

England spends twelve million of her hard-earned pounds a year on cheese.

Greece stands lowest in point of wealth of all the countries of Europe, the estimates being fixed at \$1,055,000-000.

The Austrian government contemplates taking the fire insurance business into its own hands. A special commission so advises.

The shrinkage of values of horses last year is estimated to be over \$25,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will no doubt aggregate \$60,000,000 since the commencement of the present depression of values.

Twenty-five years ago it was death for any one who raised his head from the ground to look at the Emperor of Japan. Now the people stand up and cheer him. "Civilization," sentimentally comments the St. Louis Star Savings.

Professor Shaler, the geologist, says that we are in no danger of suffering from treelessness. He has found in the Bay State some thousands of acres which the forest has won from the field. And the swamps, those nurseries of the forest, amount to 115,000 square miles in the United States.

The Paris Academy of Medicine the other day held an animated discussion as to the most humane way of killing animals. The conclusion reached was that all methods now in use were objectionable, and that the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to devise and advocate some more merciful method.

The young Kevide of Egypt believes that the American agricultural machinery is the best in the world. He thinks that the farmers of Egypt should no longer depend upon the unceremonious moods of the River Nile for irrigation, so he is studying the methods of the Mormons who settled in Utah and made of an arid, unproductive region a perfect flower garden by means of scientific irrigation.

W. S. Gilbert has recently been having a newspaper controversy in the London Times on the subject of rhymes in the course of which he said: "As you have opened your columns to this question, may I ask you to extend your complaisance to a consideration of the words of that preposterous doggerel, the National Anthem. It is scandalous that such pitiable drivel should be found in association with one of the grandest and most impressive themes in the English language."

There is a new company being organized in New York with an improvement that promises to revolutionize telegraphy, says the Washington Star. It is backed by a rather powerful syndicate of big names, representing barrels of money. The system is based on a series of unique perforations, each representing a word or sentence. These are arranged on a slip of paper, which is attached to the telegraph machine. It is perfectly undecipherable to the operator, but is transmitted in the orthodox style. In an upper story of one of the largest buildings of New York a testing room has been arranged, with what claims to be one hundred miles of wire coiled over the ceiling. A little slip, about six inches long by about 1 1/2 wide, represented 1,000 words. The tests have, it is claimed, been perfectly satisfactory.

New York Truth says: "The question of Woman Suffrage seems to have been solved in New Zealand where a bill enfranchising women was passed last autumn. The election came two months after the passage of the bill and out of an enrollment of 129,000 names on the register, 90,000 went to the polls. This means that a larger proportion of women than of men on the electoral roll voted. It was urged by many that the enfranchisement of women would revolutionize parties, but a careful study of the strength of the different political factions shows that hardly any change has taken place. It is not to be inferred from this that the women lacked independence and followed masculine leadership blindly, for whenever an independent candidate was put up, they voted for him, irrespective of partisan affiliations, which speaks volumes in favor of their good sense and discrimination. It is yet too early to jump at conclusions or to predict women's future in politics, but so far as New Zealand's first election under the new law can be gauged, she seems to take her new responsibility seriously and to have a full appreciation of its value. The experiment there should be closely watched in America."

Winds Today.
Winds today are large and free,
Winds today are westerly;
From the land they seem to blow
Whence the sap begins to flow,
And the dimpled light to spread
From the country of the dead.
Ah, it is a wild, sweep land
Where the coming May is planned,
Where such influences throbb
As our forests can never rob
Of their triumph when they bound
Through the tree and from the ground!
Great within me is my soul,
Great to journey to its goal,
To the country of the dead;
For the cornel tips are red,
And a passion rich in strife
Drives me toward the home of life.
O, to keep the spring with them
Who have flushed the cornel stem,
Who imagine at its source
All the year's delicious course,
Then exp. os by wind and light
Something of their rapture's height?
MICHAEL FIELDS.

Uncle Joseph's Wooing.

One of the prominent figures in our meeting house for many years was that of Uncle Joseph, for thus was he known by the young and old who frequented our religious gatherings.

