

It is estimated that last year Arizona produced \$3,000,000 in gold and \$2,300,000 in silver.

There are said to be more wild fowl in Great Britain than in any other country of Europe.

President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, reports that the department growing most rapidly in that institution is that of mechanics and engineering.

In England, France, Germany and Belgium the number of births per thousand of population is steadily falling. The rate of decrease is slower in some of these countries, but is marked in all.

The Southern railroads are complaining of a bad business year, which is depressing to the holders of their stocks and bonds; it does not imply decreasing prosperity at the South, though, adds Once A Week.

The area of 10,000 square miles between the Louisville and Nashville railroad line and the Ohio river has been pronounced by Prof. N. S. Shaler of Harvard to be one of the richest and at the same time most easily accessible hardwood timber regions in the Ohio valley.

Five years ago the Massachusetts Grange had less than 5000 members and only fifty-seven granges. Now it has 10,000 patrons and 119 granges. During the last year there has been a net increase of over 1000 of the former and six new granges have been added.

Statistics of the cost of the late general election in Italy show the amounts spent on "treating" to aggregate a total of 10,600,000 lire, about \$2,000,000. In some districts the peasants had meat and wine, all they cared for, at the candidates' expense for a whole week before the election, and one candidate is said to have spent 100,000 lire for "electoral purposes."

The New York Sun maintains that the recent advance in pork is not due to speculation, but to scarcity. The farmers in the great hog-raising regions of the West, have not, for some reason, fatted as many hogs this season as usual, and the supply has run short. It may be that the prevalence of swine fever in former years has had its influence in reducing the number of stock animals, for farmers soon get discouraged when virulent contagious diseases enter their barnyard and hog pens and sweep off their best and most valuable stock.

It is reported that the Commission that has been engaged in remarking the boundary line between Mexico and Arizona has completed its labors, and that the chief of the party in forwarding his report to Washington has made a recommendation that the United States follow the example of Mexico in prohibiting the erection of buildings of any sort within fifty feet of the boundary. This would give a neutral strip 100 wide between the citizens of the two countries, along the whole of the border. The Mexicans have observed this rule but the Americans have in many instances built as closely as possible to the edge of the line, and one case is reported where a building stands over the line, and one of the monuments of demarcation stands in the middle of the building, which is a saloon. It is recommended that the land for this neutral strip be purchased from the holders by the government as was done by the Mexican authorities.

It may possibly cause surprise to some, observes the Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald, to be told that a person of ordinary intelligence can learn to make the characters or combinations forming the telegraph letters and to tick them off formed into words, slowly, in one, two or three days, and to read messages sent slowly, say eight or ten words per minute, in a few days or a week. Electrical appliances, ces, suitable for short lines, including instrument, wire and battery, are also quite cheap, and a very little instruction would make a non-professional able, too, to keep such a line in order and understand thoroughly its operation. If these facts were as well understood as they deserve to be, it is probable that many farming localities would have their wires making the circuit of two or three or a dozen farm houses. In this way the residents of a neighborhood could have instant communication with each other, and particularly out in comparatively new communities with farm houses far apart would such an institution be highly prized, as it would abolish to a large degree the feeling of isolation and loneliness.

Drifting Out.

Evermore we are drifting out with the ceaseless tide,
And we dream of a bound to the ocean—a home on the other side;
That somewhere there is a gilded sweet with the healing balm,
And the storm may rage, but the rainbow is arched in the skies of calm.
Windeth the river weary, through forests no man hath trod,
Where the darkness is shut from the shining of the lamps in the windows of God;
But out from the gloom it flashes in the light of the day to be,
And mingles in lonely waters with the mother-tides of the sea.
We are not hopeless, homeless—wherever our feet may roam,
We are going like little children to the gates of a Father's home;
And though dark be the way and dreary, when life with its storms is past
We shall enter in at the portals and rest in the light at last!
—(Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.)

"Love Me, Love My Dog."

The little bow-wow took an immense interest in me at first sight. He was such a poor and friendly creature, and it was such a cold and blistering night that I had not the heart to shut the door in his face, as he stood wagging his tail in the stream of light from the open hall and looking upon me appealingly, with big, innocent brown eyes, from under a silky fringe of hair that appeared to hunt of Skye descent, though rather more than less remote.

