

General Greely does not believe it possible to reach the North pole in a balloon.

A Russian lover is expected to send his fiancée a present every day, even though he can afford nothing more than a few flowers. Long engagements are not popular with the young men.

The finest private museum in the world is the property of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild. It is at Tring, in Hertfordshire, England. The owner has given up half his life to it.

The inability of the wealthy managers of the Florida Athletic Club to find a lawful battle ground for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight is proof positive to the New York Herald that professional pugilism has received its deathblow in this country.

Lord Gardner who is about to take his seat in the British House of Lords, is the son of a Hindoo woman. There are queer fish in the British aristocracy, adds the Atlanta Constitution. The Countess of Stamford, widow of the late Earl, is a coal black woman from Africa.

The little economies that have made Japan so rich may be noticed everywhere. The dust of charcoal is gathered up and mixed with chaff of wheat barley and with other grains and with chopped straw. It is then moistened into paste, rolled into balls about as big as a billiard ball and makes excellent fuel.

Mrs. Laura B. Wood is in the Camden, N. J., Jail. She is charged, relates the New York Advertiser, with stealing \$2,000 from the company by which she was employed. She changed the figures on checks and collected the money herself. She obtained her position two years ago by alighting at the door of Ruben Freeman, president of the Optumns Printing Company, from a bicycle and walking into his office. She said, "I have no references, but I am an expert bookkeeper and want a job." She wore bloomers and was attractive looking. The former bookkeeper had had excellent references and was dishonest, so Mr. Freeman was not optimistically partial to references. Mrs. Wood got the position, and now Mr. Freeman does not believe in anyone.

The crudity of human justice is being more and more clearly recognized, muses the "Observer" of the New York World. In Germany and France the view gains ground that all judges, before entering on their functions should be compelled to visit and examine jails, prisons and penitentiaries, so as to fully understand the nature of the punishment which they thereafter inflict. It is also held that judges should be more competent to distinguish between mental soundness and unsoundness. Competent German physicians assert that a large percentage of the persons sent from penal institutions to lunatic asylums must have been insane at the time when they committed the deed, for which they were sent to prison, and should therefore at once have been treated as lunatics instead of as criminals.

It is well known how ingenious machinery has well-nigh revolutionized the once intricate work of the carpenter, leaving only the simplest part of the trade for manual labor. Never was this innovation of patented devices more marked than between 1880 and 1890, yet we read in the Detroit Free Press that there were 53,547 carpenters in the United States in the former year, while there were 140,621 in 1890, and the average wages of the latter were \$675 against \$450 for those who had far less machinery to contend with. Between the same years great strides were made in the molding and handling of brick by machinery, yet the number of workmen doubled, while the number of yards was but slightly increased, and the wages advanced from an annual average of \$228 to \$300. In few industries has the saving of labor by machinery been more marked than in the manufacture of furniture, and the cheapening of the product has been simply amazing. Yet the number of men employed in it increased from 55,804 in 1880, to 92,304 in 1890; wages advancing from an average of \$453 to \$528. This line of evidence might be pursued throughout the list of industries where, for any considerable time machinery has been the work of brains and hands. The conclusion forced is that the introduction of labor saving machinery is not to reduce permanently the number of employes, but simply to readjust the working force and insure higher wages.

Where Love Builds.

Where love builds a shelter,
Claim thou a part;
Where his fire flames
Stay and warm thy heart.
Fame will fade, and glory
Is a phantom guest;
The eagle to his eagle—
The dove unto his nest.
—Frank L. Stanton.

HETTY'S GLOVES

Gus Varley was going away, like the boy in the fairy tale, to seek his fortune. Before he went he had something to say to Hetty Romer. All the summer he had idled away in her company—hers and Rose Narrowway's; and he was conscious that neither of the girls could guess which he liked the best; or, indeed, whether there was any more than simple, friendly liking in the matter; at least, Gus hoped so. He hoped that he had not made love to both. But then Gus was conscious enough of his powers of fascination, and both were so pretty, so sweet, so lovable. Only at last he knew for certain that he loved Hetty. This was what he had to say; this was what he could not say, because he could never find Hetty alone.