He occupied the second seat in the men's gallery, and it was with him that the elder shook hands in sign that Friends should separate, when it seemed likely that the spirit would move no others to utter gentle words of blessing or stern warning against the tempter.

As children we regarded Uncle Joseph in the light of a patriarch, although I now know that his years at the time of which I write had scarce reached the limit of a half century.

He was a comely man, straight and tall, his smooth-shaven face beaming with good nature, and his soft blue eye lighted with sympathy, but he was not intellectual. Slow of movement and uncertain in expression, his peers were often troubled to follow his excellent thought, and it was no uncommon thing for my parents to refer to his ministrations as being "labored." We had a consciousness, based perhaps upon accidental knowledge, that he was uncommonly well to do, and also that there was considerable feeling in the society that Sarah Sidney, with her clear insight and facile speech, would be a fit life companion for the good man. But time wore on, and there seemed no likelihood of a realization of this desire.

I can remember one occasion when the subject really assumed the importance that is usually given to gossip, but it was so lovingly and conscientiously touched upon that I was greatly impressed.

My father and mother were in the way of inviting many friends to dine with them on monthly meeting day. Quarterly meeting brought even more persons from a distance, and among the children little unaccustomed duties were distributed. I was frequently desired to remain for a time in the front chamber and assist our women visitors in removing their wraps and adjusting the cap crowns that often met with disaster beneath the stiff bonnets. It was always a pleasurable duty, for Friends never forget the young, and as each one grasped my little palm she did not neglect to speak an encouraging word to me.

On the occasion to which I have alluded meeting broke up somewhat later than usual. I hurried home, warmed my chilled fingers and ran upstairs, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth. I glanced about to see that the wood box was full and looked out of the window, where my eye rested upon a short line of carriages all bent in the direction of our home. First came father and mother, grandfather and three younger children, then a vehicle well known to me as that of Elias Chase from Derry Quarter, and thus I counted them off as they drew up beside the horse block.

I missed Sarah Sidney, who generally came with Theophilus Baldwin's family, and, having seen her placid face in its usual place on the seat beneath the gallery, fronting the meeting, I was at a loss to explain her absence. She was tenderly attached to mother, and I could not believe any light matter would take her to another's table.

A gentle voice called me to my duties: "Why, Katherine dear, thee must have been very spry to get home before us. I was pleased to see thy interest in the meeting today."

The good woman kissed me and thanked me for the little aid I was able to give in unpinning her shawl. Directly afterward, sweet Jane Spencer came tripping up the stairs. She was frequently spoken of as exhibiting "overmuch ardor" in all her good works, but we children loved the enthusiastic little woman.

"O Katherine, I am glad to make use of thy quick fingers. My cap strings are sadly awry. I have been most uncomfortable in them all through the meeting. Our breakfast was a trifle late this morning, and we had far to drive."

One and another arrived, each with a thought of me. "How thee grows, child," or "Thy mother is blessed in her little helpers."

The room was well nigh full, when some one asked the question that had been trembling on my lips.

"Where is Sarah Sidney?" No one directly replied, but after a moment's reflection nearly all had a suggestion or a little interest in her to express.

"Methought her face bore traces of anxiety this morning. I trust she has met with no further financial disaster. Thee knows, Rhoda, she is benevolent to a surprising degree in one whose purse is not lengthy, and it is therefore a serious matter to be forced to curtail in her giving."

"Sarah is too true a follower of the Great Teacher to be long afflicted by the things of this world," replied an aged friend.

"Ah, Hannah dear," answered the first speaker, "thee has never had the bread and butter trouble, and therefore thee can hardly compass its misery."

I think we all felt the force of this argument, for Hannah was richly dowered. Presently Jane Spencer sighed: "I cannot help wishing that Uncle Joseph would recognize that the hand of the Lord is pointing him to Sarah Sidney."

"If such be the will of our Heavenly Father, I doubt not it will be revealed in due time," and Hannah spoke with great deliberation.

"That is quite true, and undoubtedly it is only those among us who are a trifle worldly minded that show a disposition to hasten these things." Jane Spencer was always very meek under reproof, and I felt glad that others sustained her desire that Uncle Joseph should be a little less deliberate in his action.

