

An educational qualification will hereafter be required of men seeking enlistment in the United States army.

England, according to the navy estimates, intends to build next year ten new first-class battle ships, six first-class, thirteen second and third class cruisers and from forty-five to fifty torpedo-boat destroyers.

In the course of Parliamentary debate recently Sir Edward Reed pointed out "the deplorable fact" that in the whole naval establishment of Great Britain there was no school of naval strategists and tacticians.

A number of patriotic Japanese in Tokio have decided to erect a tower in Eiffel in honor of the national victory over China. It will be 1,000 feet high and will cost \$350,000. This sum has already been subscribed and designs are solicited from engineers in various European countries.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any country, asserts the Atlanta Constitution. So varied is climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rice, sugar, silk, coconuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wine are the principal products.

Tai Yin Cheo, a student of the University of Michigan, writes to the New York Independent protesting against the use of the word Chinaman, instead of Chinese. He says: "As to the word Chinaman itself, there is certainly nothing good or bad in it, but it somehow involves a sort of contemptuous idea, which has been felt by many of our literary men."

Again attention is called by the Atlanta Constitution to that profitable plant, the sunflower, which flourishes everywhere; grows irrespective of rain or drought; produces more value in oil per acre than cotton, lint oil and all at not half the expense, and now it is asserted that 500 pounds of sunflower stalks will produce about 300 pounds of the best quality of paper.

Among the many interesting developments of the war now raging in China is the organization by the Japanese Government of a corps of military chaplains of the Buddhist and Shinto faiths, to accompany the troops into the field, where their principal duty is to pray for the souls of the departed and to attend to the burial service. This, according to the New York Tribune, is the first time in the history of any Asiatic nation that invading armies have been provided with "sky pilots."

It is forty years since Helmholtz's ophthalmoscope was introduced into this country, and next to anesthetics, states the New York Independent, it has produced the chief ameliorations of human misery and disability. Of the multitude of young persons who would be groping in semi-blindness, but who can see by wearing glasses that truly "correct" their vision, most have been helped by the accurate adjustments attainable through first finding out the defect with this wonderfully simple but perfect instrument.

Says the Savannah Press: "The State seal of Alabama has been changed. It now represents a soldier on horseback with the figure of a young woman seated behind and pointing forward. It commemorates the bravery of Miss Emma Samson, of Etowah County, who piloted the Confederate General Forest on his way in search of Union forces in the Civil War. When asked if there was a man about who could act as guide, "No," she said, "but I can." The Alabama Legislature gave her a medal, 120 acres of land and a certified vote of thanks thirty-one years ago, and now they immortalize her on the State seal."

The Tradesman, published at Chattanooga, Tenn., has made what it declares to be a complete census of the cotton mills, existing and projected, in the Southern States. It finds the number of those completed and in course of erection to be 372, of which 140 are in North Carolina, 66 in Georgia, 63 in South Carolina, 26 in Arkansas, 24 in Tennessee, 21 in Alabama, 18 in Maryland, 9 in Virginia, 9 in Texas, 8 in Mississippi, 6 in Kentucky, 5 in Louisiana, 1 in Florida, and 1 in West Virginia. The number projected and likely to be constructed soon is 36. These figures, without details as to the size or capacity of factories, are only significant for comparison. The total number of mills completed, under construction and projected increased from 189 in 1889 to 254 in 1891 and 403 in 1892.

**We're In It.**  
No matter what the cynics say—  
We're in it!  
The sun seems brighter every day,  
The rivers ripple on the way  
And more sweet roses meet the May  
Each minute!  
No matter how the poets sing—  
We're in it!  
A brighter hue the rainbows fling  
And lovelier fruits the seasons bring,  
While sweeter far the songbirds sing  
Each minute!  
No matter who may come or go—  
We're in it!  
And skies may smile or tempests blow,  
And still we hope, and still we know  
The good Lord guides this world below  
Each minute!  
—Constitution.

## TWO BROTHERS.

"Whew!" cried Ambrose Leroy, with his morning's newspaper in his hand.

His wife glanced up, and saw that his face wore a dark and troubled expression.