Now he had come for the last time, and had bent over Hetty, and softly whispered:

"Come out upon the porch with me, Miss Romer, won't you?"

And Hetty had said:
"Come, Rose," and he had mentally ejaculated, "Confound Rose," and had sauntered out as amiably and gallantly as though the arrangement delighted him.

No chance all the evening, not one. At last, as the clock struck ten, Gus grew desperate. He sauntered to the mantel, and with his pencil scribbled a few lines on a leaf of his pocket-book, and looking about him, saw Hetty's gloves lying on a table. He knew them to be Hetty's, for her color was lavender; Rose's always lemon. By and by, no one looking that way, he slipped his bit of paper into the palm of the right-hand glove, and rolled the left over it. At least, she must find that when she put on the gloves.

"Good-by," he said, a few minutes after. "Good-by," said every one. Then Gus was gone. Poor Gus!

"I hope he'll be successful," said old Captain Romer.

"And steady," said Aunt Abigail.

"I'm going home," said Rose, after a while. "Where are my things? No, don't light a lamp. I've got them—hat shawl and gloves. Good-by all."

But Hetty walked to the garden gate with her, and watched her trip down the lane in the moonlight. She staid there listening to the cricket's chirp, and looking at the moon.

"He's so nice," she sighed, "and perhaps we may never see him again. I wonder—"

But she did not say what she wondered. At last she went in. A lamp was lit. The big Bible was open.

"We are waiting prayers for you," said old Captain Romer, a little sternly.

The mother tossed her a pair of gloves.

"Either Rose has worn yours or mine," she said. "Those are hers."

"She has mine," said Hetty. "It don't matter."

Then they had prayers and went to bed, but the missing gloves were the last thing on Hetty's mind.

But Rose thought of nothing else. She had taken the gloves unwittingly and had not put them on at all, but in her own room she had discovered her mistake.

"Hetty's—not mine," she thought, and stooped to pick the piece of paper that fluttered from between them from the ground. She saw Gus Varley's name. Then her face flushed, and she read this eagerly and angrily:

"Dear Hetty—Yes, dearer to me than all the world beside, and I can find no chance to tell you so. You are never alone. I am going away and Heaven knows when I shall return or how. I do not seek to bind you by any promise to share such a doubtful future, but if I prosper—if I succeed, you will share life with me? Dear Hetty, can you give me that hope—will you, if you can like me well enough, send me one little line—just your name if nothing more, or 'Yes'—anything but 'No.' Forgive this scrawling. It does not express half that I would say.

"Yours while I live,
Augustus Varley."

"And I thought he was in love with me," said Rose, and in rage tore the paper in atoms. "She shall never hear of it, deceitful little wretch!"

The next morning Hetty brought over her gloves. "And have you mine?" she asked.

Rose gave her back the gloves, not

looking at her, and half expected to hear the love-letter asked for next; but Hetty was ignorant of the letter, and there the matter ended.

Gus, having no answer, took his refusal bitterly and turned his back on the village forever, grew cynical on the subject of women, refused their society and became addicted to cigars and solitude.

Rose, jealous for a while, soon found a new admirer and married him. Hetty alone remained unchanged.

Five years passed—six, nearly seven. Gus became rich. He lived in luxury. The fact that he hated women was his only drawback.

And so, going with her husband to New York, Rose—now Mrs. Muller—saw and heard of him. She was very happy and she knew that Hetty was less blest than she. She was not really bad—and her heart ached for her. Had she parted two true lovers! Then she assured herself that Gus would have followed up the thing had he really loved Hetty, and that Hetty never cared for Gus. And so went home.

Her first guest was Hetty Romer.

Rose never mentioned Gus; but her husband, blandly ignorant of all, burst out with a full account of him forthwith:

"A fellow who left here without a penny rolling in gold—living like what's his name in the Arabian Nights, you know—and as splendid a man as I ever saw. Hates women, though. Has a house full of men servants and a cook from Paris—"

And so rattled on, never heeding Hetty's pale face, though Rose saw it. Soon Hetty, who had come for a visit, escaped to her own room; but Rose followed. She found Hetty in tears, and took her in her arms.

"Tell me all, my dear," she said.

And Hetty made confession.

