

They say now that the Spanish soldiers in Cuba sell their arms and ammunition to the insurgents.

By a verdict in the Kansas City Circuit Court a man has been held responsible for the damage done by a runaway horse driven by his wife.

The number of books which are the direct outgrowth of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is given as 275, enough to fill two good-sized bookcases.

Professor R. B. Richardson, Director of the American school at Athens, Greece, advances the theory that the horrors attributed to the River Styx by the ancients were due to fever germs, with which the locality is still infested.

Kate Field says that while she was in England she was asked in good faith whether the language taught in the public schools of the United States was English or American. "Oh, American," I replied," says Miss Field. "English is a dead language. It is only learned by university men who go in for classics."

A man who knows, tells the Philadelphia Record, that a concern in Philadelphia makes a profit of \$24 on the carcass of every horse. In the first place the hide is valuable, and the leather known as cordovan is taken from the skin over the rump. The other leather is soft, and is used mostly for slippers and heavy driving gloves. The hair from the tail and mane is made into haircloth, and the short hair is used in stuffing cushions and horse collars. From the hoofs oil is extracted and the horny substance is sold to comb manufacturers. The leg bones are used for knife handles. The ribs and head are burned to make boneblack after the glue has been extracted. By various processes phosphorus, carbonate of ammonia, cyanide of potassium and prussic acid are obtained, and sometimes the meat is canned and shipped to Europe.

In an article on international matrimonial alliances the London Spectator says a good word for the American man: "He is often as polished as the European; he is usually much better cultivated—civilization not being by any means the strong point of the European aristocrat, and while he is at least as eager a lover, he is, by the consent of two continents, a rather more devoted husband. Why, then, is he passed over for one who comes from the outside? We think that our litigations and literature and unaccommodatedness have something to do with it, and that the higher society of Europe has, for the American girl, something of the charm of romance, as of an undiscovered and better country in which it will be pleasant to undertake an adventure. The thirst to try the experiment is a natural emotion with something of poetry in it, as well as love of adventure, and we hardly see why the American girl who elects so new, and, as she thinks, so bright a life, should be accused either of snobbishness or of overvaluing ambition." Surely an American journal would hardly be more flattering.

The thriving town of Greeley, Col., has just held its second annual potato festival. "The city of Greeley," says the Denver Times in noting the event, "is just twenty-six years old. Last year, in October, 1894, a meeting of prominent citizens was held to discuss the advisability of expressing in some suitable manner the glory of this great agricultural centre, whose growth from the little dugout on the plains in 1869 to the beautiful community justly termed the 'Garden City' in 1894, gave such an opportunity for the quarter-centennial, and it was decided that the potato, Greeley's chief glory, should be crowned king, and it is to do honor to this great staff of life that the country for miles around is here today assembled. Silver may be demonetized, wool may be entered free, freight rates may cause the manufacturing cities to suffer, but to the annually fertile soil of this section of the state, combined with the resources of half a dozen large irrigating canals, the Greeley potato has risen to a prominence seldom attained by any agricultural product of any portion of this country. Potatoes the people must have, and the Greeley potatoes are admitted the finest in the world. The demand for potatoes will always be great, and as the population increases, so will the demand for the potato grow in proportion. Greeley has depended, during the twenty-six years of her life, on this staple, and potato in turn has been grateful, and has given her no cause to regret the time and money spent in bringing it to its present perfection."

Over the River.
Over the river on one of these days—
Over the river,
Into the beauty of heavenly bays,
Over the river!
Sailing on waters where lotuses smile,
Passing by many a tropical isle,
Sighting savannas there mile upon mile,
Over the river!
Over the river on one of these times—
Over the river,
Into the dazling and storied climes,
Over the river!
Music forever and beauty for aye,
Sunlight unending—the sunlight and dr
Never a farewell to weep on the way,
Over the river!
—W. T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

A DECREE OF SILENCE.

BY MRS. M. L. HAYNE.

