

It is estimated that more gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on the earth.

Gold is rapidly displacing sugar as the chief staple of British Guiana. From 250 ounces in 1884 the production has increased to 128,000 ounces. It is obtained chiefly at present by placer mining.

It is proposed to name a new street in New York City Parkhurst avenue, remarks the Chicago Herald, even if it does break the rule that honors of this sort shall be conferred only upon people who are dead.

The shipping of all nations is of the approximate value of \$1,100,000,000, while the 110,000 locomotives at work represent a value of \$1,000,000,000. The railways give employment to 2,394,000 people, while shipping employs only 705,000.

Spain has spent upward of \$110,000,000 in suppressing insurrectionary uprisings in Cuba in the last thirty-five years, and there is abundant evidence that she will have to make a considerable addition to her expenditures in that line during the present year.

While the best cheap watches in the world are made in the United States, the finest watches sold here still have Swiss works. But as American watches, guaranteed to lose or gain less than a second a month, are sold as low as \$12, most persons are willing to forego the Swiss works.

Recent statistics as to the public libraries of the United States show that Massachusetts ranks first with 212 free public libraries, with a total of 2,760,000 volumes, or 1,233 volumes to every 1,000 of the state's population. New Hampshire comes next, with 42 libraries and 175,000 books, or 454 volumes to every 1,000 of population. Illinois ranks third, having 42 libraries, or 130 volumes to each 1,000 of the population.

Recent statistics of longevity reveal some interesting facts. In cold countries like Norway there are many centenarians, and many are also found in hot countries near the equator. Very old people are numerous among the mountains of the northern states and in the swamps of Louisiana. They are just as common in our largest cities as they are in the farming districts. Locality and climate apparently have little to do with longevity, concludes the Atlantic Constitution.

The New York Tribune exclaims: There is the succulent peanut! May you think it doesn't play a large part on the industrial stage, but if you do, you are mistaken. The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 88,000,000 pounds, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina harvesting the most in the order named. But, after all, the American crop of peanuts is small compared with that of Africa, which in 1892 shipped 400,000,000 pounds of peanuts to Europe.

Probably no other ship has done so much to level British naval pride as Old Ironsides, remarks the Chicago Times-Herald. High rewards and rapid promotion awaited the English commander who sailed into Spithead with the dreaded Constitution as a prize. When, by the extraordinary seamanship of Captain Isaac Hull, she escaped the clutches of a powerful British squadron off Sandy Hook in 1812, after a chase of some sixty hours, Captain Byron, commanding one of the ships of the pursuing squadron, wrote to a friend in London: "Nothing can exceed my mortification from the extraordinary escape of the American frigate." The even more remarkable escape of the Constitution in 1845 from another British squadron off Port Praya caused the commanding English officer to commit suicide.

An interesting and instructive exhibit in the Cotton States' Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., will be a set of three models, the one to represent a 160-acre farm in the hill lands of the South, which, by bad management, and especially by improper cutting of the forest, has become gullied, furrowed and silted over, such as one can see in almost every State. The next model will show how, with bush dams, with ditching, proper drainage, with terracing, with sodding and replanting, the lost ground may be recovered, while the third model, representing the same 160 acres, is to show how finally the farm should look ideally, with the fields and meadows and forest growth properly disposed, in good condition, the roads running at proper levels instead of up and down, the fences reduced to the smallest extent practicable.

Loyalty.
Truth is protean, yet its soul is one— Whatever form, whatever name it takes, It is the light of life, the fire that wakes All that is best beneath the ancient sun; And loyalty is truth—the days may run Their shining courses, but a brave heart breaks Before it turns from honor or forsakes A friend, a faith, a duty to be done.

In locality, I think, our souls fulfil Their holiest mission, and divinely rise Through large, fraternal tenderness until Earth seems to hold the glamour of the skies, And all that man has wrought by steadfast will Becomes a treasure for the brave and wise.—G. E. MONTAGNEY, in New York Herald.

What Mrs. Pettigru Said.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

"Have another cup," insisted Mrs. Pettigru.

"Thank you, no," I persisted, for it was by no means Mrs. Pettigru's first invitation.

