

Almost all the biggest London and provincial English papers are printed on presses made in New York

It is a sign of the times that the new normal school to be built at Madison, Wisconsin, will contain a gymnasium, swimming tank and a running track.

A curious development of socialism in France is the creation of a school socialist oratory, where young men are to be trained in the sophisms supposed to be best suited to sway the public mind.

Light single railroads, on which large wheelbarrows run, are beginning to be used on French farms. The rails are fastened to small iron cross pieces the ends joined by fish plates, and be easily put in place and removed.

The closing decades of this country are witnessing no more remarkable phenomenon than that shown in the migration of population, not so much from country to country, as from place to place in the same country.

The many-sidedness of the great genius of the Franco-Prussian War, Count von Molke, is illustrated again by the discovery among his papers of several poems which critics say are worthy of rank among the works of the most famous German writers.

New England has a greater proportion of wage earners than any other section of the country. In Rhode Island the proportion reaching forty-two per cent, or nearly one-half the entire population. This remarkable state of things is due to the employment of women and children in the mills.

The last report of the Zurich penitentiary shows that forty-eight of the male convicts were "disciplined" for talking, while none of the female inmates had to be punished for the same offense. "Distressing symptoms of the degeneracy of man are reported from everywhere," laments the New York World.

A writer in a San Francisco paper proposes that every county should hold a certain amount of land to be worked by the unemployed, not as poor farms are now held, but rather in the line of the recent experiments in vacant lot farming. That experiment is succeeding so well that the New York World thinks, it may show better way of giving public aid to the helpless than by treating them as paupers.

Says Harper's Weekly: "In this country alone the sales of bicycles for this year are estimated at half a million. The total number of bicycles in use is estimated at a million. These figures are mere guesses, but there is nothing incredible or improbable about them. It is certain that we are only at the beginning of what is called the bicycle craze, and the indications are that the craze is not getting ready to disappear, even if it is not getting ready, as is more likely to supersede all other methods of locomotion."

The fortune of Col. John T. North the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars. He is 51 years old and was a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he went out to the little town of Huaseo, in Peru, 28 years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure has made him the most talked-about rich man in the kingdom.

A striking summary of domestic wretchedness in London, is furnished by the showing of the number of persons to the living room. We are accustomed to regard the tenement quarters of New York as densely crowded, and to pity the poor creatures of the East Side, recently arrived immigrants for the most part, for the narrow quarters in which they pass their lives. General Booth's figures, however, show a condition of existence far worse than we are accustomed to associate with the New York poor. There are in London no fewer than 2,257,000 people whose idea of home is represented by a single room. Of these, 304,000 live three in a room, 102,000 four in a room, 57,000 five in a room, 20,000 six in a room, 6,000 seven in a room and 2,000 eight in a room. By a room is meant the apartment in which they eat, cook, sleep and dress. The mind revolts from too vivid a realization of what this signifies in point of cleanliness, still more of morals, if, indeed, cleanliness and morality of any kind can be predicated of such hideous human cohabitation.

**The Parting Hour.**  
There is something in the "parting hour"  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part;  
But this I've seen—and many a page  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier  
Than those he leaves behind.  
No matter what the journey be,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep of black frontier,  
To solitude or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dares  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.  
The bride goes to the bridegroom's home  
With doubtings and with tears,  
But does not hope the rainbow spread  
Across her cloudy fears?  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
What comfort can she find  
But this—the gone is happier  
Than one she leaves behind.  
Have you a friend, a comrade dear—  
An old and valued friend?  
Be sure your term of sweet converse  
At length will have an end,  
And when you part—as part you will—  
O take it not unkind,  
If he who goes is happier  
Than you he leaves behind.  
God will it so—and so it is:  
The pilgrims on their way,  
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are  
Than all the rest who stay;  
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,  
Lies down to death resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind.  
EDWARD POLLOCK.

### AN INSPIRED BLUNDER.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S STORY.

Tramps? You see only one type in these middle-state suburban villages. It is along the big transcontinental railroads that the varied phenomena of human history presented by those "gentlemen of the road" may best be studied.

