

The passing of the horse seems about to be followed by the passing of steam.

Naval officers express the opinion that aluminum is unfit for sea vessels as the salt water causes it to crumble.

In Maine a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment or a \$100 fine awaits the person who sells cold-storage or limed eggs for the genuine fresh article.

The French sardine fisheries, which supply the whole world with tinned sardines, have declined for several years past, the shoals having gone elsewhere. This year matters have gone from bad to worse.

Man asks for protection against mercenary woman in Bengal. Babu Rasik Lal Roy wants the government to help him to suppress the excessive expense of Hindu marriages, and especially the dowry of the brides, as "the temptation of selling the son to the highest bidder has become too great to be resisted."

A foreign correspondent calls attention to an opportunity to do something for Ireland, which would bless her more than any possible political move. She needs a new potato. For twenty years the famous "champion" potato has been the mainstay of the island, but it has run down in quality till its abandonment has become a necessity. It lasted much longer than any potato variety, but finally lost fecundity as well as the power to resist disease and as Scotland also is giving it up, fresh seed supplies from that source are shut off. If some rich Irish-American would institute experiments with new varieties and find the one best adapted to the soil and climate of Ireland, it would be a philanthropic work of the first magnitude, which would also pay its own expense immediately.

We are told that Egypt was once a land of plenty, and that the brethren of Joseph went there to get corn to relieve the famine in their own land. Egypt has, in the course of its history been the most prosperous country on earth as well as the foremost in the arts. Its present condition, explains the Atlanta Journal, presents a sad commentary on what it once was. The United States consul at Cairo has recently sent a report to the state department which gives a dismal account of the present status of that interesting country. Its bonded debt reaches the enormous total of \$500,000,000. The population being only 7,000,000 this is a debt of about \$72 per capita, or the equivalent of a national debt in the United States of \$5,000,000,000. At present the productive area of Egypt is only 5,250,000 acres. From the product of this land must be gathered a revenue of \$18,000,000 a year to pay the interest on the public debt which amounts to an average tax of \$4.56 per acre. The outlook for Egypt is dark indeed. There is no prospect that England will relax her grasp upon that government until its bonded indebtedness to British subjects is paid and that is a very distant possibility.

The sale of autographs, reported in a recent number of the Bookman, suggests to Truth great possibilities. The authenticated signature of Mark Twain sold for seventy-five cents, and that of Mr. W. D. Howells for fifty-two cents, and the names of a number of other living writers brought prices ranging from four cents to \$1.15. As there has been a great deal of complaint lately, among writers, about the pay they receive for their work, and as literary men are notoriously without the business faculty, Truth feels that it would be doing them a kindness to show how they can materially increase their incomes. At the least calculation, it is probable that Mark Twain can write out his name twenty times in a minute. At that rate he could earn \$900 in an hour. According to the papers, he is going on a lecturing tour to retrieve his fortunes, and it is probable that he will lecture for two hours about three times a week. Now, it would be no trouble for a strong man to write out his own name for two hours in each twenty-four, and in that way Mr. Clemens might earn \$1,800 a day, which is a fair income, for anyone who hasn't a corner in sugar or oil. In the same way, Mr. Howells could earn \$1,248 an evening; and surely that would be better than writing eulogies of Tolstoi and detractions of Sir Walter Scott. Even a person whose autograph is worth only four cents would probably find the employment profitable. Here is undoubtedly a chance for authors to make money and provide for their old age. If some of them would only take to it kindly, perhaps the reading public would not suffer.

Take Care of Yourself.
A farmer dropped two grains of corn in the cold, dark earth one April morn; Together they sank in their cheerless bed, And the earth fell lightly overhead. "Oh, cruel fate!" cried one in fear, "What evil chance has brought me here? It is not meet that such as I Lie in the earth to waste and die. Within this stone a nice dry shelf Invites me to take care of myself."
The warm sun shone and the soft rain fell, The grain in the earth began to swell. The wise one cried from its snug retreat, "How prudent am I! no rain nor heat Can reach me here. 'Tis fair as at first, While you, poor thing! look ready to burst. You owe a duty to yourself— There's room for two on this dry shelf; Come out of the earth so close and wet, Perhaps you may save yourself even yet."
"Nay," answered the other one from the earth, "Only from pain and death comes birth. Of such as we spake the Holy One, 'Except it die it abideth alone; But if a seed of common grain Die in the earth, its death is gain.' So let me yield in patient trust To the hand that laid me in the dust."
September's fields stand brown and sear, Now comes the "full corn in the ear."
The grain that died in the darkness mould Has yielded more than a hundred fold, While that which cared for itself so well, Lies alone in the earth, an empty shell.
—EVA M. WESTLEY in Sunday School Times.