The cup referred to was of tea, a beverage which I despise except on the occasion of its namesake, as a social function, when by courtesy I introduce a small portion of it into my system, for purely polite reasons. I was at one of these functions when Mrs. Pettigru was asking me to indulge, and I had done so to the extent of a single cup.

It was quite late, and as Mrs. Pettigru was not the hostess, and there were but few guests remaining, we had a few minutes to ourselves in the quiet corner where she had cozily ensconced herself.

"Well," she said, when I had set my teacup on the table in token of final refusal, "well, what have you been doing since I saw you last?"

It had been fully four days since I had seen Mrs. Pettigru, and in that time a man can do great things.

"Nothing much," said I.

"And I don't know of any one who can do nothing as much as you can," she laughed, but not unkindly, for women are not generally unkind to men who have incomes of sufficient magnitude to enable them to do nothing, no matter how much of it they may do.

"Really," I yawned; "what would you have me do?"

"When a man has nothing to do," she replied, "he generally gets married."

"Am I to consider that as a suggestion that I go and do likewise?," "Isn't it almost time?" she said, with the assurance of a woman who has been in that condition herself for an untold number of years.

"But marriage isn't for time; it's for life," I contended lamely.

"How old are you?" This with an air of a physician who had the right to diagnose my case.

"Thirty-five, let us say, at a venture," I smiled. "How old are you?"

"That's neither here nor there," she laughed. "I'm married."

Mrs. Pettigru was 40, and, I may add, incidentally, that she was also fat and fair.

"If the years stop when one marries," said I, "I think I shall announce my engagement at once and follow it immediately by the tying of the knot."

Mrs. Pettigru was evidently letting her mind run off into some other channel, for she passed my brilliant repartee as if it had been a dead stick under her carriage wheels.

"When a man reaches 35," she said, somewhat seriously, I thought, for a woman at a tea, where one takes nothing seriously except the tea, "it is really time that he began to think where he stands on this important question."

"What if he knows where he stands?" I interrupted inquiringly.

"Then he doesn't need to think," she said with a look that was full of interrogation points.

"I'm not so sure," I contended.

"In fact, I am almost sure that then is the time when he should do his most serious thinking."

"Of course, if he knows that he will make a confirmed bachelor of himself," she put in very quickly.

"You think he should think of some way of getting out of such a dreadful situation?" I asked, letting the argument go her way.

"That's it exactly."

"And of course, there is only one safe way?"

"Certainly."

"But I'm not ready to die yet," I said gravely.

"Die?" she exclaimed. "Who said anything about dying? Get married!"

to interrupt such a charming tete a tete, but there was no possible way to avoid it, unless I missed my cup of tea, and I am so shivery from the raw air outside that I couldn't think of it."

"And we are so glad you didn't," I hastened to say. "We have been discussing a very important question."

"The New Woman?" ventured Miss Fitch, who had a stray "advanced" idea or two, which she was fond of an giving airing, now and then, when the men she was talking to were not eligible, or the women were so old-fashioned and narrow in their views of woman's sphere as to be tiresome.

"No; any woman," laughed Mrs. Pettigru. "I was urging Mr. Mergitroyd to marry, and as he doesn't appear to have any mind at all on the subject, I think any woman is better than no woman."

Fedora Fitch looked at me as if she thought I were given to the prevaricating habit, but said nothing which would lead a casual auditor to think she thought so.

"Mr. Mergitroyd," is what she did say, "has some queer notions on the subject of matrimony, and incidentally, on women in general."

"And one woman in particular," I added in a tone which struck Mrs. Pettigru into attention.

"Is there any woman in the world he thinks of more than he does of any other woman?" she asked quickly.

"Of course not," I answered for Miss Fitch. "If there were he would marry her."

"Men are so conceited," laughed Miss Fitch to Mrs. Pettigru.

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, my dear," said Mrs. Pettigru to Miss Fitch. "As soon as I have finished my lecture to Mr. Mergitroyd and got him started on the right path, I'm going to take up your case. Let me see," and she began counting on her fingers, "you are 24, and if you weren't already quite rich, I should begin to make a match between you two, but I'd prefer to divide you up between persons who are less well-to-do, in order to distribute the wealth of nations, as it were. Besides, I don't quite think you are suitable to each other. You never would get along smoothly, because you are both altogether too sensible."

