Over $75,000,000 are invested in this country in ducks and geese.

The first six months of this year saw $32,000,000 invested in building more than in 1894.

The Dean of Westminster Abbey has offered a place there for a slab or medallion portrait of Professor Huxley.

The commonest name in the new English parliament is Wilson. No fewer than eight gentlemen with that name have secured election.

A medical journal is of the opinion that the trolley has saved more lives than it has destroyed, by giving the public, especially invalids, rapid transit and fresh air.

The "Civic Federation" of Chicago, a citizens' organization for the enforcement of the law, is making things excessively warm for the mayor and the street commissioners.

Money is so plentiful in New York that the other day $250,000 was loaned over night at the rate of three-fourths of one per cent per annum. The bank of America has called a meeting of its stockholders to vote upon a proposition to cut its capital stock of $3,000,000 in two because it finds it difficult to lend at a profit.

There died recently in Moscow, Russia, a man who in the last twenty years gave $5,000,000 to charity. He was State Councilor Jermakoff, who came from a poor family. His first public act which excited general attention was the purchase of the freedom of all the serfs living in his native village. This cost him $120,000.

A Chicago Tribune writer has been figuring out the number of wrecks at sea in January and February of the present year, and he finds the record unprecedented in the world's history. In these two months seventy-five vessels, including twenty-eight schooners, seventeen steamers, fourteen sloops, five barges, three barks, three brigs, two barkentines, two ships and one pilot boat were wrecked, with a total loss of 1,190 lives. Over half these losses, or 669 lives, were occasioned by seven disasters, viz.: Steamer Elbe, 332; steamer Port Nichteroy, 120; ferryboat Terceira, 100; steamer Kingdon, 40; steamer Chicora, 26; steamer Initrahul, 26, and steamer Nordsee, 25.

The New York Posts remarks: A considerable part of the deficiency in the revenue of the general government has been caused by the decreased income of the postoffice. Under our system the post is regularly operated at a loss, and during the last two years of bad business this loss became a very heavy one, amounting to about $9,000,000 during the year just closed. It is, therefore, very gratifying to see that the postal revenue is now materially increasing. During the quarter ending with July the receipts of the twenty largest postoffices rose to $6,794,000, gain of about $500,000 over last year, or more than 7 per cent. The next ten cities in point of receipts also make an excellent showing, so that the gain in these thirty cities amounts to about $550,000. As the expenses of the postal service do not increase in anything like the same ratio as the receipts, these returns show that the Treasury is steadily working towards an easy condition.

Harper's weekly says: "The sugar planters of Louisana make about 25,000,000 gallons of molasses every year for which there is at present no market and no use. They might make rum of it, but that takes too much capital, and the rum would be unsaleable after it was made. Last year an immense quantity of surplus molasses was dumped into the Mississippi river and there it did no harm, but much also ran into some of the bayous between Baton Rouge and the Gulf and in these smaller and more sluggish streams it fermented and did much mischief, killing the fish and making pestiferous stenches. The planters are very anxious to find some use for their molasses. Mixed with clay it makes good fire-brick; a limited amount of it can be fed to cattle and it will burn, but is an inconvenient form of fuel. It is good to eat on bread but the demand for that use of it in this country is insignificant in comparison with the supply. If the coolies of China and India could be taught to eat it on rice, that might make a market for it, but Chinese and Indian coolies are not very good pay, and are better at going without luxuries than at cultivating them. Can any one advise a new use for molasses which will cure this waste?

Sea Song.

With a hey and ho, and a fairy boat,
And a rollicking summer breeze,
With a heave and a roll to the East we go,
O'er the dancing shimmering seas.

Yon mast will stand us fast, I ween,
In the arms of the laughing gale;
And that strip of cloud, ere it melt away—
Tear it down for our rosy sail.

With a hey and a ho, and the sails are set,
While the sea-maids laugh for glee;
And each wave as it curls breaks to frothy mirth
O'er the green of the rolling sea.

Up anchor now and away to the East,
Where the sun-ball peeps anew;
And the gray and the red and the opal lights
Spread wide into watery blue.

