

Pausanias, of Sicily, was the inventor of caustic painting, a method of burning colors into wood or ivory.

There were only twenty-five homicides in Connecticut in 1896.

The Warden of the Connecticut State Prison says that the work of tramps during their imprisonment does not pay for their board.

The average annual imports of wheat are 200,000,000 bushels in England, 20,000,000 in Germany, the same in Italy, 12,000,000 in Spain and Portugal.

If the eight-hour-a-day idea could be established it would, says the Toledo (Ohio) Bee, probably help more to solve the labor problem than all the acts of legislation that can be enacted.

Says the Boston Globe: "Wife wanted" is a sign in front of a house on the Biddletord Pool road, and at last accounts it had not been taken in, reports the Kennebec Journal. And yet the women have outnumbered the men in Maine for 130 years.

A restaurant in New York displays the sign "Oysters Cooked One Hundred Ways," and a German in Berlin has written a book in which he describes 810 ways to cook potatoes. And yet the best oyster is the oyster that isn't cooked at all, and the best potato is the potato that is baked.

Mexican papers, commenting upon a recent football game in the city of Mexico, declare that the game is much more brutal than bull fighting. It must be confessed that so far as the persons engaged in these amusements are concerned, bull fighting disables fewer men than the American game.

Since Pennsylvania has been a State she has had thirty-four United States Senators. The ages of these senators at the time of assuming office ranged from thirty-two to sixty-one years, while the average age was forty-six years. The average length of each senator's public service was seven years. The longest period in which any senator from Pennsylvania has occupied a seat in the upper branch is twenty years, the occupant being J. Donald Cameron.

Here's a pointer, furnished by the New Orleans Picayune, to young men who are ambitious to shine in crime. Two old hands at the business cleaned up \$6,000 in three months in North Dakota, more than they could have earned at honest labor in that many years, but one of them has been dead a week from heart failure caused by the shock from a bullet applied by a reckless sheriff, and the other is in custody with a long term in the penitentiary ahead of him.

There will be no less than five international exhibitions in different parts of the globe during 1897. An international display of engineering and electrical improvements will be held at Newcastle, England, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's reign. Two immense structures, representing a vast outlay of money, are now in process of erection, and the enterprise will be in every respect worthy of the event which it celebrates. On January 25th an international gas exposition was held in the city of New York, at which time a collection of fixtures and appliances representing the progress achieved in this branch of industry was exhibited. Later on in the year an engineering exposition will be held at Stockholm, where a building with an area of 100,000 square feet has just been completed. During the summer months an exhibition of agricultural and industrial machines will be held at Hief; while the last and most important of all the year's exhibits will be held at Brussels. Expensive preparations have been made for the Brussels exposition, and the ambition of the management is to eclipse, if possible, the world's fair in 1893. In this connection it might not be inappropriate to mention the industrial enterprise of Nashville, which is rapidly taking shape. Although not an international exposition in the broadest sense of the word it is nevertheless a stupendous undertaking and reflects great credit upon its promoters. These exhibitions are not only signs of national growth and development, but indications of the sure process which the world is making in science, art and manufactures.



JAMESON'S TRANSFORMATION

JAMESON was busy opening his morning mail and giving instructions to his clerks with surly curtness. Presently he picked up a large square envelope and paused, with the paper-knife poised, ready to be inserted under the flap. A whiff of violets had greeted him as he took the letter in his hand. "Humph!" he snorted, as he looked at the address and the red seal on the back, and wondered whom the unusual letter could be from. Square envelopes had no place in business correspondence, and business letters are more likely to smell of brimstone than of violets. After the first surprise he inserted the paper knife and gave a savage rip. As the knife passed through, it brought out the end of a little blue ribbon, and a moment later the surly lumber merchant had a valentine in his hand. He felt dazed as he looked at the flimsy lace paper and the little pink and white Cupids that smiled out at him. Turning it over he saw, written on the back in a childish hand: "With love to papa, from Millie."

A valentine from his little daughter, the first he had ever received! He read the simple verse that was printed on it:

If your heart be pure and free, I pray you give your heart to me. I with love will give you mine, Let me be your valentine.

