

Each convict at the New Hampshire state prison is furnished a Bible and a dictionary, and Greek and Latin text-books are supplied those who ask for them.

English butterflies unluckily command an exceptionally high price in the collectors' market. This is probably one reason why, as Natural Science points out, many important species of British butterflies are disappearing.

That the country is safe, so far as Madison county, Indiana, goes, is demonstrated, thinks the New York Sun, in the statistics of the health board, which show five pairs of twins born in a week. It is not long since the report recorded two sets of triplets.

The Government owns one-tenth of the railroads in Canada and rents them at a loss of half a million a year. With an increase of its holdings, which the new Hudson's Bay road may saddle upon it, will come an increase of its deficit, that being the way in which the scheme generally works.

An "amphibious boat" is an actual fact in Denmark, and last season carried twenty-thousand passengers. It operates on two large lakes, the bodies of water being divided by a strip of land eleven hundred feet in width. It is to cross this strip of land that the boat leaves the water and for a time becomes a locomotive. Her full complement of passengers is seventy, and when she is loaded she weighs fifteen tons.

For the first time in history a general census has been taken of the population of the Russian Empire, which is shown to number 129,211,113, of which total 64,616,280 are males and 64,594,833 are females. United States consul General Karel, at St. Petersburg, who transmits the figures to the state department, says they show that in forty-five years the population of Russia has doubled, and during the last twelve years it has increased twenty per cent. To take this census the Russian government employed an army of one hundred and fifty thousand persons, and its completion in three months is regarded as a great achievement, in view of the vast expanse of territory to be covered and the illiteracy of the population.

There is a scarcity in Florida waters of the best sponge, the "sheepwool," and the returns to the sponge-fishers have been gradually lessening. A like scarcity in other waters is indicated by the increased demand for inferior sponges, which have heretofore been looked upon as comparatively worthless. One of these, the grass sponge, is very abundant in Florida. It is of coarse texture and has large internal channels, but has proved to be a fair substitute for the better sponge. A demand for it, both in this country and in Europe, has resulted in raising its price to the fisher from twenty-eight to sixty-five cents a bunch. Its gathering is profitable at fifty cents a bunch, and the demand for it has infused new life into a Florida industry which has been languishing for seven years.

Georgia is claiming possession of the best fire clay in the United States. The state has been a producer of clay in a modest way, standing twentieth in the list of clay-producing states, but it hopes soon to take a much higher position. This hope is based on a report by Dr. G. E. Ladd, the assistant state geologist, who has been testing the Georgia clays for a year, and who has found a bed of the very best clay, extending across the state from Columbus to Augusta. This clay, Dr. Ladd says, is "the most refractory in the United States," that is, it "will stand a greater heat than any clay I have ever tested in America." The bed varies in width from five to fifteen miles, and follows an irregular line, sometimes running north and again to the south. At some points the clay is very pure and refractory, but often it is full of impurities and is not valuable. The best of it is worth \$10 a ton in the markets. In South Carolina, just across the river from Augusta, there is a clay deposit of the same character which brings in \$300,000 a year. That clay is shipped to New Jersey for manufacture.

The great trouble with acquiring knowledge is that the things a man longs most to know, are none of his business.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary On the rugged hills of life, The path stretching long and dreary, With trial and labor rife, We pause on the upward journey, Glancing backward o'er valley and glen, And sigh with an infinite longing To return and "begin again."

For behind is the dew of the morning, With all its freshness and light, And before us are doubts and shadows, And we think of the sunny places We passed so carelessly then, And we sigh, "O Father, permit us To return and 'begin again.'"

We think of the many dear ones Whose lives touched ours at times, Whose loving thoughts and pleasant smiles Float back like vesper chimes; And we sadly remember burdens We might have lightened then— Ah, gladly would we ease them, Could we "begin again."

And yet, how vain the asking! Life's duties press all of us on, And who would shrink from the burden, Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone? And it may be not far on before us, Wait places fairer than these: Our paths may yet lead by still waters, Though we may not "begin again."

Yes, upward and onward forever Be our paths on the hills of life, But ere long a radiant dawning Will glorify trial and strife, And our Father's hand will lead us, Tenderly upward then: In the joy and peace of the better world He'll let us "begin again."

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

HE professional "loafer" sees more life than any one. The busy people in mighty London are in too great a hurry to make money to notice all the quaint little comedies which work themselves out day by day.

It was while I was "loafing" that I saw a strange drama in real life, which I should certainly have missed had I not been conscientiously idle.