With a hey and a ho, and a fairy boat,
And a rollicking summer wind,
With a heave and a roll to the East we go,
With the wakening shore left behind.

—Angela Goetze.

WHITE MITTENS.

BY JOHN ALBEE.

The curtain rises—and there are only two actors on the narrow stage which is set with rustic scenery. There are a road, trees, and in the distance water. This latter looks as if intended for the sea. There walk along the road toward the sea a young man, tall and stalwart, and a young woman, also tall and of a very slight figure. Her eyes and hair are dark, and her features are somewhat too sharp for a handsome face. Her name is Rebecca Champernown. She is the last descendant of a very ancient and famous family, whose pride is almost her only inheritance. No one could have believed that she would fall in love with a fisherman least of all her mother. But so it has happened. She loves Reuben Gage, captain of the fishing schooner Anna Sheafe, and they walk together and meet as often as they can find opportunity.

As Reuben and Rebecca walk along the road they do not appear to talk much. She seems cold and distant, but in her heart is a fire of love that burns more fiercely the more she represses it. And she is obliged to repress it, for Reuben is shy, awkward and undemonstrative. Yet in some way, perhaps by her womanly intuitions, she has discovered his great manly, affectionate nature. They have now been intimate a whole year, and every one supposes them lovers and probably engaged, but in fact they have never yet exchanged a word of love. Reuben has often been on the point of speaking, but the right words failed him and something arose in his throat that choked utterance. And Rebecca has waited, eager, a little impatient at times, and at others almost tempted to speak out herself. That, indeed, is just what is needed; she is conscious of it, and yet—"How can I?"—she asks herself. Then she goes home from her interviews with Reuben to her room and cries until her eyes are red and swollen, and her mother's reproaches follow, and make her life so wholly miserable that she wishes herself dead. She recovers herself in a day or two; looks forward with longing to their next meeting, which is always timed by his return from his fishing trip, and thinks matters between them will surely be settled. She longs for something to happen that will decide the question. But she is not going to give up Reuben; no, her heart is unalterably fixed and if she dies an old maid her affection can never decline.

Reuben is equally perplexed in his simple mind; he is sure of only one thing, that is the state of his own feelings, but he is not yet able to decide whether Rebecca loves him. He would like a sign, something, however slight, that would show him where he stood. Men are always longing for this sign, some token, not words, but more certain, more significant, something to treasure and remember as long as they live.

Of late he has been unlucky on his fishing trips in the Anna Sheafe, a small vessel which he commands and of which he owns one quarter. After the vessel's expenses were paid there has been little to divide among the owners. The winter was coming on and with it the hazardous and often unprofitable business of trawling. He met Rebecca less and less often. Somehow without money in his pocket he could not enjoy so much being with her, felt less a man and an inequality he could not explain. Then it was, however, that he discovered the depth of his attachment. His companions noticed it and rallied him about it, and behind his back expressed themselves in the customary village slang and gossip.

"There's no more fish in the sea for Reub," they said. He is getting his line on dry land, over at the Champernowns'; pretty dry it is. Small catch there; a big name and not enough cash to go with it. He is too good for her, anyway; but I hope he will get her if he wants her and come out of his dumps."

Reuben did not recover his usual spirits; his good old mother insisted that he was not well and needed physic. Reuben took the medicine, being a good deal of a child under his mother's roof, obeying and yielding to her in nearly all of her whimsies, which were leavened with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

"Mother," said he, "it does me no good, but I will take it to please you."

"My son, you just wait; you've been behindhand some time, and it will take a while to get you beforehand again. These herbs never failed in my experience and I've had a good deal in sickness of one sort or another."

"Herbs, mother, are good in their place. I like the smell of them, but the taste——"

"That's just it, my son; the smell is sweet, which shows the taste is good medicine. It's just like being in love and marriage; one you like and the other you must take, because it is best for everybody and naturally follows; and sometimes," she added, with a sly look at Reuben, "it cures love."

"I'm not going to marry—never, so you are out of your reckoning there, mother."

