

At a recent sale in England a 639-acre farm brought \$28,500. Four years ago it was mortgaged for \$70,000.

The New York Journal has discovered that Andrew Jackson looked forward to the bicycle era, for he was the originator of the good roads agitation in this country.

France has furnished fewer immigrants to the United States than any other nation in Europe. During the ten years preceding 1890 only about 50,000 persons left France for America.

The consumption of meat in England has increased considerably during the past few years. It now amounts to 119 pounds per head a year. As this is only 1-8th of a pound apiece a day, it is evident that a good many get very little meat.

The Rock Island Railroad recently adopted an excellent plan to test the honesty of its conductors. They were informed that spotters would no longer be employed on the road, and that the money thus saved would be applied to an increase in the wages of the conductors. The plan is said to be working to the entire satisfaction of both the company and those directly affected.

A complaint has arisen in England regarding the impositions borne by social visitors at country houses, who are constrained to divide large sums among the servants, under penalty of being blacklisted by the gamekeepers, butlers, coachmen and housemaids upon whose offices they are dependent for many comforts. It is said that the tips distributed by a single visitor sometimes aggregate a thousand dollars.

The Bureau of Statistics at Berlin, recently gathered some statistics which prove that accidents from lightning strokes have greatly increased of late. This is said to be due to the disappearance of forests, the use of electricity in various industries and to the carbon vapors arising from towns. The number of such accidents in France, where records have also been kept, is also very much greater than at the beginning of the century.

The number of men building and repairing bicycles exceeds to an enormous percentage the number of men at work among horses who are displaced by the common use of the new vehicle. In 1894 in the United States 200,000 bicycles were made. This year the product will reach 400,000, and manufacturers predict the future of 700,000 wheels in 1896. The construction of bicycles furnishes employment to a vast army of workmen. Every part of the machine must be prepared by skillful men. The material for each bicycle cost but \$12 or \$15, and the difference between that small sum and the large cost goes to the workmen and the employer.

Prizes of pigs and kegs of salt beef are the objects for which the Samoans play cricket. The game, which is enlivened by the music of a native band, takes a large number of players, sometimes thirty or forty being entered on a side. The Samoans have also taken kindly to large boats built after European models, and these have almost entirely taken the place of the large canoes in which they formerly traveled. Instead of working, the men use a large part of their time in traveling in these boats from island to island, talking politics. Some of the boats require thirty or forty oars for propulsion, and are between seventy and eighty feet long, the latest addition to the fleet measuring 100 feet in length.

West Australia is outdoing Oklahoma in the celerity of its city building. Coolgardie, the centre of the newly discovered gold fields, two years ago didn't exist. The site of the future town was a mere clearing. Even now you can only get by railway to within 120 miles of it, and have to finish your journey by coach. Yet, in spite of this drawback, Coolgardie is already perhaps the most marvelous mushroom city that ever raised within the short space of eighteen months. Hotels abound. "There are many shops and business premises worthy of a European capital," says Lord Fingall, who was out there, the other day; "a theatre with really excellent performances," constant subscription dances, various flourishing clubs, a stock exchange, and, in fact, all the concomitants of what we have agreed to call civilized life. It must be a thirsty kind of place, though, for you can only get water when it rains (which is seldom), and you have to pay \$6.25 a bottle for champagne.

"Is Life Worth Living?"

Life is worth living, if we live aright. Eyes to the front, the final end in view.—The end when all aims trivial or untrus Must burst like airy bubbles on our sight.

Life is worth living, if we do our best; Our best is often greater than we dream. Immortal souls with mighty forces team.—They are revealed by him who makes the quest.

Life is worth living when our sweetest thought Hides no least wish or impulse, hope or aim, That can bring disappointment, sorrow, shame.

Or hurt to any fellow being's lot.

Life is worth living when we strive to be Of greater use tomorrow than today, Moulding ourselves from rough unsightly clay.

To something lovely for the world to see,—ELLA WHEELER WILSON, in Youth's Companion.

