

It is said that Buffalo, N. Y., is the world's fifth maritime city.

With a population of 3,725,000, Scotland has 6,500 university students, while with a population about six times as great England has only 6,000 university students.

The Chicago Times-Herald offers a prize of \$5,000 and a gold medal for the best horseless carriage propelled by electricity or any other mechanical agency, to be determined by public competition.

France has been a pioneer in navy construction. She had the first steam line of battle ships; she launched the first steam ironclad; she was the first to substitute steel for iron, and to attempt soft steel plating for the hulls. Great Britain goes to France for her largest boilers for vessels.

Germany is the classical land of scientific forest culture, and just now forty English and Scotch forestry officials are making a tour there to study the latest methods of forestry, but especially the practical solution, now under way, of a problem that has vexed the natives for ages, that is, how to turn old Lauenburg heath, a large, barren district, into a wooded, fertile country.

If half of the million dollars expended annually in New York City for charity, says the Texas Sanitarian, were invested in Western lands and the rising generation of the paper element in that city were placed thereon and made self-sustaining, the ratio of defective population would be wonderfully decreased, and the opprobrium of our civilization would be materially softened. Verily here is a field for the philanthropist.

A number of newspapers are discussing the impropriety of addressing letters to John Smith, Esq., instead of to Mr. John Smith. In London there is an iron-clad rule to this effect. You are to address your tradesman as Mr. John Smith; the gentleman in your social set is to be addressed as John Smith, Esq. This distinction is invariably adopted by Americans who reside in Great Britain for any considerable length of time, and the Chicago Record notes that it is being observed to a growing extent in this country.

According to a report recently issued from the War Department, the total organized strength of the militia of the several States of the Union is 114,246. New York leads in the number of her citizen soldiery, which is placed at 12,849; Pennsylvania follows, with Ohio, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, South Carolina, and Georgia in the order named. During the past year the militia of fifteen States were called into active service, mainly for the purpose of suppressing disorder growing out of labor strikes. The whole number of citizens in the United States liable to do military duty is given at 9,945,043; so that, as a matter of fact, one person out of every eighty-seven is liable to be enrolled for service, while of our total population the enrollment is only one out of five hundred and seventy persons.

Our statisticians should go to work, and analyze and classify the suicides which are now so numerous in this country. According to the Atlanta Constitution hundreds of men and women are killing themselves all over the land, and many of them seem to have no special reason for their rash conduct. If they were all poor, ignorant or diseased people we could understand it. But they are confined to no particular class. The rich capitalist in a fit of loneliness fastens his windows and doors, turns on the gas, and is asphyxiated. The poor man out of work kills himself and family. Mental trouble causes one man to blow out his brains, while another seeks death to get rid of his creditors, or because he is physically affected. A woman goes from her country home to the city in search of work. She fails to get it, and takes morphine. A lover is jilted by his girl, and makes a rush for his pistol. A child is scolded and hangs himself. A woman is disappointed about some small matter, and straightway leaps into the other world. Of course suicides have always occurred, but it strikes us that they are growing more numerous and more unreasonable. People seem to place a lighter estimate upon human life every year. Whether this is due to insanity, hard times, disease or agnosticism it is hard to tell, but the subject is worth investigation. Our statisticians should look into the matter and find out the cause of this epidemic of suicide.

**Vespers.**  
I leave the city behind me,  
Shaking its dust from my feet;  
Leaving its thunder and roar of trade,  
I haste to the covert sweet,  
Where from dusk of the dim-boughs' arching,  
As in long cathedrals dim,  
Through the hush of the lingering twilight  
The thrushes sing a hymn.  
In the town were hurry and bustle,  
And squalor and sin were there,  
And the trail of the worship of mammon,  
And the wearisome burden of care,  
In the fields are silence and perfume,  
And one might kneel and pray  
In the calm and cloistered forest  
At the tender fall of the day.  
The birds go flying homeward  
To the nest in the treetops dim,  
And the vespers die into stillness;  
The thrush has finished his hymn.  
Oh! beautiful lanes, I love you  
As you skirt the babbling brooks,  
As you seek to the foot of the mountain,  
As you find the hidden nooks,  
Where the ferns in great green masses  
The edge of the swamp-land rim,  
Where I linger till stars awake above,  
And the thrushes sing their hymn.  
—Harper's Bazar.