"Well, I don't know. Your father before you said that; so did I—until I was asked. Nobody means what they say when in love, or rather they mean just the other way. I think now I know what it is the trouble with you, Reuben," and she poured out the dose and gave it him, saying: "It will keep up your spirits at any rate, until Rebecca gives you some soothing syrup—eh, my boy? So cheer up."

Reuben grew thin and nervous in spite of the medicine, but he went about preparations for the winter cruising. Bad luck continued to follow him, small fares and falling prices discouraged him more and more. But the greater his depression the more his mind dwelt upon Rebecca. In some curious, involved way he had come to connect his ill luck with her. His brother fishermen, however, thought it was all on account of his not wearing white mittens when he set and handled his trawl lines, it being in that region of fishing villages the universal belief of superstition that white mittens must be worn to insure good luck in winter trawling. But Reuben paid no attention to what he thought was a mere fancy. He felt rather that he was working with a half hearted energy, and all on account of his dubious relation with Rebecca. He determined to see her again and arranged to see her when her mother was absent.

"I have come to see you once more," he said on meeting her; "but perhaps I had better not come again."

"Why?" said Rebecca; "are you not always welcome, Captain Gage?"

"Yes, we never quarrel—and we never get any further along from one time to another."

This was more than he had ever been able to say before in regard to their personal relation, and he was frightened at himself. So he began again from what he thought was another point, yet, as out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, he could not help betraying his true feelings.

"I'm not getting on very well now, no luck, no money, and the Anna Sheafe getting in debt. I thought I would tell you, though I do not know as you will care."

"Yes, I do care—very much, Captain Gage. I knew something was the matter and I heard from one of the village gossips it was because you neglected or sneered at the custom of wearing white mittens as the other fishermen do when setting their trawls. Do you think it is a silly superstition?"

"Yes, I do, in the main."

"So do I, when I reason. At other times I half believe in it. There is something at the bottom of all common customs and beliefs, which, when harmless, it is just as well to accept. Our little village would be very dull and uninteresting without them."

"I have no particular objection to white mittens, Reuben replied, "only I did not happen to have any."

I thought as much. You would wear them if you had them?"

"Why, yes, I should."

Rebecca disappeared for a moment, and returned holding out a pair of snow-white mittens.

"There, I made them for you. I had to guess at the size, most girls wouldn't, who have—brothers,"—she said, archly. "Let me try them on," and she pulled one over Reuben's hand, but before she could adjust the other his hands in some manner had become inextricably entwined about her waist. Then they sat down and completed the trying on again and again.

They fitted, but Reuben never wore them afterward. He hung them up as a sacred trophy over the little mirror in the cabin of his vessel. And he had thereafter good luck enough.—New York Advertiser.

How Gold Leaf is Made.

The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold beating. As yet the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold leaf being beaten by hand.

First, the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width, and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and flattened out into ribbons of about 1-180th of an inch in thickness. These ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces one inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between vellum leaves, one piece above the other, and the entire pile is enclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a sixteen-pound hammer until the inch pieces are extended to four-inch squares. They are then taken from the case and each square is cut into four pieces; the pieces thus obtained are then placed between gold-beaters' skin—a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, inclosed in a parchment case and again beaten, but with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2,400 leaves, and the thickness of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

These thin leaves are taken up with wood pincers, placed on a cushion, blown out flat and carefully cut into squares three and one-fourth inches in size. The squares are placed between the leaves of paper books, which have previously been rubbed with red chalk, to prevent adhesion of the gold, each paper book containing twenty-five squares or leaves of gold; and in this form the leaf is sold, not by weight but by superficial measure.—New Orleans Picayune.

Cranberry Culture.

