

It costs from five to seven cents to take a bushel of wheat from Duluth, Minn., to New York.

Slatin Pasha says that the slave trade in Africa is as bad as ever, and that the only way to end it is to conquer the dynasty founded by the Mahdi.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Zahm, the scientist of Notre Dame University, told his audience at Pittsburg, N. Y., the other day that it "seems impossible to ignore the fact that some kind of evolution has obtained in the formation of the universe.

General Law Wallace says that the future of the bicycle depends on the women riders. "If the use of wheels were confined to the men," he said, "the fad might spend itself in a season. But when the women take hold of the bicycle its future is secure.

The transfer of \$2,000,000 of the Tilden fund to the Treasurer of the New York Public Library was a notable event in the history of the city, remarks the New York World. It ought to make the consolidated libraries the greatest educational institution in America. And it can hardly fail to do it if it makes them really public.

The feeling is spreading rapidly in military circles abroad that the new rifles with their long "penet" bullets are not the best weapons to employ against savages or half-civilized troops. The bullets go through those they hit so cleanly that the wounds do not stop the fanatic's rush. What is wanted on such occasions is a bullet that "smashes," as one critic puts it.

The supply of natural gas in the old fields of the East is decreasing steadily and materially according to the last report of the Geological Survey. In most places artificial means have to be used to force the gas through pipes to distant points where not long ago the natural pressure was more than sufficient. The total value of the natural gas consumed has fallen from \$22,500,000 in 1888 to \$14,000,000 last year. Many factories that used natural gas for all purposes have returned lately to the use of coal. Meanwhile new fields are developed and prospected in the West which promise to afford new supplies in great quantity; but there is only a certain amount of natural gas contained in the earth, and scientific men agree that, at the rate at which it has been used heretofore, it will not last long at the best.

The Boston Cultivator observes: The year 1895 will be known as the year of the most valuable corn crop ever produced. It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture at 2,500,000,000 bushels, and worth nearly one thousand million dollars. Last year's crop was unusually small, and was worth only \$400,000,000. The crop this year was grown on 82,000,000 acres, and as the stalks are well worth \$2.50 per acre, \$200,000,000 additional must be set down as the value of the crop. Such a crop as this will do much to make permanent the era of prosperity on which the country is entering. A considerable part of the large corn crop is grown in the Southern States, which have until last year depended on corn from the Northwest. That crop failed last year, and as a result there is a larger corn average everywhere than usual.

Women have been playing in late years an increasingly important part in British politics; never more so, according to the New York Tribune, than in the last election. A canvass of members has been made to ascertain their experience and views as to women's usefulness in the campaign. Practically all of them seem to agree that women did highly effective work, though few approve of women speaking on public platforms. Of those who do approve of their thus speaking, curiously enough, the most enthusiastic is the Indian member, Mr. Bhowaggee, who says: "The more we have of it the better." Most of them prefer women to take upon themselves less public but not laborious tasks. First of all, perhaps, they are to hunt up and get the addresses of voters. Then they are to address envelopes and do other clerical work. After that they may be engaged in house-to-house canvassing. Finally, they may personally bring voters to the polls. Many members seem to think them more effective than men in these things, especially in house-to-house canvassing. Certainly there is a general agreement that women are doing more and more such work, and are henceforth to be reckoned as a great force in practical politics.

Echoes.
I heard beyond the hills a clear voice ringing.
And rocky heights the tones were backward flinging.
Each airy summit towering there
Gave forth an answering sound;
And yet so changed it was by oft repeating,
It seemed some other self had caught the greeting.
And tossed it back with mocking air
And hurried, leaping bound.
I heard a word of gossip, lightly falling,
A little word, but gone beyond recalling
So swift from lip to lip it flew,
Caught in the social gale;
But when the echoing sound came backward stealing
Each voice had added somewhat in revealing.
So that a listener scarcely knew
The author of the tale.
—Anna B. Patten, in Boston Transcript.

An Incentive to Effort.

"Of course you will have a good time; I realize that just as well as anybody. What do you take me for?" And blythe, kind-hearted Marion Harris finished tying her head up with a napkin preparatory to the morning's sweeping, which she invariably insisted upon doing, much to the disgust of her sisters.

