

We build in this country every year 303,000 new houses.

America has shipped 25,264,000 bushels of breadstuffs to Europe this year as against 30,778,000 for the same period in 1893.

Quintin Hogg declared that—thanks to the various rescue societies—there is not one destitute lad in the streets of London today for every ten a decade or two ago.

According to the facts and figures presented by J. K. Upton in a recent article in Harper's Weekly, the South is the most prosperous and progressive region of the republic.

The South is raising more hogs of its own and especially more cattle. There is not a little town now that does not have its ice machine. That is all new within the last five years.

Dr. Jules Rochard, of Paris, says that the morphine habit is rapidly increasing in France and that after six months it becomes entirely incurable. Doctors and women are the principal victims.

The Government sales of gold bars to jewelers and other users were less than half as great in the first half of 1894, as during the first six months of 1893. This as well as anything illustrates the effect of the hard times.

Americans may get a suggestion from France, thinks the American Agriculturist, where numerous factories find a profit in the production of oil from peanuts. The machinery used is antiquated. The oil is prized for soap and as a substitute for olive oil.

Frank L. Stanton, the Georgia poet, preserves a queer memory of General Sherman. When the Union forces invaded Savannah the General placed a guard at the house of the poet's father, who was a Northern man, and afterwards visited him. While he was there the infantile poet came into the room, and Sherman, taking him upon his knee, said: "This is a fine fellow, but his head is a heap too big." Stanton became a "devil" in a printing office and afterwards a compositor before he began to produce the verses that have made him celebrated in the South.

The railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which has been in operation for some time, is to be succeeded in Palestine by another innovation belonging to our progressive century notes the Presbyterian. A steamer is now building in Holland, which is designed to ply on the waters of the Dead sea. It will awaken the echoes in the old hills of Moab, with sounds that have never been heard there before. Practical men will be "apt to ask whether the steamer can expect to gather any freight" from the wild and desolate region which surrounds Asphaltites. There are nephtha wells on the shores of the sea, or petroleum as we would say, the product of which is said to be carried to Jerusalem by the Bedouins for sale. Beyond the bare hills of Moab there are stretches of fertile plain, where flocks and herds are tended by the Arabs. While such productions may be helpful in the way of paying expenses, it is plain that the steamer in its voyages will be largely patronized through curiosity. Travelers will undoubtedly add an excursion round the Dead Sea to the other sights awaiting them on a visit to the Holy Land.

The San Francisco Examiner remarks: We have occasionally called the attention of the Union Iron Works and other American shipbuilders to profitable business they could do in keeping warships in stock. When a ship is built on an order the contract is let to the lowest bidder, and the margin of profit is small. Sometimes there is a loss. But a good cruiser sold ready-made to a nation about to go to war is always sure to command a generous price. Balmaeda offered \$4,000,000 for the Baltimore, which was about three times as much as she was worth. If the Union Iron Works had begun to build warships for the market seven or eight years ago it could have sold its entire stock as soon as completed to the Chileans at an enormous profit. Work could then have been continued without interruption on a new lot, and the Brazilians would have snapped them up at twice their cost as soon as they were ready for sea. Another batch could then have been started, and sold to the Japanese and Chinese just before the outbreak of the present war. There has never been a time when a good modern warship would have gone begging, and the construction of such craft on speculation would be one of the most profitable enterprises in which a shipyard could engage.

Distant Things.
Oh, white is the sail in the Faraway
And dirty the sail in the dock;
And fair are the cliffs across the bay
And black is the nearby rock.
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,
At our feet it is only white;
And bright is the gleam of the distant star
Though a lamp were twice as bright!
The rose that nods beyond our reach
Is redder than rose of ours;
Of thought that turns our tongues to speech
Our fellows leave greater dowers.
The waters that flow from the hidden springs
Are sweeter than those by our side—
So we strive through life for those distant things,
And never are satisfied.
So we strive through life for those distant things,
But ever they hold their place;
Till best life's drum and death doth come
And I look in his mocking face.
And the distant things grow near and close,
And faith! they are dingy and gray!
For charm is lost when the line is crossed
'Tis here and Faraway.
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed
And we lose all things as they are,
And know that as clean is the sail at the dock
As the sail on the sea afar;
As the rays of the near-by lamp
As the gleam of the distant star.
—ELWYN IRVING HOFFMAN.