"I can hardly think that he realizes Sarah's worth," said a late comer.

"On the contrary," it was Rhoda Longstreet's voice, "I am sometimes inclined to believe that his doubt rests upon his own merit. If he were of the world's people I should say he was bashful. As it is I call him slow in perceiving his adoption to any peculiar calling."

"Thee may be right," responded Jane Spencer, and I was struck with the note of merry-making that accompanied her words. "If so, I can only wish that somebody would give him a hint, for I really believe that Sarah has perceived their true relationship, and that her spirit is troubled since no sign is given unto her."

"Ah," interrupted Hannah, "shall we never learn that God does not wish us to call upon Him for signs?"

Now it had chanced, although none of those present were at that time conscious of it, that Sarah Sidney had given up her seat in a friend's carriage to a person who was suffering from a weak limb, and had walked briskly along the frozen road toward our house.

Uncle Joseph, too, had chosen to leave his vehicle at home, and, seeing in the distance a familiar, plump little figure, he made haste to overtake her.

For a few moments they talked together of the lesser things of life; then they fell into a silence which was at last broken by Uncle Joseph's voice.

"My mind has dwelt much today upon the Bible teaching of the relation of Ruth and Boaz."

I am sure the throbbing heart beneath the white muslin kerchief of Sarah Sidney must have bounded a little at this. He went on:

"Has thee ever thought it over and applied the test to our own lives?"

It was certainly not strange that the good woman hesitated before she answered: "If thee means to ask whether it has been shown to me that I am chosen of the Lord to be thy companion, I will admit that it has, but, Joseph, thee is not an old man, nor am I a young hand maiden."

Uncle Joseph stopped short in his walk and, catching a frightened look upon the honest face beside him, he gravely said:

"It was not upon that relation that my mind ran. I thought rather of the increased duty in this day and generation which belongs to the husbandman and his gleaners, or in other words, the responsibility of him upon whom the benefits of this world have been showered, and the loud call ever sounding in my ear to extend help to those who need; and it has been whispered to me that thy material goods have been slipped from thee, and—

and I wished many times that I might make bold to offer my aid."

Can you marvel if a feeling of faintness crept over the gentle Sarah, or that a beseeching look set the seal upon the awful stillness that followed. Uncle Joseph's voice sounded strange in her ear. She feared she should fall, but as the tones grew clearer something else impressed her.

"Sarah, thee has a more receptive spirit than my own. I have sometimes longed to see aright in regard to the formation of a closer bond with thee, and I rejoice that through my ill-chosen speech thee has been led to point the way."

He took her trembling hand between his own, and smiled down upon the sweet but tearful face; then her lips opened, the pain went forever out of her heart, and she whispered only: "Dear Joseph."

But her trial was not quite over. We were already summoned to the dining room when Uncle Joseph and Sarah Sidney entered the door together. I glanced about me, and was certain that I saw more than one look of satisfaction exchanged by the company present.

The moment of silent blessing was past. My mother moved as if to begin serving the soup, but she caught Uncle Joseph's eye, and awaited his slow words:

"Dear friends," he said with a little tremor in his voice, "rejoice with me, for today has our beloved Sarah Sidney revealed to me the message that the Lord has given into her keeping."

He paused, and with a flush brightening her soft cheeks Sarah asked calmly:

"Joseph, will thee kindly explain thyself."

I never knew him to do anything so well as he now related to us the manner in which he had obtained an insight into the secret knowledge of Sarah Sidney's heart.

As he ceased speaking her own rhythmic tones filled the room in tender thanksgiving to the Lord for his gift of companionship, and this has evermore remained in my memory as one of the most beautiful and fervent supplications I have been privileged to hear.—Sarah H. Gardner's "Quaker Idyls."

Effects of Deep-Sea Pressure.

