two inches square, through planks. One should be at each end and the others between and in line. Insert in each end a hole, place a piece of hard wood similar that of which the teeth are made, only two feet long. Now fasten tops of these stakes another similar in size, but long enough to connect all of them, and the buncher is finished, although it will add materially to its strength if thick smith fasten an iron brace to post.—New England Homestead.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
 The calves that are fed milk water as well this hot weather.

A head shade for the horse some leaves in the driver's hot days are the proper thing to have.

A whole cow in Clay County, Mass., must be worth a good deal of money. The tail of one eaten by a dog the other day cost the owner of the dog \$27.50.

Dehorned cattle look better, better, ship better, are better and sell better than cattle with horns. If you can't breed 'em without take the horns off after breeding.

When prosperity comes again will be a better demand for the try for good horses than there ever been. The demand in the for thoroughbred horses, look was, after all in a sense limited.

Farmers should give consideration to the selection of the best stock. The best percentage through successive generations will result in a better improvement. Start and proceed in this course, all and success should follow.

Let every stockman take of this season. It is the when one can confidently expect improvement. The young ought to grow into something of value in the future if breed are up to the right standard.

If ever care should be given cans used to carry the milk to it is now. Look out for the that will gather in the season der the shoulder that makes the. Even if the cans are steamed to look in other places than white.

Many hogs are starved into old stuff actually hurtful in the. Half-decomposed food is animal good; so-called slops are sweet at least. Purify the and give the swine clean, food, and they will leave healthy articles they now eat.

Any one unacquainted with trend of affairs in hog and pig-ters knows that the cotton are buying more breeding less pork. This means for a good trade for the breeder's prices, and it also means curtailment of the demand for meats that will be felt by the greater the return for food he is in a frame to think for growing fall pigs. If they steady, the sows must be grown, without a return.

The breeder should have the animal he wishes to fix ways fixed in his mind, and should ever be before him when at his breeding work, should have each cow type as nearly as possible, type that "like begets like" tendency to go the wrong in the ascendancy.