

Medical practitioners in London, in proportion to the population, are as one to each thousand persons.

The beggar on horse-back, as a simile for the world "upside-down," will not do in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, where horses are so plentiful that beggars beg on horseback.

It will interest some persons to know, in connection with the French military operations in Dahomey, that the language of that country—the Popo or Dohomi—has already been pressed into the service of Christianity.

Female physicians are scarce everywhere except in the United States, declares the New York Commercial Advertiser. There are only 70 in London, five in Edinburgh, two in Dublin, 34 in Paris, one in Algiers, and 2000 in the United States.

Electrical Industries of Chicago contains an article on the progress made in 1892 on electric lighting and railways. The increase in the number of central lighting stations has been a little over seven per cent. The number of electric railways has increased from 384 to 516.

Wanton slaughter of game continues in various parts of the state of Wyoming. Whole herds of elk and other game are being slaughtered, and even a number of the few remaining buffalo, supposed to be under the protection of the government, have been shot by the so-called sportsmen.

"Old paper money is as full of bacteria as eggs are said to be full of meat," says a professional bacteriologist, who has made exhaustive researches in this particular field. The chief medical journal of London says that "two bank notes were found containing 19,000 germs of various kinds."

If the farmers of America, like those of France, were generally masters of some handicraft which would give them profitable employment in weather unfavorable for outdoor occupations and in winter, wouldn't they be a little better off, even if they only mended and repaired their own belongings, suggests the Chicago Times.

Major-General Schofield of the United States Army the other day was induced to discuss the question whether Indians made good soldiers or not. He said that they not only made excellent cavalrymen, but did good service in the infantry. They can march 500 miles on foot and endure all kinds of hardships without grumbling. On the whole, the experiment had been successful.

The New York News thinks that the person whose wad of bank notes is accidentally burned or otherwise destroyed must be excessively patriotic if he is satisfied with the fact that he has presented his money to the Government. But that is just what he has done. It is estimated that the gain to the Government resulting from destroyed currency, since 1862, is fully twenty million dollars.

A curious strike is reported from Oettingen, Germany. During the last army manoeuvres there a large number of bombshells thrown by the enemy penetrated the ground without exploding. The peasants in that vicinity have now stopped work in the fields and cannot be prevailed upon to resume their work. Preparation of the soil for the spring planting is delayed, but the peasants will not plough until the artillerymen remove the dangerous bombshells.

Not as many locomotives were built in this country last year as the year before. The Railroad Gazette has reports from thirteen companies which built 1882 locomotives. Year before last fifteen companies built 2300 locomotives. As three companies reporting in 1891 do not report in 1892 the figures are not comparable, but twelve companies which report for both years show only 1703 locomotives built in 1892, against 1963 the year previous. The year of 1890 was the year of maximum product in locomotive building up to date. The car-builders tell a different story. Forty-two companies reporting for both 1892 and 1891 built 77,620 freight cars in the latter year and 90,340 in the former. In car-building as in that of locomotives 1890 was the maximum year as to product, 108,774 cars having been built exclusive of those turned out from railroad shops. Although the business of locomotive and car-building has been fairly good for a year past and a "boom" which the World's Fair and a succession of large crops were to cause has not materialized.

Building for Others.

What if I build for others,
And the walls of the building stand
Long after I am forgotten
By the dwellers within the land,
Long after the buildings have crumbled
That were founded upon the sand?
What if I build for others,
And the building shelters me not,
And within the home I have builded
I shall have no part or lot,
And the dwellers who have their homes
Through all the time shall know me not?
Yet when the years shall have faded,
And beneath the roof tree's shade,
The children of generations
In their childish days have played,
And have passed from under the roof
And vanished into the shade;
Some dwellers beneath the roof tree,
Thinking of when it was new,
May say as his thoughts turn backward,
Keeping its age in view,
"The builder who built this building
Builded better than he knew."
And I, though I have passed on ward,
Hearing the Master's call,
May know, though it may not matter
To me what the building befall,
It is better to have builded for others
Than not to have built at all.
—E. N. Gunnison, in Boston Transcript.

