

A Frenchman has written a volume of two hundred pages to show that oysters rest the brain.

A social philosopher remarks that "a man with a quail on toast appetite and a beef stew purse will never get rich."

Judge Furst of Lancaster, Penn., has decided that a telegraph company can set its poles on a man's farm without paying damages, because the farm isn't damaged.

The New York Telegram exclaims: When the people see fit to assert the foremost of their natural rights—the right to life—grade railway crossings will be no longer tolerated in the United States.

Says the Chicago Post:—Chicago, which contains two-fifths of the population of Illinois, furnishes four-fifths of the life of the State and does four-fifths of its business. In the eyes of the outside world Illinois is Chicago. The State is known chiefly by the city whose fame is as wide as the world.

The Electrical World has formulated an argument for the use of fire inspectors who charge every fire they cannot account for to an electric wire. It runs thus: "Electricity is something the exact nature of which is unknown. The cause of the average fire is unknown. Therefore, as things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, the cause of the average fire is electricity."

This is the way the pneumatic guns of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius affect a person aboard ship: "Suddenly an intense vibration seemed to pass from stem to stern, followed by a kind of kick that moved the vessel at least three feet astern, and simultaneously came a sharp, crackling report, not so intense as that of a powder gun and similar in sound to the explosion of a million pop-guns. This was the firing of a 500-pound dummy projectile from the Vesuvius' starboard gun." When loaded for bar, adds the New Orleans Picayune, this projectile carries dynamite.

South America seems to be seething again. According to the San Francisco Chronicle Bolivia is threatened with a serious Indian uprising provoked by the custom of the Bolivians of selling the natives into slavery. In New Grenada there has been an uprising of a semi-religious character, precipitated by the indiscreet utterances of a professor in a college, who said the laboring population of Bogota was very ignorant. The truth of the charge seems to have exasperated the population to such an extent that they broke out in open riot and actually took possession of the city. In Argentine things are very unsettled, owing to the financial troubles, and Chile is maintaining a sort of armed peace, the Balmacedists manifesting a disposition to make trouble every time an opportunity presents itself. Taking it all in all, the continent seems to be about as uneasy as it was ten or fifteen years ago, when revolution was chronic and discontent always reigned supreme.

The New York Post is of opinion that the road-reformers might well hold up the system of road-mending existing in Charles County, Md., as a model. It is thus outlined: There are five road "corps." Each corps has a supervisor, and an annual salary of \$300, and is provided with one tent, two horse-carts, one pair of good mules, ploughs, scoops, shovels, picks, hoes, and all other implements necessary for the work. The different corps go upon the roads in May in their respective districts (the fifth being under command of the County Commissioners and working under their direct orders wherever emergency calls), and remain at work upon the roads until the middle of November, when all the implements are returned to the County Commissioners and the teams sent to winter quarters provided for them. Each supervisor is allowed to hire a specified number of men at \$1 per day, and is required to make monthly reports of expenses, etc., to the County Commissioners. One of the most important features in the system is that each supervisor, after throwing up and rounding the roadbed and arranging proper drainage, is required to put a sufficient quantity of gravel on the roadbed to make it permanent. Just now the County Commissioners, who are naturally proud of their fine roads, are considering the matter of prohibiting the hauling of heavy timber over them during the winter months, much damage to highways having been caused by the practice.

### The Children's Lane.

I know a land a beautiful land,  
Fairer than isles of the east,  
Where the farthest hills are rainbow-  
spanned,  
And mirth holds an endless feast;  
Where tears are dried like the morning  
dew,  
And joys are many, and griefs are few;  
Where the old each day grows glad and  
new,  
And life rings clear as a bell;  
Is the land where the children dwell!  
There are beautiful lands where the rivers  
flow  
Through valleys of ripened grain;  
There are lands where armies of worshippers  
know  
No God but the God of Gains,  
The chink of gold is the song they sing,  
And all their life-time harvesting  
Are the glittering joys that gold may bring.  
In meadows they buy and sell;  
But the land where love is the coin and king  
Is the land where the children dwell.  
They romp in troops through this beautiful  
land  
From morning till set of sun,  
And the Drowsy Fairies have sweet dreams  
planned  
When the little tasks are done,  
Here are no strivings for power and place,  
The last are first in the mimic race,  
All hearts are trusted, all life is grace,  
And Peace sings "All go's well!"  
For God walks daily with unveiled face  
In the land where the children dwell.  
—[John Jerome Rooney.]