It is not unusual for bottles of champagne to be dipped and trolled in salt water, when there is no ice on shipboard, in order to get the wine to a palatable temperature, but never long enough to cause contact between the salt water and the wine. We can hardly tell what the effect upon the wine would be if the bottle were immersed at a great depth for any considerable time. It is a fact, however, that if an ordinary glass bottle, tightly corked and sealed, be sunk in, say, fifty fathoms of salt water and left there for about ten minutes, it may, when brought to the surface, be found partly full of water. We say "partly" because the pressure of the superincumbent mass of water will either force the water through the porous glass, or break the bottle. By a law of hydrostatics the pressure of water is in proportion to its vertical height and its area at the base. It is reckoned that the pressure of water on any body plunged into it is about one pound to the square inch for every two feet of the depth. Bottles filled with fresh water, tightly corked and sealed, have been sunk to great depths in the ocean, and where the enormous pressure has not burst the bottles it has driven in the cork and displaced the fresh with salt water. Pieces of wood have been weighted and sunk in the sea, with the result that the tissues have become so condensed that the wood has lost its buoyancy and will never float again. It could not even be burned when apparently quite dry.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Calf That Swallowed an Adder

A fine calf belonging to Thomas Sage of Chawleigh, Devon, was taken suddenly ill a day or two ago. It was in great pain and could scarcely breathe. A veterinary surgeon dosed it, believing it to be suffering from inflammation. On being released it commenced coughing and vomiting, and to the astonishment of those present, ejected a large adder measuring over a foot in length. The reptile was dead, but its expulsion gave instant relief to the poor sufferer, which in a few minutes recovered. Apparently a small quantity of grass had previously been cut for the calf and placed in a heap, in which the adder must have been concealed before being swallowed.—Westminster Gazette.

The tallest man in the German army, a "one-year recruit" in the First Regiment, is seven feet four and a half inches in height.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF PASTURE GRASSES.

Experiments at the Utah Station shows that a mixture of pasture grasses is much superior for grazing steers to each one of the grasses grown singly. The difference in the pasturage value of the different varieties is very marked.—New York Work.

BENEFICIAL TO FERNS.

In order to secure the damp atmosphere so beneficial to ferns, a zinc tray with a layer of sand may be placed on the table on which the ferns are kept. When the pots are put on this the sand should be covered with a layer of moss, which will quite add to the effect of the fern stand. If this is done the ferns can be watered freely, without removing them even from a drawing-room, and then by a natural process of evaporation the damp moss and sand will give off sufficient moisture to keep the ferns in good condition. The plants should be showered thoroughly every day.—New York Observer.

CARE OF YOUNG TREES.

By all means the most critical period in the life of a fruit tree, or similar shrub, is during the first year after it has been transplanted from the nursery. If properly cared for during this period it will generally be found in good condition in the following spring, and annually thereafter. On the other hand, if it receives a check during the first few months succeeding its removal, it is liable never to recover.

The first care, of course, must be for the roots. These should be protected from excessive dryness, particularly during any period of drought. For this purpose mulching furnishes the best protection. It may be put on as soon as the tree is set, but in any case should be placed before the ground becomes dry and baked. It should extend somewhat further from the trunk of the tree than the roots are liable to reach, in order that the smaller and tenderer fibres may have protection. Artificial watering is helpful in times of dryness, but the expedient can never fully take the place of natural moisture of the soil.

A careful lookout should be kept during this time for insect enemies, and if any appear they should be promptly and effectually removed by the most approved means; but in any operations looking to this end care should be taken not to do the young wood any injury which may possibly be avoided.—Amateur Gardening.

IMPROVING A RUN-DOWN FARM.

Having lost my health at the age of twenty-four years, while engaged in business, and in consequence having lost all my savings, I concluded that an outdoor life was necessary for me, writes L. D. Stowell to the American Agriculturist. I purchased an upland farm in Western New York, which had been let for twenty years, and was in a badly run-down condition as to soil buildings and fences. I ran in debt for the full amount of the purchase money of the farm, and also for the stock put upon it.

I started in the dairy business, with the determination to improve my farm and stock. My rule of practice has been to raise each year all that I could of feeding value, and feed out all that I raised, carefully saving the manure, both solid and liquid, and applying it to the land, as made. The man who occupied this farm for six years before I took possession told me that it would support twenty cows, and that, possibly, I might be able to keep twenty-five cows. Fifteen years from that time I kept on my farm, both winter and summer, seventy-eight cattle and four horses. By using a thorough bred bull for grading my herd, I very soon increased my annual average milk yield of the herd from 4,000 to 6,000 pounds.

