

Over ninety per cent. of the business of the United States is done by checks.

It is said that there are 4,500 persons in America who are descended from the royal families of Europe.

The Southern Railway has set aside a certain fund for the promotion of small industries along the several lines in the new system.

Of the honorary degrees bestowed by American colleges at their recent commencements, sixty-three, a little less than half, were given to clergymen.

Criminals in Buenos Ayres, who are sentenced to long terms of penal servitude, are frequently released on parole for certain hours each day, so that their private business will not suffer.

Dr. Wiley, the United States chemist, says it is a mistake that sugar is adulterated with sand, at least in this country. He says sugar is as free from added impurities as any article of food.

Late statistics seem to show, observes the St. Louis Star Sayings, that France has had enough of martial glory during the last one hundred years. Between 1792 and 1815, 2,250,000 of her sons lost their lives in war, and during the present century 6,000,000 have gone the same way to the grave.

At a cabinet council at Madrid, Spain, the other day the means of reconciling the interests of national defence with those of the railway companies concerned in the proposed construction of a tunnel through the Pyrenees were considered. The matter was referred to the ministers of war and public work.

The strength of China as a fighting nation lies in the number of people she can call upon to be killed, maintains the Chicago Record. Her population is inexhaustible and if her rulers are stubborn enough she can protract a war through numberless deadly campaigns. France has found this out when pitting her own military equipment against China's. How would Japan fare?

The use of corn meal in Europe is increasing, partly owing, explains the Boston Cultivator, to the efforts our Agricultural Department has made to increase the foreign demand for this great American staple. The Italians are the latest converts to the new food. They now use corn meal in making polenta, instead of using ground chestnuts, which was the material formerly employed. The corn meal is cheaper and better, because not so hard to digest as meal from any kind of nuts.

There is a contractor in Washington, Levi Maish, who is waiting for the war department to pay him \$8,000 which he earned very easily. It appears that for a long time past Fort Meyer has been short of water, and finally the department made a contract with Maish to bore an artesian well. The well was to flow 150 gallons a minute of good water, and the price was to be \$8300. To his own and everybody's surprise, Maish struck a tremendous flow of water at a depth of 80 feet. Its temperature is 80 degrees, and it is thought to come from the vein of some of the Virginia hot springs. The water is said to be very pure and good, but yet the contractor has not got the money, the department apparently thinking that it was too easily earned, \$100 a foot for an artesian well is a good price.

It looks, to the Chicago Times, as if the days of iron were nearly over. There is a shrinkage of production as against steel every year. Steel is as cheap and sometimes cheaper than iron, while its durability is generally showing itself as infinitely superior. Scarcely a ship is now built of iron plates. A striking instance of the superiority of steel was lately shown. An Australian liner built on the Tyne from local steel plates was run on the reefs in a fog at Honolulu. For eighteen days she was rocked on the jagged rocks until a tidal wave lifted her off. All along the bottom the plates on both sides were bent inward, the keel bar being broken. The plates would only bend, however, not break; not a single rivet had sprung nor had a drop of water penetrated the bottom. The vessel was brought by her own engines, just as she was, 19,000 miles to the Tyne. There experts examined her and made much favorable comment on the ductile and durable properties of steel as compared with iron. Iron would infallibly have given way, while steel stood the great strain intact.

Fall of Beauty.
Here's the beauty of the meadows—stretching far and far away,
And the tinkling of the dewdrops on the daisies every day!
And the sun is growing brighter as it streams from east to west,
And the heart is growing lighter, and the love is growing best!
Here's the singing of the mockingbirds: why when the day ain't bright
They keep their yellow music, and they sing to you at night!
And the groves become all-glorious, and the hills assume a light
That is splendid for the singing, of the mockingbirds at night!
Here's the grooming of the maples, with their twinkling, tinkling leaves,
And the silk-worm with the beauty and the wonder that he weaves!
And "here's your lady's dresses" and the spider webs, like milk,
And the whole world is in purple, and in scarlet, and in silk!
Oh, the world is growing brighter, no matter how it rolls!
The sunshine's streaming whiter through a million, trillion souls!
And there's nothing like the present, and there's nothing like the past,
And it's all so mighty pleasant that we wish that life would last!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE OTHER DOOR.