JULIET'S COURAGE.

The level sunset was turning all the little pools along the shingly beach into drops of gold.

"It's very nice," said Mrs. Elton plaintively, as she sat on the long piazza of the hotel, "but I should have preferred some inland place for the summer. You see, I am never at ease about the children, and Mr. Elton comes down here only once in the week."

"Your brother seems to enjoy the beauties of the seashore very much," said Mrs. Dorsey. "I think I never saw Mr. Seville enjoying better spirits."

"Oh, that's because Miss Chaloner is here," said the matron, carving her lip a little superciliously. "He is absurdly infatuated with Juliet Chaloner!"

"I think she is a very lovely girl," said Mrs. Dorsey.

"Lovely? Oh, yes, I suppose she is lovely enough, only I never did fancy that style of beauty."

"Mr. Seville does, it seems."

"My dear, didn't I tell you that Clarence was completely infatuated? I don't suppose he would be willing to own that she has a fault in the world! I did talk to him seriously at one time, about those coquetish little airs of hers, but I saw at once that I might as well have talked to the wind. You see, I think she is disposed to be selfish—those only daughters often are; and then she is such an egregious coward!"

"How do you mean?"

"She won't ride, lest she should be run away with; she is terrified out of her senses at the apparition of a mouse, and I wish you could have heard her scream the other day, when a spider dropped on her bonnet. I've no patience with such a character."

"Perhaps it is only a bit of girlish affectation."

"No, it is not; she actually is afraid."

"There she comes now, with your children clinging around her," said Mrs. Dorsey. "They certainly appear to be very fond of her."

"Yes," returned Mrs. Elton, indifferently, "she has a way of winning children's affection."

As Juliet Chaloner came up the path, her slight figure darkly outlined against the sunset, her beauty seemed something more intangible.

One little one clung to her skirts, another held her hand, and two or three skipped along in front of her as she neared the piazza.

"Mamma! mamma!" piped out little Hubert, "Miss Chaloner has promised to go to Blyden's Point with us tomorrow—where the little twisted shells grow."

"And, mamma," interrupted Rosa, "you'll go with us, for Miss Chaloner says you can find those star-fish for your aquarium!"

"Don't talk so loud children," said Mrs. Elton, pettishly. "I'm afraid you've found them very noisy and troublesome, Miss Chaloner."

"Not at all," said Juliet, pleasantly. "I am very fond of children, you know. And I really think, Mrs. Elton, you would find it a very pleasant walk to Blyden's Point."

"Thank you," said the matron, stiffly, "it would be altogether too far."

"Then, mamma," urged Harry Elton, a manly boy of 14, "let me row you and Rosa and Hubert in the boat."

"I'll think of it," said Mrs. Elton; "only if Miss Chaloner should chance to encounter a spider or a field mouse by the road, I won't answer for the consequences."

Juliet laughed, but she colored nevertheless.

"I was telling Clarence of your dainty little hysterics," went on Mrs. Elton, with polite malice. "If there is anything Clarence respects it is common sense and courage."

Juliet went into the house without replying.

I don't that Mrs. Elton should speak so unkindly to me?"

"Mamma," said Harry, bluntly, "why did you speak to Miss Chaloner so spitefully?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions!" said Mrs. Elton, sharply. "Go in and brush your hair!"

"So you have really concluded to go to Blyden's Point with us?" said Juliet, brightly, as she met Mrs. Elton at the dinner-table next day.

"Yes, to please the children."

"And, Miss Chaloner," interposed Harry, "I am to row mamma and the little ones, while you walk across the sands and meet us, at 5 o'clock."

"Then we must start a little in advance of your boating party," said Juliet.

How brightly the golden afternoon slipped away upon the smooth sands of Blyden's Point! Even Mrs. Elton forgot to be spiteful, but revealed in the beauty of the far off rocks and sapphire firmament, and owned to herself that "really, Juliet Chaloner was very charming!"

