

A reaction against socialism has taken place in the British trades unions.

Twenty-five years ago the value of the bananas exported from Jamaica was practically nothing in 1893; it was over \$2,000,000.

In the Review of Reviews Robert Underwood Johnson urges the rapid extension of our national policy of creating forest preserves. He would make the head waters of every important river under national control the seat of such a reserve.

The County Treasurer, of Columbia, Mo., has been sued by his wife to show cause why the taxation upon her property should not be reduced. "If he is wise," observes the New York Mercury, "he will resign at once and let his successor fight it out."

The tobacco plant has become thoroughly naturalized in every part of the world, and in many parts of Asia and Africa has become so completely domesticated that several writers have contended that it is aboriginal in one or the other of those continents.

By vote of the Greek Chamber of Deputies, the whole of 1894's crop of currants will be detained and destroyed. This is intended, the New York Sun explains, as a heroic measure to save the currant trade from the utter ruin threatened by overproduction.

One hundred and twelve designs have been submitted for the buildings and grounds of the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and the competitors have already chosen the ten elective members, who, with twenty-one persons appointed by the government, will join the jury to judge the plans.

Grain is being stored in vessels in the Chicago harbor for shipment next spring. The first engagement of this character was a cargo of oats to be held until the opening of navigation and then taken to Buffalo at a rate of two and one-fourth cents per bushel covering the entire service. A large business of this character is done in Western lake ports every winter states the American Agriculturist. The storage is less expensive than in regular warehouses and practically as safe.

An article upon evolution which recently appeared in the New York Sun referred to the tendency of the human infant to work its toes, which have at this early period of life something of the flexibility and aptitude of fingers. Examples of this aptitude perpetuated in the adult may sometimes be seen in warm weather at the New York docks aboard sailing vessels where *Lascars* are employed as sailors. These active little barefooted men in fezzes and suits of blue dungaree make free use of their toes in climbing the rigging, and it is an interesting sight to see one of them in tarring down a backstay run backward or forward upon the taut rope holding it to by one hand, and by his feet, in which the great toe is used in the manner of a thumb. This toe is slightly separated from the others, and from the use made of it in climbing acquires a distinctive shape suggestive of the corresponding members upon the simian foot.

When a member of the Retail Grocers' Association of Philadelphia proposed at one of its meetings the other evening that a petition be sent to the Legislature asking that a law be enacted requiring dealers in eggs to mark them as "fresh-laid" or "ice-house" eggs, as the case might be, there was instant opposition on the part of grocers who find the sale of "ice-house" eggs as "fresh" very profitable. One of the protestants said that the cold-storage variety was just as good as the other, and that not even a grocer could tell the difference. As a matter of fact, while the preserved eggs when broken sometimes look fresh enough, they soon become stale after being exposed to an ordinary temperature. The honest dealer naturally objects to such eggs being sold at prices which he charges for the fresh-laid, and here was the trouble in the Retail Grocers' Association. The friends of the "ice-house" egg challenged the would-be petitioners for legislation to a test to determine whether they could tell the difference between the two varieties. On an evening named a basket of each was brought into the rooms of the association, a committee of reference was named, some of the eggs were broken into bowls, and others were boiled. The result of the test was a complete rout of the storage-egg following, the champions of the fresh-laid being able to point out in every instance which was which.

Winsome Baby Bunn.

Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Brighter than the Robin's wing,
Clearer than a woodland spring,
Are the eyes of Baby Bunn—
Winsome Baby Bunn.

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes so like these
Of the cherub on your knees
Stole your girlish heart away.
Harrest mischief they will do
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you.
Smile, mother smile.

Winsome Baby Bunn
Milk-white lilies half unrolled
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair,
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain
Is the mouth of Baby Bunn.

Winsome Baby Bunn.
Weep, mother, weep!
For the little one asleep,
With his head against your breast,
Never in the coming years,
Though he seeks for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of Baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns,
Drink its cup of gall must one!
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temples sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain.

Winsome Baby Bunn!
Not the seashell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful or sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little Baby Bunn—
Winsome Baby Bunn.

Pray, mother, pray!
Foot like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the fight,
Pray, and sometime will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silent stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Held like Rose leaves in your breast—
These will clasp of jewels rare,
But to find them empty air,
Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest.

Pray mother, pray.
—Baltimore American.

A CLOSE CALL.

Pretty young Mrs. Carpenter (she was always spoken of as "young") to distinguish her from her husband's mother, who lived next door, stood watching her husband till he turned the corner and was out of sight.

But he never once looked back. In fact, they had just quarreled, and that was why her eyes were brighter than usual, and her cheeks—which John used to say reminded him of blush roses—were scarlet instead of pink.