### FAIRY'S SECRET.

"A trip to the Yellowstone! You are too good to me, papa."  
I took her in my arms, my own child, from whose cheek the rose had faded, and in whose deep-brown eyes sad shadows had grown.  
She was of a nature peculiar to those whose childhood days have been spent with elderly people. She felt deeply. Events that merely ruffled lighter natures left lasting effects upon her. I had watched her tenderly since her mother had put her in my arms, and left me alone. When she grew listless and the sweet eyes drooped, I laid aside all cares and took her away.  
She looked so like her mother the day we took the train at Chicago. Her brown dress, just matching her eyes, lent a deeper shade to her chestnut hair. As we neared a city in Northern Illinois Fairy exclaimed: "Oh, papa, is this another Rome? Surely it is a city built on seven hills."  
"Gaius!" shouted the brakeman.  
"What climbs the people must be here," she continued, looking at some of the long rows of stairs ascending the steep hills.  
The city seemed to be laid out in terraces. We stood at the foot of Main Street and looked up at two of these terraces, with trees of an immense height apparently on each.  
I settled myself comfortably and prepared to go to sleep. Fairy read a while, but soon drew a locket from her dress. She touched the spring, and the sad look came again to her sweet eyes. I had tried to learn her secret. Was she sighing for a mother's love? Perhaps I had better get married, I thought. I resolved to give the matter serious thought at some future time. Unknown to Fairy, I resolved to stop over at Cheyenne, where she was born, and Ella, my wife, was called away. Capt. Storry had often asked me to visit the old fort. It would be like old times to see the boys again.  
"Do you remember Capt. Storry, Fairy?" I asked her. "He is an old fellow like me, but a nobler soul never inhabited a human body."  
I did not think that Fairy heard. She turned her head quickly and caught her breath. "You wish to stop and see him, papa?" she asked sweetly.  
"How well I remember the morning he came two years ago—you were nineteen. He asked for you as if you were a two-year-old. We saw you kneeling over a flower bed, your white dress and flowing hair making a pretty picture. Do you remember I told you to come and kiss papa's friend? How Hal went to kiss you and you drew back so proudly. He rated me soundly for not telling him you were a lady grown. Why, Fairy, it seems but yesterday that you played upon our knees at the old fort. You were such good friends after that. Why, Hal was like a second father." And so I rattled on, lost in old memories.  
Hal had stayed at our house for six months and had left suddenly, I thought. He smiled strangely, I thought, when I, with a father's adoration, was enlarging upon Fairy's charms.  
While I had been dreaming, we had passed over the great plains, with their huge herds of cattle and pretty Western cities. Cheyenne was reached at last. How changed it seemed! Some of the dear faces were the same. They grasped my hands, these old comrades, and I was young again.