"See, Miss Chaloner!" cried Besse, ecstatically dancing upon her tiptoes, "the water is creeping all over my shells!"

"Don't you see the tide is coming up?" said Harry, eagerly. "Stand up on that high point, and take your shells away quick unless you want to lose them."

"But Miss Chaloner," said Helen wistfully, "the water is ever so high over that narrow neck of land, where we crossed by the old lighthouse; how shall we get back again?"

Juliet laid down the branch of seaweed she had been admiring with Mrs. Elton, and looked off towards the rising tide with a cheek suddenly blanching.

"Miss Chaloner, what is the matter?" shrieked Mrs. Elton.

"We are cut off from the mainland," said Juliet in a low voice, "the tide is coming up, and half an hour from now this point will be submerged. Why did we not think of that? The boat, Harry—quick!"

"But, Miss Chaloner," pleaded thoughtful Besse, "if we were to run—the water is surely not higher than our waists."

"My dear, the neck of land is half a mile away, and the tide is rising at a fearful rate. Get into the boat, Mrs. Elton."

"Mamma! mamma!" wailed the children in chorus, while Mrs. Elton, pale and trembling, and incapable of effort, sat on the rock.

"I cannot move," she stammered. "I really think that I am going to faint."

But even while the words were on her lips, Juliet's arm encircled her waist and Juliet's strength guided her to the little boat that lay rocking on the waves.

It was very small, containing but two seats, and when Mrs. Elton and her five children were ensconced therein, every nook in it was occupied.

"There is no room for Miss Chaloner!" cried Harry.

Mrs. Elton looked feebly around.

"Give me Rosa—let me hold Rosa in my lap," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said.

But Juliet unloosed the loop of rope that fastened the boat to a projecting rock, and flung it out upon the waves.

"The boat is overloaded already," she said, in a calm voice. "Push off, Harry."

The generous heart of the boy rose up with a choking throb.

"Miss Chaloner! and leave you here to perish?"

"Listen, Harry," she said, hurriedly, "Row home as fast as you can. Two hours will take you there, and then—then you can send the boat for me."

And as the words trembled on her tongue, Juliet Chaloner glanced over her shoulder at the white-crested fringes of foam slowly creeping up the sands, and knew that, two hours from that time, it would all be one wild tossing mass of waves!

Slowly the black outline of the boat faded into indistinctness, growing less and less.

The sun hung above sea, while the blue cloudless sky smiled overhead. Nature was full of soft repose and yet Juliet stood with clasped hands and silent endurance waiting for the death which was drawing nearer and nearer—the stern, relentless death whose horrors never seemed so ghastly as now.

"And he will be at home here to-night," she murmured. "My God! my God!"

"Bless my heart, sir! Blyden's Point is seven feet under the water by this time!"

"And Miss Chaloner?" shrieked Mrs. Elton.

"The Lord have mercy on her soul!" solemnly uttered the old man, taking off his cap.

"Oh, Juliet! Juliet!" gasped Mrs. Elton, wringing her hands, "what shall I say to my brother when he asks for you?"

The soft light of a shaded lamp fell across Juliet Chaloner's eyes, as she opened them with a vague sense of having passed through a wild, troubled dream.

"Where am I?" she murmured. You here, Clarence?"

"My love," tenderly responded the well-known tones.

"But how came I here?" she asked, shuddering, as she remembered the sands and the water.

Then Clarence Seville told her how, coming from the nearest railway station by boat, instead of the stage route, he had caught sight of a white object on the sands at Bruden's Point. Bidding the boatman row up to it with all possible speed, he found himself just in time to rescue her from death.

"God's hand guided me there dearest," he said impressively. "My noble girl! it was impossible to love you better than I did before, this act of self-sacrifice would move me to do so."

From that hour Mrs. Elton cherished and revered Miss Chaloner as if she had been a saint; for to her there seemed something more than human in the noble self-obliteration of Juliet's courage!—New York News.

Curious Facts Concerning Hearing.