When Allan Davis married Luella Clark, persons who were not consulted in the matter—as very few were—wondered what he saw in that girl to fall in love with; not her beauty, certainly, since she had none; nor her intellectual graces, which were few and far between; nor her amiable character, for she had a sharp tongue, and they left the matter as one beyond their comprehension. But if any of them had asked Allan himself he could not have told them. It was enough for him that love goes where it is sent, and that he did love Luella with his whole true heart, no one knew better than he.

So they were married, and I wish I could add the dear old storybook formula, "lived happy forever after," but as this is a true story and not a romance, it must follow on the beaten track of real life, even to the bitter end.

All knew when he married his wife that she had a complaining tongue. He had heard her talk to her old father, and not even his great love for her could make her stinging words spoken without any apology or passion, seem other than discourteous and un-filial. And when the meek old man bent his head to the word that was more cruel than a blow—he—Allan—blamed him for submitting so tamely to a woman's invective, promising to himself a different state of affairs, when he should have the right to object.

For a brief time Allan was as happy as any of us are permitted to be in this transitory life, and Luella, pleased with her new estate, and her handsome, loyal husband, was like a creature of a different nature, and the old father having passed peacefully away, left an interim of suspended hostility, in which Allan established a kingdom of happiness, which he imagined to be on a firm foundation. He was never more mistaken.

For the ruler of this kingdom was the queen of discontent. Allan had never been nagged, but Luella was perpetually nagging. Having found the vulnerable point in his armor of peace, she thrust the javelins of anger in, with the slightest pretext, and smiled to see him wince. It gave evidence of her power. The old father had escaped; but her husband was hers, he must stay and hear.

I know this is not a pleasant story, and readers need go no further unless they are interested in a curious psychological fact. I myself am a believer in heredity. I am sure that somewhere in the past this woman had an ancestor with a sharp tongue, which she had never tried to bridle. If there is sympathy for the man who inherits a consuming thirst for drink, why not for the woman who has had bequeathed to her a bad temper which she took with her hair and eyes?

Luella had everything to make her happy, from the standpoint of any reasonable being, but she never ceased complaining, and at last the good nature and fortitude of her husband deserted him and he turned, not as the worm turns, but rather like a raging lion, and Luella held her peace in sheer astonishment.

"I wish you were dumb," he said, in a whisper of concentrated wrath and scorn. "I wish I might never hear the sound of your voice again."

Like all evenly balanced natures, when he overstepped boundaries he went too far; but there was this in extenuation, his words came from the lips and not from the heart; they sounded far worse than they intended, and they recoiled on himself, even before he had seized his hat to leave the house.

He turned to see their effect on Luella and found to his horror that she had fainted.

Then he called himself a brute, sent for friends and a doctor, and hung over his wife prostrate with grief and remorse until she opened her eyes and recognized him.

He begged her forgiveness, but to all his entreaties she only shook her head feebly until at last, when he

pleaded for one word, she made a motion which indicated a wish to write—and with a horrible fear taking possession of him, he gave her paper and pencil and this is what she wrote for him:

"You have your wish. You will never hear my voice again. I am stricken dumb."

It was noised about in the community, and people talked—old people especially, of what they called a "visitation of God."

The doctors had another name for it; they called it acute paralysis, and said it was reflex and would pass away presently, but they were wrong in their prognostications. Luella went about her work again, the light household duties that developed on her, but not one word came from her mute lips.

Allan, who was beside himself with grief and disappointment, urged her to learn the labial language, indeed offered to forego speech for her sake, and learn the lessons of silence with her, but she would not listen to the suggestion. And then began the martyrdom of Allan Davis.

Luella could hear perfectly, so that her husband and friends were not constrained in their speech, but any word she had to say, any message or answer in their conversation coming from her must be written. She was always provided with the means of communication, and writing tablets of the daintiest sort were scattered around the house, like some new bric-a-brac of speech.

The devotion of Allan Davis to his afflicted wife was something marvellous. He never wearied of lover-like attentions, and he never demanded the slightest recognition of them. He spent every hour of his existence—not employed in his business—in devising pleasures for Luella, and on those unfortunate days when a dumb devil of ill-nature asserted itself, he met her mute reproaches with a self-abasement that was neither unmanly nor servile, but Christ-like. His bonny brown locks turned gray, his laughing, boyish face took on the shadows of early age, but his spirit remained serene and patient, and the love he held in his heart for this woman grew brighter and more fervent toward the end. And the end came before the fire of youth had quite turned to ashes—the end for Allan Davis.