"What is it?" she asked.  
"Read that," said Ambrose, handing her the paper, with his thumb upon the item.

She took the paper and read as follows:

"Our old-time friend and former fellow-townsmen, Thomas Leroy was one of the passengers on the wrecked ship *Diomed*. As many of our readers are aware, he had been spending several months in Cuba, and, as we understand, was on his way to remain with us. His worldly effects are, unfortunately at the bottom of the sea; but we have sufficient cause of gratitude that his life has been spared; and we doubt not that he will be welcomed home in his poverty fully as warmly as he could have been had he come back to us with overflowing coffers."

"Poor Tom!" said the wife, when she had read.

"Poor enough!" echoed her husband. "He must not think he can lie down on me. He may have lost something by the wreck, but I doubt if it was much. It isn't in him and never was—and he must not think he can turn this misfortune of wreck into a fortune of hanging upon me."

The wife made no reply. She may have thought that her husband was unnecessarily harsh, but she cared not to contradict him. He had great business cares, and was impatient of reproof.

In another part of the same town, on this self-same morning, Benjamin Leroy sat at his breakfast, and he also had his morning's paper.

Let me say here that Ambrose and Benjamin were brothers, and that the Thomas, of whom mention has been made, was their cousin, being the son of that Captain Tom Leroy who had lost his life years before on the coast in trying to save the crew of a wrecked brig. Ambrose Leroy was a merchant, and held up his head in society. Benjamin Leroy was a carpenter, and he worked at building houses. When Ambrose was forced to speak of his brother's calling he spoke of him as a "Master Builder."

"Hallo!" cried Ben with a start. "Bless me! Why Cousin Tom was aboard the *Diomed*!"

"Cousin Tom?" echoed his wife.

"Yes, here it is—'Thomas Leroy—our former fellow-townsmen.' You know he wrote that he should probably come home this summer. Poor Tom! Hard Luck seems to follow him wherever he goes!"

"But," anxiously urged the wife—"he is unharmed?"

"Thank God! Yes, dear old fellow! It is hard, His years of toil in that West India climate all throw away. Everything he had is at the bottom of the ocean."

"Can't you find something for him to do Benny?"

"We'll find him a home, never fear, Molly; and if he can drive a nail, or shove a plane, I'll find him work. I know he has been a thrifless dog; but it's been more his misfortune than his sin. His heart is in the right place, and I don't believe he ever willingly wronged a human being. 'We'll find him a nest somehow, won't we?'"

"Of course we will."

And they finished their breakfast with a relish.

Just at the close of that day a man rang the bell at the door of Ambrose Leroy. He was a hard looking wayfarer—his garments soiled and ragged, and his step weary. A servant answered the summons and the applicant was peremptorily sent around to the back door, where, after a time, the master of the house waited upon him.

"Well, Ambrose—here I am, under a cloud."

"Thomas!"

"This is all that the storm and wreck have left of me. I look rough, don't I?"

Ambrose Leroy was shocked. But

he could do no less than invite his cousin in out of the evening air, though he did it with a grimace.

"I heard of your mishap, Thomas, I read it in the paper this morning. I trust you have suffered no bodily injury."

"Not a bit, old fellow."

"Then you will find work enough, I presume. Are you hungry?"

"I have had no supper."

"My cook will give you some. You must excuse me, I am engaged."

"Say, Am," cried the castaway, as his cousin turned to depart, "can't you find something for me to do?"

Ambrose shut his hands like one who is taking the bull by the horns.

"No, Thomas, I cannot. Our lines are east in different places. You can rest here for the night, and if you need money for pressing emergency I shall not refuse you; but I may as well inform you that I cannot give you a home."

"All right, old fellow. Small favors thankfully received. I'll be right side up in a few days."

Ambrose directed his cook to give the man food, and to show him to a bed when he wished to retire; and then he left. But the wayfarer did not stop to test the viands of his cousin's larder.

Benjamin Leroy and family had just sat down to the tea-table when a peal of the door-bell called Molly from her chair. She kept no servant, and she thought she could answer the summons better in the gathering gloom than could her little daughter.

Benjamin heard the voice of his wife in the tones of glad surprise, and he started up from the table, and went out into the hall.