An inquiry was recently made in London as to the greatest distance at which a man's voice could be heard, leaving, of course, the telephone out of consideration. The reply was most interesting, and was as follows: Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in Grand Canon, on the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is 18 miles away.

Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than 60 miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of 140 feet, while on land the same could only be heard 76 feet. Professor Tyndall, when on the Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are invisible to people below.—Harpers' Round-Table.

An Epidemic of Toothache.

One of the most curious features of the Chitral campaign is the extraordinary prevalence of toothache among the officers. The matter is receiving the serious attention of the medical authorities, and it is hoped that some very interesting statistical results will be gained from the careful investigation which is now taking place. The epidemic first made its appearance after the active operations were over, and the various regiments had received orders to stand fast for the summer, and reached its most violent form just before the long-expected order to partially evacuate the country had arrived. Is not an epidemic of toothache something very unusual?—Westminster Gazette.

Nothing in It.

Mrs. Billas—Don't you believe it's true, John, that a person partakes to a considerable extent of the nature of the creatures he eats?

Mr. Billas—No. I've been eating fish all my life, and I can't swim a stroke.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Effervescent.

Gladys—So Charley has at last popped the question, eh?

Gwendolin—"Popped" is hardly the word. I had to draw it out.—Puck.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

RAPID BUTTER MAKING.

Butter churned in five or ten minutes is very apt to be a little off. There is nothing that gives butter so fine a texture and keeping quality as to be churned at a low temperature. Cream churned at seventy degrees will make harder butter than cream churned at seventy degrees and then cooled to sixty degrees.—New York World.

THE GRAY BIRCH.

The gray birch is easily grown from seed, and succeeds well in the most sterile soils. It could probably be used for a nurse tree in the starting of pine and other trees, which will not grow in such places without some protection when first sown. The young shoots of gray birch are much used for hoops in the making of fish barrels, nail kegs and other coarse cooperage.—American Farmer.

CLOSE PASTURING OF PASTURES.

Much is said in some farm journals about the evil of close pasturing. But with a tough June grass or red-top sod the best results will be got by feeding closely. The short herbage is sweeter and more nutritive. If either of these grasses begin to grow stems for seeding cattle will only crop off the heads and leave a mass of woolly stalks and lower leaves. It is often said that this is necessary to protect the roots during the winter. Timothy does need such protection, for its bulb at the surface of the soil is very easily injured. But June grass roots need no protection. Any superfluous herbage left in fall shades the ground and prevents it being early warmed in the spring. This is the reason why the Indians used to burn over the prairie every fall so as to make an early and fresh growth the following spring.—Boston Cultivator.

VALUE OF SAWDUST FOR MANURE.

Sawdust varies in kind, and at the best is a poor kind of manure on account of molding. Pine sawdust is a damage to land, as it is slow to decay and by encouraging mold it endangers the crops. Hard wood sawdust is not so objectionable if it is rotted, and when it is used for litter in a stable, and is saturated with the liquid and mixed with manure, it will rot quickly, after which it will make a useful fertilizer, best for clay land. With clay soil almost anything that loosens it and opens it, making it more retentive of water, acts beneficially, although it may not contribute any plant food. This is the case to some extent with sawdust of even hardwood which has more mineral matter in it than the soft woods. Pine sawdust will be better burned, and the ashes used, than used in its natural condition. The hardwood sawdust furnishes some food for crops, but from its loose character it is not desirable for sandy land under any circumstances.—New York Times.

ENGLISH METHODS WITH POULTRY.