It was a simple case of influenza at first, with no suggestion of danger, until one day the doctor looked grave, and the next he said to Luella: "Your husband will die!"

He watched her sharply, but no quiver of an eyelid told him what he wanted to know. She wrote a question on her tablet:

"How soon?"
"At any time—tonight, perhaps," answered the doctor, and again he watched her narrowly. Did he surprise a flash of joy in her cold eyes, a strange tense drawing of the lines around her severe mouth? It might have been his imagination, but at any rate he was glad for Allan Davis.

The end came at night, when Luella watched with her husband alone. He had been sleeping and dreamed something that awakened him with a wild start, and made all things look unreal—all except his wife, who bent over him with a new solicitude in her face. He saw it and was grateful.

"I am going to leave you, my dear, he said in the slow precise tones of those who are nearly done with human speech, "will you not let me have as my last glad heritage a word of forgiveness for the great I did to you?"

Luella looked at him, and an unmistakable gleam of triumph shone in her eyes and expressed itself in her movements as she seized her tablet and wrote something upon it in plain, distinct letters. Allan saw the look and the hope that had for years sustained him, seemed now to be seemed now about to be realized, and he lifted his head to read for the last time that beloved handwriting.

But God, more merciful than his creature, had appointed his eyes with a film, and with the written words he so longed to see held before him by an unflinching hand, he loosed his hold on earthly love and hate, and despoiled the last sting of a terrible revenge.

For this was what Luella had written for her dying husband to read:

"Since you are about to die I will tell you that I have never for one moment been incapable of speech. I assumed a misfortune to punish you as you deserved. I have succeeded."
—Detroit Free Press.

Little Time Required.

He (with personal narrative, fearfully thrilling)—To collect my scattered wits was the work of a moment. She (musing, oh, so sweetly.)—Yes, it would hardly take longer.

A Curious Factory.

From the St. James Gazette I learn that London has a factory for the making of penny dreadfuls. It is not in a very flourishing condition, for the pay is poor—from 75 cents to \$1 per 1,000 words. The factory consists of a small, low roofed room up five flights of stairs in the neighborhood of Fleet street. The factory hands are four men, who sit at the long deal table, covered with the picturesque ornamentations of various ink stains and four more or less de-lapidated chairs.

One of the four explained that scarcely any plot is required—merely a thread running through a story, on which they string the adventures like beads. The threads are all very similar; the hero goes abroad in search of immense treasure, or else devotes his life to discovering the murderer of his father, and chapter after chapter he performs marvelous feats of skill and daring, until the last one, in which the villain is killed and all ends happily.

One man supplies the plot. He gets them from anywhere and everywhere. Another he has never been out of London, writes the sea stories, a third the Indian stories, though, until Buffalo Bill went to London, he never saw an Indian. The fourth man is a public school man, and a cut above this kind of work, though he is past doing anything better now. Once he was a rising author, but his first success ruined him.

We have a well-known author in New York who writes penny dreadfuls over an assumed name, but he doesn't work in a factory, nor is he, so far as I know, compelled by necessity to do this sort of thing. He apparently does it from choice. The reader of such tales as "Phil the Policeman, or the Mystery of the Little Attic Room," do not suspect that their favorite author writes of fashionable life for another class of readers in another quarter of the town over another name.—The Critic.

Billions of Beans.

Boston has long been noted for its baked beans, but not until recently has any inhabitant of the old Puritan city had the temerity to figure out the total amount of consumption of the city with respect to beans. This man estimates and gives figures to prove that he is not far from right, that Boston consumes annually 8,067,980 quarts of beans. It's an easier thing to arrive at than it looks, for beans are a staple weekly diet in Boston. No Sunday breakfast in Boston and its vicinity is complete without a savory dish of this most palatable article—prepared Boston style.