The cranberry is an acquatic plant, and requires wet land and occasional overflowing by water. The soil must be black, decaying vegetable matter, commonly called swamp muck, and the land must be level and supplied with banks and ditches, so that at the right season the plants may be covered with water. The surface, however, of the swamp must be covered with ocean sand, wholly free from ordinary soil, so that grass and other weeds will not grow in it. Then the plants are set out in rows twelve to eighteen inches apart and a foot apart in the rows. As the plant roots by cuttings very easily, and rooted plants are easily moved, it is usual to procure the cuttings or roots of nurserymen who make a business of selling them. They are sold by the barrel at the usual price of three dollars. The whole cost of the preparing the land completely and planting it is about $300 per acre. The plantation bears the second year, and the culture is so profitable that the money spent in fitting the land is sometimes repaid the first year. There are several insect enemies that prey on this plant and precautions against these are one of the special cares of the grower.—New York Times.

Electricity Failed to Kill.

A big snake over four feet long, was caught in Rochester, Penn., the other day, and his captors determined to try electricity on him. They took him to the power-house, fastened a wire to each end of him and turned on a powerful current, "strong enough to kill a dozen men." The snake wirthed and twisted a moment, and then straightened out, and the electric expert pronounced him dead, but when he was laid out in the sun he started to crawl off. Again he was treated to the electric dose without effect and finally he had to be killed with a club.

Clever Horsemanship.

An interesting illustration of the Indian's clever horsemanship was given by a young buck at Wilbur, Wash., a few days ago. Carrying in his hand an ordinary cup filled to the brim of water, he rode on a cayuse at full gallop the length of the main street and return without spilling so much as a drop of the water.—New York Sun.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

LIME IN POULTRY YARDS.

Where large numbers of chickens are compelled to range in limited inclosures air-slaked lime should be used liberally. Scatter it late in the evening, after all the chickens have gone to roost.—New York World.

CULTURE OF THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

The horse chestnut is grown from the seed without any difficulty. The nuts may be planted in the fall or in the spring, but if kept over winter they should be buried in the soil where they will not be frozen, or in dry sand in a cellar. They may be planted where they are to stand or in rows, from which the young trees are moved when one or two years old. There are two varieties of this tree, the white flowered and the red. It is called horse chestnut because the nuts are saved for feeding horses in parts of Europe where these trees grow very abundantly. They are said to be very nutritious and to be eaten by the horse with avidity.—New York Times.

PREMATURE SOURNESS OF MILK.

This common trouble at this time of the year is mostly due to some infection of the milk by acid of previous milkings adhering to the pails. Sometimes it may be caused by overheating of the cows, but rarely. The most common cause is neglect perfectly to clean the pails or milkpans. These should first be cleaned in cold water in which common washing soda is dissolved. A stiff brush is used to clean the corners thoroughly. The vessels are then rinsed with hot water twice, then again with cold, and then turned bottom upward on a stand in a shady place out of doors to drain for an hour or two, when they should be removed to the dairy room. Before being used they should be rinsed with perfectly cold water. It is alleged, and possibly with truth, that in the majority of instances in which diseases have been conveyed in milk the cause has been the use of impure water for rinsing the utensils.—American Farmer.

THE BARLEY HARVEST.

No kind of farm animals excepting poultry will attack a head of barley. Fowls will peck at it to get out the grain and then eat that, but the strong beards are repellent to all other kinds of stock. With the self-binding harvesters now generally used for barley harvest very little of the grain is dropped on the ground, and there is not much use raking the field after it to gather what it scattered. In the olden time, when barley was cut with a reaper and gathered in cocks like hay without binding, there were always a great many rakings. Usually these were badly stained and could not be sold with the main crop, but they made good feed when threshed by themselves and ground. Many barley growers will prefer the old way of harvesting, at the crop can be cured in less time if allowed to lay a day unbound before being put into cock than if bound in a bundle as soon as cut, as it must be when cut with the harvester.—Boston Cultivator.

A PERFECT PLOUGH.

Since patents have been issued to inventors, 10,122 have been granted for supposed improvements on the plough in this country alone, and yet every user of this very ancient implement will admit that it is far from being perfect or just what it should be.

What is wanted in the common farm plough is to get rid of such a large area of frictional surface, for all are constructed on the principal of the wedge, this having to be forced into the soil, lifting and turning it over, requiring much more power than would be needed if the friction could in some way be reduced or avoided. The friction of the bearing surface in the bicycle and similar light vehicles has been reduced to a minimum by the use of what are called ball-bearings, and it may be that some one may yet find a way of applying the same principal to the frictional surface of the plough, having it revolve instead of having it remain stationary. Here is room for improvement in the plough, even in the face of the ten thousand patents.—New York Sun.