The methods which prevail in England for growing poultry and their care vary so widely from those in vogue here that our readers may find something to interest them in the following, gleaned from the writings of C. E. Brooke. Food should be mixed fresh for every meal, and fowls should have only what they eat—leaving none. Through the winter they are fed in the morning with a hot mess of middlings and barley meal. From November to March their midday meal is boiled barley, and the later meal is wheat or maize. Now and then fowls in confinement should have a fresh piece of sod at which to pick. A little salt should be added to their food now and then, and occasionally a small quantity of Epsom salts. For a full day after chickens are hatched they need no food, and for the following week they should be fed chopped boiled eggs and soaked bread and milk, feeding them every two hours for the first fortnight. For the next two weeks they should have grits, boiled rice, barley or potatoes, followed later by bruised barley, wheat, or corn meal. During chickenhood four meals daily are best. The mother should have grain and meal. When molting, a slight addition of cayenne pepper to the meal, with some hemp seed now and then, and an occasional meal of minced raw onions will be found advantageous. The midday meal at all seasons should include some green food, and when winter approaches should include meat and fat, minced liver, or horseflesh. When fattening for market, the fowls must be kept sheltered. Mutton fat, chopped fine and boiled with milk, is desirable to add to the ground oats or

buckwheat, and this is administered in small doses.—American Agriculturist.

PROGRESS IN METHODS.

A correspondent writes: "When in 1868 we began dairying on the old homestead I said I should never be satisfied until we had reached 200 pounds of butter per cow. At that time from 100 to 150 pounds was considered a good average. It was not long before we reached 200, and occasionally reports came in of some who had actually exceeded this by 25 pounds. I remember well the positiveness with which certain persons declared they knew no dairyman who ever produced such a quantity by honest means. The standard has been getting higher and higher, until today 400 pounds per cow is far more common than 200 pounds was at that time.

"Not so very many years ago a dairyman who was looked upon as a man of good intelligence, and fairly well educated, denounced the Jersey cow as the poorest of all poor stock, and yet to-day he owns as fine a herd of grade Jerseys as one could wish to see. I have heard him say that the liquids from his cow stables were only a nuisance, and not worth the trouble of trying to save; and yet he has arranged his manure drops and stables so as to carry all the solids and liquids to the field every day.

"How do these things come about? Very largely through the relation of experience of practical farmers in authoritative journals. Men of intelligence have told in an intelligent manner what results have been accomplished by them, and the seed has taken deep root.

"It seems passing strange to me while I am looking over the half dozen agricultural and dairy journals that come to our home every week, and in every one of them find something of value to me in my business, that so many farmers can endure to plod along, shutting themselves out from such a fund of information as others have and yet be content.

"But I am sorry to say there are too many farmers like one I met a few years ago whom I asked to subscribe for a paper. His reply was that he knew enough about his business without any of the 'book-farmin' fellows trying to teach him. I was not very well acquainted with him, but it was my fortune to pass his farm a short time since, and I took especial pains to note what I could in passing without particularizing. From the broken-down barnways, unhinged barn doors, old rubbish in the roadside, &c., I concluded he would always be found in the large class who continually complain that 'farmin' don't pay."

"There are methods and methods, and there are precious few of us so wise but that we may learn something useful from a careful consideration of all of them."—Country Gentleman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Potatoes should be dug as soon as the skin sets.

Winter grain sown in the fall is better fully ripened before cutting.

Marsh hay is the very best material for a winter mulch for strawberries.

Why not utilize spare moments to gather dry road dust for winter use?

French gardeners tie up their plants with twigs of the white vine clematis.

Is your hen-house roof in such order that it can withstand the fall and winter storms?

The more docile the cow the more likely her energies to be devoted to her master's interest.

Of what good is it to save seeds unless they are kept carefully separated and properly labeled?

Put tincture of iron, a teaspoonful to the gallon, in the drinking water of the fowls. It is an excellent tonic.

Don't set out too many early apples. The winter kinds are the most valuable and are good keepers.

Calves taken from their dams when young, will often, months later, learn to suckle cows to which they have access.

If you are going to pack eggs for winter use, select those from hens with which the cocks have not run. Eggs containing no germs, keep much better than others.

Lean meat or green bone is an excellent food for moulting hens. A pint of linseed meal may also be divided among twenty-five hens daily at this time.

Now is a good time for the farmer who is anxious to stock his farm with pure-bred poultry, to make his purchases of good fowls. Brooders are often willing to sell cheap in the fall rather than to carry their stock over,