"It is so foolish. I was only 17 then; but—but I loved him, and I never have forgotten him. That is why I never could think of anyone else, Rose. No one knows it, not even mamma. But that talk about him was too much for me. I—I thought he liked me, Rose."

"So he did," said Rose.

"No, else he would have told me so."

Just for one moment Rose thought of telling the truth. But caution overcame impulse.

"Strange things happen in this world," she said. "Who knows? You are both young still. Good-night, love!"

Then she went away—not to sleep, but to write.

"Sir,"—she wrote: "Years ago, you made a proposition of marriage to Hetty Romer. Perhaps you would like to know she never read the note. It was destroyed by one who blushes to own the act. She would have answered yes, had it ever reached her. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.' She lives here still, and is not engaged."

She copied the note in back-hand, addressed it to Augustus Varley, and the next morning she posted it. Three days after, Gus came down to the village and went to see Hetty. What they said, we can only guess by the fact that, at parting, he kissed her. He had spoken just once of the past.

"You remember the night of my departure?"

"Yes," she said.

Did anyone have your gloves that night?"

"What an odd question!" she said. "My gloves! Yes, Rose Narrowway wore them home—by mistake. Why?"

"No matter why," he said. "Perhaps I'll tell you some time, and then he kissed her again; his next call was on Rose.

She was alone—all but the baby, and that counted for nothing. He came straight to the point.

"You wrote to me," he said.

"I!" she cried. "Dear, no."

"You wore Hetty's gloves that night."

Rose blushed.

"Have you told her?" she said.

"No, not yet."

She put her hand on his arm.

"I've done you a good turn," she said, "and don't do me a bad one. I'm fond of Hetty, I don't want to quarrel with her, and it was so mean."

"Tell me why you did it," he asked. Just a moment she looked into his eyes, then burst into a laugh.

"I needn't mind now, with my good, handsome husband, and these children. I was jealous, Gus, and thought the letter ought to have been addressed to me. Come, you'll not make mischief between Hetty and me."

"Never."

And he kept his promise, and, until this day, Mrs. Augustus Varley does not guess why her husband was so serious about her old gloves.—New York News.

Capture of a Freak Fish.

The queer freak of the sea captured by Italian fishermen near Goat Island Oakland, Cal., which has been on exhibition, has been purchased by the Academy of Sciences and shipped to San Francisco.

J. H. W. Riley, a stenographer in the Superior Court, who is an ichthyological expert, made an inspection of the fish recently, then he consulted his books and announced that it was a fox-shark—a creature very rare on the coast.

"I have made a close examination," said Mr. Riley, "and I am certain that the fish is of that class known as fox-shark or thresher. I will give you the correct designation of it from my authority: Fox shark, or thresher, also called swingle-tail, sea fox, sea ape. It ranges from Cape Cod to Florida. Mitchell describes it as a long-tailed shark, his specimen being fourteen feet in length. De Kay describes it as the thresher shark, and says: 'The species has been noticed on our coast from Nova Scotia to New York. Storer records it as the same and puts the length at from 12 to 15 feet. We have heard of one being caught at Nahant which measured 20 feet. It is frequently caught in seines in Massachusetts Bay. The tail of this species is fully one-half of the total length.'

"I have no doubt," continued Mr. Riley, "that it is a fox shark. It is certainly a curiosity on this coast, and I have never heard of another being captured. I am glad that the Academy of Sciences has secured it, for the reason that it will be a valuable curiosity. This one is not quite as large as those described, for it measures only eleven feet. But then that is a pretty catch for a fisherman in the Bay of San Francisco. These fox sharks are good fighters with their tails, which is their only means of defence. They go into a school of small fish and switch their tails with great rapidity and force, killing and stunning many of their victims, and in this manner they secure their food." —Portland Oregonian.

Crowning Moment of a Ship's Career.

A successful launch of a large vessel has been called the crowning moment of a ship builder's career. Some one has said also that a launch is the most delicate part of the ship builder's work. It is very difficult to say what is the most delicate part of ship building, for the simple reason that there doesn't seem to be any part of it that isn't delicate. No more complex machinery is made than the wonderful marine engine; no more carefully designed structure exists than the sail of a modern steamship. A launch is as much a matter of mathematics as any part of the work of building a ship, and perhaps it is because launches are always inspiring that they have been called the crowning occasions of ship building.