THIN THE FRUIT.

If one wishes to raise the finest-looking fruit and the finest flavored, he will have to thin it to the capacity of the tree. A great many trees set twice as much fruit as they can fully develop, and the result is a big burden of immature and tasteless apples, or pears, that can neither be sold nor eaten. It does not seem to be as well known as it should be, that half the apples removed from an overloaded tree will permit the rest to develop into as many bushels as would have been secured from the whole crop, had it remained upon the trees, while the well-developed half-crop will have a flavor and a beauty that will cause it to sell for a good price. Then, too, an overburdened tree is so weakened that it has to lie at rest the next year in order to recuperate, while it is doubtful if even this rest from production restores the tree to its former vigor. The size of apples and the quality can be greatly improved by a proper pruning of the the limbs to let the sunlight into the top, and by a thinning of the fruit, when the tree is overloaded. Fruit trees are wayward affairs and cannot be left to their own devices, else they will try to do too much both in wood growth and in fruit growth, especially when the tree is highly fertilized. In this connection it may be well to say that the fertilizer for fruit trees should be particularly strong in potash and week in nitrogen—it is fruit, not rank wood growth, that is needed. Let the orchards and the small fruits have phosphoric acid in the shape of bone-meal and potash in the form of wood-ashes, and good results may confidently be looked for—if care is also paid to pruning, thinning, spraying etc. Wood ashes are particularly valuable in any kind of fruit-growing.—New York Tribune.

CORN FODDER.

There is an absolute necessity that the farmer use his corn fodder by feeding it. Our 72,000,000 acres of corn last year produced 144,000,000 tons of fodder. Estimated at $5 a ton, the product is worth $720,000,000 and it is safe to say that two-thirds of this was wasted either by cutting at improper time, fed in an improper manner, or because left to stand and fall where it grew.

Well cured corn fodder is undoubtedly equal to ensilage as a food, but, unfortunately it is rare for corn fodder to be cut at the proper stage or to come out fresh and bright. Too early cutting while the plant is immature, gives the poorest fodder. The late cut, while not so objectionable, represents a loss as compared with that cut at the right stage. The best time for cutting is when the ear is dented, the husks are dead and the leaves are beginning to turn. Cut at this stage it will give the greatest feeding value. If well shocked it will cure in six or seven weeks, when it should be hauled to the barn. Much of it is wasted and its value reduced by exposure under the methods ordinarily adopted of leaving it of doors and drawing it to the stock as wanted for feeding. When treated in this fashion it ceases to be tempting food, but with proper care it will be eaten with relish by all classes of stock. Of course it must be run through the cutter and fed with grain. Corn fodder may furnish two-thirds of the daily ration for both horses and cattle, and those who have once given it a fair trial declare that after due allowance for the coarse butts rejected by the stock, the fodder has one-third the value of the ear. My own experience is that, acre for acre, corn fodder is quite as valuable as hay for wintering stock, and I am only astonished that practical, wide-awake farmers should be so slow in recognizing its value.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Wood ashes is the best fertilizer for grapes.

The fall is usually the best time to buy sheep.

Cabbages cannot have too rich a soil or be cultivated too often.

To catch a sheep by the fleece is cruelty, take them by the hind leg or flank.

The superiority of pure breeds of poultry is largely due to the better care that they receive.

In an egg of one thousand grains, six hundred belong to the white, three hundred to the yolk, and one hundred to the shell.

For good results in egg production the hen-house during the winter should not be allowed to become colder than forty degrees.

If properly kept and judiciously applied to land, poultry manure is worth one-half the cost of the food the fowls get, and yet little account is taken of the droppings when an estimate is made of the profits.

When well manured and cultivated the Cuthbert raspberry will yield a pint of very fine fruit to a stool at each picking, and three pickings may be made. This is equal to over twenty quarts to a square rod or 3,500 to an acre.