FELIPE'S CHANCACA.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.
The great water wheel was trundling as fast as ever the white impulse from the old stone aqueduct could kick it along. The wheel, indeed, grumbled at so much hard work, but the water only laughed and danced as the big iron jaws of the wheel chewed up the yellow culms of sugar-cane and spat to one side the useless pith, while the sweet, dark sap crept sluggishly down the iron conduit toward the sugar-house. In front was a very mountain of cane brought from the fields by bullock carts, and half a dozen sinewy negroes were feeding it, an arduous task, between the rolls of the mill. Behind it others with wooden forks were spreading the crushed cane to dry for a day, after which it would be used as fuel to boil its own plundered juice. Off beyond the sugar building gleamed the white Moorish walls of the roofed chapel and manor house, built three hundred years ago, when Peru was the richest crown jewel of Spain. Everywhere else stretched the great fields of cane to the very foot of the sandhills of the encroaching desert, to the very rim of the blue Pacific. What an immensity of sugar it all meant!
The same thought struck the grizzled administrator this morning as he stood on a pier of the aqueduct—just where its stream pounced upon the lazy wheel—and swept the scene with those watchful old eyes. "Of a truth," he was saying to himself, "the world must be very large, as they say, and many must eat nothing else, for here we make every day 40,000 pounds of sugar 300 days of the year, and there are many other sugar haciendas in Peru, though maybe none so big as Villa. Truly, I know not where it all goes. Hola! Always that fellow!" and, springing to the ground as lightly as a boy, in two bounds he was at the mill.
There four of the negro laborers were in sudden struggle with a newcomer from the quarter—a huge, black fellow, whose face was now distorted by drunken rage. He was naked to the waist and his dark hide bulged with tremendous muscles as he swayed his four grapplers to and fro, trying to free his right hand which clasped a heavy machete. This murderous combination of sword and cleaver, which lopped the stubborn cane at a blow, had found worse employment now, for a red stain ran down its broad blade, and on the ground lay a man clenching a stump of arm. Old Melito paused for no questions, but, plucking up a heavy bar of algarboo, smote so strongly upon the desperado's woolly pate that the ironwood broke. The black giant reeled and fell and one of the men wrenched away the machete and flung it into the pool below the wheel.
"He came very drunk and only because Roque brushed against him with an armful of cane he wanted to kill him," said the men as they knotted their grimy handkerchiefs upon the wrists and ankles of the stunned black.
"You did well to hold him," replied the administrator. "Bring now the iron and we will put him in the calaboz till tomorrow. Then he shall go to Lima to the prison, for we can have no fighting here, nor men of trouble."
A slender, big-eyed Spanish boy coming out a few moments later from the great castle arch of the manor house saw four peons lugging away between them the long hulk of the prisoner and stopped to ask the

"Ah! That bad Coco. That he may never come back from Lima," said the young Spaniard named Felipe, earnestly. "He is a terror to all, and now I fear he will kill Don Melito, for Coco never forgets. I shall ask my father to see the prefect, that they keep him away. And the sugar?"
Felipe, never tired of following all the processes with a grave air, as if it all rested upon his small shoulders. A boy who never felt that he was "helping"—if such a very helpless boy ever existed—has lost one of the best things in all boyhood, and Felipe could not have understood such a boy at all. He went on now and joined Don Melito and the two stood together watching the vat with professional eyes while the two negroes pried their plashing and hock. It was very hot work even to watch it, but a good administrator would never trust this to the laborers. "Now you watch it a little," said Don Melito, with roguish gravity, looking at the boy's preoccupied face. "As for me, I must see how are the pailas," and he climbed the steps to the platform where the cauldrons were hissing with their new supply of sap.

Felipe thus left alone with the heaviest responsibility he had ever borne, knit his smooth brows very hard and peered into the vat as if the fate of nations hung on his eyes. For the first time he began to doubt them. He wondered if it were not worked enough—if he had not better stop the hoes and get the molders to work. If only Don Melito was not here, and there were no signs of his coming. Perhaps he was leaving Felipe to find out the difference between knowing how some one else does a thing and how to do it one's self. The boy fidgeted up and down and looked at the vat first from one end and then from the other, and grew more doubtful the more he looked.