As he handled it gently with his rough, hard fingers, a glow pervaded him, as if something for which he had been longing all his life had come at last. Just then he heard a titter behind him, and, turning quickly, saw that the typewriter girl had been watching. With a muttered oath he threw the valentine to the back of his desk, and a feeling almost of nausea overcame him. The success with which he had been satisfying his pride and starving his heart became odious to him in an instant, and the emptiness of his life came back with stinging force. What did it matter that he had fought his way from the lumber-camps in the backwoods of Maine to the position of foremost lumber dealer in New York? He had allowed himself to be married for his money; he was a stranger in his own house; he was hardly acquainted with his only daughter, because, forsooth, his wife kept them apart for fear the child should acquire the Scotch burr he inherited from his parents, and for which he was freely ridiculed. She must acquire a pure English accent, and to this end had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school, after a preliminary course of study with an imported governess. Faugh! It made him sick to think of it. Only work would give him even a fleeting relief. He must bestir himself, instead of dreaming. She had sent him the valentine simply because other girls were sending them, not because she meant it! The heart-sick, lonely man roused himself from his unpleasant reverie and resumed the work of the day. He punished the tittering typewriter by giving her enough work to keep her fingers rattling the keys until after hours. Then he went into the yard to see how things were going on. Everything was wrong.

"Here!" he growled to his foreman, "don't you know enough to pile them planks w' the heart side down? You're piling them sap down, an' they'll check an' rot. How many times have I told you how to do it? Can't I ever learn you to do it right?" One after another, the workmen were scolded, and they, good men, credited it all to the "old man's stylish wife."

"He's been havin' another row at home," they said, "an' is takin' it out of us."

"I with love will give you mine, Let me be your valentine."

What if his little daughter did love him? What if she, alone among strangers, were lonely too? Humph! What an old fool he was. What could he do about it? He had married a woman who was above his station and below his wealth, and would have to endure his mistake. Still that little valentine with its Cupids and lace paper and silly little rhyme, jammed into a corner of his desk, would force itself upon his mind. And a sweet faced little girl would look wistfully at him. Was she lonely too and heart sick? How he did long for the pure child love that his only daughter should be giving him! How he would lavish all his love on her! Then he thought of his Scotch burr, the rolling r's that he could not soften, and he laughed. His laugh was not good to hear. The heavy grizzled eyebrows were knotted into a fierce frown, and his shaved upper lip became harder, and squarer, and sterner over his whiskered chin. Still the little rhyme and the wistful face would come back to him.

After making himself thoroughly disagreeable to everybody he returned abruptly to his desk. He made a feint at occupying himself with his papers

and finally picked up the valentine. He looked at the writing again. "With love to papa, from Millie." Again the wistful face looked at him, and as the repressed love of his heart welled up a mistiness came over his eyes. He sprang from his seat and walked hurriedly out into the street, with the valentine in his pocket. Perhaps mingling with the crowd would rid him of his brain-sick fancies. But it didn't.

"Dugald Jameson," he muttered to himself, "are you acting the part of a father, or a Christian, in not ruling your own household? Have you not neglected your duty? Where is all your strength of will and the manliness that has made you succeed in life, if you will let a woman who neither loves nor honors you rule over you?" Then the cold indifference of his wife came back to him like a blow in the face; the bitter discovery that she merely endured his awkward caresses, the feeling that he was repulsive to her, then the years of well-bred contempt. It staggered him, but it was love and not pride that was ruling him now, and he rose serene over all obstacles. He forgot the mother. Only the daughter, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh! How his heart yearned for her! It was then that Jameson was transfigured by a great resolution that lit his hard face with love and changed his uneasy gait to that of a strong and happy man.

Jameson telegraphed to the superintendent of the school to send his daughter home by the next train. Then he went home to make preparations for her reception.

"Set things in order in Millie's room," he called cheerily to the housekeeper, when he entered the mansion in which he had hitherto been a lodger. "She will be home tonight."

"What!" exclaimed his astonished wife, who was attracted to the spot by the high tone in which the order was given. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that our daughter is coming home! And she's coming home to stay. I have telegraphed for her."

"Have you lost your senses?" "No! I have found them! I am going to be the head of this family!"

"Who has been putting these fine notions into your head?" "Woman," he exclaimed, towering to his full height and making use of a Scotchism that at another time would have made her smile, "I have neglected my duty too long. After this my daughter shall be educated in her own home, as a Christian child should be, even if I have to hire the whole school to come here to teach her!"

"This is outrageous!" said his wife, angrily. "Is it not enough that I must endure you and your uncouth ways that are a constant source of shame to me among my friends, without Millie being brought home to learn them from you? I intended that she should be a lady."