Yes, he is certainly mongrel, this Artful Dodger of mine; perhaps if he had been of good honest Skye strain this tale could never have been told of him.
However, in he came with me that night and out he went with me the next evening, for the first of our mysterious walks abroad.

It was only round a couple of corners on an errand to the green grocer's about the morrow's list which had not properly been made up; but when I pulled my glove off at the home door to grapple the better with the difficulties of the latch-key, I felt a cold nose thrust into my hand—nay, more than a cold nose—an apple, which, so red and glossy as it was, I was quite sure my provident friend had selected from the very basket of apples I had just ordered home from under the green grocer's counter.

That was excusable enough, perhaps. But what followed day by day exhausted all my stock of apologies for my poor kleptomaniac.

For day by day there was something of my neighbors' goods laid at my door. One morning it would be a prime beefsteak fresh from the butcher's stall; another it would be a dainty handkerchief thrust into my hand as we walked together along Chestnut street. I soon learned to eschew the shopping quarter, however, when we two went out together. But my Artful Dodger was too much for me. One snowy day all the neighbors' doormats were piled up in our vestibule, and my poor little fellow crept out from among them, wagging his tail with a delighted consciousness of merit, as I mame up the steps.

Some Fagin had trained him; there was not a doubt of that. It was the part of a Christian moralist to reclaim him, not to turn him adrift in his evil ways, I argued. I seemed, however, to be the only Christian in the house; or indeed, in the whole block. I fancy they would have left my poor little fellow to go to bad altogether, in another neighborhood remote from theirs. But then he never looked up at them, with his big, innocent brown eyes brimming with love and trust, as he did at me.

"Love me, love my dog," I said to Hugh one evening, as I stood with him in the vestibule, and the Artful Dodger whined so piteously on the other side of the closed door that I was obliged to let him out to walk with us. Then I could feel myself blush furiously, for though Cousin Hugh and I were—well, it is hard to say what we were; but this unlucky speech of mine was certainly the first word of love that had passed between us.

I was glad to go down on my knees to the little fellow leaping about me to escape the eyes of the big fellow standing over me, for I felt sure there was a laugh in them.

"When your dog is as honest as you are, Kitty," said Hugh, "I may perhaps begin to love him us!"

"As I do?" I answered, my dog and I springing down the steps together gaily. "I wouldn't advise you to; evil communications corrupt good manners, to quote still another proverb; and my Artful Dodger may teach me as much as I have failed in teaching him, poor boy!"

"At that rate, is as well I am taking

you both to a poor quarter of the city," said Hugh. And indeed I felt that the dog might help to cheer the little crippled lad he was taking me to see.

It was not the first time Dr. Hugh had carried me off to see some patient of his. Elizabeth had a malicious way of hinting that he had me on probation as a model doctor's wife. But Cousin Hugh and I had been comrades ever since I could remember; and when I was out of reach of Elizabeth's sharp tongue there was seldom anything to remind me that we had not been boys together, instead of girl and boy.

The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is a short one in my neighborhood, and we had taken it in a turn round the corner from the stately terraced street where was my home. The absurd little boxes in which the people here were housed might be an improvement on the great tenements of other cities, but to take them seriously as homes was rather difficult. "That one yonder is a mere geranium pot," said I, nodding with a gesture towards a tiny red bow-window filled with those great red and green plants.

Of course, there was "dressmaking" on the modest placard on the door; and equally, of course, there was the dressmaker's small, pale face at the window, where the florid round bunches of blossoms seemed to have drained all life and color from her.

"It is a case of Bappaucini's daughter reversed," I said. "Instead of giving her their bloom the flowers have taken all hers to themselves. I never see a big coarse hodge-row like that one without knowing that there a fading lily of a woman behind it stitching and stitching her heart out. Cannot you make an excuse, Dr. Hugh? Mistake the house, or some thing, and let us knock and see if our faded lily won't come out?"

But just then the door opened; the dressmaker was letting out a customer. Who or what that was I never heeded, for from where we stood over the way my dog had dashed across, up the few steps, and was fawning on the little woman in a transport of joy.