Then, too, there are big factories in Boston the sole business of which is to prepare baked beans for Boston families, hotels and restaurants. The annual product of these beaneries is 1,128 quarts, and they supply only a limited constituency. Nearly 600 other restaurants use about 775,500 quarts, while the various bakeries send out each year not far from 3,000,000 quarts.

The Boston Globe, which gives these figures, does not tell whether or not the canned beans that Boston beaneries send out are included in this amount. That trade must amount to millions of quarts every year, for Boston baked beans are found in nearly every city in the country. They may be bought, moreover, in London and Paris.

Appropos of baked beans, here is the way they are baked in Maine. A hole is dug in the ground, filled in with rocks and chunks of wood. The wood is fired and burned to embers. Then the hole is cleared of the embers and the pot set in among them, the embers being placed over the top of it, thus hermetically sealing the beans and giving them gradual baking for 24 hours, for the rocks may hold their heat for two days. From this it would seem that long baking is the real secret of a good mess of beans.

Teeth Reading.

According to the London Telegraph teeth reading is the latest fad. The "science" is only in its infancy yet, but the following are two or three of the items which its professors assert to be incontrovertible: "Teeth that are long and narrow denote vanity; projectors indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is best known by small, white, separated molars; inconstancy by overlapping teeth; and the possessor of wide separated ivories is sure to tell all he knows. Those who wear false ones possess a character that the sciences cannot read."

Sir Ernest Mason Shaw, the new British minister to Japan, is said to be one of the best Japanese scholars in the world.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

FENCE ROWS WITHOUT FENCES.

It is well to get rid of useless fences. But in many places where the fence is removed the soil is filled with rocks, bushes and trees so that it is impossible to plow or cultivate it. Such unused fence rows soon become as bad a nuisance as the useless fence that preceded them. It will pay, generally, to clear up such fence rows if only for the looks of the place. While the rows remain, showing that fences had once occupied that spot, their absence must indicate that farming in that neighborhood is less prosperous than it used to be.—Boston Cultivator.

GROUND WHEAT FOR COWS.

Ground wheat for cows is not a judicious ration. The experience of the best feeders in the central west, confirmed by tests at the Illinois experiment station, shows that better results are obtained from feeding bran and middlings than the pure wheat. Even with the most careful of feeders the animal is very apt to be overfed, and turned against the pure wheat feed. Appetite for a pure wheat ration varies to such an extent that it is almost impossible to fix a stated amount of feed that an animal will eat and relish every day. If it must be fed, give the cow only what she will eat up clean.—American Agriculturist.

FEEDING FOR EGGS.

Feeding for egg production is a different affair altogether and there is even a difference between the feeding when the eggs are required for the market and when they are wanted for hatching. When the eggs are intended for the market the male bird must be excluded from the henyard. When this is done the eggs will keep fresh longer, and in fact will never addle, but merely dry away. The virgin pullet or hen or pullet will lay more eggs than the mated one. Stimulating food fills the egg basket. It may consist of wheat bran two parts, ground cornmeal one-eighth part, season with salt and one-half teaspoon of ground cayenne pepper to the pint of food. For hatching eggs the best diet is wheat, oats, ground bone, clover and blue grass and plenty of fresh water for any and all purposes.—Interstate Poultryman.

NATIVE VARIETIES OF THE PLUM.

In many localities, and especially in the Western States, varieties of our native wild plums succeed better, or at least, not so badly infested by the plum weevil as the European varieties. For this reason they have become immensely popular of late years, and very large quantities of these bright coral red fruits are to be seen in our Eastern markets. Judge Samuel Miller of Missouri, who has experimented extensively with the native sorts, says that the Hunkey is the largest of all, and is excellent in quality. His choice from among the many that have been fully tested in Missouri are the Wild Goose, De-Soto, Louisa, Prairie Flower, and Golden Beauty, the latter being very desirable on account of its late keeping qualities and excellent flavor. The new Japan plums known as Kelsey's Japan and the Satsuma are too tender for Missouri, and are recommended only for the South. This will be a disappointment to those who have been expecting great things from these Japan plums for planting in the middle and Northern States.—New York Sun.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GOOD SILAGE.