It was on the tip of his tongue to say—"and you'd marry her to a title as you yourself married money," but the love that was in him made him feel kinder to all the world, and all her sarcasms and storming could not affect him. Jameson had covered himself with the panoply of silence that is the birthright of everyone of Scotch descent, and made no reply. Finally she burst into tears and left the room. He then took out the valentine and looked at it again. To his uneducated taste the little chromo Cupids were high art, and the little sentimental rhyme true poetry. It was beautiful to look at. It should be framed! He looked about the walls to find a suitable place to put it, and decided it should be put in the place of that absurd little Meissonier that had cost such a mint of money. The little Cupid looked more roguish than ever as it realized what its fate was to be, and the face that rose in the old man's memory was no longer wistful and lonely. It was trustful and happy as a child's should be, and his heart sang within him.

When the train stopped at the station the little girl that was carefully helped off by a prim teacher was picked up with such an embrace as she had never felt before. She was but a little wisp of a thing, and he carried her in his arms to the carriage as if she were a child of three instead of a young lady of ten, with the irritating grown-up manners that children of these days have. Of course it was a shock to her, but there is something conquering in strength and love, and she was soon cuddling up against his shoulder, listening to his occasional broken expressions of affection and feeling the pressure of his protecting arm about her. The intuition of children is quick, and before they reached home they were like old cronies, and she even forgot to wonder why she and her father had not been like this before.

The mother's tearful face was a surprise to her, but the mother was too much overcome by the conflict with her husband in the afternoon to have anything to say. She loved her daughter,

too, as only a woman who lives a life of self-inflicted suffering can love, but she let her affection spend itself in ambitious plans. But she never took the trouble to understand the man with whom she had linked herself, and now he had risen in his might, and she felt that defeat and utter misery were before her. She kissed her child again and again, and pleading a headache left the two together.

What a supper they had, and with what a dainty air Millie played the hostess and poured his tea for him, and how she rattled on about her schoolmates and her little troubles, while he listened with his face beaming unbounded love! After supper he showed her that he had the valentine in his pocket, and they pledged themselves to be true to one another for a year and a day. She sat on his knee, and at last fell asleep while listening to stories that he had heard from his mother many hard and long years ago. Then he carried her tenderly up to her room and he helped a nurse to put her into her cot. After tucking her in he stood looking at her innocent, beautiful face buried in curls and resting on her little tired arm. It was something he had never seen before, and was all so pure and sacred he feared to stoop and kiss her "good-night."

His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a sob, and looking up hastily, he saw his wife half-hidden in the curtains at the other side of the bed. Her face was haggard and miserable. She had suffered too, but why? Then the two souls, that were hitherto blind and dumb and yet joined by the bond of a great love for their child, at last saw and understood. He tip-toed to her side, and as he put his arms about her she did not think him awkward. She saw the great good heart that was under all his unctuousness, and the years of misery were no more.

The little valentine was not put in the frame that held the Meissonier. It was altogether too sacred a thing to be profaned by the eyes of the careless.—P. McArthur, in Truth.

Largest Bicycle in the World.

Beautiful Daisy Bell's bicycle built for two isn't a circumstance to the bicycle built for two thousand to be seen at the Paris Exposition. This latter is to be the very behemoth of bicycles, the largest wheel ever built. It could be ridden only by a giant more than twice as tall as the Colossus of Rhodes. But the monster machine will never be moved from its place on the Exposition grounds. It is, in fact, a carefully constructed edifice of the best Bessemer steel, and what the Eiffel Tower was to the last Paris Exposition the big bicycle is to this.

This monster wheel is taller than any of the tall buildings surrounding it. Its saddle would just overtop Weather Prophet Dunn's observation tower on the roof of Gotham's tallest office building. All the other dimensions are in proportion. But the big bicycle is a very complete building in itself. It has two large extra-axes, one at the bottom of each of its wheels, cut right through the tires. Winding stairways lead from the doors up the front and back of each wheel through the forward and rear standards to the backbone of the machine. Thence spiral steps ascend to the handle bar and saddle.

The backbone of the big bicycle contains a grand salon scarcely as many spans in width as it is yards in length. It is intended principally for use as a banquet hall. One long table runs down the centre through its entire length, at which six hundred persons may be seated comfortably.—Philadelphia Press.

Spiders as Personal Pets.

The spider is an obnoxious insect in one of the popular fallacies which often diminish the real pleasure which life holds for those who are capable of enjoying it. The spider is not an obnoxious insect at all. In the first place it is not an insect. In the second place, so far as it from being hurtful or offensive, that it can be made one of the dearest little pets in the world. Margaret Wentworth Leighton, in a current magazine article, tells how she collected a common or garden spider, and kept the sweet lady under a glass tumbler for three weeks. She watched her "building her house of snowy silk" and raising a family, and, says the writer, "she soon learned to take flies from my hand and drink water from a leaf which I gave her fresh every day." The delicate beauty and tender-heartedness of feeding, presumably, live flies to the dainty pet, is to be noted with unbounded admiration.