At last everything is put in order, and we are established in our new home. Dear me, try as I will, I find it impossible to become used to it.

You see, we, that is, father, mother, sister and I, have always lived in the little village of B—. Father had been a preacher there long before ever I was born. All my friends, pleasures, in fact, all things concerning me, were centered in that dearly beloved village.

All of a sudden father is offered a more lucrative position in New York and without hesitation we pack up our things and leave the home of our childhood, with many vain sighs and tears, on my part, at least.

The weather has been so inclement since we have lived in the city, and today has been one of those days that puts a damper on the brightest of spirits.

I have been standing for some time watching the drizzling rain. Eunice, my sister, who is more fortunate than I, in being able to entertain herself, is comfortably lounging in an arm chair reading away, with a placid expression on her face, which is highly provoking to me. I can stand it no longer. I put on my hat and mackintosh and tell Eunice I am going to the store to purchase some floss for my fancy work.

After shouting at her several times, I succeed in rousing her from her book, and she tells me in a dreamy manner it is too late to be out on the street alone. She does not, however, offer to accompany me.

But I do not mind, for I am perfectly confident that I know the way, so I brave the drizzling rain and the foggy atmosphere in better spirits than I have experienced all day.

I reach the store, my floss is soon purchased and I trudge back again toward home. Why, it is quite dark, but this only serves to make me feel rather adventuresome and I hasten along as best I can.

Of course, this is a little difficult, for I am not used to so many people and to being shoved about from side to side. I do believe I have said "beg pardon" at least twenty times, but nobody ever says it to me, and I am not the one who is doing the pushing, either.

Ah, here's our street and here's our house; there's a light in the hall for me. Why, the door is open! I am sure I closed it when I left. Well, perhaps Eunice came to look for me and left it open. I run in and bang the door to, for I am glad to be once more sheltered from the rain. I take off my mackintosh and rubbers, and then the dining-room door opens and somebody stalks into the hall whistling. Through the dim light my astonished eyes see a man who seems quite at home. It is not papa, for papa is not so tall as this person. Who can it be? Why, the man turns up the gas, then he sees me, and we both stare at each other.

At last I say: "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

He smiles; through all my astonishment and indignation I noticed it is a very pleasant smile.

Then he says: "I beg your pardon, but you have just asked me what I intended asking you. To answer you, however, my name is Robert Layton, and this is my home."

suppose. I tell him I must have entered the wrong house, and that we came to the city just a week ago, and it was so dark that I mistook this for our house, and so forth.

It is a terribly embarrassing situation, and I am conscious that I am blushing furiously. Blushing never did become me, either.

His gaze, which at first had been penetrating, is now kindly. Even before he speaks I can see that he is trying to put me at my ease.

He is certainly a handsome fellow—not of the baby-pretty sort of men, which I have always hated and detested, but of frank, manly bearing, a chivalrous fellow one can see at a glance.

"To be sure you are in the wrong house," he says, and says it so merrily, too, that we both laugh. It is strange how quickly this cultivated young man can reassure me. Though hardly thirty seconds have passed since I first found myself face to face with him, I already feel that I have known him for a long time.

"I am the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stayles," I say, and I say it simply because I hardly know what else to say.

"Oh, then you are my next-door neighbors, I fancy."

"I did not know the name before, but one of my servants told me that a clergyman was the new neighbor."

"I am glad you are to be our neighbor," I say. As soon as the words are uttered, I feel that I have been terribly bold and forward, but Mr. Layton answers heartily:

"And I'm glad, too, Miss Stayles."

"I must go," I murmur. "I owe you a thousand apologies, and I am very grateful to you for your courtesy and good nature. You might have taken me for—"

"A burglar, were you going to say? No, indeed, Miss Stayles—burglars are never charming. In fact, they are quite sure to repel one."