Good corn silage should be bright green, only a little darker than when put into the silo, and free from mould. The kernels of corn should be nearly natural in color, and the silage should have a mild acid taste and a well-marked smell. Any moulding of the silage, any strong offensive odor, and any dark or black color are indications of losses of dry matter than eight to twelve percent. A silo which gives this kind of silage is defective in some important particular. There will be scattered through the silage small spots the size of the hand, or perhaps the size of the head, where there is a little mold, but these should be very few. A general moulding or blackening of the silage in contact with the walls is proof positive of faulty walls or bad filling. The silage against the walls should be bright and free from mold, and where it is not, an unnecessary loss is being sustained. This is an important matter for the feeder to understand, because cattle will eat silage readily where there has been as high as fifty per cent loss, so that the fact that cattle eat the silage all up is no criterion that large

losses are not being sustained. A feeder can no better afford a loss of twenty per cent of his silage than he can afford a loss of one per cent of fat in his milk.—New England Homestead.

MUTTON SHEEP.

The American who intends to make money from sheep raising must not ignore the fact that success is only to be attained with better care and better food than we ordinarily give our sheep. This is somewhat difficult to master, owing to our ingrained conviction that these animals are destined by nature to act as scavengers. A false belief was never disseminated. Sheep do not prefer weeds to grasses or grains. They will eat them rather than starve, but that is all. This has been a great disadvantage to them, as weeds do not contain an equal amount of nutriment with the same bulk of grass. Besides, this lack of fastidiousness has done much to strengthen the idea that sheep need no care at all.

It is this general misapprehension of the facts which explains the failure of the special English sheep in many sections of this country. These sheep have been raised to their present high position by years of careful breeding and feeding. They are provided with rich pastures in the summer, while juicy roots supply the needed succulences in winter, producing a juicy meat, which it is impossible to obtain from corn. The delicate flavor is given by rape, which is pre-eminently a sheep feed, though, unfortunately, but little known in this country.

These sheep must be kindly treated, not harried by dogs and boys; they must be handled gently and quietly, so that they make each day a growth of about three-quarters of a pound for the first ten months, when they become excellent mutton. To do this requires a skilful shepherd. The finest sheep in the world will soon degenerate if the keeper is incompetent. It is only by intelligent care and scientific feeding that they have been brought to their present state of perfection. Their development has been to some extent at the expense of stamina. They can no longer endure the treatment and exposure to which we subject the scrubs, or, if they do survive, they rapidly lose the desirable characteristics which have been so slowly and carefully cultivated in them. Like everything else, it is easier for them to run downhill than up. The shepherd who expects to raise mutton equal to the English must study their methods and intelligently adapt them to the somewhat changed conditions prevailing here. This is the only road to success.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The English dairymen use large quantities of milk preservatives.

In a guinea pig or rabbit one hour old, there is much more than four times as much iron as in the same animals two and a half months old.

Charred bone, as well as charred corn, is good for poultry, for the sake of the charcoal it contains, which is very healthy for them, purifying the blood and aiding digestion.

As an athlete undergoes training for his work, so with equal care the farm work horses should be groomed and exercised through the winter, that they may be in the finest working condition when the working season arrives. Then they can do everything of which a horse is capable without strain or injury.

An Illinois feeder reports that he has had excellent results from feeding silage to fattening sheep, making as high as twenty pounds gain per head in ninety days, feeding grain in addition. He has fed as many as 10,000 head on ensilage at one time. Silage seems to be as useful and safe for sheep as for any other kind of live stock.

The general result of sowing winter oats in the northern states has been unfavorable, the plants growing well enough until the severe cold comes, when they gradually subside, and by the spring there is not one blade left to survive. Sometimes, by a rare accident of weather, a few will remain, but as a crop of this kind is not fitted for any locality north of Virginia.

Orchard grass is on some accounts the most valuable of all kinds. It is a very long perennial, remaining a great many years in the ground under the best culture. It is early and vigorous enough to make hay in May, and pasture from August until the winter, or for winter if kept for it, and the yield on good land is equal to that of any other. It is also one of the most nutritious of grasses.