THE REASON OF IT.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

"There are many ways for a woman to fail in life," said my aunt at the climax of our long talk, "and only one way to succeed, and that is for her to love the right man and marry him. You say you are afraid you are falling in love—and the man loves you—and he is a gentleman. Afraid—you ought to be on your knees thanking God!"

I sat bolt upright in amazement. Was this the woman who had lived her own life so gallantly, and refused a throng of suitors? I could not trust my ears.

"If it interferes with your plans, give them up!" she went on impatiently. "There are other plans in the universe. Do you think you will ever paint pictures worth looking at if you sacrifice all the great things in life to them? Live, I tell you—let yourself go; paint your pictures by and by, if the wish lasts and you get your chance. They will be all the better for waiting."

"But, Aunt Ellen, it was only last month that you urged me to work hard—"

"And leave the men alone—of course I did. I have seen too many girls marry because they had nothing else to do. You were a child then—I thought you might not change for years. But I never told you to stifle your womanhood. If your hour has come while you are still so young, so much the happier for you!"

Her voice trailed off into a sigh, and my startled eyes held back tears as I asked: "But how can I tell—this is so sudden—why should I think it will last?"

"Look into your heart, little girl," she said, more tenderly. "You can tell now as well as in ten years. But don't put up false barriers—don't think other things are more important. There is nothing so important—nothing."

"Aunt Ellen, why have you never married?" The question which I had never dared to ask was out of my lips before I was aware.

"Oh, I am one of the failures; but at least I never compromised."
"You had so many lovers—did you never fall in love?"

"No, it was not quite that." She dragged out her words from some long-locked, silent chamber. "I had lovers, but the one I wanted never loved me."

I looked up at her, amazed, and cried "Impossible!" and moved close to her and took her hand in mine—for I had always loved her best of all on earth, and enthroned her like a princess to whom the world did homage. I had to readjust her in my mind a little; could it be true that even one man in all the world could ever have resisted her, and he the one whom she had honored beyond any man's desert? I thought of the legends of her youth—tales of power which had made her royal to my young imagination, and added a wonder to her beauty. A score and five or ten years ago she was the belle of seven counties; to her, as to the lady of Belmont, did

"The four winds blow in from every coast Renowned suitors."
One is now Senator from a Western State. Another is president of a half a dozen railroads and banks and mining companies. Another is the eloquent Bishop of—I dare not tell what diocese. It was he—God save the mark!—who was lamed for life in that mad duel down near the marshes,

by the hair-brained, brilliant son of the Governor of Maryland, the day after the rash young Southerner outflanked his attack upon their lady and made her laugh at him. And six months later this gay young conqueror—I spoke his name in whispers always—after a fierce quarrel with his mistress, after a night when love and wine had fired his brain to madness, put a bullet in his heart and went to his account. We spoke his name in whispers always and thought of him as the hero of a wild romance, and wondered if the lady for whom he violently died had loved him after all and reproached herself and mourned for him, in spite of having given no sign. Thus did the people theorize picturesquely to explain her single life; and from childhood I had given ear with the rest and accepted the plausible tragedy. And now at last she was denying it, unveiling another idol in the secret chamber.

"Aunt—dear lady," I cried, in scorn of this new figure, "Who was it, what was he?"

"You need not disclaim him, dear," she said, quietly; "he was finer than the rest—I felt it then and I know it now. He had a different way with women, a more innocent way. I suppose there was something evil in me, for men crowded around me and I could not help using my power. I inflamed them—somehow I gave them poison, and then the fever in their eyes and voices would nauseate me."

"But this one?" I recalled her to her story as her head sank back, heavy with memories.