"But, Marion; just reflect. What will folks think? You ought to have respect enough for me to do as she desires—not to mention the obedience which as a daughter you owe her. You know just as well as I do that everybody will say that you stayed at home just to keep pa company; and the heartlessness of the Harrises will have to be dilated upon, as it has often been before, just on account of your obstinate capers." And Miss Belle Harris turned from the contemplation of the little figure in evident disgust.

"That's so, is it?" laughed Marion, with a defiant twirl of the broomstick. "Well, let's give Mrs. Grundy credit for telling the truth, then. The Harris family is a heartless family. Sometimes I have been puzzled with that family myself, albeit, I am a member of it. It has never happened since I was old enough to remember, that father has had a week's leisure in the summer; and yet the dear old fellow is left to take care of himself from June until October, one-third of every year, with as little remorse as though he were a dog to whom a bone could be tossed, instead of the precious husband and father we all know him to be. By the powers! If ever I get a husband I'll never leave him, or let him leave me; and then father can come and live with us. There is one thing certain, whatever happens, I remain at home! So now, please ramose, and allow your younger sister the privilege of kicking up a dust."

Harmon Laight told me the other day, that he had decided to accompany our party wherever it determined to go this season. So just see what you will miss by your obstinacy. "Humph, miss!—miss what? A cane—a stale operatic criticism—a 'Bon jour, Miss Harris.' If I don't have a rest it will be because I have lost my senses."

"And do you mean to tell me you don't like Harmon?" put in her sister, apparently a little surprised.

"I can conceive of a Harmon Laight who would be absolutely glorious—a man one could love to death—a bright, spiritualized, earnest reality. And now the broom forgot to twirl, and the little dimity-covered head, with a wave of her deliciously golden hair peeping out from its immaculate prison-house, leaned dreamily against the handle of the dust-raising weapon, and continued:

"I wouldn't give a fig for a man who isn't manly. I believe I hate fashionable men, anyhow; but there is something about Harmon Laight that few men possess, and I'm blessed if I know what to call it. Sometimes it appears to me like the essence of nobility, and then it makes me sad to note the bad effects of a bad education. I think that the good that was born in him has been almost entirely obscured, from the fashionable superficial and conventional training he has received from his haughty mother, and the false life he has been compelled to live. I have wished for more than a year that he was some relative of mine, so that I could give him a piece of my mind."

"What little sense you had to begin with has taken leave entirely, I see. I like Harmon just as he is. He is handsome, intelligent, perfectly au fait in the ways of the beau monde, and refreshingly good natured. Why, a woman could scold away all day at Harmon Laight, and he'd never think of such a thing as talking back! And better than all, he is to inherit heaps of money."

"I wish that old uncle he is eternally talking about would leave every dime of his money to somebody else; just push Harmon out into the cold. I

believe it would be the making of him. But, come now; make tracks or I shan't get my work done today. One thing is sure, as Harmon Laight stands today in true manliness and intelligence, to a sensible woman he can be nothing more nor less than a bore." And with this parting shot, the broom was set in actual motion, and Bella, in order to save her fair hair from the defilement of dust, was forced to retreat ignominiously. Just at that moment, young gentleman, in a white suit, with a face upon which consternation and disappointment were both written might have been seen passing stealthily out the hall door of the Harris' brown stone mansion, walking quickly and shamefacedly away. This was Harmon Laight. Finding the door ajar, and being on intimate terms with the family, he had passed quietly in, intending to surprise them; but up to this time the surprise had been quite a one-sided affair.