I was surprised when, turning suddenly, I saw a tall, slender lady put her arms around Fairy and kiss her sadly. I knew her, Elinor, my wife's friend and the widow of our beloved commander. She, too, was visiting the fort. At the hop the next evening it dawned upon me that Fairy was no longer a child, and that she was as lovely as Ella (my wife) was when I first saw her and gave her my whole heart.  
But why did the girl look so wistful? I went to where she stood.  
"Fairy, Capt. Storry left last night for California. I am so sorry."  
Elinor Aloe's arm tightened about Fairy's waist. Although the dear girl never blushed, yet her cheek paled. Elinor knew then, I think, what Fairy's secret was.  
"Are you blind Captain?" she asked me one day. To save my soul I couldn't see what she meant.  
She was a lovely woman of about thirty-five, with a face sweet and sympathetic, and a carriage like a queen. She suggested that we pay a visit to her home in Santa Barbara, and see Yellowstone on our way back. We readily consented.  
I cannot tell you of that trip over the Rockies. I was inspired, uplifted, awed. When deep emotions pass over us we are sometimes left speechless.  
Thus with me, I felt my disadvantage; but words failed to express the grandeur of those snow-capped peaks, as they raised their jutting sides to the blue sky. The deep canyons where thousands of feet below flowed the Colorado—ah, how clearly it showed us that perseverance will wear away the hardest obstacle, ay, even adamant. The Mexican costumes still clinging about Santa Barbara and seem to instill the air with a vague, sweet novelty. In this quaint city of roses, so like beloved Italy, I left my darling in Mrs. Aloe's tender care, while I took a trip up the coast. When I met Hal at Frisco, I tell you, I felt my forty-three years lightly.  
Hal went back to Santa Barbara with me. I was telling him how in the last year Fairy had drooped. She was so dear to me, and so was my friend, and I could not keep the tears back. Hal walked down to the beach and back again.  
"Bertie," he said at last, "I am an old fool, but I lost my heart to Fairy that summer I spent at your home."  
"Why, man, you are old enough to be her father!" I exclaimed.  
"I am not yet forty, Bertie," he said. "Of course, I know I can never win her; she is as far above me as the stars. But I do love her. It came to me late, but it is real and earnest, Bertie."  
I looked at Hal. He did not look old. The brown curls were untouched by time's silver pencil. The unlined face, merry blue eyes and stalwart figure showed a man in the fullness of his prime. After Hal had spent a few days in Santa Barbara, he said to me:  
"Why don't you marry Mrs. Aloe? She is alone; so are you and Fairy. She needs a woman's care; and Mrs. Aloe is such a perfect lady."  
I pondered over his words. As Fairy seemed better, we tarried in Santa Barbara until nearly five months had passed. I was walking on the beach one day when I saw Mrs. Aloe coming towards me.  
"Elinor," I said, "I am a blunt old soldier, and I buried my heart in Ella's grave. But I have a deep, loyal regard for you and you are alone. Fairy and I need you. Will you let me be your wife?"  
Elinor placed her hand in mine, and we went to the old mission church and were married there and then.  
We saw Fairy as we came in, sitting on the veranda, gazing out on the vast Pacific.  
"Fairy," I said, "this is my wife."  
"My mother!" And I left the two—dearest to me on earth—together.  
We passed the summer in the Yosemite, where nature shows herself in majestic beauty. Capt. Storry was a frequent visitor to our home. Never by look or action did he betray his secret. With pain I observed that Fairy avoided him. I was on the verge of telling Elinor more than once, but could not betray my dear friend's secret. Fairy seemed so happy, and yet at times there came that wistful look that so puzzled me.  
"Tell me," I said one day, drawing her to my knee. She laid her head on my shoulder, and sobbed such as only well forth when long suppressed shook her form. She had never kept a secret from me before, and I was pained. When she felt better she told me that there was one presence she longed for, and who, though perhaps she loved not more than she did me,

yet one who, when away, seemed to take some of the sunshine with him. This from my Fairy, whom I had guarded so carefully and so well. Who could he be? Ah, poor Storry! His chances were gone, indeed. If Fairy loved like this, she would never love again. "Is it unreturned, dear?" I asked her.  
"Yes, father, he is far above me. He thinks me a child."  
How my heart ached. My Fairy was a woman with a woman's doom upon her. I told her then of her mother—how she had left me and how dark the world all looked. "But, dear," I said, "you are a soldier's daughter." Then she kissed me and understood.  
She was no longer listless. She grew more thoughtful, more unselfish and more beautiful. She told us one day she wanted to go to Italy. I never could deny her anything; so she went. Ah, my Fairy, that sorrow has moulded your character—made you the woman you are today.  
After Fairy had gone a little boy came to us. It once seemed that my heart contained no room for another than Fairy, but the little fellow with his eyes soon won his place in my heart. When Robbie was two the longing for Fairy was so great that I could live without her no longer. So one day Elinor, Robbie and I set sail for Italy.  
We did not tell her we were coming we dropped in upon her. Shall I ever forget that day? We entered unannounced. A tall lady, her bronze hair in a classic knot, her brown eyes sparkling, her sweet lips parted, turned to us. It was our Fairy. When the greetings were over she led us to a room, and there we saw what had detained her in Italy.  
There in white marble was a perfect form in loose drapery. The figure was gracefully posed on one foot, one arm was upraised, the beautiful head thrown slightly back. The expression on the cold, marble face was one of the sweetest patience. It was my Fairy's work. I took her in my arms and silently looked at her, while Elinor softly whispered:  
"Fear not in a world like this, for you will know ere long, how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."  
We went to Venice, the city in the sea. Unexpectedly I met Storry. I took him home with me. As we entered our apartments we heard voices.  
"Nay, Elinor," Fairy said. "I am a soldier's daughter and must go on to the end with this locked in my heart. Forget it, Elinor. Harry Storry cares for me only as his friend's daughter. I am weak, my mother. Leave me to fight it out alone. Forget the weak words. Let no other hear them. Would that they were not beyond recall!"  
Elinor arose and left her. What an idiot I had been. Fairy had loved him all the time. I went out, leaving Storry standing there.  
Fairy lay upon the couch motionless. Storry went to her and stood looking at her.  
She raised her head and then stood up. "Capt. Storry." She was the self-possessed woman again.  
But before she could speak he took her in his arms.  
"Nay, Fairy, your confession is beyond recall."—[Chicago News.]