"What—Tom, old fellow!—is it you?"

"Aye, Ben, it's what there is left of me."

"You're safe and sound?"

"Sound as a nut."

"And you're just in time, too. Come and eat, and we'll do the talking afterward."

And he dragged Tom into the supper room; and when he had viewed him in the light he exclaimed:

"Bless me, old chap! you're looking as hearty as a buck—a little dragged but we'll soon smother that out—Zounds! when I read this morning, that you were on board the *Diomed*, it gave Molly and me a start; but when we knew you were safe it was all right."

And Tom sat down to the well-filled table, with Ben's warm pressure thrilling upon his hand, and the sisterly kiss of Molly still upon his lips, and he was at home.

Later in the evening, after the children had been put to bed, and after Tom had donned a pair of Ben's slippers, and one of Ben's easy coats, they sat and talked. Tom told of the storm and the wreck and he also told of adventures which had befallen him in Cuba, where he had been spending several years in setting up and running steam engines upon large sugar plantations. Finally he asked Ben of his own business. How was the world going him?

"It's all right, old fellow," was Ben's cherry response. "I ain't doing so well as some, but I am aboveboard, and I have faith in myself. At all events, I have a good home a good wife and room at my board for a friend. So make yourself easy, my boy, and dream pleasant dreams."

Tom made further inquiries, and at length it came out that Ben just at the present was debarred from a grand bit of fortune for the want of money.

"Why, here it is," said he, when pressed for an explanation: You remember the old Belknap farm? Well, the railroad are going to put up a depot there and make a regular station for all the accommodation trains. I have the contract for the building. The Belknap heirs will sell for forty thousand dollars and of their farm of almost two hundred acres full a hundred acres lie handy to the road, and the land is simply magnificent for residences. The thing is not generally known. But few know yet that the depot is a settled fact. It is my firm conviction that within three years that piece of property will be worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"Good!" cried Tom. "We'll go out early to-morrow morning and look that thing over, and if it promises as you say we'll buy it."

"Buy it?"

"Aye, Ben—we'll buy it, and you and I will go into partnership. Let me tell you, my dear fellow, that I ain't quite dead broke. I haven't been at work these five years for nothing. My engineering has paid. At this moment I own half of three of the largest and best sugar plantations in Cardenas, and my name in New York will be worth a slightly larger sum than will be required to purchase the Belknap

estate. You see, as I couldn't take my plantations with me, they didn't go down with my chest."

Ben Leroy was in a state bordering on bewilderment during the rest of the evening. On the following morning he and Tom went forth and looked over the Belknap farm, and before night they had taken a bond for a deed.

In Ben's best suit of clothes Tom went to New York, and in forty eight hours he was back with fifty thousand dollars.

And Tom Leroy would have it that the deed of the Belknap estate should be made to Ben and himself as equal purchasers and owners.

Ben Leroy had not been mistaken in his calculations touching the possibilities of that land. He put on big gangs of workmen, and the houses were sold as fast as built, and Tom and Ben became the fathers of a new and thriving community, and the heavy builder and land owner—the man who gave home to hundreds of his fellows—rose in the grand scale of public estimation far, far above the plodding, grasping trader who had shrunk from the society of the castaway.—New York News.

## Battered Wrecks in England's Metropolis.

The "Donna," in London, has been called "the table d'hôte of the unemployed." It has been enabled to go on through another hard winter, selling to any man who can produce a half penny, a bowl of soup or a slice of nourishing batter pudding. Last year at a time of terrible distress among the poor, free tickets were issued, and a large piece of bread was added gratis to each dinner, as long as the supply held out.

"I do be very thankful for this lump o' bread," said one man.

"How long will this extra bread go on?" asked a week old creature. "A month do you say? Ah, I hope it may, and then another may take my place. I shan't be here."

At the Night Refuge one old man on crutches was helped inside the door before his more stalwart companions.

"I'm on the rocks," said he. "It's five years since I've done any regular work. I might be Cain, for all the friends I have; though I take it he was better off in some ways, having wife, children and possessions, while I've none."

"And what would you do with 'em here?" asked a gruff voice.