"This beats the Dutch!" he muttered, after a corner or two had been turned, and he felt himself in safe distance from the enemy's camp. "This is a shower bath I little expected; but every word is as true as the Gospel; and the worst of it is I have always realized it. Jerusalem! what is a fellow in such a fix to do? I can never look the girl in the face again until I have resolved upon something. Twenty-four years old, and never did a day's work in my life! not because I was too lazy to work, but because my lady mother considered all labor ignoble; and the consequence is, I am a laughing stock for sensible people as fools. I'll go at something! see if I don't, Harmon Laight! if it is nothing more exalted than carrying mortar. There is one thing I am thankful for, that she believed there was a spark of good in me. 'The essence of nobility,' she called it. An essence now without flavor! I'll give it an odor yet, if it be as common as the odor of the essence of peppermint!" And more annoyed than he ever dreamed it possible he could become, Harmon Laight locked himself in his room, and gave himself up to earnest thought. One result of this self-communion was a letter received by Marion the following day which ran after this style:

"Miss Marion—You have awakened me to a humiliating sense of my real character. I have always been aware of my mental and moral deformity, but until now have lacked the proper incentive to healthy and honest action. Bid me God speed my friend! I shall never again enter your presence until I feel in some degree worthy your notice; and have rubbed out, I trust, the singularly expressive and truthful title of 'bore.' In all kindness,
HARMON LAIGHT."

"That accounts for the hall door being open yesterday. He must have overheard every word I said." And Marion re-read the little note, while a tear trembling among the brown lashes, and a quiver of the arched lip, almost gave the lie to Marion's declaration of "I'm glad of it."

"I should have said this to his face and more kindly," she murmured.

"I have heard queer news of Harmon Laight today," said Mr. Harris to his daughter, as they sat at the table alone, a few days after the above occurrence, the family having departed for Saratoga. "He starts for California on Saturday. 'Going into business,' his friends say. 'Going to work,' he says. The idea of associating labor with that hot house plant is too ridiculous for anything," and the old gentlemen laughed heartily. "His uncle Ralph read me a letter today he had received from the foolish fellow, which proves conclusively to me that he has lost whatever little sense he had, to begin with. He declined the honor of being his uncle's heir, begged him to do some good with his money while he was living, suggested the plan of establishing a training school for girls. Very good letter; but, good gracious, so confoundedly unpractical! But what the dickens is the matter with you?"

Marion was sobbing. "Ob, father, there is lots of good in him, but I have driven him from his home." And Marion, sitting upon her father's knee, gave him a detailed account of the affair.

"Humph!" muttered the old gentleman, holding his pet child at arm's length. "I hope my little girl will make sensible choice of the man she takes for better or worse."

"What father?" and Marion wiped away the tears and looked her parent full in the face.

"That's what I said child, and that's what I mean. It is a little strange that you should have dived deep enough with that fellow to have discovered the little spark of good hidden under the crust; but love is very true. I shall lose you one of these days."

"Nonsense, father," was all she could say.

A year passed. Letters came occasionally from the wanderer. He was doing well; always sent kind remembrances to Marion. Wrote hopefully and with an earnestness and force which alarmed his lady mother exceedingly. Another summer rolled around with its sunshine and flowers. The Harris family, with the exception of Marion and her father, were again at Saratoga.

"Just one year today," said Marion, "I stood, broom in hand, pitching into Belle and Harmon, and the dirt, all at the same time. Poor Harmon!"

"Miss Marion, a gentleman to see you," and the servant opened the door.

"Harmon!" and down went the broom, and utterly forgetful of bare arms and head, Marion gave him both her hands.

"Marion, you darling little household angel! tell me you believe in me. Trust me, and then I will assure you I am worthy of that trust."

A little cough, a big bunch in the throat, a frantic effort to swallow it, and this incentive to manly effort burst into tears, and—well, Harmon took her in his arms and kissed her, just as any other sensible man would have done.

They were married a month ago, and father Harris is spending the summer at their residence on Long Island. —New York News.

Smuggling.

It is curious to see how many good people engage in smuggling with an ease of conscience that is astonishing. Good church members would feel that they were unredeemed indeed and willful "partners in the fall" if they took a small red apple from the fruit stand. They wrestle mightily with a temptation to use a postage stamp from a friend's desk when a guest in the house and given the freedom of the desk for correspondence. They might use costly stationery ad libitum and split a gold pen without a qualm of conscience; but where is the man or woman of every-day respectability who would fail to produce two copper cents and offer it on the shrine of conscience for using a postage stamp? Yet these same good folk tender-souled in other matters, will smuggle with alacrity, and cheat, and lie, and swindle Uncle Sam with a smiling light heartedness that is inexplicable.