## A SOCIAL VERDICT.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Royal Mathews was invited to dine at the Lossings, strictly a family affair, as I was duly elated, for he knew it meant the crucial moment of his life, when he would be considered a possible lover for the clever Edith Lossing, to whom he had lost his heart on first acquaintance. He knew that men quite as eligible as he had been thrown over, but he had a man's confidence in his own ability to make successful love, only give him the chance. And here was his chance. To sit at the same table with his beloved, to eat the same ambrosia—it is always ambrosia until love is married, and his normal appetite returns—and to hear the brilliant sallies of her wit. If he had known, poor insect, that he was to be put under a microscope, he would have gone to his doom with fear and trembling, or staid away altogether, but he had no fears whatever on any score, except of his deep unworthiness, in a general sense, of the charming girl to whose hand and hard heart he aspired.

The dinner was one of those dainty aggregations of silver and cut glass, and decorative china, which give a bizarre effect to our meals at the present time, even when one's feelings must be tied with blue ribbon or kept out of sight, and when it is a social crime to eat anything with a spoon. But Royal Mathews was accustomed to modern luxury, and would have died before he would have admitted that he did not know the whole social shibboleth. That Edith Lossing would attempt to judge of a man's morals by his manners never occurred to him. He would have scouted the idea, for while he gave due consideration to the small social courtesies of life, he valued them very little and always suffered from their restraints counting somewhere in his veins a strain of honest Quaker blood.

Before the dinner was well begun, Mathews was aware that in some way he had offended Miss Lossing. As the conversation was informal and of a desultory character, he could not recall all that he had said, and could find no cause for offense. It must then, be something he had done—but what? He certainly had not eaten with his knife, nor drunk from the finger-bowl, but what then had he done? He tried to thaw her and became frost bitten himself. He had the pleasure of a long and tedious conversation with her father and mother, for what will man in love not do for those prospective relatives, and he felt that from them he has won golden opinions. And with that he was obliged to content himself.

Edith Lossing's friends were much afraid that she would end her days in single blessedness, or else go through the woods and pick up the figurative crooked stick, as a last resort opportunity. So many eligible men have sought her hand and been refused, that it was currently reported that she had been disappointed in love and was determined to live and die an old maid. Her friends had on several occasions announced themselves satisfied with the candidate only to be told that Miss Edith had refused him.

The trouble was that Edith was hypercritical. It was so with other things besides the affections. She took all the sweetness out of life by finding its sugar was adulterated with chaff. She left the sky out of her landscape, and mutilated her friends by petty criticism. She had heard or read somewhere that manners were the shadows of morals, and by this half-inch rule she measured men.

The day after the dinner she went to lunch with her Best Friend, who

boarded at a stately hotel and was a person of common sense, the scarcest commodity on earth. She was fond of Edith, while bewailing the positive virtues which made her so disagreeable.

"I met Allen Holbrook in the lobby and he stood and talked with me without removing his hat," she announced to her Best Friend after they had lunched and were seated in one of the parlors of the hotel.

"Then I suppose you will disallow him a single good quality," remarked the B. F.

"But it was such a want of respect," complained Edith.

"Put it on another basis. Perhaps, New Woman, he was treating you with the freedom of good comradeship? Could he pay you a greater compliment?"

"The new woman will demand every acknowledgment of social form," answered Edith. "It was unbearable rudeness."

"Let us think that he was so glad to see you that he never once thought of his hat, it will be more charitable. But tell me, for I am dying to know, is Royal Mathews to be the happy man?"

"Royal Mathews is an insufferable boor," retorted Edith with a good deal of asperity, showing that she was secretly hurt.

"What did he do? You told me he was to dine with you yesterday. Did he eat with his knife?"

"Worse—a thousand times worse."

"Did he do as Emerson did when Margaret Fuller was his guest—eat in his shirt-sleeves?"

"No—and he is not an Emerson."

"I insist upon your telling me the depth and breadth of his transgression. If you do not I shall ask him myself when he calls at five, as he promised."