"This one was different, and so I failed with him—the only man I ever failed with, I suppose I cared too much, and lost my head. When I knew him he was a good comrade with women exactly as with men—nothing more; for not till years after he left us did that Western woman make a lover of him. I remember one day when we were going to a picnic—a crowd of us. The rain had swollen a little stream and the logs we crossed were rather rickety. He stood in the middle and helped the girls over. I believe my new white dress, with its fluted flounces, was too much of a temptation to him; for the logs swerved a little, and down I splashed into two feet of water. There was a twinkle in his eye under all his apologies, and I told him I believed he had done it on purpose, and refused to let him pull me out or take me home. But he enjoyed the joke in spite of me—I believe he enjoys it still."

"He was a brute," said I, "he had no chivalry."

"Well, I used to get rather tired of chivalry; it went with queer ideas of right and wrong, after all. There was that Maryland fellow—he was a true specimen of chivalry; he would have broken his back rather than let me pick up a glove. Yet how many women had suffered for him—broken hearts—ruined lives?"

"Yet he died for you," I pleaded, reluctant to give up the old romance.

"Died for me!" She rose to her feet, and a splendid gesture emphasized the protest. "He died for his own vanity and passion. I never deceived him—or any of them. He came to me drunk one night after I had warned him. I sent him away forever—what else could I do—and he shot himself. Bah! he was not brave enough for self-control."

"I played the self-control off against that other," she went on, "let him see how I was pursued, tried to excite him to emulation—jealousy. But it was no use. One day I overheard him saying to one of the others that he never could care for a woman who had a troop of men around her; and suddenly I felt ferocious and could have murdered them, one and all."

"He was a fool!" I cried; "is it a woman's fault if she is glorious and men worship her?"

"No—no—I have thought it all out—there was a righteous intuition in him. He was rare—the one man in ten thousand who loves but once and never looks at any other. For such as we are not good enough—we creatures whose imaginations are heavy with knowledge. The centuries are ransacked to make us wise; we feel things forbidden and things divine. There are no secrets hidden from us, except the secret Eve left in Eden, which the cherubim guard with flaming swords."

"But you can give heaven and earth to the men you love."

"Earth perhaps—don't be so sure about heaven. I could have given him a great career. It would have been the easiest thing in the world, for he had power enough. A little faith, a little care—and he would have been famous the world over. But what is all that? He was fulfilling the higher law."

"He did nothing, then, with his life—this man who was too good for you?"

"She did nothing with it. She was jagged and primitive, like mountains—a woman of his own kind. I saw her once, and after that I used to frot about him—I could feel him withering on her rocks. But of late my feeling has been different."

"You are reconciled?"

"We explain mysteries at last by confessing we cannot explain them. I take refuge in the vastness of the universe. What am I that I should measure the motives of it, or explain the growth of souls? Worlds whirl into shape and bloom and perish, and still the plan is incomplete. There is a spirit in all things which must work itself out in its own way. By yielding we feel its power and beauty. We cannot choose, we cannot judge—all that is loss—is waste."

We sat together long in the twilight, while behind shut eyelids her thoughts rose beyond the reach of speech. In trying to follow it I forgot the riddle of her life, the puzzle of my own. Suddenly her eyes opened full upon me, and the appeal in them brought me back to the place, the hour.

"If life is made easy for you, why should you resist? You are young and love seems too insistent—an imperious rival to ambition. But as time goes on you will need it more and more."

And so I knew why she had given me the secret of her life. And I put my arms around her with a sudden hot, conquering joy, and knew that my struggle was ended.—New York Advertiser.

A Steel Bird's Nest.

A very remarkable thing in the way of birds' nests is preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Soleure, in Switzerland, whither it was brought by one M. Rudolph Rueder. It is a nest made of steel.

There are a number of clock-making shops at Soleure, and in the windows of these shops there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks.

Early last summer M. Rueder, one of these clockmakers, noticed a bird's nest of peculiar appearance in a tree in his yard. He examined it and found that a pair of wagtails had built a nest entirely of clock springs, which they had picked up here and there about the village. The nest was more than four inches across, and a perfectly comfortable one it was for the birds.