As every one of the steamers approaches her wharf the passengers appear, one by one, before the officers of the United States government to ask and answer questions concerning the contents of their trunks. The questions are simple, the amount of goods allowed by law not altogether niggardly, yet hundreds and thousands of people lie with the greatest facility, conceal costly dutiable purchases and openly bribe the customs officers.

"None of the big people who come home let those horrid officers go through their trunks and tumble up their things. Just give any one of them \$10 and you can have your trunk sent up to your hotel untouched, and you need not wait for it, either."

This frank statement on the part of a traveler is an example of the attitude often taken. But there are still some people who recognize the old-fashioned principle that a law is a law, that to evade it is criminal, and "slip a bill into a customs officer's hand" is corruption of one's self and bribery of the man. —Boston Transcript.

Honey Ants.

Honey ants have recently been discovered in Natal. They belong to a genus different from those of our Western States, whose honey-producing workers have spherical, enormously swollen abdomens filled with honey. In the Natal ants there are very few of these workers in proportion to the entire colony; and while a few had very large round abdomens others had abdomens in various degrees of distension, showing that the degree of absolute distension is gradually arrived at. This is the first African honey ant yet discovered. Besides our Western species, others occur in South America, Southern Australia, and, it is said, in India. —New York Independent.

Embarrassing Popularity.

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home;" and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door. —Argonaut.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

CHICKENS AND FLOWER BEDS.

Feed your poultry well, and loosen the ground in some tempting place for their dust bath. Do this after each rain. Give them a damp place to scratch in when the weather is dry. Give them some pounded bone, and green food, and in every way lessen the temptation to try what your garden has for them. Do not blame a laying hen if she has to hunt for egg material, but help her, and you may enjoy your flowers in peace. —Womankind.

RED SPOTS ON CREAM.

When cream is raised in a damp place or in any place that is moldy, red, round spots are often seen on it. This is a peculiar fungus that lives, grows and feeds upon milk, or cheese, and is quite common in cheese factories and dairies. It is accompanied by, or it causes, a certain decomposition in the milk or cheese that develops a cheesy flavor and hence it is injurious in a butter dairy. It accompanies the common blue mold, and either of these should not be permitted to grow in milk houses. The result is a disagreeable flavor in the butter made from such cream, and the rapid spoiling of the butter. It may be prevented by keeping the milk house or cellar dry, or by fresh white-washing it, mixing half a pound of copperas in the wash. The cellar may be dried by keeping a small quantity of fresh lime in it, and changing it when it has become slacked. This takes up the moisture of the air, and so dries the whole place. —New York Times.

TIME TO BUY AND TIME TO SELL.

The right time to sell the products of the farm is when they are ready to sell and when time can be had to haul them to market, writes an observant farmer. The right time to buy anything is when it is needed and you have the money. Poor Richard once said that anything bought because it was cheap, and not because it was needed, proved dear to its purchaser. I once was persuaded to buy a colt at a sale, by a remark of the auctioneer that the colt would pay the note twelve months hence with money enough left to buy another. When the time arrived for paying the note, the colt would not sell for enough to pay it and I had to touch the bank account a trifle to get the note back. Have let the other fellow do the speculating in this line since that transaction. Selling well and at the opportune moment, and using good horse sense in buying what is needed, belong to modern agriculture. Economies should be the first branch studied by our farmer's sons.

SOIL MOISTURE.

This season is adding abundantly to the evidence that soil moisture is one of the greatest factors in crop production. On millions of acres of land naturally fertile and not exhausted by bad farming, land which has been well cultivated, there are poor crops because there has not been sufficient rainfall. With our present knowledge the farmer is powerless so far as absolute prevention of injury is concerned in such cases, but he can do much to reduce the extent of the injury by first getting the soil in condition to readily take the rainfall as it comes, and then reducing evaporation and needless use of the soil moisture as far as possible. In some cases mulching the surface is the best thing; in case of most crops which can be cultivated, frequent shallow cultivation, leaving the surface nearly level and finely pulverized, will be the best means of reducing evaporation, as preventing the growth of weeds and all plants we do not want is the best method of preventing needless use of the moisture. —Prairie Farmer.