HOW THE ICE BROKE.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"They'll never get acquainted," said Mrs. Woodward—"never!"
"Who—Cal and Lucy?" Mr. Woodward queried, absently, busy with his management of the colt.
They were going to town on necessary business, and Lucy Donner, Mr. Woodward's pretty niece, and Calvin Pierce, Mrs. Woodward's cousin, who were simultaneously visiting them—Lucy and Calvin left at home.
"Of course!" replied Mrs. Woodward, who was ambitious and energetic and motherly all together. "They will never get acquainted. Cal is so dignified and quiet, and—and all that; and Lucy is so shy—so very sweet, but so shy! They've been here a week today, but—"
"You're aching to hatch up a romance," said her husband with an unsympathetic snort of laughter. "Let 'em alone. Can't a girl and a fellow come near each other without—"
"Joe," said Mrs. Woodward, with tears in her kind eyes, "Cal is such a splendid fellow, and so rich, and Lucy is a dear girl and a poor school teacher!"
Her voice broke.
"If they could only break the ice once!" she said, despairingly.
Mr. Woodworth raised his brows and gave the colt a cut. Mr. Woodward was not a match maker.
Lucy was kneeling by the window in her room. Her hands dangled out of it. Her deeply blue eyes had a bright light in them, and her sweet face was healthily flushed. One week of new milk and fresh eggs had done wonders for her.
How green and shady and delightful was the yard below! How picturesque were the barn, with its wide-open doors, and the red beehives, and the well-house, and the grape arbor! It was a little lonesome though. Lucy was accustomed to a flat, and the fact that the nearest house was a quarter of a mile away sometimes startled her. Uncle Joe and Aunt Kate were away this afternoon, too; they had just gone.
Where was Mr. Pierce? Lucy could not see him anywhere. Had he gone off, too? Oh, dear! She knew he had. And the hired man was away off in the "north lot."
Visions of tramps and other formidable objects rose before Lucy's startled eyes. She was trembling a little. She rose and went fluttering down stairs.
Mr. Pierce was not in the parlor. She called him timidly, without result. Then she stepped to the porch.
"Mr. Pierce!" she repeated.
He certainly was gone. She went down the walk and through the east yard and the leafy back yard, repeating her frightened call with tremulous frequency.
"What made him go off?" she reflected, indignantly. "He knew I'd be here all alone. He's perfectly—"
Horrid trembled on her tongue, but her tongue refused to utter it. A tall, masculine figure was coming up the road—a figure with a bundle on its back.
A tramp—a swamp, of course! What else? Lucy sprang toward the front door. A shrub impeded her, and she almost tripped on a root. She sped on, out of breath, and with her soft hair fallen loose, and brought up with sudden violence under the tallest elm tree in the east yard.
Mr. Pierce sat there serenely smiling, with a book face down on his knee.
"Did you hear me call?" Lucy gasped.