After the feathered architects had reared their brood, M. Rueder presented the nest to the museum of the town, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surrounding to advantage in building nests.

Probably next year the bird's will build another steel nest, and unless the clockmakers of Soleure guard their springs more closely, steel nests will not be so much a curiosity as is this first one.—Pearson's Weekly.

Worthy of a Testimonial.

Some of the older officers of the Brooklyn Fire Department are engaged in collecting the means with which to present former Chief Thos. F. Nevins with resolutions and a more substantial recognition of his services during his 25 years' connection with the department. The testimonial will probably take the form of a handsome tea service.

Among those most actively employed in contributing to make the proposed testimonial a success is Inspector Platt Van Cott. Before entering on the work Mr. Van Cott secured the approval of Fire Commissioner Wurst.

"There is no coercion about the manner of collection," Mr. Van Cott said to a friend, "and the testimonial to Mr. Nevins is a popular move in the department. He deserves his popularity among those with whom he served so long. He was manly, high minded and kindly in his treatment of the men, and they do not forget him. No assessment is levied, nor is there any force exercised to make a man contribute. As a matter of fact, the old men in the department are only too anxious to show their regard for Mr. Nevins by aiding the testimonial fund."

A Death Custom in Jamaica.

In Jamaica, when death occurs in a house all the water in the house is immediately thrown out as poisonous and dangerous to use. The people say that when death has completed his job, he proceeds to cool his "sting" by dipping it into the first water he finds. As death is invisible it is held safest to throw out all the water in the house.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

DEPTH OF PLOWING.

The safe depth to which to plow is as far as the soil is fertile; the infertile subsoil should not be brought to the surface until it has been enriched by manure. It is always to be remembered as a leading principle in the culture of the soil that the seeds of plants grow near the surface, and for this reason the surface soil should be the richest in available plant food, so that the young plants may find abundant nutriment at the time it is most needed; and, if deep plowing, the raw infertile subsoil is brought to the surface, the newly germinated seeds will perish for want of food for the growth of the young plant, and it will never reach that beyond the weak roots and below the surface. If it is desired—and it should always be desired—that the soil be made deeper, it should only be done a little at a time, and by the help of sufficient manure to enrich the new soil. Deep plowing should be done in the fall, so that the winter frosts may exert a beneficial influence on the fresh soil.—New York Times.

PLANTS AND ELECTRICITY.

Years ago the application of electricity to the root of plants to stimulate growth became quite a fad among amateur gardeners, or with lawyers and doctors who happened to have little front or backyard gardens in which to experiment. Great were the results as they appeared in print, but the thing soon died out, and the experiments themselves were left in doubt as to the real cause and effect as it appeared in the growth of the plants experimented upon. Lighting at the roots appears to have been forgotten, and light overhead is the latest line of investigation in some of our experimenting stations. The late General Pleasanton of Philadelphia proved to his own satisfaction many years ago that light passing through blue glass was just what plants needed to keep them healthy. Now comes an advanced professor of horticulture and assures us that it is the clear electric arc that is needed, and this all the night long if we would keep our crops booming, without any cessation during the entire twenty-four hours. Its a beautiful theory but woefully impracticable, and utterly useless except to theorists.—New York Sun.

RAG WEED IN GRAIN STUBBLE.

Wherever winter grain is sown there is sure to be in the stubble at harvest a growth of rag weed, which will usually overtop the clover. If left alone it will seriously injure the clover growth in the fall, especially if the stubble is pastured. It is a good plan as soon after the grain crop is off as possible to go over the field with a mower set so as to cut the rag weed and occasionally some of the tallest clover. This, left to fall as it is cut, makes an excellent mulch over the surface just heavy enough not to injure the clover. A better result is that it puts the rag weed back, and if a good rain soon comes, the clover will quickly outgrow the rag weed so that very little of it will be seen that fall. This will not interfere with cutting a crop of clover hay in September from the seeding in March. We have known fully a ton of clover to be cut per acre on land treated thus, and the clover was left in better condition for winter than if it had not been cut. Managed in this way the rag weed is cut each time before it can seed, and the future crops of this past are thus lessened. But if left to seed there will be no trouble with rag weed in the clover next year except in places where the clover seeding may have missed. Rag weed does not start except where the soil is loosened in spring. But where the soil is loosened the rag weed seed will start to grow as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and its first growth is stronger and taller than that of clover though after the clover gets a broad leaf it will smother most of the annual weeds.—American Cultivator.