She did not stoop to meet those eager caresses; those sharp little canine cries of delighted recognition had no response. Only, as we came up, she made a hurried, groping movement for the handle of the door as if she would have shut it in our faces. Hugh was too quick for her. He stepped in across the threshold, where she stood leaning pale and quivering against the wall.

"We owe it to ourselves," he said, "to make some explanation. Of course the dog is yours."

She made a hasty motion of disclaimer; but Hugh went on: "Of course the dog is yours; we have had him so long in our keeping because he was found one night last winter, and this lady kindly let him come indoors with her out of the bitter weather. But we have no idea of keeping the little fellow from you—unless, indeed, you would care to part with him!"

This last tentatively, for it had not escaped Hugh any more than it had me, that as between dog and mistress the affection was certainly all on one side. The little woman—girl she was rather—had retreated, sinking down on the steep box-stairs that almost filled up the tiny entry. The dog did not feel himself repulsed, as we did; but fell, dog-fashion, to kissing the worn hands with which she covered her face. It was in that same instant that we heard a child's cry. She let her hands fall together, the wedding ring flashing out on the worn finger; and then for the first time noticing me with a swift sign she led the way into the back room.

The baby was just waking in his cradle. She turned her white face round on us in the doorway, as she dropped down on her knees beside him. The dog went sniffing about the cradle, round and round, as if he could not understand, then stood irresolute, his brown eyes flashing inquiry from the woman to me.

"For the child's sake," she said. "For the child's sake!"

She caught her breath in a frightened, gasping way that brought the doctor in, Hugh to the fore.

"Steady," he said gently. "We are not here to hurt you, but to see what can be done for you."

She pointed to the dog. "Only take Dash away. Leave us two alone."

At the sound of his name the dog glanced round at her, but at her vehement repellent gesture he crept nearer to me, his tail between his legs.

"Poor Dash! My door, poor. Ar-

ful Dodger!" I whispered, stooping to pat him. But Hugh was looking at the woman attentively. "I beg your pardon, but I think I have seen you before," he said.

She threw up her hands with a sharp cry. "I knew it! I knew that dog would ruin me!"

"Then you tried to lose him, to get rid of him?"

She made Hugh no answer, only looked at him half fearfully, half defiantly.

"Come, Kitty," he said to me, "since the dog's owner is willing to part with him we will take him home with us." He laid a couple of bills on the sewing-machine as he spoke, disregarding her gesture of refusal. "Otherwise we shall not feel that we have a right to keep the dog," he said. "And we will keep him; he shall never annoy you again, believe me." He bowed to her respectfully as we three went out, closing the door behind us, for she never moved from her knees beside the cradle.

Of course I asked Hugh what it all meant the moment we were out of ear-shot, and I am afraid I was not in a very amiable mood during the walk home, because he would not answer. The next day, however, he told me; for the next day he went back to the flower-pot of a house, and found the little dressmaker had lost herself to Dash again.

"And I hoping you would be here making your gowns, Kitty," he said ruefully. "That was the reason I thought I had better not tell you her story until you had gotten interested in the poor, young thing. But she has vanished without a clew; and—Do you remember cousin Catharine's writing to me here to look out for her house last Summer, while you were all out of town?"

"I remember mamma's being worried at hearing of so many burglaries in town of empty houses."

"Precisely. There was a gang, it was believed. At any rate, one of the burglars was traced to his home by means of his dog. He was not taken without obstinate resistance; he got a bad wound, and I was called in as the nearest doctor to stop the flow of blood before he could be removed. He had a pretty little house; a pretty little wife of his own, who, with a baby of a few weeks in her arms, shrank stricken with shame and horror in the furthest corner of the room. It seems she never had so much as dreamed of her husband's 'business,' which took him so often away from her at night. She appeared to shrink away from him as if he was an absolute stranger to her, as if he could not be the man she had known. What she might have done further I don't know for the fellow died of his wound.