"Is it necessary that one of the contracting parties in a marriage be a fool?" I inquired with the natural cynicism of a man who was still a bachelor at 35.

Mrs. Pettigru laughed. Miss Fitch looked rather hard at me.

"I have never heard as much intimated," said Mrs. Pettigru. "It's the affinity of contrast that is needed in these affairs to make them last," she added.

"Does it make any difference which one is the fool?" asked Miss Fitch.

"I presume not, but it always seemed to me to be more natural for a man to be a fool over a woman than for a woman to be a fool over a man," replied Mrs. Pettigru.

I don't know why it was, but my face reddened, and when I turned my eyes toward Miss Fitch and she smiled faintly, my embarrassment made me uncomfortable.

Mrs. Pettigru was a dear friend of both Miss Fitch and myself, and she talked to us much as she pleased; still, I didn't want her to see that I was embarrassed on the woman question.

"And yet," remarked Miss Fitch in an argumentative tone, "some men wouldn't for the world want to be thought they were foolish over women."

"That's because they have inherited the feeling that they are the lords of creation, and the dignity of that lofty position must be maintained at any cost," laughed Mrs. Pettigru.

"I don't think I was ever a fool over a woman," I said weakly, though I tried to say it with superb confidence.

"My dear boy," responded Mrs. Pettigru, much as a mother would speak to her child, "do take another cup of tea. Your nerves need strengthening."

Fedora Fitch laughed outright and Mrs. Pettigru poured me a cup of tea.

"Thanks, no," I said, trying to laugh. "I don't want it. I believe," I added, rising, "that I never made a fool of myself over a woman, but I did not say I was not a coward in the presence of two. I am, and I propose now to flee away and be at rest. The next time I go to a tea I shall take a life preserver with me."

"Suppose you take a life preserver with you when you leave a tea," suggested Miss Fitch, rising also.

"Oh, that was beautifully done," exclaimed Mrs. Pettigru. "Now, like a good boy, let Fedora go with you. It is almost dark and she needs an escort home."

"Will Miss Fitch permit me?" I asked with a bow.

"Miss Fitch will be charmed," she replied returning the bow.

"I'm dreadful sorry two such people, as you two are, never seem to care for each other except as friends," said Mrs. Pettigru as we moved away, and with a conjoint smile and "good day" we went to find the hostess and then started for home.

"Mrs. Pettigru is a dear, good soul," I said when we had gained the street.

"She has queer notions about us, though?" responded Miss Fitch.

"They are mine to a line," said I boldly.

"I didn't know you agreed with any woman," she said.

"I certainly do not with one I know?"

"Who is that?"

"Miss Fedora Fitch."

"In what particular, pray?"

"I want to marry her and she doesn't want me to," I answered with a vehemence that would have been startling to most women, but it was not so to Miss Fitch, for she had heard the same thing from me many times, notwithstanding the opinion Mrs. Pettigru held of me.

"You simply don't know a woman at all," she replied. "You think you do, and you pose as an authority, but you are so ignorant that really I pity you."

The outlook was no more hopeful than on many previous occasions and I felt myself going down into the depths of despair once more, but I made a heroic effort.

"Pity is akin to love," I ventured.

Miss Fitch laughed.

"You are the only woman in the world who can teach me what you pity my ignorance of," I said, desperately.

"But what would Mrs. Pettigru say?" she hesitated.

"Well, of all people! You two!" is what she did say when we appeared before her next day to communicate the glad tidings.—Detroit Free Press.

Mandalays "Incomparable Pagoda."