This shows how spiders may be tamed and made much of by any one who appreciates their loveliness. That they are useful beasts in relation to the depletion of flies and mosquitoes is well known, and a dozen or so pet spiders in a bed room would do much for the comfort and peace of mind of the summer boarder.—New York Mail and Express.

Business That Nears Perpetual Motion.

"So they have discovered perpetual motion out in your State, Colonel Blue," said Major Pickler to the Representative-at-Large from Kansas, as they took seats in the House restaurant for an oyster feast.

"They have discovered all the other crankisms out there, so I am prepared for any new allegations. Elucidate!" replied the Colonel, sententiously.

"Why, a man from Kansas has just been telling me that a firm composed of moneyed men has bought a lot of land in Kansas, and will stock it with 1000 black cats and 5000 rats. It is estimated that the cats will increase to 15,000 in a year or two, and black cat skins are worth \$1. The rats, he says, will multiply five times as fast as the cats. The rats will be used to feed the cats, and the skinned cats to feed the rats, and if that isn't mighty near perpetual motion, I don't know what it is."



CLEARING OLD FENCE CORNERS.

Wherever an old fence has stood the land is pretty sure to grow into a hedge of bushes and trees that unless gotten rid of make the fence an offence. Very often the cost of getting rid of these encumbrances prevents farmers from dispensing with the fence altogether. Where there are many trees in the fence their stumps, after the trees are disposed of, will prevent plowing the land for years. But where the fence row is only filled with bushes, digging them out without cutting them down is the best method. With a team of horses to pull on the top when the root is dug around and partly loosened, it is not a long job to snake out a large patch of bushes. The land where these are grown is generally rich, as the fence has held the leaves from adjoining fields from blowing any farther, and it is their decomposition that has favored the growth of bushes. The reclaiming of such fertile land helps to grow crops to be made into manure and thus enrich the cultivated fields. By making the fields larger and dispensing with the fences, the cost of cultivation is greatly reduced. This is an important matter in these days of improved farm implements, most of which do their best work when they have plenty of room.—American Cultivator.

OILING THE HARNESS.

It is generally supposed summer is the time to oil the harness, but the average farmer to-day is so busy in the summer days that if he were not allowed to deviate from the above rule the harness would stand but a poor show of ever receiving the much-needed oiling, and it is not necessary to say that there are few farms where there can not be found, at any time in the year, some harness that would be greatly improved by receiving a good cleaning and oiling.

For those farmers who are the happy owner of a "shop" with an old cook stove in it, the harness may be repaired and oiled in almost any day of the year. And by the way, many an old harness that is discarded on account of its age could be made to take the place of new in the hands of a good all-around farmer, with very little expense, where the farmer is provided with the kind of a "shop" mentioned above.

A good way to do the oiling is this: Put a fish boiler on the stove with a few one-half to one gallon of soft water, when pour the oil into the water and heat to an even heat until too hot to hold your hand in; then pass the pieces of harness through the mixture and rub it well with a piece of cloth.

For the oil I consider neat's foot the best, with perhaps a little castor oil added.

The drying can be done on temporary racks placed near the stove.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

EFFECTS OF FEED ON MILK.

A bulletin of the Iowa Experiment Station gives results of certain experiments in feeding dairy cows with a view to determining the effect of certain feeds on the quantity and quality of milk, butter and cheese. In addition to the usual foundation feed of hay, corn fodder, bran, gluten meal and oil meal, the dairy herd were fed turnips and beets for seventy-seven days and then the roots were left out of the ration for forty six days, and then the grain and hay were withdrawn and the herd run on pasture for sixty-six days, part of the time with bran and part of the time without. The feed was all chopped, mixed and moistened twelve hours before feeding, as this aided mastication and digestion. The herd contained Holsteins, Shorthorns and Jerseys, and the effects of the various rations on these breeds were separately noted. The butter resulting from these various rations was scored by experts who knew nothing of the feeding experiment.

It was found that turnips injured the flavor of both milk and butter. This injury is due to volatile acids which can be driven off by heating the milk to 260 degrees for a short time. Beets increased the milk and butter product, and caused all the cows, even Jerseys, to lay on fat quite rapidly. When the roots were discontinued, butter fat decreased, and the cows ceased to gain weight, and it took more pounds of feeds (calculated to dry matter) to produce a pound of butter. When turned on pasture there was an immediate increase of milk, butter and live weight. Feeding bran during part of the grazing period produced sufficient gain to yield a small profit.