"I don't know and I don't know," he cried to himself. "But sure it is that I must do something, for he left me in charge and perhaps is busy with other matters, thinking I would not let it be spoiled. Put it in the molds!"

The men leaned their candied hoes against the wall. The molders began lading their buckets full and, in turn, filling the shallow molds. The color there darkened again as sudden crystallization set in; but Felipe felt a great load lifted off his shoulders. He was very sure now that it was a good color—not a hint of the hateful undertone black, but a soft, rich brown, shading to gold at the thin edges.

Now he was free—the laborers could attend to the rest, as usual—and he would go and hunt for Don Melito. He ran up the steps and along the platform, and half way stopped short, as if he had run against a wall.

The rusty irons should never have been trusted with that giant's strength! They might do for common men, but for Coco—As soon as consciousness came back to him, and with it the old rage, he had snapped them, and, wrenching out the iron bars from the window of the calaboz, had come for his revenge. Even now he was shaking his wrists, one still hooped with the iron band, before the old administrator's face and hissing: "You! You did me this. And now I will boil you!"

Don Melito stood still and gray as a stone, looking up into Coco's eyes. His hat was in his hand on account of the heat; but now he put it on as if scorning to stand uncovered before the fellow—put it steadily upon the curling gray hair that reached barely to the level of those great naked chest muscles.

"I did strike you down and order you to be ironed, Coco," he said, quietly, "and I would do so again. Now, I am going to send you to Lima. There is no place at Villa for people like you."

But Coco leaped upon him like the black jaguar and clutched him with those long knotted arms. Melito was sinewy and lithe as a cat, but he was no match for this huge foe. He fought for life, but Coco, with the equal desperation of hate. Struggle as he would, he was borne back and back until his legs cringed from the glow of the pails. At this he made so wild a lunge that it bore him back a few feet; but it was only for a moment. Inch by inch the negro urged him toward that bubbling roar which seemed to drown all other sounds. And even now, with a wild chuckle, the giant doubled him backward against the edge of the paila, with a black, resistless palm under his chin.

Only an instant had Felipe stopped, frozen at sight of Coco; in another he had sprung to the rail, shrieking to the men below: "Juan! Sanchez! Quico! Come!" And then rushing at the struggle, he flung himself as ferociously upon Coco as Coco had

attacked Don Melito. But it seemed as if he were back in some dreadful dream. He hammered with futile fists upon that bare and mighty back and caught a fierce hold about one of those gnarled legs and tugged to trip it and kicked it with crazy feet. But it was all with the nightmare sense that he was doing nothing by all his efforts. Indeed, it was half doubtful if the infuriated Coco knew at all of this attack in the rear. What to him were the peckings of a twelve-year-old boy.

Would the men never come? Felipe redoubled his kicks and blows, but with a sickening fear. Don Melito was weakening—already his head was thrust over the steam of the paila. Only for his arms locked about the giant's waist, he would go in. And now Coco's huge hand came behind him and wrenched at the old man's slender ones, tearing open finger by finger resistlessly. In another moment it would be too late to think.

Aha, Mr. Coco! The boy sprang to the second paila and snatched the long-handled skimmer that leaned against it, and, dipping it full from the cauldron, flung the molten sugar squarely upon Coco's back. Howling, the negro whirled about dropping the half senseless administrator from him, and sprang at Felipe. But the boy stood stiff and very white, holding the ladle aloft. "This time the eyes!" he cried hoarsely. "If you touch Don Melito again or me, I will throw it in your face!"

Even Coco hesitated at this. He was not too drunk with rage to know what boiling sugar meant. Plainly, this little fool had the advantage. He must be tricked—and then—But just then a wan smile flitted across Felipe's face, and, as Coco half turned his head to see what pleasant thing could be behind him, he got a glimpse of Pancho, the horse-breaker, and something dark and wavy in the air. He ducked forward, but a rope settled upon his broad shoulders, tightening like iron, and he was jerked backward to the ground and a dozen men were upon him.

That is about all there is to tell, except that Coco made no more trouble on the hacienda of Villa. At Lima he found the swift justice which sometimes happens in Peru. Don Melito was in bed several days, for he had been roughly handled in body and in nerves. The first day on which he could sit up a little Felipe brought him a cake of chancaca.