"Very well, I will tell you, and the consequences be on your own head. You know that I pride myself on my housekeeping, and that all the glass and silver is taken care of by myself. I think I can claim spotless brilliancy on the table ware, yet when that man sat down at the table, what do you think he did? But you would never guess—no, not in a lifetime. The wretch picked up a corner of the tablecloth and deliberately polished first his glass, then the plate, and finally the silver at his plate. It was done in a moment, but with no attempt at concealment. I was so thankful that no one else saw him—that affair would have been talked over in the kitchen!"

Edith waited for a burst of indignation from her B. F., and was surprised at a peal of laughter. This was followed by a grave thoughtfulness, and then the Best Friend said:

"My dear, Royal Mathews was unconsciously following a habit acquired at the hotels of our country, where food is served in haste, and often by incompetent help. I do not imagine the poor fellow was for a moment conscious of what he was really doing, and I admit that the habit is a very careless one. But it rates several degrees less than a crime."

"I don't know about that," said Edith, but with a relieved look. "I have always looked upon a man's manners as his credentials; they either uplift him or degrade him."

"Yes, my Edith, but you must not forget the awful soul that dwells in clay." You make much of the accomplishments of the clay, but there is the deeper life that is its sanitation. And now may I ask, what is that object on which you have been winking your will ever since we came in from the table?"

Edith looked and was aghast. "It is a table napkin," she said; "where did I get it?"

"Carried it off with you unconsciously! Oh, woman of cruel judgment! Suppose I were to accuse you of appropriation? You see how easy it is to forget ourselves and become in a moment objects of condemnation or suspicion. Charity, my dear, will even condone the swallowing of knives and the abstraction of napkins."

The Best Friend rang the bell and gave a waiter the suspicious object. Then royal Mathews was announced, and was astonished beyond measure to find his lady of the ice of the preceding day as warm and glowing as Hebe.—Detroit Free Press.

## Coasting Down Mt. Washington.

"We rode pneumatic safeties of the best make, but they were unprovided with brakes. The result was that, when the grade became, as it did at times, steep, our wheels attained an absolutely uncontrovertible momentum. At such times the only thing we could do was to steer for the fir heap of sand or clump of huck-eberry bushes that have in sight, and sail into it with our eyes shut tight and head down.

"Thus we proceeded on our extra-

ordinary way, and I doubt not that the Old Man in the mountains grinned sardonically as he took note of the Professor's apparel, which after every charge became more and more 'promiscuous,' until it dwindled into shreds. When within a mile of our destination our wheels again began to get beyond our control, but we were so near the foot that we decided not to try to stop them. So down we flew at a fearful rate, when at the end of a long curve we saw ahead in the dim light two mountain wagons passing each other and taking up the entire road. Neither of us said a word, but we slid off our wheels and were hurled through the bushes down the 20-foot gravel embankment, and through the trees down the steep mountain slope. Meanwhile the bicycles were running riot. The professor's went over the embankment and flew along with increasing momentum, until with a hop skip and jump and farewell somersault, it disappeared over the ledge and we saw it no more. The professor himself was badly stunned, but we brought him to, going down in the wagon, and beyond a couple of tender ankles, a lame shoulder and various cuts and bruises, he arrived at the base in, as he expressed it, 'pretty fair form.'—Outing.

## Singular Discovery in Central Asia.

The Russians have made a singular discovery in Central Asia. In Turkestan, on the right bank of the Amou Diara, is a chain of rocky hills, near the Bokharan town of Karki, and a number of large caves which, upon examination, were found to lead to an underground city, built apparently long before the Christian era. According to effigies, inscriptions and designs upon the gold and silver money unearthed from among the ruins, the existence of the town dates back to some two centuries B. C. The underground Bokharan city is about two versts long, and is composed of an enormous labyrinth of corridors, streets and squares, surrounded by houses and other buildings two or three stories high. The edifices contain all kinds of domestic utensils, pots, urns, vases and so forth. In spite of the streets, falls of earth and rock have obstructed the passages, but generally the visitor, can walk about freely without lowering his head. The high degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of the city is shown by the fact that they built in several stories, by the symmetry of the streets and squares and by the beauty of the clay and metal utensils and of the ornaments and coins.—Atlanta Constitution.