The cost of a pound of butter was 13 cents from the Holsteins, 12 cents from the Shorthorns, and 10 cents from the Jerseys. The Holsteins used twenty-four pounds of food (dry matter) to produce a pound of butter; the Shorthorns, 23 pounds, and the Jerseys, 20 pounds. In proportion to weight, the Jerseys were the largest eaters, but they converted their food into milk and butter rather than flesh. For each 1000 pounds of weight the Holsteins ate 21 1/2 pounds of food, the Shorthorns twenty pounds and the Jerseys twenty-seven pounds.

The butter from pasture scored highest in quality, that from beets stood second, and that from the turnips scored lowest.

CURING MEATS.

Probably one reason why so much cured meat is purchased by farmers is

that much of the home curing is properly done. But this need not be so. In the first place the farmer proposes to cure his own meat, he specially feed the animals so as to start with a really superior meat curing. The work of curing is difficult nor hard to learn. It needs a little careful attention to tails, and nowhere in life are good results obtained without this attention. In the first place, it must be remembered that meat is not fit for curing until it is entirely free from animal heat, and yet it should not be frozen or penetration by the salt will be prevented. For pork cover the bottom of the barrel with salt to the depth of three inches, then pack the strips of pork in circles, the rind facing the staves, but with a deposit of salt intervening. Put a layer of salt between each layer of pork. When the salted meats have been packed in this way prepare a brine sufficient to cover the pork, using all that the water will take up. In other words, make it called "a saturated solution." Bring the brine to a boil, skim it and when it is cold pour it over the pork. A good cover is a necessary part of a barrel, and the pork should be weighed down so that it will always be covered with the brine.

Trim the ham and shoulders and rub them with salt to extract the blood. Pack as before, and put on a pickle consisting of a pound and a half of salt to a pound of brown sugar to each gallon of water, with an ounce of saltpeter to 100 pounds of meat. Bring the pickle to a boil, skim it and pour it over when cold. Hams should remain in the pickle from four to six weeks. Care should be taken not to let the hams press against each other, as "bone spoil" is then likely to set in before the hams are thoroughly salted. Those who cure carefully remove the hams from one barrel to another as often as twice a week until the curing is well toward completion. This prevents the taint at the bone.

The value of hams, shoulders and bacon largely depends upon the smoking. Salt-cured hams and shoulders should be made perfectly clean and sprinkled with fine black pepper, or with equal parts of black and red pepper, which is preferred by some. Loops for hanging should be inserted in each piece. The smokehouse should be so arranged as to guard against fires, and should have a brick or earthen floor. Moderate quantities of meat may be smoked in an ordinary barrel. The fire should be started with dry stuff and then smothered with green, hard wood chips, preferably hickory. Sometimes the chips are too dry and they should then be wet. The point to be sought for is a carefully regulated fire that will not go too near or make a blaze, and yet will keep smoking all the time. A very good practice is to use hard wood sawdust, and fire it in a large iron kettle. This is safe; the sawdust never makes any blaze, and always takes a good volume of smoke. Wet corncocks are used by many with success, but after all there is nothing like hickory chips. Wood that gives off a disagreeable odor should be especially avoided. Slow smoking is preferable to quick, and smoking intervals of, say, half a day twice a week is preferable to continuous smoking. The longer the smoking is carried on, the better will be the result, and the better the protection against the bacon bug: In smoking in a smokehouse the meat should be changed, that nearest the fire and toward the wall, and that nearest the wall brought toward the centre in order to secure uniformity. In the spring the hams can, if necessary, be sewed up in coarse cloth, whitewashed and packed away in clean hay or straw.—The Indicator.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Neglecting to salt the cows regularly is often a cause of the butter not curdling.

Milk to churn easily and make good butter should not be over thirty-six hours old.

Dogs continue to make the sheep industry very unprofitable in portions of Oregon.

If the seed corn has not been selected it should be done at the earliest opportunity.

The early pullets should begin laying now and should be given the best of care and feed, that they may make good winter layers.

It is a good plan to seed all corn and potato land to rye if not intended for wheat. Land loses fertility if allowed to remain bare through the winter.

Did you ever think of it, that a good apple tree was worth \$50? At any rate, with wise cultivation and good business management of the crop, it will pay eight per cent. dividend on that amount year after year with but few exceptions.

Whenever you find yourself able to do so, buy a pair of Angoras and raise them with your flock, if you want real protection from sheep-killing dogs. The dog has a great deal of respect for a billy goat and shows it by giving him a wide berth.

In treeless sections the main object has been to secure tree growth quickly, without much regard to actual value, but no time should be lost in starting trees of greater value, that will eventually supersede the box elder, with its bugs, and the short-lived Lombardy poplar.