It is only since the United States began to build a new navy that we have had launches of large vessels in this country. We have built so many fine warships that it was not unusually difficult for us to build merchant vessels of the first grade, and we have just finished two ships next in size to the two largest ships that are afloat in the world.

Building these ships was a great achievement, however, and hence the ceremony of putting them into the water from dry land attracted great attention throughout the country, and was attended in each case by thousands of spectators.

They saw the picturesque side of each of these events. They saw the foam as the christening bottle of wine was broken upon the bow. They heard the cheers and shouts and helped to make them. They waved their hats and handkerchiefs as the ship began to glide down into the water, and each man almost held his breath until he saw her safe in the stream acknowledging the plaudits of the multitude by making a graceful bow.

Bicycle Put to Novel Use.

Bicycles have been put to a novel use by Mr. F. A. Sirrene, the entomologist of the Jamaica, Long Island Agricultural Station. Mr. Sirrene rides a bicycle with a square reservoir of concentrated insecticide strapped to his handle bar and a knapsack spraying machine on his shoulders. He visits all parts of the island, giving object lessons to the agriculturists and horticulturists and imparting personal instruction to them in the preparation and use of the remedies which he finds to be efficient.—Scientific American.

Skunk raising for the fur is a novel business carried on or projected in Milford, Wis.; Ithaca, N. Y., and Harrisonville, Ohio.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

HONEY FROM ALSIKE CLOVER.

Farmers should keep more bees than they do. If they did Alsike clover would be more sown. It has the advantage of the common red clover, that its honey is within reach of the common bee. It makes a light honey quite as good as from the white clover, and there is never any failure to blossom, as there often is with white clover in time of drought. By cutting some of the alsike before it comes into blossom the time when it blooms may be protracted and thus make the honey-producing season longer.—Boston Cultivator.

TURNTIPS AS A FOOD.

While not very nutritious, the turnip is a very pleasant change of food for man and animal. It is also a hardy root, and easily kept during the winter. Scarcely any crop in the South is produced so quickly and at so small a cost.

It is very large in proportion to the space occupied. Indeed we know no winter crop that yields more satisfactorily than this. In the early spring the leaves furnish a very pleasant variety of salad for the table when nothing else of the kind can be had. We therefore suggest that if the rains come in season, our former friends make a late sowing of the vegetable for early greens in the spring. But we would especially recommend that the turnip roots now well grown should be harvested and banked like potatoes for winter use. This should be one after the first heavy frost before the ground has been hard frozen.—Atlanta Journal.

LAND FOR ONIONS.

The black vegetable soil commonly known as muck is the best for this vegetable. It must, however, be thoroughly drained and well manured, or—which is better—fertilized, which has the advantage of preventing weeds, that are the worst pest of the onion grower, and very costly to get rid of. Absolutely clean ground is indispensable to success with onions. The safest method is to plant the sets or small onions of the previous year, which are sold by the seedsmen. Or they may be grown by any one by sowing seeds thickly, at the rate of sixty to seventy pounds of seed per acre in the spring. By July the tops will dry, when the small onions are gathered and dried, and kept dry until the fall, when they may be planted, where the winter is mild, and will make large onions by the middle of the next summer. Ten bushels of sets will plant an acre, set in rows a foot apart, and two inches apart in the rows. Or seed may be sown in the spring and the onions gathered in the fall. Seven pounds of seed are required to sow an acre in rows a foot apart. It is necessary to keep the rows wholly free from weeds by repeated hand weeding.—New York Times.

WINTER DAIRYING.

There is but little doubt that the coming winter will see a good many farmers abandoning dairying as a winter business on account of the high price of many of the cow feeds and scarcity, but in most of these instances we think a mistake will be made. A disadvantage is that cows are selling cheap, even for the best, and next spring they will be unusually high, and the dry cows wintered will eat and produce nothing to compensate for their food. When it comes to a problem of exchange, it is doubtful if feed even at present prices can be turned into anything more profitable than 20-cent butter, provided one has a warm barn and the necessary arrangements to well care for his cows, so there is not an undue demand upon the food to protect the cow from the rigors of winter; and this waste makes the feed bill high, when tar paper and hemlock boards would have accomplished the same purpose and left the food—extra—to have gone either to a more economical keeping of the cow or a greater yield of milk.