"Good night," I say; "and again—thank you."

"I fear, since you live next door, it would be rather superfluous for me to offer to see you home. Good night. I shall hope to meet you again, if I can make your father's acquaintance and prevail upon him to ask me into his home."

I enter our house this time and find the folks anxiously waiting for me. Papa says: "How flushed your cheeks are!" Mamma exclaims: "Why, child, how nervous you seem to be!" and Eunice says: "Maud, has anything happened to you? You are really trembling!"

So I am compelled to relate my adventure, and we all end up with a good hearty laugh at my stupidity.

"Mr. Layton wishes to see Miss Maud."

This is the announcement made by our solitary domestic.

"Ask Mr. Layton to come right in," is my answer.

As you will observe, he asks for me. At first, he invariably inquired for my father or mother. Now he almost always asks for me.

Strange etiquette? Not in the least.

We are engaged, you see, and that makes all the difference in the world.

Yes, Mr. Robert Layton called so frequently and persistently—and always to see me, as he has since avowed—that now he wants to have me in his home, in order that he may not be put to the trouble of coming to our door and ringing the bell.

And I have come to the conclusion that the best way out of it is to do as he urges, and marry him.

Robert—but I always call him Bob, now—has lived in the same home for years, and had never before thought of marrying. His aunt, who is a widow, has managed his house for him all these years, but she is a dear, sweet old soul, and she says she is just as delighted as Bob is at the prospect of a new mistress for the house.

My father and mother both put on comically grave looks and say that they are disconsolate at the thought of having their eldest daughter taken from them.

But then I am going—only next door.—New York Journal.

The Sailor of To-day.

The modern sailor is a jack-of-all-trades. He must be a good deal of a soldier; and to make a soldier of the old-fashioned tar was an impossibility; he would have resented the very attempt.

But now he must march and drill on shore, and know the "manual of arms" and the bayonet drill like a member of a regiment for "shore duty." He may be called upon to perform at any time. The officers may even be called upon to ride; and you know there is an old adage that used to run, "As awkward as a sailor on horseback."

He must be an artilleryman, and know how to handle the howitzer and the rapid-fire guns and the "rattling Gatlings." Even then he has to be his own horse, and pull the heavy pieces the way they do fire-engines in the country—by hand.

He must be a machinist, and know the ponderous and yet delicate machinery of the breach-loading guns in the same way that an engine-driver knows his engine. He must be able to use his monkey-wrench and oil-can, and keep the great guns bright and clean by constant polishing. He must know something of electricity, and how to manage the big sharklike torpedoes that are discharged under water from tubes in the ship's sides, and the search-light that turns night into day. He must be a coal-heaver, and turn to and help "coal ship." And besides all this, he must learn what every sailor has to know—how to tie knots, splice ropes, use a paint brush, wash his own clothes, drill with cutlass and pistol, row a boat, and know how to signal, like a telegraph operator, with the "wigwag" flags. So you see a sailor is a pretty busy man, and on many ships he never has to furl a sail or go aloft at all. In fact, nearly a third of the crew is employed about the engines. Every man has his ship's number; it is on his clothes, and his locker where he keeps them, on his hammock, and stamped on his magazine rifle and accoutrements. He has his station in case of fire, and when going into action or manning the pumps. Everything must be like clock-work, no matter what turns up. A sense of duty and obedience to discipline he must always have before him.—Harper's Young People.

An American Sardine.

The United States fish commission calls attention to the food value of the anchovy of the waters of the Northwest, which, it is predicted will displace the Sardinian sardine as a small fish canned in oil. It is said to far surpass the sardine in flavor and richness. Russian fishermen on Puget sound have already tried the experiment of putting these anchovies up with vinegar and spices, and have found a ready market for them. "I have known them," Mr. Swan says, "to be in such masses at Port Hadlock, at the head of Port Townsend bay, that they could be dipped up with a common water bucket, but as there has been no demand for them, the fisherman do not consider them of value, and when hauling their nets for smelt they generally let the anchovy escape." The anchovy of the sound is seldom more than six inches long, and it is much better adapted for canning than the Eastport (Me.) variety of "sardine," which is either young herring or the small fry of other fish. A test of the flavors of the Pacific coast anchovy as a fish canned in oil was recently made, and experts pronounced them delicious. They were put up in California olive oil.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Nine-cent Coin.