The pagoda is our main quest, and we pass out from the monastery into the glare, and crossing the vacant space before this temple come under the spell of its silent beauty. Whence came these new yet wonderful effects of symmetry and beauty?—this new school, yet old, of architectonics, this new scheme of adornment? We see here, finally realized, the charm of uniformity, of right equalling left, of repetition on equal or variant scale. Scan this pagoda, the Incomparable, as it glows before you in its noonday light; go around about it; tell the towers thereof. Man cannot deny its power and its completeness. Yet see from what simple motives it has built itself up. Those strong round arches of the lower story subordinate their own ornament to the beautiful detail of the parapet above them; and from this upper platform reached by a noble sweep of steps, grow tier on tier of lessening stories, until the whole is completed. The effect is produced, moreover, by the simplest of materials. No costly marbles are here; stonework only, and brickwork, rude and honest, and coated with stucco and dazzling whitewash; in detailed serenity, rough and unrefined; in result—incomparable.—Outing.

A Flycatcher's Courting.

"A pair of least flycatchers were fitting about a gully, spanned by a foot-bridge, on my left. The male acted precisely as if he were intoxicated. He would start from some twig near the ground, or from the ground itself, in a spiral flight upward, snapping his bill loudly, chattering in the most extravagant fashion, and every few seconds losing his balance and turning a complete somersault. When he reached the treetops he would come down again in much the same style, the somersaults only being rather more frequent and reckless. Once more on his perch he would sit quietly with ruffled plumage and flashing eyes until he took it into his head to renew his gymnastic performances, or until some passing insect tempted him to make a sally for a utilitarian purpose. Doubtless this was his method of expressing sentiments to which his more gifted associates among the birds gave utterance in song."—Outing.

A Modest Vagrant.

"Excuse a poor man out of work. I want a few more coppers to pay for my night's lodging."
"How much more do you want?"
"Twopence halfpenny."
"Here's the money. Now don't you beg any more."
"Much obliged, but you see, sir, I must go round to the other gentlemen, else they'll imagine I've grown proud, and I wouldn't have that said of me on an account."—Fliegende Blätter.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN

DIGESTIBILITY OF WHEAT.

The recent extensive use of wheat as an animal food has led to investigations as to its digestibility. It has been found that the latter is increased 10 per cent by feeding the wheat cracked instead of whole. Containing less fat, this grain is better suited than corn for the production of lean meat. The Minnesota station also finds that the manure from wheat is worth about one-quarter more than that from corn.—New York World.

NERVOUS HORSES.

Finely bred, intelligent horses are often very nervous. They are quick to take notice, quick to take alarm, quick to do what seems to them, in moments of sudden terror, necessary to escape from possible harm from something they do not understand. This is why they shy, bolt and run away. A sheet of white paper in the road may seem a yawning chasm; the open front of a baby carriage the jaws of a dragon ready to devour him, and a man on a bicycle some terrifying sort of a flying devil without wings. But we find that the moment he becomes familiar with those things, or any that frighten him, and knows what they are, he grows indifferent to them. Therefore when your horse shies at anything, make him acquainted with it; let him smell it, touch it with his sensitive upper lip and look closely at it.

TO TEST EGGS.

Of course, in every setting there are apt to be unfertile eggs. If these are taken out and others put in their place you are more apt to have a better hatch, as the hen has been sitting on eggs for three long weeks that could not possibly hatch. In the first place, when setting the hen use only eggs of a medium size—not too large or too small. After they have been undergoing the hatching process for three or four days, get a lamp that has a clear and bright light, and in the dark hold an egg to the end of a tube which can be made by rolling paper so that it is open at each end. Look through the tube and egg at the light. The egg that seems to be entirely clear you can rest assured is not fertile, and it will be perfectly useless to place it back under the hen; but if it is dark or contains large spots or specks on the inside you have excellent chances of hatching a chick from it.—New York Witness.

FARROWING TIME.

At farrowing time a thin sow is almost as objectionable as a fat one, as the high feeding it is necessary to start in with is apt to bring back the fever in her system to the injury of herself and litter, while a fat sow is feverish, ill-tempered and careless of her offspring. To keep the sow in good order feed moderately until after the pigs come. For the first twenty-four hours after farrowing keep away all food except a few quarts of bran, given as a drink, in plenty of warm water. The feed should then be increased gradually, until at the end of a week the sow is on full feed.