One of the reasons why the winter dairy well managed is profitable is that there is a daily compensation for one's labor and outlay in feed, as there is a constant call for milk and butter in the winter, and one is not obliged to anticipate or run up bills for the future, as butter and milk are spot cash goods, and it is a quick rotation—if the term may be used—of feed into produce, and as quickly turned into money. Not the least of the economies of the winter dairy is the fact that, as now demonstrated, the milk cow will actually do better and produce better on the more rough feeds, like corn fodder, roots and the

like, with corn and cob meal combined with some oil meal and the like than upon fine and more costly market hay, and this gives the farmer a chance to turn these bulky, unsalable feeds into the finest of foods for humanity, and more, gives him employment in the winter, and in his interesting and profitable work he finds little time to yearn for a seat in the Legislature. The winter dairy has a place in the farmer's farm work, and there should be little abandonment of the industry, for the man who so does will soon regret his decision. Better keep at it.—(Practical Farmer.

PREVENTION OF RUST IN WHEAT.

E. B. Mayo of V. Viesca, Coahuila, Mexico, in a recent letter complimenting the Scientific American, wishes to know if there is any remedy or preventive for rust in wheat. The prevention of rust and smut of oats and has been made the basis of a series of special investigations and experiments by a number of investigators, while the Division of Vegetable Pathology in the Department of Agriculture has particularly taken up the subject of smuts in oats and wheat. In Farmer's Bulletin Number 5 of that division, the experiments of the division, as well as those made at the different state experiment stations, are summarized, the different methods having for object the treatment of the seed grain, since it has been found that infection takes place when the seed is germinating, from spores which adhere to the seed when this is planted.

The soaking of the seed in hot water has had many advocates, but success depends upon exceptional care and the process is somewhat complicated. Potassium sulphate has also been used with more or less success, the seed being soaked for twenty-four hours in a one-half per cent solution of this material; but the preventive which is recommended as superior to this is the treatment with copper sulphate. This consists in immersing the seed in a solution made by dissolving a pound of commercial copper sulphate in twenty-four gallons of water for twelve hours, and then putting the seed for five or ten minutes into lime water by slaking a pound of good lime in ten gallons of water.

The bulletin above referred to concludes with the following statement: "These treatments have all been tried and have proved effectual. In some parts of the country seed wheat is treated in strong solutions of copper sulphate and no lime is used. This practice is much inferior, since it injures the seed, while those here prevent the smut completely and at the same time do not injure the seed if carefully followed. In all forms of seed treatment care should be taken to spread the grain out to dry at once, and by frequent stirring prevent its spoiling. The treated seed should be handled only with clean tools, and should be put in sacks disinfected by boiling fifteen minutes. If these precautions are not taken, the seed may be infected again after treatment, especially in case of stinking smut of wheat. If the seed is to be sown broadcast, it will not have to be so dry as if it is to be drilled.—Scientific American.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Batten up the cracks.

Plug up the knot holes.

Give your fowls plenty of fresh water.

Is the roof of your hen house leaky?

Don't let sick fowls run with your well ones.

More roosters are hatched than pullets as a rule.

A foot of roosting space for each hen is about the proper rule.

What's the use of keeping all these mongrel cockerels? Fatten them.

A warm mash at bed time is a nice thing for your fowls these cold nights.

Better begin to look after the turkey crop. You'll soon have to cram corn into them.

Corn in some form, as ensilage, cured fodder, or stover, is shown in all the reported trials to be the cheapest rough feed that can be grown for stock in almost any section of the country.

When a hen is overfed she becomes lazy and sluggish, is subject to indigestion, becomes too fat, and will lay but few eggs. Soft-shell eggs or double-yoke eggs indicate that hens are overfed.

Keep the tools not in use under shelter, out of the sunshine. The hot sunshine is as damaging to the woodwork of farm implements and machinery as rain. Keep the harrow and cultivator teeth as well as the plow shares bright and free from rust.