The old man's lips trembled. "They're all gone to a better land," said he, "but, mate, I'm lonely, lonely."

The gruff voiced man laid a hand on his shoulder.

"We're in the same boat, and stuck on the same rocks. I take it," he replied. "My missus died four years ago, and I buried my heart when I buried her and the little 'un with her. As I give her the last kiss, I felt froze as cold as her, and I came home—it wasn't home any longer—and sold off every stick; and I've tramped it since. I'm just a breathin' bit o' marble."

"God help us all," groaned another old man; "to think that, in this free and Christian land, we should have nowhere to put our heads tonight! It strikes me there's a fresh dividing of pillows needed; some with so many and others with none. It don't seem hardly fair!"—Longman's Magazine.

## Bridge of Novel Design.

The new bridge at Van Buren street, over the Chicago River, as the great open sewer that runs through the Windy City is called, is something of a curiosity in bridge building. The structure is variously termed a rolling lift and a rocking bascule. The bridge is divided in the middle, and each section is formed at the shore end in the shape of a huge rocker that rests upon the abutments. In opening, each section turns back upon its rockers, raising the adjacent ends of the sections at the middle. Electric power is used and compressed air brakes are automatically set by the cessation of the current. It is asserted that this device insures absolute safety. When the bridge is open the freeway in the river is 100 feet in width. The rolling lift bridge is the first of the kind in this country. It marks a great departure in bridge construction.—New York Telegram.

## Dog Farming.

Dog farming is carried on extensively in China. There are thousands of large breeding establishments scattered over the northern districts of Manchuria and Mongolia, and no dog skins in the world can compare with those that come from these parts as regards either size, quality or length of hair.—Detroit Free Press.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### THE STRAWBERRY BED.

The best location for the strawberry bed is an important matter in many sections. Mr. Hanchett said to the state horticultural society that in Western Wisconsin "our best locations are good wheat lands in narrow valleys open to the east and north. On the ridges, which are usually sandy, the plants do not thrive. They must be protected from the cold north winds of winter and the scorching southwest winds of summer. These conditions are found in many of our narrow valleys, open at the east and the west and protected on the north and south by bluffs. Usually here is found a stream fed by springs. This, with very little difficulty, can be used in irrigating the field and the effects of drouth counteracted. We give thorough and frequent culture.—American Agriculturist.

### FERTILIZING VALUE OF WOOD ASHES.

The difference between the ashes of hard woods and those of soft woods is in the quantity rather than the quality. The amount of fertilizing material is much the same in both cases, but the soft woods yield very much less in quantity. The value of the ashes consists mostly in the lime, which amounts to three-fourths of the whole plant food in the ashes. The potash varies from ten per cent down to three or four, while the phosphoric acid is from one to three per cent. The ashes make an excellent fertilizer for every crop grown, but, having no nitrogen in them, they need this to be supplied in some way. The best nitrogenous fertilizer for garden crops is nitrate of soda, which costs about three cents a pound. There is no garden crop but is helped by liberal fertilizing in addition to plenty of manure.—New York Times.

### LOCKJAW.

If a nail is picked up get it out, of course, as soon as possible; then get a half pail of hot water—as hot as the horse can possibly stand it—pour in plenty of Vinegar and also plenty of salt. This is all, only it must be so hot that at first when you put the horse's foot into it he will pull the foot out of the water; put it in again, and keep on doing so until you can hold the foot in steadily. Hold it in half an hour or longer, and repeat it again after two hours. Do this at least four times or more the first day, and repeat the process the next day. In nine cases out of ten it will save the horse. It has been tried on man, and I used it myself on my own horse, says a writer in Clark's Horse Review. Some one may say that this remedy is no good, but if I had a valuable horse it is the remedy I would try. Nothing will kill the blood poison quicker if taken in time.—New York World.

### MAXIMS FOR A TEAMSTER.

Big loads, little profits.  
Few farm horses need shoes.  
Axle grease modifies the grain bill.  
Bad tempered driver—bad tempered team.

A horse's power is proportionate to his food.

The blacksmith is father to much lameness.

There are more balky drivers than balky horses.

Whips are like emetics, to be used very seldom.

Noisy drivers are like noisy wagons—both empty.