Mr. Pierce's smile broadened.
"I'm afraid so," he murmured, with an irresistibly drolly-apologetic gaze.
"You did it purposely!" said Lucy, reproachful and incredulous.
Mr. Pierce looked the comical embodiment of humiliation and remorse.
"You must be tired, racing around like that. Won't you sit down?" he begged.
"No, I won't!" said Lucy severely.
And then they laughed heartily in unison. The "tramp" went past slowly—old Mr. Mills, with a bag of potatoes on his back.
Lucy pined up her disordered hair. Its soft tints took on golden beauty in the sifting sunlight.
"Do sit down!" said Calvin Pierce. And he spread his handkerchief on the grass beside him, and rather near to him.
"It was dreadfully mean of you!" said Lucy, smiling down upon him.
"I know it. I'm horribly sorry. Do sit down," he supplicated.
"I'll go in and get my scarf," said Lucy. "My dress is thin."
Mr. Pierce went, too, and took her arm to help her up the porch steps.
"Hello!" he ejaculated.
The front door had blown shut in their faces with a resounding bang.
"Now we're caught!" he cried, gleefully. "That door locks when it shuts, Miss Donner. Now what are you going to do?"
Lucy tried it. She was smiling considerably; but Mr. Pierce did not see it, her face being turned away.
"Dreadful!" she cried. "And I want my scarf, and my hat, and the rest of my box of candy, and a dozen things. I must have them!"
"The back door is locked, I'm certain. They always lock it when they go away," said Mr. Pierce. "Let's see."
The back door, when they reached it, was locked.
"We'll have to sit under the elms till they get home," Mr. Pierce averred, "or get through a window."
"We must get in," said Lucy, decisively, "and get the door open. They may not be home till supper-time. We must!"
"Your word is law," said Mrs. Woodward's cousin, with emphasis and a look.
"Thank you," said Mr. Woodward's niece, faintly blushing.
"The front windows are locked," Mr. Pierce observed. "I saw Kate lock them."
"And this one is rather high," said Lucy.
"Rather," he agreed. "I should need a hook-and-ladder."
"You might try the pantry window," Lucy suggested. "It's too bad to make you, but—"
"It is nothing," said Mr. Pierce, gallantly. "The pantry window? All right!"
The pantry window was not locked, but it held a wire screen. Mr. Pierce, standing on his toes, strove to remove it, and failed.
"Wait!" he said.
He went to the barn and came back with a wooden box and a hammer.
It was a serious undertaking. He hammered and pulled for five minutes, bruising his fingers and frowning.
"I'm so sorry!" Lucy murmured.
"Not at all," Mr. Pierce responded, with cheerful haste. The screw had yielded. "Now I can vault in, I think, without any trouble."
"Don't vault into the pie," said Lucy, catching sight of them on a shelf within.
Mr. Pierce sprang; Lucy heard a soft, ominous crash.
She was not looking, however. She turned and ran swiftly around the house and straight in at the front door; then, after a short, instinctive pause before the hall mirror, she walked demurely into the pantry.
"Oh, dear!" she said, sinking into a chair, in spasms of helpless laughter.
Mr. Pierce stood in the middle of the pantry, stiff and straight and unsmiling. A tin pan had rolled into a corner, and a fair share of its contents had rolled there, too—eggs; eggs crushed, eggs cracked and eggs uninjured. And Mr. Pierce bore the shocking marks of them on his heretofore immaculate trousers—yes, even on his coat-sleeves and his shining cuffs!
"I am sorry!" Lucy cried, aghast, and yet in obvious straits to suppress her laughter.
"It wasn't your fault," Mr. Pierce rejoined, promptly. "I miscalculated and landed in the eggs—that's all. Why—why?"—his face grew suddenly blank. "How did you get in, Miss Donner?" he gasped.
One hand fluttered tremulously to Lucy's laughing lips.
"Through the front door," she fal-

tered. "It wasn't locked; the catch is broken and doesn't work. But when you said we were locked out, I thought I wouldn't dispute you. I—I didn't dream you were going to get into the eggs!"
Her restrained mirth bubbled forth.
"Well," said Mr. Pierce, slowly, "we are even, Miss Donner, aren't we? We'll call it square, shan't we?"
He looked at her rather long—so long that Lucy grew pink.
Then he took a piece of apple-pie from a plate on a shelf and ate it. His eyes were shining and twinkling.
"I didn't know Miss Donner—Miss Lucy," he said, "that—you'll excuse me—that you had so much fun in you. I've been rather afraid of you all this time. Do you know it?"
"And I of you," Lucy answered, all but interrupting him, and feeling as though a big cloud had rolled past and left unspecked brightness.
And when Mr. Pierce held out his hand, half laughingly, half seriously, but withal, rather greedily, she laid hers in it.
A delightful, mingled odor of coffee and frying potatoes and toasting bread greeted Mr. and Mrs. Woodward when they drove into the yard at a quarter of 6 o'clock.
Lucy came to the kitchen door.
"Supper's ready," she said.
"Thanks to me!" said Mr. Pierce, looking out over her shoulder.
"My goodness!" Mrs. Woodward uttered.
But her husband chuckled.
"I guess the ice is broken," he observed—"cracked, anyhow."
Mrs. Woodward drove on to the barn with him for the purpose of saying something.
"Joe," she said, tremblingly, "I believe—I do believe—that they have begun to like each other! If they could—if they would! Oh, Joe!"
Joe looked back at the pair in the doorway with careful contemplation.
"Yes, I know the signs," he said, quietly. "Yes, dear, they have begun. And I don't mind owning that I'm a little glad myself."—[Saturday Night.