The nineteen-forty-nine and ninety-nine-cent marks on many articles of merchandise have led certain investigators to demand a nine-cent coin. It is said in defence of this idea that it would greatly facilitate making change and save shoppers a great deal of time. There is some reason to think that a certain class of shopkeepers would not exhibit any great degree of enthusiasm on this point, as there are many persons who will sacrifice the one cent rather than wait, and this is clear profit. But be this as it may, it is said that the nine-cent piece is sure to come. The demand for paper money fractional currency is becoming emphatic in certain quarters, and it may be possible that with this circulating medium there will be odd-number pieces, all of which will be of great use in the almost universal practice of shopping by mail.—New York Ledger.

Reasonable Superstitions.

She—Are you really superstitious about walking under a ladder?
He—Well! rather! The last time I did it a man dropped a paint pot on me.

FARM AND GARDEN.

IRRIGATION AND TREE CULTURE.

The necessity for tree culture is equally imperative with irrigation, says Colman's Rural World, and the arid lands question will never be satisfactorily settled without the recognition of this principle in its solution. America can ill afford to ignore the experience of other nations in this respect, and forestry should receive equal consideration with irrigation.

It has been estimated that within historic times some 7,000,000 of square miles along the shores of the Mediterranean, once highly fertile, have been changed into worthless deserts, and for nearly 2,000 years the inhabitable portion of the earth has decreased at the average rate of 3,500 square miles. This has been produced by the direct agency of man—the evil being chiefly due to river floods caused almost exclusively by the destruction of land-protecting forests.

It is right that America should set the example of reclaiming desert lands and thus increase the earth's capacity for supporting the human race. Irrigation and tree culture must go hand and hand in this work.

PICKING OUT LAYERS.

How many poultrymen can pick out a good laying hen from a strange flock? Not many can do it; yet it can easily be done after a short study of make-up and characteristics. There goes a hen with a thick neck, large head, ill-shaped, walks listlessly about, seemingly with no intention or purpose in view. She does not care to scratch, but hangs around the hen-house, evidently waiting for her next feed. She gets up late in the morning and goes to bed early in the evening. That hen may be put down as a very poor layer. The eggs of some of the other hens go to help pay her keep. Here comes another. She walks briskly and there is an elasticity in her movements which shows she has something in view. She is neat and natty in appearance, small head, with a thin neck, nicely arched and curved. She forages or scratches all day long and may be too busy to come for her evening meal. She is at the door in the morning waiting to be let out. She snatches a few mouthfuls of feed and is off to the meadow, looking for insects. Before she gets out in the morning she generally deposits her daily egg in the nest, or returns after a short forage. She is neat, clean and tidy, with a brightness and a freshness pleasant to the eye. That is the hen that pays for her feed and gives a good profit all the year round. The writer has noticed these traits since boyhood and knows that they are infallible. By studying these traits any man may, in a few years, have a fine flock of hens.—Northwest Farmer.

THE FLAVOR OF MILK.

"On my farm I have had an uninterrupted experience in cheese making for 37 years, but I have now abandoned the making of cheese and arranged to sell my milk," says T. C. Smith, in the Live Stock Journal Almanac.

"The reason for the change is that for some years past we have been fighting against a gradual falling off from the fine flavor which for a long time enabled us to make a very satisfactory market of a superior produce. For a quarter of a century, viz: from 1856 to 1881, we were on the ascending scale, both in the quantity and quality of the cheese which the farm produced. But deterioration in flavor set in, against which the greatest care has been only partially successful.