I graduated in this branch of knowledge at Wigwam, a small station three miles from Santa Rosa, Col., where I replaced the "section boys" during his vacation—grin away, boys! I was filling "general utility parts" that summer, because of financial disaster—which you can spell "poker" if you like!

All outbound trains stopped at Wigwam for water and the depot master at Santa Rosa used to send empty box cars to wait on our side tracks until some home bound "freighter" could return them where they belonged. These cars offered ideal hiding places for tramps and rows between train hands and such unprofitable voyagers were of frequent occurrence and of diverse aspects, both piteous and humorous. I've seen a Methodist parson turned out who had spent the money for his fare on charity, and I've looked on at the expelling of a "swell" temporarily beggared by riotous living, whose name is known among the "Four Hundred." Often my sympathies were opposed to the interests of my company, and once I attempted an evasion of its rules—with the result that, except for somebody's "inspired blunder," I should be haunted by the responsibility of a tragedy.

My term of service was over. The man whose substitute I had been would come back to his post within a couple of hours. The afternoon was hot, and the little office very still, and a nap assisted me to get rid of some irksome time, when across the borderland between sleeping and waking I heard a voice.

"Will you give me a drink?"  
"The voice was refined, and so familiar that I roused completely and confronted my visitor.

He leaned against the doorframe—a dingy, drooping figure, whose hair and a half-grown beard were dusty past guessing their original color, while his dark eyes made odd contrast with his otherwise universal grayness. Yet they were familiar after the same elusive fashion as his voice.

"Who are you?" I asked briskly.  
"I've seen you somewhere."  
The tramp drew his grimy brows together in a bewildered frown.  
"Watts?" he muttered, hesitatingly.  
"I remember you now." He dropped on the end of a bench beside me.  
"I'm Terry Rolfe and dead-beat," he gasped.

My memory bore him prompt testimony, and turning to a cupboard I produced a bottle and a glass. He swallowed the whisky with a mingled eagerness and difficulty of faintness and of a throat parched almost to paralysis.

I watched him, curiously comparing my last sight of pleasant, prosperous Terry Rolfe with this broken-down tramp. He and his chum, Jim Crosby, belonged to a party of engineers in whose company I had camped for several weeks during the preceding spring. These two were just from the East—the "tenderfoot" of the lot—

rather given to picturesque sombreros and brilliant ashes, yet jolly comrades.

"Have you been long on the road?"  
I asked, when he gave me back the glass.

"A—few days."  
"Where from?"

He stared at his shabby boots without reply.

Mentally I reviewed the list of catastrophes in recent daily papers, and could recollect no mention of the name of Rolfe.

"Hard luck, I'm afraid—eh?"  
He nodded.

"Where is your chum?—'doubles,' we used to call you!"

He looked dumbly up at me, while into his eyes came that which none of us behold often—thank God!—but which at first meeting we know to be despair.

Then his head dropped, and he fainted.

I got him down on the floor, and worked over him until he revived a little.

"Why should I bear this?" he murmured, half consciously. "I would let no other man live who had killed Jim!" He caught his breath with a sobbing cry that hurt to hear. "My darling, I must go to her! I must tell her how I—!" His voice sank inanimately.

And I remember hearing that he was to marry Jim Crosby's pretty sister next autumn.

Well, boys, we read the bible occasionally in Colorado, and we find lessons which fit our lives there. Such lessons teach us to prefer the Samaritan to the Pharisee, even when our neighbor proves to be stained by the blood of a friend, and mad with the resolve to tramp across a continent to see once more the sweetheart from whom his crime had parted him forever.

Rolfe rallied some strength after he had eaten the fragments of my dinner, and bathed his blistered feet. But he refused my offer of a ticket on the night express to the east.

"I cannot risk meeting any one from Trinidad!" he said hoarsely.