Such a foolish thing to quarrel about, too—a little innocent looking pat of butter! But then it was strong; that is, John said it was. Whereat Mrs. John helped herself generously, and said it was good enough for her, and she couldn't afford to pay forty cents a pound for butter when she could get good for thirty.

Then John inquired if he didn't give her money enough to pay her grocery bill, and said it wasn't good enough for him; perhaps she had been accustomed to eating such stuff! (he actually went to the extent of calling it stuff!) and I can't begin to tell you all the foolish things that those two hot-tempered young people, who loved each other dearly, said. It ended finally in John's flinging himself away from the table, without tasting the lemon pie, his favorite dessert, which the tired little housekeeper, remembering his fondness for, had taken time to concoct in the midst of all her pickling and preserving.

John began to get together his fish lines, flies and other traps, which he wanted to take away, for he and six other young men were having a half holiday, and had engaged the boat Bonnie Belle for an afternoon's fishing on Great Lake.

He worked hard, this young fellow, as foreman in a close, stuffy factory, and a half day's recreation in the pure air was a rare event with him. But somehow he did not enjoy the prospect very much after the war of words at the dinner table. He wished he hadn't spoken as he did. If May would only come and help him—but she held herself aloof while he was getting ready. She had intended to slip some lemons and sugar into the basket; a pail of lemonade would be so refreshing, imbibed in the shady glen, after the row across the lake. But now, if he wanted lemons, he could help himself, she thought, after the way he had talked.

He was a long time getting ready, and she wondered, as he fumbled with

the lines and hooks, if he really would go off without kissing her. Her anger would have melted in a moment at the first pacific sign from him; but she would not beg for a kiss, no!

He started for the door. She had a great mind to follow him there, but pride kept her back. He was outside the door now; she hastened after him. "If he looks round I'll let him see I'm ready to make up," she thought. But he did not; and so Mrs. John went back to the little dining-room, and began to clear the table, feeling herself a much injured wife, and rather glad, on the whole, that she hadn't given in.

But gradually better feelings prevailed; scarlet cheeks faded back to pink again, and temper brightened eyes became dim with tears.

She watched the clock anxiously. How slowly the hours passed! Two, three, four, five o'clock. "In an hour he will be here," she said to herself joyously, and she bustled round to prepare an extra nice supper. She even went to the corner grocery for a pound of the forty-cent butter.

Six o'clock came, but no John. Half-past six—seven. She was walking the floor in her unrest, and now went out and stood at the gate. She could see knots of people talking excitedly along the street. A freckle-faced boy running by stopped.

"D'yer hear 'bout the accident? The Bonnie Belle struck by a squall and seven men drowned."

"What's that?" asked a feeble old man, coming out of the next house. "Who says my boy's drowned? Why, he can swim! There ain't water enough in Great Lake to drown John Carpenter."

The wind blew his scanty locks over his wrinkled old face; his faded blue eyes wandered piteously round and finally rested on John's wife.

"Don't you believe it," he said, tremulously, patting her arm with his uncertain, shaking hand.

But apparently she did not hear him. Drowned! Her John—and she let him go to his death without a kiss! The freckle-faced boy looked at her uneasily, digging his bare toes into the ground.

"I didn't know as Mr. Carpenter was along," said he, apologetically, forgetting for the moment his own importance as the bearer of news in view of her silent misery.

Some one took hold of the wife and led her into the house. She groped her way like a blind person. They said she had better lie down on the lounge awhile, and she obeyed. She could not see anything now.

"I am dying," she thought, and was happy in thinking so.

Then she floated away into darkness, on and on, for a long time apparently.

Finally she saw a light, and opening her eyes saw—yes, it was—John!

Was she indeed in the other world, and was John waiting for her? She spoke his name.

"She's coming to; she knows me," said the familiar voice.

But how far off it sounded! And so did her own voice when she spoke.

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly.

"Here, dear, in the dining-room," said John again.

He was on the floor beside the lounge, his face close to hers. Their lips met in a long kiss.

"John," she said, solemnly, "I thought we were both in another world."

"I did have a pretty close call," said he, "and it was hard work bringing you back."

"The others?" she asked, tearfully.

"Will and I are the only ones left of the seven," he replied, with a sob.

"Oh, John! It might have been you!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck.

Just then a feeble old man who was sitting close to his son said fondly, in tremulous tones—

"I knew there wasn't water enough in Great Lake to drown my John!"—Waverly Magazine.

A Decreasing Metropolis.

In the last two years and a half Melbourne, Australia has lost 46,000 inhabitants. For the ten years ending 1891 she increased at an average rate of 21,000 a year. Since then not only has the increase ceased, but a decrease of nearly 20,000 a year has set in. The Tramway Company's returns are most depressing. In 1893 the passengers showed an increase in September over August of 25,000; in 1894 comparing the same two months, they show a decrease of 30,000, which comparing September 1893 with September 1894 the decrease is 90,000.—New York Advertiser.