One afternoon I fell into conversation with a little man who was likewise busy in the almost forgotten art of doing nothing.

He was a neat little man; his mustache was neatly trimmed, his figure was neat and compact, his clothes were neat.

We were watching a girl fall off her bicycle. There were several people looking on, and we all enjoyed it very much. The girl kept falling, but whether she did it for our amusement or because she couldn't help it I don't know.

We discussed the "new woman," and I was glad to find he didn't approve of her, because I do, and it gave me a chance of airing my views.

And so a kind of intimacy sprang up between us. We met nearly every day, and bit by bit he told me his little story.

His name was Smollett, and he lived in a flat near the park with his wife and child. He told me in confidence that his wife was the best little woman in the world, and hinted that his child was within a trifle of being the best little man.

Mr. Smollett had been a clerk in a stockbroker's office. But the stockbroker had taken a wrong view of the South African question, and, after being hammered, had gone through the Bankruptcy Court and retired into the country to live in contentment on his wife's settlement. Mr. Smollett was in search of a fresh appointment.

"You know," he said one day, "I'm not a greedy man. I don't look for a large salary. Three or four pounds a week would satisfy me very well for the present. You see, my wife is such a splendid manager."

I believe he spent his mornings in the delightful occupation of answering advertisements and hunting up friends likely to be of service. In the afternoon he lounged in Battersea Park.

But the weeks slipped away; and spring was converted into summer. Mr. Smollett still made his appearance in the park, near the boathouse, with unflinching regularity. He had not found employment.

"It strikes me," he said with a kind of airy philosophy, "that I shall have to look out for something at about two pounds a week. A small loaf is better than no bread, isn't it?"

"Quite so," I assented, "and so is a biscuit."

"And do you know," he ran on, "we are getting quite hard up. We are indeed."

He said this with an air of surprise, as if I could scarcely be expected to believe it. But as I had suffered from the complaint for many years, I found no difficulty in grasping the situation.

As the autumn approached he began to look gloomily anxious. The scraps of commonplace philosophy with which he flavored his conversation became more cynical and less humorous.

"Aren't you going to smoke?" I asked one day, noticing the prim little cigarette was not forthcoming.

"No," he said, doubtfully. "I don't think so. I'm afraid I shall have to give it up; it doesn't altogether agree with me."

He tapped himself on the chest as he spoke, to signify, I suppose, that it affected his throat. But I had my doubts, and persuaded him to try my tobacco.

The little man began to be a trifle less spruce in his appearance. He had managed to get wet through two or three times; at one time he had an umbrella—I don't know what became of it; and his clothes seemed to shrink, and make him look pinched and thin.

By the time the autumn had set in, and the number of cyclists was diminishing, I verily believe he was short of food. At any rate, he seemed to be very glad to join me in a few sandwiches at a small public house I had discovered in Vauxhall, where the sandwiches were fairly good and only a penny each. He told me, in strict confidence, that he would jump at a guinea a week, "just to keep the pot boiling, you know," he added, with a cautious wink.

One day we were sitting in the Park watching a six-foot policeman manage a mob of three very small boys, who wanted to climb the railings and destroy some flowers, when a man looked hard at Smollett, and then spoke to him. I strolled away.

He was a well-dressed man of about twenty-eight or thirty, with the appearance of one who is prosperous, and treats himself well. It struck me at once that he was the kind of a person who has a proper regard for his own interest, so that if he had to choose between going to the wall himself and sending another man there, his choice would certainly fall on the other man.

However, he seemed to treat Smollett with some cordiality, and I could see from my friend's manner that he was trying to converse with him, and at the same time was nervously anxious to secure his help.

At last the stranger went on, and Smollett returned to me.

"That's funny, isn't it?" he began. "He's an old school fellow of mine; I haven't seen him for fifteen years. He's doing well. I told him I was on the lookout for something, and he thinks he can give me work to do at home."

I congratulated him, but he ran on without a pause.

"His name's Morehouse; he's running a company or something, making no end of money. He's got my address."

"Did he give you his?" I asked.

"Oh, no, it wasn't necessary, you know."

That was just what I expected. Mr. Morehouse didn't want a shabby friend calling on him in the city.

"Won't my little wife be glad!" he said, gleefully. "I think I shall go home at once and tell her. Good-by."

And he bustled away with his good news.

I don't think Smollett made very much money out of his friend's work, but it served to meet some of his most pressing requirements, and gave him new hope.