## The "Komi" in Japan.

Dogs of our common breeds were unknown in Japan until the advent of British and American visitors, but are now quite common, as the people take kindly to any and all pets, and treat dogs in particular much better than they are treated anywhere else in the world. The dog has to modify his habits when he reaches Japan, however, as he gets no meat. So the son and grandson of the canine immigrant lose the meat taste altogether and sniff suspiciously if a piece is offered them. But they soon learn to like it.

Indeed, Japanese dogs have "fits" less often than ours. The S. P. C. A. people say that too much meat and too little exercise combine to undermine a New York dog's digestion and make him liable to fits. Mr. Fink tells of a Japanese-bred foreign dog which wouldn't touch a piece of corned beef until he had satisfied himself that it wasn't poison; then ate it ravenously and cried for more.

The Japanese name for a foreign dog is "komi," or "kami," which looks Japanese enough. Really the name arose from the fact that the Japs, hearing foreigners say "Come here" to their dogs, took the syllables for a name. "Komi" is "Come here," and that is a dog's name now a la Japonaise.—New York Recorder.

## He Had Traveled.

A Windham county man, who rounded out seventy-five years of his life without ever going more than twenty miles from his birthplace, was one day answering the questions of a distinguished Western visitor who had come on to the old town from far beyond the Mississippi Valley to learn of the childhood of his father and mother, who were born in Windham county. The old native gave the Westerner just the details the latter was seeking.

"And I suppose you have always lived around here," said the man from beyond the Mississippi.

"Oh, no," replied the native, "I was born two miles from here!"—Hartford Times.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### ROLLING GROUND IN DRY WEATHER.

To roll the ground after grass seed in dry weather is the most effective method of preventing the seed from growing, or rather killing the first sprouts of the seed, and thus ruining the stand. The rolling of the surface makes the soil compact and solid, and thus puts it in a condition in which it loses every atom of moisture in the least possible time. Late sowing of grass and clover should always be harrowed lightly and the soil left as loose on the surface as possible, after covering the seed at least one inch.—New York Times.

### PROFIT FROM INFECTED ANIMALS.

Convert carrion into profit by burying among fruit trees and vines hogs dead of cholera, animals killed by anthrax and black quarter, or other carcasses. Bury deep enough to prevent dogs or other animals from digging down to the carcass and carrying portions of it away. Then the contagion will not be spread, the manurial value of the carcass will be utilized, and the community be spared the odor of burning dead hogs. In some instances cholera dead hogs have even been thrown over the hedge fences into the road for the turkey buzzards and crows to feed upon, thus spreading the disease all over the country. How much better to change them into luscious fruits by feeding trees and vines with the plant food they need in so many cases.—American Agriculturist.

### THE QUALITY OF HONEY.

Honey is obtained by bees from the nectar of flowers, and its color, taste and character are mainly dependent on the kind of flower which the bees frequent. Every experienced bee keeper soon learns to recognize the white and excellent honey procured from the white clover blossom. In localities where there are numerous basswood trees, a very choice honey, but darker than that from white clover is made from their blossoms. It is to many tastes preferable to the lighter-colored honey from the white clover. The bees do not visit different kinds of flowers on the same trip, nor are different kinds of honey placed in the same cell. Buckwheat honey is that made last in the season, and is also the darkest. It has a strong flavor, but some prefer it for eating to the more delicately flavored kinds. But as buckwheat honey does not sell so well on the market, it is usually left for the bees to eat during the winter.—Boston Cultivator.

### FEEDING SULPHUR TO POULTRY.

It is to be presumed that all who have had any experience in raising poultry of any kind know that sulphur is an insecticide destructive to all kinds and forms of bird lice, whether infesting the wild or domestic species. A tablespoonful of sulphur placed in the nest of a sitting fowl will insure freedom from all kinds of parasites on both mother and young chicks. But now comes a French savant who affirms, and apparently with good reasons, that many of the failures attributed to unfertile eggs are really due to the deficiency of sulphur in the eggs. He tested his theory by feeding a spoonful of sulphur twice a week to twelve hens and to the same number he gave no sulphur. The eggs of the two lots were tested for raising chicks with the result that of those fed on sulphur only ten per cent failed, whereas of the other the loss were fifty per cent. Perhaps this hint may be utilized to advantage by poultrymen raising choice breeds.—New York Sun.