I bethought me of certain box cars, waiting on our sidetrack, to be carried during the next twenty-four hours many hundred miles further from Trinidad. Within one of these empty vans I proposed to install him, and so label it that neither tramp nor official would disturb his solitude until it reached the limit of his journey, where he could probably slip out undetected. This plan he accepted eagerly, and, just before the time for my own departure, I accomplished that defrauding of the company who paid me to protect their interests.

"You don't want thanks!" he exclaimed, when I left him in the dusky car, with a jug of water and some crackers. "As for shaking hands!" he ended, shuddering, "you have guessed what mine have done!"

I was going whence he had come, as I had been summoned to Trinidad by division superintendent at that point. I should soon be familiar with the details of poor Rolfe's tragedy, I reflected, as I settled myself in the "smoker." The conductor took a seat beside me when we were fairly off, and remarked that we had escaped the wanted fight to dispossess secreted tramps.

"There is one chap, however, supposed to be tramping in this way, whom I would like to meet," he continued—"Terrence Rolfe."

"Terrence Rolfe?"

"Young engineer—you know him, Watts; you went down the road with his party a few months ago."

"Great chum of a fellow named Crosby?"

"Just so, and engaged to Crosby's sister. Well sir, he skipped out of Trinidad last week under the belief that he had killed his friend!"

"The belief? Is Crosby not dead?" I interrupted something children call a "lump" choking my throat.

"Neither dead nor likely to die unless he brings on brain fever fretting over Rolfe's disappearance."

"Tell me your story and I will tell you mine."

This was his story.

The company projected this summer a branch line connecting Trinidad with a town fifty miles distant, and the engineers who were employed to lay it out camped in the neighborhood. They ran up to Trinidad for every chance of fun, and thus made the acquaintance of a handsome Mexican girl, Juanita Valdez, with whom Crosby became bewitched. Rolfe sought persistently to save his friend from her clutches, and his efforts transformed the fancy she at first manifested for him into the hate such a woman cherishes toward the man for whom she would have slaved had he liked her. One night after a

dance Rolfe, while urging Crosby's return to camp, affronted Juanita, who seeking possible renown as the cause of a tragedy, stimulated her lover's resentment until he drew a revolver. There was a struggle, the revolver was discharged in Rolfe's grasp, and his chum fell apparently dead. When the police arrived Crosby showed no sign of life. Juanita glibly accused Rolfe, and he, who seemed to have gone quite mad, fled from his not very energetic captors. Crosby was taken to the hospital, where he remained many hours insensible. Then like the chap in the miracle he "became of a right mind." He refused Juanita's attentions, and sending for the authorities, declared that Rolfe had been actuated throughout the affair by a devotion to him and his family which he feared had led to a catastrophe.

"Put the police to shame and produce your man," concluded the conductor.

Forthwith I confessed the plot, whose disastrous result was carrying poor Rolfe as fast as steam could take him away from the one remedy for his despair. I did not share Crosby's dread that he would attempt self-contraction, because I knew him to be sustained by his wild scheme of escaping arrest until he had made his defense to his sweetheart. But those long hours of vain agony were bitter to anticipate, even from the calm distance which lies between us and another's soul's misery.

The conductor and I combined our wits regulations to intercept his journey. The halts of freight trains, however, depended upon many circumstances, and were irregular beyond our power of reckoning. The only possible way of finding him was to telegraph to probable stopping places of that freighter, and its ultimate destination. This we did at the next station, but it was hours after our arrival at Trinidad, and long past midnight before I received any reply. The dispatch informed me that car 369 was not with the freighter, and that train hands reported it to have been blunderingly left at Wigwam.

Such uncertainty was likely to relieve Crosby's suspense, even if so late a visit would have been permitted at the hospital. I sent a telegram to Wigwam and betook myself to bed.

Before breakfast on the following day I walked again to the station. A freight train was crawling in with half its ugly length slowly winding around a curve. I glanced over the line of box cars, one of whose compeers so occupied my thoughts.

Surely there was curious similarity in that combination of numbers on the last, or did the distance deceive my sight? Or was I really growing nervous?

As I stared, shading my eyes with my hand against the glare of the sunlight, the doors were pushed open and a man sprang from the car. He stumbled a step or two, fell and scrambled to his feet.