One afternoon he turned up in the Park looking pale and excited. I asked if there was anything the matter, but he was rather taciturn, and said vaguely that "things were looking up a bit."

"Don't you think a fellow's quite entitled to do the very best he can for his wife and children, and all that sort of thing?" he asked, solemnly.

"Of course he is. Who doubted it?"

"No one," he said curtly, and went home, walking with rather a defiant air.

I felt uncomfortable about him. There was something in his manner which suggested to me that he was going through a crisis.

A day or two later he began to look thoroughly ill. To put it roundly, the man looked half starved and almost demented with worry.

"I suppose you haven't heard of anything?"

"No," he said, "I'm sick and tired of trying. I haven't even enough money to pay for postage stamps. My boots are in holes. I can't walk into the city. My wife is nearly broken down, and the child is ill. I wish I couldn't swim!"

"Why?"

"I'd drown myself. Can't afford a revolver, you know."

He said this with a bitter laugh, but he didn't mean it. The little man had no more idea of committing suicide than I had.

"Does Morehouse still send you some work?"

"No," he said, quietly. "I shan't get any more work from Morehouse."

"Oh!"

How he got through the next fortnight I scarcely knew. He seemed to have no friends. The weather was getting colder, and he lacked an overcoat—I believe that everything which could be spared had been disposed of to buy food. I could do very little to help him, being in my chronic condition of low water.

At last he appeared one afternoon in a state of triumph. He had found a situation—only two pounds a week—but he was as pleased as if it had been the directorship of a bank.

"I will start to work to-morrow," he said cheerfully, "so I'm afraid we won't have any more afternoon talks. They've done me good."

"Did I ever tell you what Morehouse wanted me to do?" he said, jerkily.

"I knew what was coming—a confession."

"Perhaps you had better keep it to yourself."

"No, I want to tell you. I think you are the sort of a fellow who would understand."

"I happen to be a very good writer. I can copy anybody's handwriting. It's a sort of gift. Sometimes at school I used to do other fellow's exercises for them, and no one could tell the difference. Morehouse knew this, and he wanted me to put somebody else's name to a bill."

He stopped and swallowed something nervously.

"He offered me fifty pounds—and I wanted the money very badly."

"You didn't do it?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he said simply.

"There was hardly any risk," he said shakily. "Morehouse had arranged it very cleverly and before the bill would become due he was certain to refund the money all right, so it would never have been known."

"It would have been a crime," he

went on huskily, "but it didn't come off."

"How was that?"

"I wrote the name. It was perfect. It was all ready to go off stamped and addressed to Morehouse."

"How was it it didn't go?" I asked.

"My wife saw it lying on the table. She didn't know all about it but I suppose she guessed there was something wrong."

By this time he was fairly crying, but I tried not to see.

"And she?" I asked.

"She picked the wretched thing up and chucked it in the fire," he said.

Then he jumped up from his seat, and without another word walked away as fast as his little legs would carry him.

WELL-TO-DO ROVERS.

An Entire Family Traveling About the Country in Wagons.

Recently a gypsy-like cavalcade paused for a brief sojourn in Washington's suburbs. But the occupants of the carriages were not real gypsies. They were the well-bred family and attendants of Captain Jack Hayden, formerly of Cincinnati, on their northernward travels away from the warmer South. From here they moved on into Pennsylvania. Years ago Captain Hayden made up his mind to see this great country in his own way. So he fitted up a caravan of his own design and plan, and began a new life for health, strength, pleasure and business. Since then he has traveled thousands of miles by wagon. The establishment consists of Captain Hayden, Mrs. Hayden, two sons, two attendants and ten horses. Captain Hayden is the picture of health, a good talker and ran over his story very good naturedly. He said to a reporter:

"I have covered this country, excepting the New England States, pretty thoroughly. Winter and summer we move about, just the same, managing to get into the extreme Southern States or Mexico during the coldest months and working North with the sun. I have never known what a day of sickness is. I absolutely do not know what it is to feel out of sorts. At one time my wife suffered considerably from malaria and rheumatism, but this was when she remained at our home in Cincinnati. A trip to the woods and fields, large and incessant doses of pure air, and she's now all right again. All our vehicles are easy running and our horses good, and we can make many miles in a day if occasion requires."

A big covered wagon is the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, when in camp. It contains a handsome bed with the neatest linen and pillows, with lace and satin shams. In this wagon there are also a handsome cabinet filled with fine china-ware and the wardrobe of the party. The arrangement of the doors and side windows is such that thorough ventilation is secured.