"Thank you," said the old man, laying it on the coverlet. Sugar was an old story to him.

"But you must taste this, my administrator, and see if it is all right."

"It is good," answered Melito, munching submissively. And then, with a sudden light: "It is very good, as good as I could have made myself. Quite right. And I think you sent it to the molds at just the right time."—Atlanta Constitution

Elephants in the Teak Yards.

To any one for whom machinery has a fascination there is nothing stranger than the first glimpse of elephants at work about it. Amidst the hissing swish of belting, the buzz of saws, the multitudinous separate rattles mingled into a universal roar and vibrating through a big saw-mill, the ponderous figures of these slow-paced helpers present a curious sight. One elephant places the log upon a movable platform to be squared, while another waits with restless eyes and flapping ears until the saw has done its work, and then, taking a twist in an attached rope, slips the loop of it deftly over a big tusk, and leads the log away. Another piles timber, lifting the long piece between tusks and trunk, and pushing it into place with the latter if the pile is low, or with a broad forehead if the height demands it. Fetching and carrying, lifting and stacking, pushing and pulling, these docile and patient giants do their work without complaint, week in and week out. Sometimes the mahout (oozee it is in Burmese) walks beside the beast, sometimes he sits on its big neck or broad back. But his indolent figure never seems to be necessary, for one cannot watch an elephant at work very long without acquiring the conviction, however mistaken, that the intelligent direction of his labor is all his own.—Century.

Summary.

"I wonder what kind of people live in Mars," said the philosophical girl. "They're out of sight," replied the slangful and confident young man.—Washington Star.

Dr. William Waters, formerly a Yale tutor, was a man of such great good nature that the students dubbed him "Minchaha"—Laughing Waters.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

STORING VEGETABLES.
When storing vegetables for winter do not be too economical of space. If cabbages are crowded together tightly, they will be sure to rot where they come in contact with each other. Give them room, and let there be enough space between them for free circulation of fresh air to prevent decay.—American Agriculturist.

FEEDING BEES IN THE WINTER.
It is quite possible to feed bees in the winter on sugar syrup, and so take most of the honey in the fall. Sugar is much cheaper than honey, pound for pound, and honey is more than half water. The purest white sugar is used, and boiled to a thin syrup. This prevents souring, which would otherwise occur, and would be fatal to the bees, as it produces dysentery.—New York Times.

MOTHER MARKING.
For four consecutive years a boundary rider, having a quiet black dog, has looked after about 800 ewes in one paddock, and though a different lot of ewes were lambed in that paddock, there were always more black lambs among the produce than in all the other breeding lots on the estate put together, and they number about 4,000 says the London Live Stock Journal.

This year the boundary rider had about the same number of ewes in the paddock, but his black dog is not there. The result is that there is only one black lamb in the lot. This has happened with the same lot of ewes that last year in that paddock produced fifteen black lambs. The writer concludes that black lambs were the result of the ewes seeing a black dog among them every day. He also remarks that in those paddocks where foxes are troublesome, there are always more red and yellow colored lambs than in any other where ewes are lambed.

ORNAMENT YOUR FARM.

Ornament your farm, not at great expense, but with good sense. Do it with skill and judgment, with a few trees here, another there, and a bunch elsewhere. You may never want to part with your farm; that makes no difference; a place beautiful is just as good for you as anybody else, and a few artistic touches will often do it at little labor or expense. The beauty thus added to ours is not only an example but a stimulus to others to do likewise, and presently you may find homes of beauty all along the road from town to home and added value that few could fail to appreciate. The highways and the traveled roads of our country could be made as cool, shady and attractive as the famed roads of Europe if the owners of the farms bounded by them could only be induced to plant shade trees within their fences. And does the reader suppose for a moment that such trees need be only ornamental? Not for a moment. Beauty adds value, it is true, but timber has a value in addition to the beauty it affords, and as well food and protection for birds and for live stock, fruit and nuts for the young, and in the years to come, when our forest timber is gone, be of more than ordinary value for the practical purposes of life.—Chicago Times.

TONGHENING HORSES FOR HARD WORK.