Where Authorities Differed.

The reading class was standing in a stiff row upon the floor of an Indiana schoolhouse, and a bright little fellow was drawing a paragraph about a Roman massacre.
The president of the school board was present on his regular tour of inspection, and he pompously requested that the boy "read that verse again."
The "verse" was read again.
"Ah! hm!" said the great man in a loud voice. "Why do you pronounce that word massa-ker?"
The boy was silent.
"It should be pronounced massacre," continued the great man, with a patronizing smile.
The boy remained quiet, but the teacher finally spoke:
"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but the fault is mine if the word was mispronounced. I have taught the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker.'"
"But why?" insisted the great man, as a look of surprise was followed by a look of pain upon his benign features.
"I believe that Webster favors that pronunciation," said the teacher, meekly.
"Impossible," said the great man. The dictionary was brought, and the president of the school board turned over its leaves until he found the word. There was a breathless silence as he looked up.
"I am astonished, madam," he said at last, "that Daniel Webster should have made such a mistake as that."—[Harper's Young People.

Stampeding Oxen.

"Many people who have been much on the plains in the ante-railroad days have seen stampedes of mules and horses," remarked L. T. Otero of Santa Fe, to a group of friends at the Laclede, "but by far the worst stampede is that of terrified oxen. When they are loose they will, if frightened, run over a precipice if it comes in their way, but if stampeded when hitched to wagons very few will escape. Once when on the Cimarron one of my oxen became frightened, what at I never knew. The six oxen started off at breakneck speed, and the contagion was imparted to two other teams. The men tried to stop them, but they might as well have tried to check a mountain torrent. The oxen went on right across the country, with the heavy wagons rattling at their heels, and ran until nearly half of them fell dead from exhaustion. I used to think that a blooded horse was the only animal that would run itself to death, but after my experience I learned that it was an uncommon thing for a frightened ox to do."—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

SENSITIVE LATE-HATCHED CHICKS.

It is best to give special attention to late-hatched chicks, being as they are much more liable to drop off suddenly than those hatched earlier in the spring. They are young in the hottest months of the summer; the excessive heat does the mischief many times. If you pull them through until September comes, they will be well feathered, pretty large and able to build up bone and flesh during the time between then and actual winter weather.—[New York Independent.

THE COMING HOG.

We hear so much at the present time about the coming hog—what he will be, how he will look, etc. This may be all well enough. We are all aware that human nature is prone to build air castles, but while we do not mean to compare this with the talk of the coming hog, yet there is considerable that is alike in both cases. What we think is the best for the farmer is for him to let the coming hog alone—wait until he comes—and pay more attention to the present hog. We think that if the time lost in discussing the merits of the coming animals were applied to better the condition of the present animal, the results would not only be far more satisfactory, but would unite in making the animal acquire many of the points which the future animal should possess.—[American Farmer.

HARD WORK IN GARDENING.

Some branches of gardening are light, easy, and altogether pleasant, but more of the work in running a market garden successfully is heavy and often disagreeable. As for handling manure, the market gardener applies three to five times as much per acre as the farmer would deem necessary, and much of it is applied in the hill by hand. Not so many ways of dispensing with hard labor have been found for the gardener as for modern farmers. There are scores of jobs that the gardener must do bending low to the ground and as hard on the back as pulling beans. They are the kind of slow, pattering work, such as occur in the farmer's own garden, and which most often put him out of patience. We believe more farmers ought to begin market gardening; but would be very sorry to mislead any one into doing so under the idea that the business is an easy one. If it were, its rewards would not be so large as they are.—[Boston Cultivator.

MIXED CROPS FOR FODDER.

For feeding horses and colts or sheep, oats and peas grown together is the best of all the mixed fodder crops. It is as productive as the two grown separately on twice the ground. Two and a half bushels of oats and one and a half of peas are sown to one acre, and as the peas are not easily covered by the common harrow, it is necessary to plow them in or cover them by a cultivator with broad teeth, or with an Acme harrow. Oats and tares are of nearly as much value as peas and oats, but the yield is not as good. Millet, or Hungarian grass, which is a kind of millet, must be grown alone, as they are a hasty crop and grow very quickly. Oats and peas, on the other hand, mature together. A good crop should make six tons of fodder, cut when in blossom, or fifty bushels of mixed grain and two or three tons of straw, which is as good as timothy hay. For horses or cows, or, in fact, for all kinds of stock, the mixed grains may be ground and fed with the cut straw to great advantage. The best time to cut for the fodder is when the blossom is half gone and some of the peas are forming. For the grain the crop should be allowed to ripen.—[New York Times.