"How about your comfort during heavy rain storms, Captain?"

"We are never inconvenienced by even the heavy downpours. Both wagon and tents are waterproof, and we rest as dry as punk. As for lightning, I feel safer in the wagon or tent than I would in a house, and I believe I am so."

"What is the prime object of your travels?"

"I buy and sell horses as the gypsies do. I know I could do business if located in some city, but the health consideration is an important one in the manner of life I lead. Our expenses for food for ourselves and horses, horseshoeing, wear and tear, and repairs, toll, etc., run about \$30 a week."

The two sons and attendants sleep in the tent used as a dining room during the day. Two large shepherd dogs guard the camp at night. The Captain is well read on all subjects and his family is a bright one. He was born in England, but he came to this country at an early age. He said in conclusion:

"If more people knew the real pleasures of such a nomadic life, easy, restful life, there would be hundreds living in the woods the way we do. House living is not in it. I would not dwell in a cottage if it was given to me free of charge. Give me a life in the woods with plenty of spring water."

—Washington Pathfinder.

Wages Are High in Japan.

The competition of Japanese labor, which has been so much dreaded by the American workman, is not likely longer to be a menace if wages in Japan continue to increase in the extraordinary degree they have maintained since the China-Japanese War.



Making Horses Eat Slowly.

Many horses, especially if fed grain, eat it much too fast to get the most good from it. If they took longer time to masticate it there would be less grain voided in their excrement. A good way to compel slow eating is to mix with the grain a few clean pebbles, that will oblige the horse to gather his food slowly. A still better way is to grind the grain and mix the meal with three times its bulk of cut hay, or twice its bulk of straw.

Cure For Pig Eating Sow.

As soon as the pigs arrive take them away and with three old iron barrel hoops fasten the sow to the floor. Place one of the hoops just back of the fore legs, another just in front of the hind legs and the third over the neck. Pad the hoops with a bran sack or some old bits of cloth. Place a strap muzzle over the nose, secure it to the first hoop, then turn in the pigs. From twenty-four to thirty-six hours' confinement will tame the most obstinate and depraved sow.—E. A. Wood, New York.

Spoiled in the Stack.

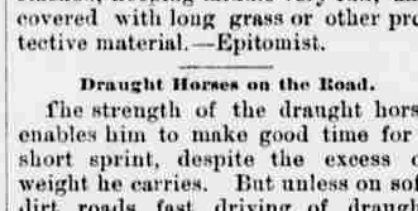
If the aggregate annual loss of hay by being spoiled in stack could be definitely determined, the long string of figures required to express the loss would probably astonish the most of us. Besides, much of the hay that is not thrown out as "spoiled" is dusty and of low value as compared with its condition when stacked. Clover is particularly difficult to keep in good condition. It should be very carefully stacked, keeping middle very full, and covered with long grass or other protective material.—Epitomist.

Draught Horses on the Road.

The strength of the draught horse enables him to make good time for a short sprint, despite the excess of weight he carries. But unless on soft dirt roads fast driving of draught horses should not be attempted, because the excess of weight makes the pounding of the horse's feet on the hard surface all the more severe. It is well known that heavy horses are quite apt to have defective feet. This we believe to be the cause. Kept to their appropriate pace on the road and on the farm draught horses will live and do good service years after they are twenty years old. It is nervous worry that shortens life, rather than hard, muscular toil, both in horses and in men.—The Silver Knight.

An Easily-Made Crate.

Our sketch shows an easy way of making crates for the handling of apples, pears, potatoes and other crops. A shallow grocery box has laths tacked to the inside, as shown in the diagram, with strips of the laths nailed about the top. Put two laths in each corner,



SIMPLE FRUIT CRATE.

to give strength to the upper part, and nail the ends strongly with wire nails. Shallower boxes than that shown in the engraving can also be used to advantage. During the winter months, when the weather does not permit outdoor work, is a good time for making contrivances like this.—New England Homestead.

Alfalfa.

A most valuable bulletin of the New York station is that on alfalfa (No. 118). It gives a full account of the plant and many additional details as to method and time of seeding, cutting, making hay and ensiling, and discusses the yields, composition and feeding value of alfalfa as compared with other crops.