Winter hauling will do the horses good; it will strengthen their muscles and toughen their shoulders, and put them in better condition for work before the plow and harrow. It is a serious mistake, writes J. M. Stahl, in the American Agriculturist, to keep the teams in almost complete idleness until spring opens, and then force them suddenly into hard work. It is apt to overtax them at the very start, and the result is that they fall short of what should be their capacity for work throughout the entire spring. Hauling fence material, stove wood, and other things will wear off superfluous fat and sharpen appetite, while gradually preparing the horses for the hard work of the field. At this time one should also begin to bathe the animals' shoulders with strong salt water. This is the very best preventative of galls. If it is used for six weeks before the heavy spring work begins, and the collars are even a moderately good fit, serious galls will be unknown, though the work is unusually hard. The best time to apply the bath is just before the animals are put in the stables each evening. Once a day is often enough. The shoulders should first be washed clean. As the salt water is somewhat trying to the hand, it is well to have a cloth fastened to a handle, with which to apply the bath. A corn cob makes a convenient handle.

The cloth can be wrapped and tied around one end, and the uneven surface of the cob will hold the rag nicely. Sometimes a pad to ease the collar from a gall is needed, hence it is well to make two or three before the busy spring season begins. The capacity for work of the horse depends, in no small degree, upon the condition of his shoulders; hence by preventing galls and sores he is able to do the field work faster.

TRANSPLANTING FOREST TREES.

The smaller the tree the more certain it is to live when transplanted. But if you want trees of fair size, or six to ten feet high, with a stem one or two inches in diameter, select such and then proceed to dig them up, saving as many of the roots as possible. After they are dug, proceed to the pruning, bearing in mind that all loss in the way of roots must be fully made good by reducing the number and length of the branches; and, to be sure of it, cut all back at least two-thirds of their original length. If the branch is six feet long, cut away four feet. But in this pruning leave the stumps of branches in such a shape that the head of the tree will be well balanced when the new shoots appear the following season. This may appear at first to be rather severe treatment, but it is the only safe way of insuring the life of the specimens transplanted. Besides, before the end of the following summer far more and larger shoots will be produced than if not severely pruned. If forest trees of all deciduous kinds are treated in the same way, there is little difficulty in making them live and thrive, even if their roots are few in number when dug from their native habitats. Little or no attention need to be paid to the position or number of buds left on the pruned tree, for these will appear in due time, and often more than are really required to form a good head to the tree. The new shoots springing from the pruned branches will be in proper condition for receiving the elms in the spring of the second year after transplanting. Unless such trees as you purpose transplanting have very large lateral roots, they should be staked when set out to prevent being blown over by the wind during heavy rains and winds in fall and early spring.—New York Sun.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The dairy pays better in winter than in summer.

The greatest waste is having no system in feeding.

Fodder to keep a cow can be grown at not more than one fifth the cost of pasture.

Keep onions from dampness. Do not pile them up in deep layers. They must be stored in a dry, cool place.

Gather peppers and tomatoes before frost comes. Pull a few plants and hang them under a shed away from the frost.

Remove dust and cobwebs, and thus make the poultry house much brighter, more sunny and pleasant. Light is an enemy to disease.

Professor Henry of the Wisconsin University estimates that a shrinkage of from thirty to fifty per cent in the dairy products of the state was caused by the recent drought.

Cucumbers, pumpkins, squashes, and melons, must be gathered before they are frost-nipped. Melons will finish ripening if packed in oats. Use ripe cucumbers for pickles.

By good management one cow can be kept the year round on the product of an acre of ground, but no management can make less than four acres of pasture support one cow.

Hens that are afflicted with bumble foot roost too high and injure their feet by striking the ground too hard when they fly down. The remedy consists in the removal of the cause.

To get rid of tobacco gum after topping, suckering or working among the green crop, rub the hands with a ripe tomato and thoroughly rinse. The acid in the tomato cuts the gum.

There is much detail connected with poultry management. Women as a class pay more attention to little things than do men. Hence, the former often make better successes with fowls than the latter.

The late fall celery planted in single rows needs blanching by earthing or boarding up. Winter celery planted in the same way must now be handled to make it grow upright, and fit it for storing in trench or cellar.

The oldest and toughest hen can be made quite acceptable providing it is well boiled and served with plenty of nice vegetables, such as squash, onions, potatoes and cabbage. The poultry keeper should have plenty of good meat at low cost.