SECOND GROWTH SORGHUM.

When sorghum is cut down early in the season, or in time for second growth from the stubble, it is asserted that this late product is dangerous to cattle if they are allowed to feed upon it in the field. A recent instance of injury to cows is reported in the Nebraska Farmer. The owner of some cows having turned them out to browse this second growth, soon discovered that there was something wrong with the animals, and before they could be driven from the field two died. Eleven others died soon afterward. Our Nebraska contemporary says that this is one of the things that ought to be widely known among farmers, that there is developed in growth sorghum a very active poison, and that it is always dangerous to turn cattle at large in fields containing it. This may be true, but we doubt it very much, for it would be a rather anomalous freak

of a plant to be first harmless and then noxious from the same root all in one season. The State experiment stations should look into this matter and report results. —New York Sun.

COTTON SEED FOR MILK COWS.

There has been and is still a great diversity of opinion among dairymen in regard to the value of cottonseed meal for feeding milk cows. Some have reported adversely as to its value and effect upon the butter, but others believe that it is equal, if not superior, to any kind of grain for making the best of butter. We now have a report direct from an experiment station in a cotton-growing state, that is, from Texas, and Professor Soule sums up his experience with this food as follows:

1. Cottonseed and its products increase and maintain the milk flow.
2. It maintains the per cent of fat in the milk.
3. It enables churning to be done at higher temperatures, thus largely taking the place of ice.
4. It renders the butter harder to color, salt evenly and print satisfactorily.
5. It gives the butter a more greasy appearance, a stiff, waxy consistence, and a flat and somewhat tallowy taste.
6. These defects however, are not marked, and have been highly exaggerated by magy; and since cottonseed and its products are so cheap and valuable as food for dairy cattle, it is poor economy not to use it more freely.

THE DUCK AND THE HEN.

The question is repeatedly asked, "Which is the more profitable, the duck or the hen?" In order to decide this matter an enterprising poultryman, P. H. Jacobs, Hamilton, N. J., made a test. The result is reported as follows:

At a week old the duckling weighed four ounces, while the chick only reached two ounces. At two weeks old the duckling reached nine ounces, and the chick four ounces. At three weeks, duckling one pound; chick, six and a quarter ounces. At four weeks, duckling one pound and nine ounces; chick, ten ounces. At five weeks, duckling two pounds and two ounces; chick, fourteen ounces. At six weeks old, duckling, two pounds and eleven ounces; chick, one pound and two and a half ounces. At seven weeks old, duckling, three pounds and five ounces; chick, one pound and seven and a half ounces. At eight weeks old, duckling, four pounds; chick, one pound and twelve ounces; At nine weeks old, duckling, four pounds and eight ounces; chick, two pounds.

So it can be seen that the same time weight of the chick was doubled by that of the duck. The prices for dressed carcasses run very close to each other, so that the increased price per pound makes the profits on the duck greater, although it takes about twice the amount of food to grow them. —Poultry Keeper.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Feed all the growing stock liberally.

Let the pigs see what the orchard looks like.

Keep good collars on the horses in hot weather.

Don't leave the horse during fly time without first covering him with a light blanket.

Do your part towards keeping the roads in good repair, and perhaps your neighbor will take the hint.

Keep the hen houses clean and sweet. Fresh earth bountifully spread under the roosts is a wonderful help.

The Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks are both good farm breeds; they are good layers and excellent for the table.

The dairyman who dumps a mass of decayed garbage before his cows, for economy's sake, is injuring his customers more than if he diluted his milk with water.

This is the time when weeds are forming their seeds with which to trouble you another season. Destroy as many of them as possible before they are ripe enough to grow.

There is no general purpose breed of fowls. One will be better for eggs than for market, and another will be better for market than for eggs. Study your market and choose accordingly.

For protecting fruit trees from rabbits, probably the easiest and certainly a very effective method is to rub axle grease on the trunk. Or in the early part of the season kill a rabbit, cut it open and rub the raw flesh on the bark. If the winter is very severe this will not save the trees. Binding the trunk with straw, lath or screen wire is effective.