Never, even in college races, had I ran as fast as I ran then; nor for so high a stake. Another instance and Rolfe would recognize Trinidad. He would believe that a fiendish trick of treachery had brought him back whence he had fled. Here, where those steadily revolving wheels suggested swift escape from his agony, would he urge God and die?

While I live I shall remember the tall, swaying figure, the blazing eyes that confronted me as I rushed toward him.

"Not yet, you devil!" he cried.

Despair is mighty, though fettered by hunger and exhaustion. He would have got away from me, except that a couple of trainhands sprang to my help.

When finally he lay limp and panting in the hold of my assistants I found breath to speak.

"Rolfe!" I gasped. "Listen! God upsets men's plans, not a devil. Against your will and mine you have been brought back here because Crosby is alive! He will recover as soon as soon as he knows that you are safe."

Yes, he married Crosby's pretty sister three months later, and I was best man at their wedding.—Ellen Mackubin, in New York Tribune.

#### How He Judged Character.

"So you want a situation," said the business man.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.

"Hum—do you ever go fishing?"

"Occasionally."

"When were you fishing last?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Catch anything?"

"Not a thing."

"You can come to work next Monday if you like; if you keep on telling the truth like that you may be a partner in the firm one of these days.—Washington Star.

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

THE LEGHORN FOWLS.

This breed of fowls is one of the best, if not the best, for laying eggs, but they do not do as well as that. They are not good table fowls, being small, and having dry, hard flesh. The Plymouth Rock is thought by many persons to be the most profitable fowl, as it lays freely, especially in the winter, and is a good mother to her chicks, as well as having excellent meat; it weighs, when full grown, eight pounds for the cocks and six pounds for the hens. There are white, black, and brown breeds of the Leghorns.—New York Times.

TYING COWS OUT.

Where fencing is scarce farmers sometimes resort to the practice of tying their cows to pasture at the end of a rope whose other end is fixed to a stake firmly driven in the ground. It is a slovenly and wasteful practice, resulting in many accidents. Frequently the stake, after being pulled from opposite sides, is loosened and pulled out. Sometimes when it holds fast the cow is cast by the rope, getting it in the cleft of the hoofs. Besides, in the course of the day the rope will become soiled with the cow's excrement. It will then spoil much more grass than the cow will eat. A new rope has to be provided every few weeks, as rotting with wet and manure in hot weather it quickly rots. Thirty or forty rods of movable fence will pay any farmer to buy if he has to resort to the expedient of tying his cow at pasture.—Boston Cultivator.

CORN FODDER.

Since corn silage has taken such a prominent part in dairying there has been much discussion as to the proper time to cut corn to get the greatest feeding value from it. The results of chemical analysis show that the dry matter of a plant continues to increase until the plant is ripe. One experiment has been made in which the fodder was fed to milk cows. Plats of corn of equal area were cut at three stages of ripening—early, medium mature and late. It was found that the cows fed on the corn fodder which was medium mature—that is, when the kernels had begun to dent—produced the most butter fat. It was also learned that if the same proportion of what was eaten and rejected were maintained, one acre of early cut fodder, with a daily supply of four pounds of grain feed, would keep one cow for 180 days, the medium 205 days, and the late 201 days.—New York World.

SHELTERING MACHINERY.

To get the most out of the machinery purchased for use on the farm, it is very essential that when not in use it should be placed under a good shelter. But to keep in the best condition storing is not all, unless properly protected the iron and steel will rust, and the wood rot; for this reason it pays to keep all well painted.

Linseed oil with Spanish brown or red vermilion or ochre mixed to a proper consistency makes a good paint for all kinds of good work in machinery, while there are a number of good universal paints made especially for iron and steel. But in all cases before any paint is applied all of the dust should be cleaned off.

As soon as the other farm work will permit all of the implements should be gathered up and brought to the tool house, and a thorough cleaning up be given, and if necessary a good coat of paint be given.

A good coat of paint helps materially to preserve the wood, while to a very large extent at least it prevents rust on iron or steel.