### Hawaii's Immense Sugar Plantation.

Fifty miles from Paia, in the northern part of Maui Island, is the plantation of the Hawaiian Commercial Company—one of the largest sugar estates in the world. Dr. J. Mott Smith says. On the sandy isthmus connecting East and West Maui, and on a plain which was formerly an arid desert, where not a tree or scarcely a blade of grass ten years ago could be found, can now be seen green pastures, beautiful flower gardens, avenues of trees and 12,000 acres of growing sugarcane. On this extensive plantation is a sugar mill capable of manufacturing 120 tons of sugar a day.  
This great change was brought about by storing the rain gifts of the clouds, which for ages had fallen on barren rocks forty miles distant and run to waste into the sea. The work of transferring the rainfall from the mountains to the sugar plantation is one of the greatest pieces of engineering in the Pacific. Twenty-eight tunnels, 5x8 feet, cut through solid rock, some of them 500 feet through, had to be dug before good results were obtained. The water is brought through pipes, and they deliver 8,000,000 cubic feet of water a day. The Commercial Company owns 25,000 acres of land in this valley, and 12,000 acres of the tract are constantly under cultivation. —[New York Tribune.]

A recent novel says of one of the characters: "He was as gaudy as a red man with the blues."

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

#### GREEN FOOD.

The amount of green food that can be grown on an acre, should the soil system be practised, is given by Prof. Wilson, who experimented in that direction, as follows: Peas, cut green, 13.5 tons; peas and oats, grown together, cut green, 24 tons; green corn, 33.6 tons, and the second cut of green clover, 3.1 tons. It is not necessary to cut green food oftener than twice a week if it is spread out, in order to avoid its heating. —[Western Rural and American Stockman.]

#### MISSING HILLS IN POTATOES.

Since the potato beetle began his work, the number of missed hills among potatoes has greatly increased. What is as bad as a missed hill is one that has a weak, spindling growth, and next to that the enormous number of stalks that comes from planting whole small potatoes freely set with eyes. All the success that can be got from potatoes depends more on the early stand that is secured, and this necessity depends on the seed. It is not easy to select the best seed from a bin or pit. Those that have vigorous eyes, but not too far advanced, are to be preferred. So that the eye is vigorous, the more it is kept from sprouting the better. —[Boston Cultivator.]

#### SOILING CROPS FOR MILK COWS.

The value of the various green feeds for milk and butter production has been studied by the Connecticut station at Storrs. C. S. Phelps reports that the best results in both quantity and quality of the products were obtained where rations with relatively large amounts of protein, such as clover and peas, were fed. The experiments seem to indicate that rations with a larger proportion of digestible protein than that called for by the usually accepted standards are to be preferred. Large nitrogenous rations are especially important early in the period of milk giving, when the productive capacity of the cow is most heavily taxed. The quantity and quality of the products may be improved by the use of foods rich in protein, and the manure is more valuable than that from starch foods. In the station tests, when green clover was fed, the quantities of milk and butter were considerably increased, and the percentage of fat were greater than when green Hungarian grass was fed, both being soiling crops. —[American Agriculturist.]

#### SUBSTITUTING FOOD.

We are often asked to state what is the best food for this or that purpose. It is difficult to give satisfactory replies to such questions.  
Fowls require heating food in winter. Corn is perhaps the best and cheapest carbonaceous or fat-making food. But wheat and buckwheat contain carbonaceous matter, although in smaller proportions. Fat meat, lard scraps and cottonseed meal and clover hay also contain it.  
Nitrogenous matter (albumen) is required along with carbonaceous, and is especially necessary for laying hens. Lean meat, raw or cooked, insects, bran, cottonseed meal, linseed meal, milk, clover hay, all contain this valuable food element. Corn has comparatively little of it, wheat a larger proportion.  
Succulent and bulky matter, such as grass and vegetables, is also quite essential to poultry, not only for the nutriment it contains, but to dilute and separate the more concentrated grain and meat diet.  
If poultry keepers will study the general question of the classes of food elements they can frequently substitute one for the other according as they have this or that article at hand, and according to the price of the various articles in their nearest markets. —[Farm Journal.]