ECONOMY IN FEEDING.

A writer in the Live Stock Report says that in order to derive a fair profit from the raising of beef cattle the man who grows them must also feed them. If he be a good stockman he can feed more profitably than the larger feeders, mainly for the reason that he can better mix and more carefully prepare the rations, provide warmer and more comfortable shelter and better meet the needs of the individual steers. It would appear to be only a question of time when the practice of English and Eastern feeders will have to be followed in the West, that is, stall feeding and placing the food before the steers in such shape as to secure its greatest possible digestion. However, it would be a long jump to that from present methods, and in spite of urgent necessity such changes

are always made gradually. A more thorough knowledge of how to care for stock must come first. But if we tried to get along without a house to live in until we could build the finest kind of one, a large number of us would have to live in tents, and if the steers must go without shelter until we can afford to erect costly barns, they will stand outdoors a long time yet. With grain and beef on foot at present prices very few men can afford to neglect sheltering their fattening cattle. The shed is the first step toward shelter, and when it is inclosed on one side and two ends, just make it about thirty feet wide, and build that other side, leaving wide spaces for doors, which can be closed during severe weather. Then put the feed troughs and water tank inside of the shed and keep six inches of straw under foot. The saving of manure alone will pay for the extra expense and trouble. If the steers which have access to a shed of this kind do not make cheaper and better gain than when handled in the old way, then it is time to quit feeding—or build a better barn.

INDIAN CORN.

It is a quite common saying that corn is king, and so far as the cereals are concerned no exception can be taken to this appellation. In this country it stands at the head of all the grains for fattening animals, and enters largely into the diet of the human family. Strangely enough, as it seems to us, for this latter purpose it is as yet held in small estimation in Europe, and even crop failures to the point of destitution of their ordinary food supply over large districts seem insufficient to make it a popular article of food as it is in this country. Our soil and climate are so well adapted to the growth of this grain that our ability to produce it in vast quantities seems only limited by the demand for its use both at home and abroad. While considerable has been said about the excellence of pork where other substances have entered largely into the fattening process, it is nevertheless true that no one of them, nor indeed the whole combined, can be used as a substitute for Indian corn in the production of pork on a large and profitable scale, as it is carried on in the principal corn-growing states.

In this connection, the efforts of the Government, through a special agent of the Agricultural Department, to acquaint the people of Germany with the various methods in use with us for preparing Indian corn for human food cannot be other than interesting. So long as Indian corn was used in Europe exclusively as cattle feed its export from this country depended entirely upon the abundance of the crop and a price which made it cheap for that purpose only. Whenever from any cause the price became high corn exports practically ceased. If we succeed in popularizing it as an article of human food with the mass of the people in other countries we may reasonably expect to make large exports in addition to the demand of animal food.—[New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't go near the hen business in order to "get rid of work."
Clean dry dirt makes a good absorbent to use under the roosts.
Sprinkling the nests with carbolic acid will help to keep down vermin.
Using of young pullets and cockerels for breeding is apt to cause weak chickens.
A hollow will swallow an early frost. Put your grapes and peaches on a hillside.
Let chickens crack their own grain unless you want to warm them as well as nourish them.
Irish dairymen feed calves on cooked potatoes and milk, and they thrive like Irish babies.
When eggs are to be kept for any length of time it will be found a good plan to turn them every day.
A successful bee-keeper says: "If a person is not willing to spend the time on the bees which they require, he had better keep out of the business, for sooner or later he will turn from it in disgust, if it is undertaken with the idea that bees work for nothing and board themselves."
A Shrewd Business Man.
First Manager—Some prima donnas want the earth.
Second manager—That is so. I once engaged one who demanded all the receipts of the house, but still I made money.
"How did you make out to do that?"
"I married her when the season was over."—[Texas Siftings.