Rust and decay caused by exposure, by changes in the weather and by dirt, damage machinery in many cases nearly or quite as much as the work done by or with them.

The iron or steel working parts should be well covered with unsalted grease or oil, or a light coat of paint can be applied as a little coal oil or turpentine will readily clean off when the tool is needed for use.

A little care taken now will save a considerable loss as well as considerable work and time also when the implements are needed for use again next spring.

Another item should be looked after in storing away the implements and that is to put them away so that they can be got at conveniently when needed. Plows and harrows are generally first needed in the spring and then the corn planters, cultivators and lastly the binders, mowers

and sulky rakes. A little pains taken in storing away will save considerable work when the tools are needed in the spring.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A UNIQUE GRASS FARM.

Everybody knows J. B. Olcott, the unique agricultural correspondent who enjoys the distinction among some of his friends of knowing how to grind out paragraphs pyramically the ideal cultivator of small fruits, expert in grasses and all-round farmer of South Manchester. Mr. Olcott has, within a few rods of his pleasant home, a tract of somewhat less than two acres of land devoted to the cultivation of grasses, which is perhaps the most remarkable grass plot in this country. It contains 1,500 distinct varieties of turf, originally collected from every civilized country on the face of the globe and from all parts of the United States. Last winter Mr. Olcott went abroad grass hunting, and the contributions of his trip added several hundred specimens to his previous collection. The entire area of this "grass garden," as its proprietor terms the tract, is laid out regularly in strips and squares, there being sections as there are varieties of grasses in the collection, to the ordinary observer, varying from one another only in their respective sizes and the shades of universal green. But he who transplanted and has watched them through their various stages of development, recognizes each individual specimen at a glance, and calls them all by name. No weed or other vegetable intruder disfigures any portion of the surface, and the dividing lines and spaces between the respective sections are as sharp and distinctive as if drawn and cut artificially every morning. Some of the older squares and strips show a carpet of grass as fine as needles, and so thick and firm that the earth beneath is discernible only after breaking through it by actual force. There's considerable fun and no end of solid satisfaction for a man of Mr. Olcott's composition, in getting together and cultivating 1,500 varieties of grass—although one would think that one-half or one-quarter of the number would answer the purpose as well—but we suppose the chief end of it all is to demonstrate that the soil and climate and brains of Connecticut will produce here as perfect turf grasses for lawns or pastures, or any other use, as are produced in any other land under the sun. Leastwise he has given this proposition a complete demonstration, so that little seems now to remain for him except to make the fact completely available for the benefit of all whom it may concern, and that is everybody who owns a foot of land to beautify or utilize as lawn or pasture.—Connecticut Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A cow in poor condition will be sure to give her owner poor milk.

Duck feathers sell at forty cents per pound; goose feathers bring double the amount.

Thirteen eggs are considered a setting, though many breeders are now giving fifteen.

Between forty and fifty degrees is the proper temperature to keep eggs for hatching during the winter.

Eggs intended for hatching should not be kept over four weeks. They must be turned every day or two.

One dollar per head is the average cost of keeping a fowl a year, and the same amount is a fair estimate of the profits.

When bees are moved a distance of over two or three miles there is no danger that they will return to their old location.

The eggs of the White Leghorn, Black Minorca and Houdan are of about the same weight as those of the Light Brahma.

Retail dairying pays, but the man who sells direct with the customer must be businesslike and gentlemanly and wear clean clothes.

The Pennsylvania Experimental Station has found creameries in that State where the loss of butter fat amounted to \$10 a day.

There is no profit in a 200 pounder. Food, labor and interest amount to \$40 per year, and the 200 pounds of butter at present prices fails to meet the bill. The 250 pounder leaves a small profit, and the 300 pounder pays.

In cleaning the churn and dairy utensils, a brush will be found much more useful than a cloth. All vessels for milk or cream should first be rinsed in cold water to which has been added washing soda, or a small quantity of borax. They should then be washed with warm water and scalded with boiling water. Small wooden utensils should be kept in cold water.