#### FAIRS ARE GREAT EDUCATORS.

The better class of fairs and shows are great object lessons at which we learn facts that it would take us years to learn in any other way. Truly they are great educators. Many of us do not fully appreciate them. The beginner is very timid about taking his poultry to the fairs; he looks them over again and again. Each time he imagines he sees his neighbor there with much larger and finer fowls, and he is scared completely out. But when he goes there once and gives the matter careful consideration he is determined to exhibit the next season, and so he does. He selects what he thinks are the finest he has, and perhaps he takes away several prizes. But there are two or three that he is mistaken in; he has brought some that are disqualified, something he knew

nothing about before—whits in the wing, black in the back, red or white in the ear lobes.  
These things have opened his eyes very materially, and he begins to inquire why this is so, and the more questions he asks the more he learns, and before the fair is over he has learned many valuable facts; so that by the time the next fair comes off he is pretty well prepared to select his stock, which he thinks is about perfect, and before any judging is done he has heard pricing a male as high as \$25, but when the judge commences on his pet and cuts him three on comb, three on neck, two on tail, three on breast, &c., until he leaves him at about eighty-four, we see his fondest hopes quickly vanish and his price suddenly drop from \$25 to about that many cents, leaving him with scarcely wind enough to talk.  
We saw just such an occurrence as this last winter at one of the prominent shows. It was the case of a breeder of some six or eight years' experience, but he lacked the educating influence to show room. I tell you there is nothing like it. The sooner we commence exhibiting the sooner will we become educated on these points that are so difficult to accomplish in any other way.  
Do not be discouraged if you meet with some difficulties that are embarrassing the first or second time, but keep everlastingly at it and you will be astonished at your success eventually. Do not be afraid of the big shows; that is the very place for you to go. You will then know what your stock is worth and where they are deficient as compared with the very best in the country. I would insist, then, that you exhibit if you would become one of the successful breeders. In that way only can you succeed. —[The Poultry Monthly.]

#### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Growing ducks are enormous eaters, but they grow very fast.  
The average farmer can hardly be said to keep cows; he merely tolerates them.  
While Brahmas like the open air, they care but very little for a large range.  
When goose eggs are set under hens they should be turned every other day.  
If eggs for hatching are kept several days they should be turned half over every day.  
In Europe, grapevines are allowed less space than we give them in this country.  
When the fowls appear to be drooping or lose their appetites, feed them luscious meal.  
In England the sheep is regarded as an important factor in a system of intensive farming.  
Brahmas require more room in the house, but the Leghorns require more yard room or range.  
If large size and weight are desired select large hens, but the roosters should be active and vigorous.  
The quarters for the turkeys should be dry; this is more necessary with turkeys than with other fowls.  
In arranging the quarters it is quite an item to provide a place where the sitting hens can have a place to themselves.  
It is the sameness of the food that causes the hens sometimes to refuse to lay, although they are apparently well fed and cared for.  
When a few hens are kept, more especially to lay eggs, the Leghorn is one of the very best breeds, as they are good layers and non-sitters.  
Well fed and well cared for live stock will pay on any farm, but no farmer can make money by sheltering and caring for a list of scrubs.  
By using two table-spoonfuls of crude carbonic acid in the whitewash and applying it hot, better work in killing out the poultry lice will be done.  
Guineas do not scratch in the garden, are good foragers and good insect destroyers, and in the spring and summer will lay a large number of eggs.  
On the average farm where a variety of crops is grown, especially where there is plenty of pasturage, it will be profitable to keep nearly or quite all kinds of poultry.  
It is necessary to use young fowls for breeding arrange the mating so that the young cockerels will be with the older hens, while the pullets should be mated with the older roosters.  
The time of hatch more than the breed regulates laying. Early hatched pullets make the winter layers while the later hatched make the summer layers. Winter layers are the more profitable.