### FOOD AND MILK FLAVOR.

All other conditions being even, we know:

1. That fresh milking cow's milk will give higher flavored butter than that of old milking cows.
2. That cows fed on good June pastures will give finer flavored butter than those fed on dry fodder.
3. That, when creaming by deep setting, the cream rising during the first twelve hours will churn easier and give a higher flavored butter than the "after cream" raised in the next twelve hours, the latter having smaller globules.
4. That the flavor in milk varies greatly with the food. Compare that produced on low marshes, as in Holland, with that produced in the Alps, or—if you please—compare the latter with that produced in Wisconsin, and ask any experienced Swiss cheese-maker if he can get the same flavor in his cheese here that he got in the Alps.

If in cheese, why not in butter?

Knowing this, who shall deny at least the partial effect of food on the

flavor? Who shall decide at the present "state of art" that the older scientists were altogether wrong when they claimed the base of flavor in butter to be certain etheral oils.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### ENSILAGE.

The general verdict of those who have tried it is that ensilage always gives a greater return than the actual feeding value ascribed it by the chemists. The explanation lies in the palatability of this food and its peculiar influence in milk secretion in connection with its succulence. Its superiority over dry fodder as a substitute for green grass is unquestioned, even by those who are least disposed to approve of its use on the ground that fermented food must necessarily be unwholesome.

But the prejudice against ensilage is fast disappearing. Experience has shown that good ensilage will produce milk and butter equal to that produced by any other feed, and that the health of the animals is quite unaffected by its use. The strongest argument in its favor is the fact that the number of silos is rapidly increasing and many of the condensed-milk factories that formerly prohibited its use are now permitting it. It has been found that even though it is possible for some people at times to detect a faint suggestion of ensilage in the milk of cows that have partaken freely of it, just as the change from dry feed to fresh pasture is plainly discernible in the spring milk, yet this slight flavor is regarded rather as an improvement than otherwise. The proof of this lies in the fact that the milk and the butter supplied to our millionaires come from ensilage-fed cows.

By reason of its large yield, great feeding value and the many different climates and conditions under which it can be profitably produced, corn has been, and always will be, the favorite ensilage crop, as it is the great roughage crop of the United States, while all the other forage plants can be made into ensilage, there is more labor and less profit in the work. It is an excellent feed not only during the winter but in summer when a season of abundance is often followed by a drought and the pastures are burned up.

Valuable as ensilage is, it will not pay to build a silo for less than seven or eight cows. The farmer who keeps a less number will find it impossible to use the ensilage pit economically. He will have to employ fodder; but he may greatly increase its value if he will permit it to nearly reach the stage for ripening ears, just as he would if destined it for the silo, and, after allowing it to become dry to the hand, cure it properly by stacking in well-laid heaps with ventilators through them to let in air and carry off the heat generated by the curing fodder. Besides the fodder, a supply of carrots and parsnips should be raised to furnish the necessary succulence to maintain the cows in good milk flow.—New York World.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Our export horse trade is rapidly increasing.

Have any of your fowls white, or scaly legs? Attend to them.

Solitary confinement in a dark stable will make a horse vicious.

Breed to suit your market, and not according to your individual taste.

See that the collars fit the shoulders and that hames fit the collars.

Pawing is often caused by indigestion, worms, constipation or disordered kidneys.

The mangers should be kept as clean as your own plate. Did you ever think of that?

Now get some grass for your hens. Throw in a sod occasionally and they will thank you.

Are the mangers perfectly clean, or is there a lot of sour, musty stuff in the bottom and corners?

Those who have tried both claim that there is very little difference, none in fact, between white and brown Leghorns, except in color.

You can now dig up the ground in your hen park, and the way the hens gobble the worms, and wallow in the dirt, will convince you that you have made no mistake.

When you bring in a dozen eggs at night, and they are so nearly alike that no difference in color can be detected, it is safe to assume that your hens are pretty well bred.

The nature of most breeds of poultry is to be gentle and it is only by experience of rough treatment that they become shy. The true fancier pets and handles his birds, but always so gently that they learn to trust their keeper.