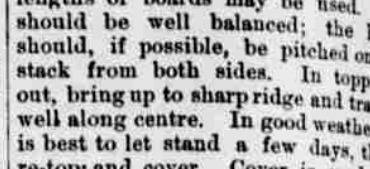
Alfalfa being a deeper rooting plant than are the clovers, is thus better enabled to stand drought; and it is a perennial, continuing indefinitely when once established. It stands successive cutting well, giving four or even five crops of rich fodder in a single season. It is admirably adapted to supplement maize as a soiling crop, as it is rich in the nitrogenous elements which maize lacks. At the station it has been readily eaten by stock of all kinds, and has proven an economical addition to the rations.

It will grow on a great variety of soil but will not stand stagnant water or a water level too near the surface. Considerable care is required in starting a field, as it is essential to secure a good stand in a mowing crop which is to last for several years. The ground should be plowed the fall before, and fitted well just before sowing the seed in the spring. Alfalfa has been quite handy at Geneva, but may not be so much farther north in the State. In a favorable year and on rich soil it may sometimes give one or even two good crops the first season; but usually no crop need be expected until the second year. The yield then increases for three or four years, and may remain constant for ten years or more if weeds and grass do not gain a foothold. At the station the average yield from five crops of four cuttings each, was over seventeen tons of green fodder per acre.

A Stack Cover.

Herewith is presented a sketch of stack cover which we saw a neighbor using and afterwards used ourselves with very satisfactory results, for upon removing the cover, the hay is found nice and bright clear up to the board. There is usually a little damaged hay at lower edges of cover, but the loss here is light.

The stack is made in the form of rick of any desired length, as several lengths of boards may be used, should be well balanced; the hay should, if possible, be pitched on stack from both sides. In topping out, bring up to sharp ridge and trim well along centre. In good weather is best to let stand a few days, the re-top and cover. Cover is made of boards 1x12 inches, ours were fourteen feet long. Bevel the edge of board and nail it and another together in the form of a well-spread triangle using 10d. nails. If not spread sufficiently, nail well and jump up at down on top of it. Have an attendant



HAYSTACK COVER.

take one end, you take the other, and so on ladders and lay on centre stack. Carry another board up same manner; or better, have some one pass it up to you, slip edge under first board, lapping two inches or less and nail. Now move around to opposite side of stack, put one up there and so on till roof is wide as you want it. Pass wires over top and weigh down heavily with rocks. Don't lean it any time without weighting, for wind can remove a roof of this kind much less time than it took to put on. Watch the stack closely and do let it get started tipping, for if it do the weight on top will pull it over rapidly.—The Epitomist.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The horses ought to have a little salt with their feed once every day. This is a great deal better than larger quantity once a week.

Don't yell at your horses, and not have a man on your place who can't control his temper when handling animals. Horses are highly sensitive and the best results can only be obtained from them when their nervous system is respected.

Many orchardists have mistaken common oyster shell bark-lice for pernicious scale. The scale of the bark-lice, under which the eggs are protected during winter, is spray proof the opportunity for successful attack being in spring, after the eggs have hatched. Kerosene emulsion is the ammunition to use against these minute parasites.

A good milk cow has broad hind quarters and thin forequarters, a deep neck, pointed withers, she is pointed between the horns, flat a fine boned legs and fine hair. Choose one with udders well forward, wide apart and large enough to be easily grasped. A medium-sized cow will give more milk in proportion to her feed she eats.

In most farm gardens it will be the easiest possible matter to raise a luxuriant second crop. The way to proceed is to let the ground severely after early crops are gathered and weeds will "volunteer" to produce immense crop of seed. Of course, you will have to work like a Turk a year in order to keep them down; that's another thing.

Potash is the mineral that is needed for the potato crop. But it is much better distributed as a top dressing over the whole surface than applied with the seed potatoes in the hill. The potato roots very early its growth and fills the soil between the rows. When mineral manures are applied in the hill, unless care is taken to mix them thoroughly with the soil, they may eat into the cut seed, and effectually destroy the germ. We used broadcast on the surface there is no danger of this.

Some farmers have all confidence in the uprightness of their own particular bull, and let him accompany cows to the pasture, whence all driven up together at night by children. Some men follow this too long, to their lasting regret. But that are known to be vicious and hurt anybody, because they do not have a chance to do so. All valuable bulls are vicious at times. Tie or pen bull in a comfortable place; make secure, and you will know where he and yourself "are at."

It is not difficult to read a horse's character from his face. The track animal is broad and flat between eyes; the bony ridge of his face is slightly from the point where the narrow towards the nostrils. The ears are well set, sensitive and apart, with a well-defined ridge of bone extending across the top of head between them. Always look this ridge in judging a horse's eye should be large, clear and with a prominent ridge of bone between the inner and upper ridge of socket.