SALT FOR STOCK.

We are surprised, when passing through the country, to find so few farmers who use rock salt for their stock. Whenever we find a man who uses it he always speaks of it in the highest terms. The writer can say from experience that there is no other way of salting stock nearly so satisfactory in every way as by the use of the rock. It is a settled fact that stock salted once a week take too much when given to them, which has the effect of wasting much nutrition in the animal which the system requires, and before the next salting day comes around ill effects are caused in the system by the lack of salt. This being the case, the

farmer who depends upon weekly salting, be he ever so regular, cannot fail to lose milk from his cows and flesh from his steers and other fattening stock. Some resort to the plan of putting a little salt into the food every day or two. Now, this is all chance work, and cannot give the best results, as the animal itself is the only proper judge of how much to take, and will never take too much or too little, when given free access to it. Now, when stables have been fitted up with salt boxes in the stalls, the supply can be kept constantly before them by using either barrel salt or rock salt—the former having to be supplied every few days while a four or five pound lump will last for weeks. Another advantage of using rock salt is that it can be thrown into an ordinary manger and not interfere with the food. The animals can lick at it as desired, and no evil results or waste in food or salt can follow. Then again, for field salting in the summer, a lump can be thrown on the ground, exposed to the sun and rain, without loss or objection, while when barrel salt is used the box will be half the time empty, and irregular salting results.—Farmer's Advocate.

ABOUT TRAINING ANIMALS.

There can be no question that many a promising animal is ruined by being put into the hands of a trainer who is positively incompetent, bad-tempered, or lacking in judgment. Over and over again have I seen a young collic, with the finest working instincts, spoiled by a loud-voiced, cursing, swearing lad or man with no knowledge of animal nature. The tongue is an unruly member, and so is the hand, and it may be taken as a general rule that the man who uses both in more than an average way while training a young animal is a failure in that special line. The converse is of course true as a rule. The most successful trainer is he who strives to produce telling effects by a minimum use of word and touch. An animal that is roared at, scolded in a rough way and harshly jerked or punished, may become a fair sort of machine, but it cannot go to its work in the most intelligent manner. What a difference one sees in men for training cattle and horses! One of the most awkward-looking cattlemen I have ever seen was quite a master in training stock to show themselves off to perfection. He himself hobbled and wobbled through the yard like a duck, but when he was at the head of a bull of heifer you felt that everything was right. The two seemed to have a bond of sympathy, and your eye did not rest on the man at all, but on what he was leading. A harsh, ill-tempered man does a world of mischief, but harm is often done by thoughtless, although good-natured, lads and men. Such fellows will now and then take liberties with the animals put under their charge. They will nip, tickle or slap the animals, and then spring aside in order to encourage teeth and heels toward resentment. One may have a biting and kicking horse with the greatest case if the bad lessons are begun early enough. The corraling plan would no doubt be useful, but I am convinced that farmers and stockowners would do a vast amount of good by checking faults and encouraging merits. Young farm hands and budding stock-breakers of every degree need, like Dandie Dinmont terriers, to be "well entered."—London Live Stock Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Weeds rob the growing crops of the available nitrates in the soil. Yellow Danvers and Red Wethersfield are standard market onions.

Constant stirring of the soil will largely lessen the effects of drought.

Half or two-thirds bran will give a much better flow of milk than all bran.

Quickness of growth is essential to the quality and tenderness of any vegetable.

The flesh of the Angora goat is said to be wholesome, but decidedly unpalatable.

Unless the pullets are well matured before cold weather they will not lay before spring.

Professor Roberts computes that there is a loss of from forty-eight to fifty-four per cent, in value of manure that is left exposed to the weather.

Permanent pasture, if it is to be made the most of for grazing purposes, should never be mown. Mowing encourages the stronger-growing grasses, makes the pasture much coarser, and destroys that fine bottom herbage of grasses and clover, which is an essential characteristic of all good pastures.