While suckling her pigs the dam should be aided in the production of milk by liberal and judicious feeding. Good slop and corn, and access to the best pasture should be given. When three or four weeks old the pigs may be separated from the dam, and shelled corn may be supplied, but it is not good to give them too much corn or meal. Milk and bran make growth and muscle. At eight weeks they may be completely weaned, and may be fed all they will eat. Remember that the hog is a grazing animal, and give them a chance to follow nature by providing pasture.—New York World.

PRESERVING EGGS FOR LONG PERIODS.

Numerous methods of preserving eggs are in use. The idea of all of this is to keep air out of the egg, as by such absence of oxygen decay can be arrested for a considerable length of time, especially if the eggs are perfectly fresh at the start and are kept in a cool dark place. The standard method, most used by speculators and dealers, is to put the eggs in limewater. The process is as follows, this recipe having been widely sold at \$5 under pledge of secrecy:

Take twenty-four gallons of water, twelve pounds of unslaked lime and four pounds of salt, or in that proportion according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. Stir several times daily and then let stand until the liquor has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw or carefully dip off the clear liquid, leaving the sediment. Take for the above amount of liquid five ounces each of baking soda, or an ounce of tartar, sulphate and borax

and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water and add to the mixture about twenty gallons of pure limewater. This will about fill a cider barrel. Put the eggs in carefully so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. This amount of liquid will preserve 150 dozen eggs. Is it not necessary to wait to get a full barrel or smaller package of eggs, but they can be put in at any time that they can be obtained fresh. The same liquid should be used only once.—American Agriculturist.

SHOW LESS WHEAT.

It is always easier to offer advice than to accept it. And this is especially true when the person who offers the advice has less practical experience than those to whom it is offered, because in that case the adviser cannot appreciate fully the difficulty of putting his advice in practice. Nevertheless, it is a fact, that a mere on-looker may at times be able to see more clearly the progress of a battle and the dangers to which the contestants are exposed than those who are in the thick of the fight.

The advice which heads this article is offered to farmers throughout the country in full consciousness of the fact that there may in many cases be good reasons why it should not be followed. That possibility does not, however, weaken in any degree, but rather intensifies, the argument that all who can find any other profitable use for their land should, for this year at least, devote a smaller portion of it to wheat than has been their custom; in order that they may be less dependent upon the price of wheat for the success of their year's operations, and also that they may have a better chance to get a paying price for what wheat they do raise.

In view of the continuous increase of the production of wheat in Russia and in South America, there seems at present to be little prospect that the price of wheat will advance to the figures which were current three years ago, even if there shall be a considerable falling off in the production of wheat in this country.—New York Witness.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Keep only the best to breed from.

Only a fool punishes a horse for being afraid.

"Bench talk" never kept a garden free from weeds.

The general consensus is that there is no money in cooking food for stock.

The good horseman will water his horses before feeding him, especially in the morning.

A cold winter means a hot summer. The ice made by the one will be needed by the other.

The way to apply lime is to broadcast it on a newly-plowed field, so as to retain it near the surface.

The constantly decreasing price of the essential oil is likely to restrict new plantings of peppermint.

Lettuce is perfectly hardy, and may be sown in open ground as soon as the soil is in proper working order.

An acre of land is ample for a hundred hens, but more may be kept if due care and cleanliness be observed.

By gathering up and burning the dead leaves and branches in the orchard, insects and fungus diseases may often be held in check.

Mustard is a plant that farmers consider a weed, but it can be put to good use, however. If not allowed to go to seed, it is very easily kept down.

April is the best month to apply manure to the orchard, as the growth of the trees starts then, and the feeding roots are ready for the food within their reach.

If every man who owns and drives horses really knew the difference between a good horse and inferior ones, there wouldn't be enough good ones to go around, and the commons would be full of cast off, valueless horses, says a contemporary.

For many years the value of wood ashes as a portion of the diet of hogs was unknown, but experiments have shown that when wood ashes were allowed with the food the bones are strengthened. Ground bone also gave excellent results when given to them.

If a field has not paid you, change the soil or crop. Test the milk and dispose of the profitless cows. Sell the scrub horses and stop feeding them. Get rid of the surplus cocks and the old hens. Weed out everything unprofitable. It is true today that the seven lean kine devour the seven fat kine.