All counterfeit pennies which fall into the hands of the Government are stamped and destroyed.

Elephants Tending Babies.

Weakness appeals powerfully to the friendly protection of the strong, and even among brutes—at least, the nobler kinds—the appeal is not often in vain. In the curious relations between monster and midget we not unfrequently see the fable of the lion and the mouse repeated without words. There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant. The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become familiar with him, and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black child, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, shouting all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above water, on which the small child stands and yells, and yells all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The little urchins, as they grow up, become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts themselves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ashes to Cure Cuts.

Some of the best known physicians in Russia are strongly advocating the adoption in the Government hospitals of an old Cossack custom of treating cuts and wounds with ashes. The Cossack peasantry have treated cases in this fashion from time immemorial, and Dr. Pashkoff, a Russian physician who has been studying the treatment, recently said in an interview in a Russian medical journal:

"I strongly recommend the treating of severe cuts and wounds with ashes. Experiment has convinced me of the thorough efficacy of the treatment, and, in addition, it is cheap, takes little time to arrange, and does away with bulky bandages, which have always been the bane of nurses and physicians. The best ashes are those resulting from the burning of some cotton stuff or linen, and only a very thin layer should be applied. If the wound has been made by some dirty instrument and there is danger of blood-poisoning, it should be first washed thoroughly with a lotion. The ashes with blood forms a hard substance, under which the most severe cuts heal with remarkable rapidity."

Dr. Pashkoff has experimented with ashes on twenty-eight cases of cuts, and only two of the entire number failed to result successfully. These cases would have been cured, too, had not the nurses failed to apply prescribed lotions to the wounds before the physicians took them in charge. It is extremely probable that the ashes treatment will be adopted in the St. Petersburg hospitals before long.—New York Sun.

Sauce for the Gander.

His Wife—George, you are becoming a confirmed smoker.

Suburbanite—My dear, I am compelled to ride in the smoking car so much that I often have to light a cigar in self-defence.

Same Suburbanite (a few hours later)—Amanda, you smell frightfully of raw onions.

His Wife—My dear, Bridget eats raw onions, and I've been eating one in self-defence.—Chicago Tribune.

Had Attended to It.

Father (to small son with a black eye)—What's the matter, Dick?

Small Son—Johnny Higgins hit me this afternoon.

Father—Well, he's a boy of your size. I hope you hit him back.

Small Son—Oh, I hit him yesterday.—New York Sun.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

CHOPPED CLOVER FOR HENS.

Hens have too much grain and too much of other concentrated food in winter. They are usually fed with some green vegetable when anything in the vegetable line is given to them. This is good in its way, but it is not the best food. A head of cabbage hung up where hens can peck at it will soon be devoured, but the cabbage is not the best egg-producing food. Chopped clover hay given in small amounts daily will be greedily eaten. It will furnish more of lime for the egg shells than any kind of grain except wheat. It will prevent the birds from fattening as they are apt to do if given all the grain needed to satisfy them.—Boston Cultivator.

HEAVY FEEDING OF DUCKS.

The feeding of ducks too heavily will retard their laying, and as some of them will begin to lay in January, it is important to use care in that respect. Too much grain will cause them to lose the use of their legs, and this will happen to the females more than to the drakes, as the latter will not feed as eagerly as the others. The food should be bulky, given twice a day. Cooked turnips, thickened with a mixture composed of equal parts of bran, corn meal and ground meat, will prove an excellent diet, allowing them all that they will eat. If turnips cannot be obtained, use clover hay, cut very fine and scalded, allowing it to remain over night to soften. Weak legs indicate not only that the ducks are overfed, but when the quarters are damp they will sometimes get the rheumatism. It is best to allow them to run out for exercise when it can be done, and their quarters should be clean, with plenty of cut straw on the floor.—Farm and Fireside.

CULTURE OF SAGE.

This crop is quite a profitable one, as it is in regular demand by housekeepers. It requires rich soil to give a profitable yield, as does, in fact, any crop grown for selling in the markets. The seed is sown in April in seed beds and the plants are transplanted in June or July into rows of twelve inches apart, and eight or ten inches apart in the rows. The soil is kept well cultivated, and, by the middle of September, the harvest is begun by cutting out each alternate row, a plant making at this time two bunches. The rows left grow quickly into thick bushes, and are again cut as before, leaving the rows four feet apart. These plants are cut before the winter, when they make a third crop, altogether yielding a satisfactory profit. The last crop need not be sold at once, but may be bunched and hung up for sale later, or it may be pressed into small square packages, and sold in bulk in this way to the dealers during the winter, or even in the spring.—New York Times.

GIRDLED TREES.