Regular and plentiful feeding is good economy.

The Golden Rule applies to horses the same as to men.

He who cannot govern himself cannot govern his horse.

Five cent's worth of sugar is better than a dollar in whips.

Horses need food and water whenever their driver does.

Blinders are worth more on the driver than on the horse.

The more whip the less horsemanship.—Humane World.

### FAILURE OF A TREE TO FRUIT.

Plants are much like animals in their natural functions, especially in those of reproduction. They have male and female organs as animals have, although it is quite common that these are in the same plant of which the flowers are the organs of reproduction. But as is the case with animals, that closely-related individuals will produce weak and imperfect progeny if bred together, so it is with plants, and as in the operations of nature laws seem to be provided to avoid this result, and so secure the existence of races by the production of strong progeny by the failure of closely-related individuals to reproduce themselves, it is almost the universal ex-

perience that a single plant will not produce seed, or, if it does, it is so imperfect that it will not grow. And thus it is that a single apple or pear or plum tree, or a vine, growing alone, and where it cannot receive the pollen of some other tree, fails to bear fruit.

This is so common an experience that when large orchards of one single variety of fruit are planted, a sufficient number of a different variety or of several are mixed with the others. This fact is important when orchards, or even a few trees, are planted. Doubtless this is the reason why two trees of the same kind do not bear fruit, or only a few.—American Farmer.

### PRACTICAL DAIRYING.

While purity of blood is important for the rearers of breeding stock, it is of minor consequence to the practical dairyman, who will often find many of his best cows among grades and crosses. He will take a good dairy wherever he finds her, and will not be bound either by pedigree or by appearance. Performance will be his sole test.

If, however he proposes to rear his own stock, he will do well to insist upon purity of blood on the male side as by it alone can he determine the probable future value of his calves. This point is most important as it is a provision of nature that milk and butter tendencies are most often transmitted from the dam to the male and from the sire to his progeny. Of course it is better that the milk and butter tendencies should be hereditary on both sides of the line if possible, but the male is the most important member of the herd.

The milk-giving habit can be developed in the individual and in the breed. Comparatively early calving, liberal feeding and persistent milking of the young cow will help greatly; but the power to produce a large per cent of butter fat is inherited by a cow, and you cannot turn a naturally poor one into a good butter producer. Milk production is the chief function of the dairy cow. It is for the practical dairyman to determine whether he wants quality or quantity. He cannot combine the two in the highest degree. If he sells the milk as such, the small breeds should be avoided, but these are the best where butter or cheese is desired.

While the quantity of milk may be largely influenced by the amount and kind of food supplied, the quality of the food cannot. This last depends upon the animal herself, but heredity has a very powerful influence in this direction.—New York World.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Stony land may be planted to grapes or apples, and then used as runs for poultry. In this manner such lands may be used for profit at a small outlay.

Cheap, careless help is not profitable help at any time or anywhere, but there is no place where it is more unprofitable than at the milk pail and at the churn.

Timothy hay sells better than clover, and costs less on the farm. Clover is better to use on the farm than timothy. If hay is to be sold from the farm let it be timothy.

Do not neglect to take the ailing fowl away from the rest of the flock, even if you do not know that she has a contagious disease. No chance should be taken in letting an epidemic get the start in the flock.

Wideawake farmers own pure bred fowls, which cost no more to feed, and the ratio of profit is greater than with any barnyard stock. Why should not every farmer do so? Better test this matter thoroughly this Spring. Experience will certainly prove its wisdom.

It is the old queen and bees that leave the hive when the warm weather and quick storage of honey causes them to swarm, as they give up their hive to the younger members of the colony, and new queen. Sometimes a new hive will give off two or three swarms in one season.

Visiting among those who live in the country is rendered nearly impossible where there are bad roads, and it is no wonder young people become tired of country life and long for the towns, where they can have a better chance of seeing other people. There is a social side to the road question.

The merchant keeps a daily account of his transactions as he could not conduct business without so doing. The farmer should also keep books, and make daily records of all receipts and expenses, so as to be able to arrive at a knowledge of what the farm is doing at all seasons of the year, thereby avoiding mistakes in many ways.