"He tore the bandage off on the first opportunity and just bled his life away. People were interested in the poor young woman, and she would not have lacked kindness, but then, as now, she disappeared. There was a rumor that she was a shoplifter, so many incongruous things were found stored away in the little house. But I believe myself the Artful Dodger was responsible. He must have been trained unbeknown to her by that Fagin of a husband of hers. Now, what are we to do about your kleptomaniac, Kitty?"

I put my hand under the Artful Dodger's chin, and turned up his face, with its brown, innocent eyes.

"Love me, love my dog," I said again.

This time I had a right to say it. The right had been mine since yesterday.—[Philadelphia Times.]

The Original Breakfast Club.

The original Breakfast Club of this city was formed more than 100 years ago and when there were only thirteen states in the Union. It was composed of thirteen members, each representing a particular state. No more than thirteen ever belonged to it at any one time, and there is still a pretense of keeping up the old organization at the place of its birth, in the old-fashioned hostelry of Miller to the third generation, at the corner of Madison and Monroe streets, where the club and its guests sit in the common wooden arm chairs, with towels spread over their laps, watching the cooking of steaks and chops in the most primitive style on a big gridiron thrust upon the live coals in the old-fashioned square cast-iron stove.

The steaks and chops are trimmed down as fine as the butcher's art will admit, cut in small strips, soaked in melted butter, which also saturates the toasted bread upon which they are served to the expectant and hungry throng, who must eat these delicious morsels without knife or fork.—[New York Times.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

FEED FOR HORSES.

Oats is the standard feed for horses for bone and muscle; corn adds fat; grass in summer and hay, roots, oil meal and a variety of feed give the balanced ration to develop the growth of form, facilitate digestion and to realize the best results from the food value and maintain the health and vigor of the young horse for early maturity or hard work in the team.—[Western Agriculturist.]

TRANSPLANTING WOOD SEEDLINGS.

It is quite common for farmers who live near forests with young and thrifty underbrush to take to the woods for specimens needed for ornamental planting. Unless extra care is given such seedlings they rarely make a vigorous, handsome growth. Almost invariably these trees have long, sprawling roots, that cannot all be dug up, and however stunted the top may be, it is disproportionately large. To cut back the top so as to have half a dozen vigorous buds is the only way to succeed. Some cut off all small top growth, thus forcing new buds out from the trunk, but this takes more time, and the buds are not distributed so evenly as they may be if a few original ones are left.—[Boston Cultivator.]

CARTING OUT THE MANURE.

Many successful farmers cart out the manure, as made in the winter, upon the fields where it is to be used. They claim the following advantages. The barn is kept free from foul odors, which assists much in keeping the stock in good health. The labor is done at a season when there is ample time, and consequently the carting is cheaper. The manure, being on the fields when wanted, enables one to plant the crop earlier than he otherwise could. The fields across which the manure is carted are not so badly cut up as in the spring. Though there may be a slight waste of some of the volatile elements escaping into the air yet this waste is not very great because the manure heaps are frozen so as to prevent the greater part of this escape. At the most, allowing the waste to be as great as any one claims for it, the advantages greatly outweigh the disadvantages. The farmers of our acquaintance who do this are certainly very successful ones and "wisdom is justified of her children."—[American Agriculturist.]

COWS MILK FOR COLTS.

I have had more than sixty years' experience in the use of milk and believe it to be almost a perfect food, and admirably adapted to promote the growth of weanlings of all animals during their first year at least. In feeding hens, chickens, puppies, kittens, pigs, calves and colts, I have considered that food for which they show a preference or craving as best adapted to their needs, and I notice almost invariably they will leave other food for milk. I think nothing else on earth so good for them. How pigs and puppies and all other weanlings will grow on milk as a supplementary food! Our colts are feeling remarkably fine on 3 quarts oats and 3 quarts skim milk per day. They will leave their oats any time to get a drink of milk. All horsemen in this vicinity, so far as I am aware, feed milk to their weanlings. In closing I will give one episode. During the first 12 months, from November 12, 1888, Colossus gained about 70 pounds per month; when his milk was dropped his gain was about 27 pounds per month. One query: Isn't it possible to grow a colt larger than any of his progenitors if you give him plenty of milk?—[Turf, Farm and Home.]