The rabbits, mice and other rodents usually injure trees in the winter so that by spring it is necessary to repair them in some way before summer. Unless the pests have eaten the inner bark all around the trees, they will recover with proper treatment. The best remedy to apply is to make a stiff plaster out of clay and cow manure adding a little water to make it more plastic. If such a plaster is placed over the barked portion of the tree and secured into position by a covering of old bagging or cloth, the wound is likely to heal up in a short time. If the weather is very dry it will be necessary to wet the bandage occasionally.

The great object of the application is to keep the wound moist while nature heals up the injury. If the wound is a large and serious one it may be necessary to cut off many of the top limbs of the tree. This is to equalize the flow of the sap, which is necessarily diminished by the wound. Other remedies for girdled trees are recommended, but for a simple and effective device, which any orchardist can apply this one cannot be surpassed. It is an old-fashioned remedy but is as good today as it was in the days of our forefathers.—New-England Farmer.

CARE OF THE COLT'S FEET.

On the sharp, frozen ground the colts may break their hoofs especially if they are not kept trimmed down, and unless some attention is given to the matter a misshapen hoof will develop that can never be converted into a well shapen one. Sometimes a hoof is so broken off at one side while it remains long at the other that the tendons of the leg are strained. A badly misshapen hoof is almost sure to make the animal awkward, and perhaps ill

gaited. The way to prevent annoying, and possibly serious results, is to keep a close watch on the colts' hoofs and shape them up as often as occasion demands. It is important to use care and good judgment in this work. It will vary rarely, if ever, be necessary to pare off the sole of the hoof; and if ever this work is done, it should be done with the greatest care, and the frog should be carefully avoided. Except in possibly very rare cases all that is necessary is to cut off the edges of the hoof. This is best done by setting the hoof on a solid plank or other smooth, level surface, and with a chisel cut down and through the edge of the hoof, cutting off excessive growth, and leaving the edge of the hoof as regular as possible. This trimming of the hoofs is a good training for the colt. It will soon learn to have its hoofs handled and trimmed without objection. While one must be firm, the first point is to exercise kindness. The colt is afraid; reassure it. On no account lose temper. The man that cannot control his temper is unfit to handle a colt on any occasion.—American Agriculturist.

LAND FOR GARDENING.

Truck farming or market gardening calls forth the highest skill. The land must be made "fat," as the Scotchman would say, and then kept so by applications of five or ten cords of good manure per acre or even more every year. For some crops for a year or two at a time it is often found profitable to substitute commercial fertilizers wholly or partially for stable manure. But if commercial manures are used exclusively the supply of humus in the soil will soon be exhausted and must be supplied by the plowing in of green crops, such as clover. Of equal importance with high fertilization is high and extensive culture. Keeping down the weeds is not enough, but the presence of a perpetual mulch of fine dry earth an inch deep upon the entire surface of the ground is to be worked off. To this end the onions, beets, carrots and turnips are to be repeatedly hoed, and the cultivator is to be run between rows of cabbage, celery, potatoes, corn, etc., once a week or oftener.

To prosecute trucking with greatest satisfaction the operator must not depend upon supplies of moisture as they naturally occur. He must be more independent of the influence of variable seasons.

To keep the land in good condition and raise good crops year after year, rotation must be followed. It is not the right thing to grow one crop year in and year out on the same land. Take the land at the sod, plow and plant corn or potatoes. The next year it will be in good shape for beets, turnips, carrots, tomatoes. One after the other of good garden crops may thus be raised.—San Francisco Chronicle.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Keeping the nests dark will often prevent the hens from eating their eggs.

Air-slaked lime freely used in the poultry quarters will destroy unpleasant odors.

Two weeks is long enough to make a fowl fat if highly fed with a fattening ration.

If orchards are to be made profitable, they must receive as good care as other crops.

Good tillage increases the available food supply of the soil and also conserves its moisture.

Good drainage, natural or artificial, is essential to success. Trees are impatient of wet feet.

The late-hatched turkeys can nearly always be given a fresh range much younger than those hatched earlier.

After the chickens are six weeks old there is a steady gain on the part of the large breeds over the small ones.

Where the poultry are allowed to shift for themselves and are given the range of the farm they often prove a nuisance.

Dry earth is the best deodorizer known. It is also the best absorbent to preserve the manure in the least offensive way.

The mulch should not be removed until the danger from heavy freezing has all passed. Then the sooner it can be removed the better. This is generally quite early in spring.

Trees should be made to send their roots deep into the soil, in order to fortify themselves against drought. This is done by draining the soil, and by plowing the orchard rather deep.

In the dry season mulch prevents many plants from dying and prolongs their life in a thrifty way for future fruit bearing. Stirring the surface soil of plants acts as a mulch. This is one of the best ways of applying it.