"Those who are acquainted with the cheese trade know what a difference in price there is between a very fine dairy, which like Caesar's wife, 'is above suspicion,' and a dairy which is only good, or at most very good. The influence of food upon milk on this farm is not only directly traceable to the food upon which the cows have been lately fed, but also indirectly to the continuous use of a large amount of artificial food and manure which has entirely altered the herbage of the farm.

"No one could have been more reluctant than myself to acknowledge that high farming, which of course greatly increases its quantity, has an adverse influence on the quality of cheese which a given farm produces. The system of making which I have followed is called the Derby system, and is identical with that by which the finest Leicester cheese is produced.

"Perhaps, as a cheese-maker, I have no great reason to complain, for during the whole series of thirty-seven years there has not been one year in which the season's make has been bad. But the decided declension from fine

to very good and good is, in my judgment, distinctly owing to the influence of food on milk, such influence having been gradually brought about by high farming."

HORSE BREEDING.

In the breeding of horses it is necessary to look at least two or three years into the future for our results, and to every one who looks at the matter candidly and without prejudice the prospects for about that time, and until another depression, which is not likely to come for at least the next ten years, looks unusually bright for many different classes of horses, providing they are of superior quality. The street-car lines, which have until very recently used enormously large numbers of a class that as a rule had neither beauty nor speed, and were not large enough for heavy draught, will require comparatively few in the future; consequently every breeder should now so breed as to avoid producing that class if possible.

Either discard the poor individuals, no matter how well bred they may be, or so breed them that the defects will be very certain to be corrected. To do this it is necessary to look, beyond the individual selected, to the inheritance. A stallion may have perfect hocks and yet belong to a family so notoriously bad in that respect that if a mare at all defective in this particular were bred to him, there would naturally be an intensifying of the defect rather than a correction of it, says the American Horse Breeder. Another very objectionable defect, which is much more common in the South than in New England, is blindness. If one has a blind mare or one whose sight is at all defective, selecting a horse with absolutely perfect eyes and sight is not enough, as, in addition to that, one should be very careful to make a choice where there is not a single ancestor with the same kind of defect.

In breeding for profit, the prospects look better for continuing with well-bred and individually good horses than for any other kind of stock, and it is not necessary to confine one's breeding to the speediest classes. It is at least an open question whether at the present time the hardest to obtain is not a really first-class, handsome, stylish family or road horse of good sire pleasant disposition and so trained as to be perfectly safe. In such, while the fabulous prices that have been paid for the fastest of trotters and thoroughbreds never can be expected, there is as much more certain profit than in any other class. The heaviest of draught horses are in just as good demand as ever, as neither electricity nor anything else has taken or is likely to take their place, but a better quality is demanded here than a few years ago.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It will pay to have a rotation of crops, if only corn, oats and grass are used.

A young and growing animal requires a different ration from a mature, fat one.

No success succeeds like success. A soil is best for the crop that grows the best upon it.

If you must let the manure leach, draw it out, so the washings may go into the field.

One has said that storage rooms out of doors for farm tools are cheap in the first instance, but mostly costly in the final reckoning.

Do not have a dozen grapevine canes where only one should be, for the result will be many vines, overcrowded with small bunches.

It is generally considered labor lost attempting to mend a half-worn out orchard by filling in the vacant places with young trees. The more economical plan is to commence a new orchard in a new situation.

A farmer said before an Iowa institute: It has been proven that clover sod is as good to produce corn as the virgin soil. Farmers are just awakening to the importance of sowing all small grain fields to clover. It is the only wholesale fertilizer yet discovered.

Guard against worms in the young pigs by giving constant access to plenty of salt and wood ashes. A little asafetida in the slop twice a week will act as a good tonic. Plenty of grass or vegetables are also good. This is the advice given by an old swine grower.

German millet has been grown to a large extent in Middle Tennessee for the seed. Some seasons it pays \$50 to the acre. It will make as much seed and as heavy crops of hay on the river bottoms as anywhere else in the world. Some of it ought to be sown on every farm.