My farm now consists of 290 acres, 210 of which are cleared of timber, but only 150 acres are at present available for cultivation. The soil is a loamy clay, with hardpan subsoil. I have not practiced soiling, except when pastures have been poor, neither have I used silage, so that there is still much chance for improvement. I believe that any farmer may continuously improve his farm by feeding the crops grown thereon to domestic animals, if he will carefully save and apply the manure made from them. I do not believe in being confined to a single hobby, and think that, as farmers, we should advance all along the line, and never be satisfied with present attainments.

The conclusion I draw from my farm experience and observation is that, in many cases, dairy farms can be pur-

chased in the Eastern and Middle States for less than the improvements cost, and, with good management of both farm and stock, will prove to be a safe and profitable investment. It may be well to add that my farm is now paid for, my health restored, my family well educated, and otherwise well provided for.

PURE WATER FOR THE DAIRY.

A prominent dairy expert has taken the trouble to write an essay on stagnant water as good enough for cows. He seeks to strengthen his position by illustrations drawn from the methods of those who go down to the sea in ships and the great bodies of water held in city reservoirs. He contends that as sailors carry water to sea and the voyage may last for months, they drink "the same old water." This man's argument is bottomed on ignorance of the real conditions. The distance he lives from the sea is some justification for his deficient knowledge of the sort of water sailors use for drinking purposes, but is not available for his lack of information regarding city reservoirs. The truth is that all modern constructed ships carry water condensers which permit of an abundance of fresh water being available at all times. The old way on shipboard of carrying water for long cruises is obsolete or nearly so, because masters and crews insist on stopping at every opportunity to replenish their water supply. The water in a city reservoir is always in motion because of the demand on it for consumption by the residents of the town, as well as the addition to its body that is constant, so as to maintain the volume necessary for the pressure that renders it adequate at the most distant point within the radius of its service. Sanitarians regard impure water, in any stage, as one of the chief menaces to the health of man or beast. It remained for this self-opinionated expert to set his prejudice against the teachings of science and the observation of thoughtful minds. Pure water is more needful to perfect health than is pure food. Man can indulge in adulterated food and live, but impure water will speedily kill him. This dictum holds good with every living organism that requires water for its support. Therefore the importance of pure water in the dairy and the necessity of procuring it regardless of the difficulty in securing it. The action of water on the milk secretion is fairly well understood, and its influence on the flavor of butter is too well defined to admit of the use of stagnant water by the dairy cow, notwithstanding the labored effort of this expert to the contrary.—American Dairyman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Spinach is a profitable crop. Keep the strawberry beds well cultivated and free from weeds.

Cut off asparagus tops before the seed scatters or you will have lots of seedlings on hand.

When farmers produce good heavy draught horses they will have no cause to complain of the prices.

Hackneys are strong breeders and cross well upon our native and trotting mares, producing that knee action and hackney type.

The small-fruit plots, such as blackberries, raspberries, currants, etc., should be thoroughly cleaned out and fertilized in the fall.

If the potato field was injured by rot or any of the diseases to which potatoes are subject, by no means use it for potatoes next season.

Have no idle land, but let crops follow one another in quick succession. Delay in this matter will not only result in weeds, but in loss and dissatisfaction.

Where rains have come it will be economy to let the grass get a little start before turning the stock in. It will be better for the pasture next season too.

There is a disadvantage in late planting of strawberries. They are liable to be injured by alternate thawing and freezing, because of not being sufficiently rooted.

An English paper offers a prize of \$2.50 for the best reply to the question: "What is the most suitable dress for a dairymaid to wear in public buttermaking competitions?"

Alternately the drouth, blight and bugs seem to play havoc with late potatoes, making them a very uncertain crop in many regions. Fertilizers are untrustworthy; stable manure causes scab.

The best way to keep honey from candying, says a writer, is to seal it in tight jars, the same as fruit. This is the way that the bees do, and it is the only safe way. It should be thoroughly heated before putting up