LUMPY JAW.

Secretary Rusk has received from Dr. Salmon, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, a report on the experiments and investigations being made in Chicago in the treatment of cattle for actinomyces or "lumpy jaw." The report concludes that the remedy tried—iodide of potassium—is a remarkable success, 63 per cent. of the cattle there treated having been cured. The greater part of these were very seriously affected when taken for treatment. The report shows the cost of treatment to be trifling by comparison with the results, and it is also proved that the disease is not contagious, 21 head of healthy cattle having been confined in close quarters with the disease for three months without showing any signs of being infected. The report severely arraigns the live stock commissioners of the state of Illinois for what it regards as arbitrary and inconsistent rulings by which grave losses which have been inflicted upon stockowners seeking a

market for their stock in Chicago. Animals have been condemned without proper appraisal and the owners have not received fair compensation from the commissioners. Dr. Salmon charges unjustifiable interference on the part of the commissioners with the experiments of the bureau.—[St. Louis Republic.]

PERMANENT HAY.

In making a compost for manuring grass land, bulk is quite as necessary as quality. The soil needs to be filled with organic matter, and the more liberal this is applied the more effective the compost will be. Thus, five tons of swamp muck is a small quantity to spread over an acre of land, and twenty tons would be better, and this would be more effective if applied at the first than if given in repeated small quantities of five tons yearly for four years. This is so for the reason that it is not quickly decomposable and soluble, and time is required for the result. It is otherwise with the more soluble fertilizers, as nitrate of soda, sulphate of potash, or dissolved bones, or superphosphate of lime. These may be applied each year with advantage, and whatever surplus may be left in the soil after the crop has been fed will remain for the next year. For fifty pounds of nitrogen 350 pounds of nitrate of soda may be used, and this is an excessively large quantity.

One hundred pounds of this fertilizer is usually considered sufficient, but if raw bone finely ground is used, this will afford all the nitrogen needed. Four hundred pounds of the bone will supply 15 pounds of nitrogen, and this is as much as is contained in 100 pounds of nitrate of soda. This bone will also contain nearly 100 pounds of phosphoric acid, leaving only the potash to be added. As two tons of hay contain about 80 pounds of this, it would require 300 pounds of sulphate of potash, or 150 of the muriate to supply this. Thus, with 20 tons per acre of compost of swamp muck with lime given at first, and the bone and potash supplied every year, any good grass land should yield two tons of hay yearly for several years by the exercise of good care during that interval. Of course, something depends on the kind of grass and the manner in which the land is sown down and prepared for it. Timothy and clover should yield this quantity, at least.—[New York Times.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

One must feed as well as churn according to the thermometer.

Don't allow the milk to stand long before it is strained into the deep cans.

An increase in the corn-meal part of the ration will be a guard against the effect of very cold weather.

Sometimes when the butter won't come in time a little fine salt thrown in the churn will bring it promptly.

If you only turn your cows into the yard occasionally select days that are sunny, mild and free from high winds.

A cow kept for a week in a warm stable is not well fitted to enjoy herself in a cold yard with the mercury hovering above zero.

If you have but two or three cows and it takes more than three days to get enough cream to churn, add some milk to the cream to increase its bulk.

When vegetables are stored in the cellar, milk, cream and butter should be removed, as they will absorb any odors from vegetables to an extent sufficient to spoil their taste.

Don't forget that butter grains washed in water too cold will make crumbly butter; the remedy is to wash the butter in water warmed to sixty-two or sixty-six degrees.

An ingenious Eastern planter who wished a mulch for his strawberries sowed oats among them, and as the frost killed the oats, it made a fine automatic covering for the strawberry bed.

It is an excellent plan to note down in a small book changes as they suggest themselves which you wish to make in your garden next summer, for when the time comes they may be forgotten.

It is said that a new substance is being made from the potato called the torrefied pulp. It is used mainly for feeding cattle. The potatoes are ground, and the pulp after being pressed is sliced and dried in a furnace.

As valuable allies in insect warfare, many good words can be spoken of the mole and skunk. They are both good insect destroyers, and although they frequently do some harm, the good they accomplish more than counterbalances the evil.