

Teachers of English are doing a fine business in Havana. The Cubans are wonderfully eager to learn a nineteenth century language.

The town of Pullman, Ill., as organized and established by its founder, whose name it bears, is soon to give up its distinctive character and become in fact as well as in name a part of the municipality of Chicago. Under the supreme court decision the company is reported to be preparing to give up its building other than those used strictly for the purposes of car-building, which means that it must give up its control over the town of Pullman.

A German editor has been sentenced to more than four years imprisonment for lese-majeste against the Emperor's second son, a small boy in knickerbockers. Yet the offending article, which in itself was nothing, was published in the absence and without the knowledge of the editor. Convictions lese-majeste under the Emperor, William have excelled anything ever known before in Europe, whether in medieval or ancient times, and one wonders why the German people tolerate them so quietly.

The largest sailing vessel afloat, just launched at Camden, Me., was christened, not by smashing a bottle of wine, but by throwing roses over her bow as she slid down the ways. This is a pretty innovation that will not only please the ardent opponents of wine, but will appeal to the love of the picturesquely beautiful. An American ship, built of American material, by American labor, in an American yard, could have no more auspicious beginning of its service in the American carrying trade than this peaceful and decorative garlanding at the hand of an American maiden.

A girl in England recently drowned herself because some "professor of palmistry" had "read the lines of her hand," and had predicted trouble for her. She was scared into self-murder by his reckless prophecy. Then her father, deploring her "silly faith" in what he declared was idle folly, tried to find her body by throwing into the pond a loaf of bread ballasted with quicksilver, believing that the loaf would "jump around" when it floated over the spot where she lay. Superstitions die hard. This was a case of the kettle calling the pot black. How is it with those who regard this unfortunate girl and her ignorant father with pitying scorn? How many of all the soldiers would object to sitting down with thirteen at the table?

Reports from Fall River, says the Dry Goods Economist, show the year 1898 to have been a hard one with cotton manufacturers in that centre. The previous year, it had been thought, was bad enough, the average dividend yielded on a capital of nearly \$24,000,000 amounting to but 3.38 per cent., against 8.18 per cent. in 1895. Last year, however, the average earnings on the same capital amounted to 2.22 per cent. This gradual decrease in dividends is not surprising when we learn that little money has been spent on new equipments during the year. Experiments are, however, going on with new weaving machinery, and, as a result, of the recent agreement between a number of the factories, mill stocks have advanced and prices have improved. Hence it may be that Fall River, having begun to sell its product with more intelligence, may within the next twelve months have the nerve to put in modern machinery capable of producing the very highest grades of cotton goods, and thus once more provide for itself a basis for substantial prosperity.

The salvage system of the Salvation Army is to be introduced into San Francisco. This is an idea of General Booth, the basic principle being that idleness leads to evil, and that the man whose material wants are satisfied is more amenable to spiritual influence. The system is in operation in three cities in this country, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. In the last named city ten large wagons are in constant service collecting waste, while a large number of men are employed in sorting the material for the market, and in repairing such broken articles of household furniture as can be made of use to poor people. Many women are also engaged in rescuing from the waste, articles of clothing which can be made serviceable by mending. The repaired articles are sold for a few cents each, the money thus received going to the one who made the repairs. There are many possibilities in the development of the idea, one addition in San Francisco being an arrangement with the newspaper publishers to clean out the offices in return for the waste paper.

### OUR BROKEN WALLS.

Over a winding, wayworn wall,  
Lagged and rough and gray,  
There crept a tender and clinging vine,  
Tirolesly day by day.  
At last its mantle of softest tint  
Covered each jagged seam,  
The straggling wall, half broken down,  
Became, with that leafy, tinted crown,  
Fair as an artist's dream.

Oh, for the kindness that elings and twines  
Over life's broken wall,  
That blossoms above the scars of pain,  
Striving to hide them all!  
Oh, for the helpful, ministering hands,  
Benevolent, willing feet,  
That spread rich mantles of tender thought  
O'er life's hard places, till Time has wrought  
Its healing—divine, complete.  
—Lanta Wilson Smith, in Youth's Companion.

## THE PURPLE EGG.

It Omened an Emperor and Created a Suicide.

BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

The other night, while with a number of friends, I heard a story of a woman who had been driven to a strange suicide by terror and remorse. She was highly bred and cultured. Suspected of complicity in a crime of which she had been a mute witness, in despair at her irreparable cowardice, tormented by a perpetual nightmare that showed her her husband pointing her out with his rotting finger to the magistrates, she became the helpless prey of her overwrought nerves. A trifling circumstance determined her fate. Her little nephew was living with her. One morning, as usual, he was learning his lesson in the dining room; she was sitting near by. The child began to translate, word for word, some verses from Sophocles. He said over the Greek and French terms as he wrote them out: "Kara teion, the divine head; Iokastes, of Yocasta; letneked, is dead."

Sposa konnen, tearing her hair; kalei, she calls; Laion nekron, dead Lais. . . . Eiseidomen, we saw; ten gunnika kremasten, the woman hanged. He wound up with a flourish of his pen, stuck out his tongue violet with ink and sang: "Hanged! hanged! hanged!" The wretched woman, her will-power utterly destroyed, obeyed the suggestion of the thrice-heard word. She rose without a word, without a glance, and hastened to her room. A few hours later the commissary of police, called in to investigate her violent end, made this reflection: "I have seen many a woman who has committed suicide. This is the first one I've known to hang herself."

This case recalled a similar one to my mind, that of my unfortunate comrade and friend, Alexandre Mansel. In the foregoing story the heroine was killed by a verse of Sophocles; my friend's life was brought to an end by a sentence of Lamprides. Mansel, who was a schoolmate of mine at the Lycee of Avranches, was different from all other boys. He seemed both older and younger than he really was. Small and slight, at fifteen he was afraid of all the bugaboos that terrify children of five. He had a horror of the dark. We were not fond of him; he would have become our butt if he had not impressed us by a certain fierce pride and his record as a clever scholar. Though he worked spasmodically, he often stood at the head of his class. They used to say that he talked at night in the dormitory and walked in his sleep. None of us could swear to it, for we never woke after our heads once touched the pillow.

For a long time I was more curious about him than fond of him. We suddenly grew great friends on an excursion that we all took together to the abbey of Mont St. Michel. We had walked barefooted along the shingle, carrying our shoes and our luncheon on the end of our sticks, all singing at the top of our voices. We crossed the drawbridge and sat down side by side on one of the old cannon, rusted by five centuries of rain and spray. Looking with his dim eyes from the old stones to the sky, swirled by its bare feet, Alexandre abruptly spoke to me: "I should like to have been a knight in the old wars. I would have taken a hundred cannon. I would have fought single-handed on the ramparts, and the Archangel St. Michael would have stood over my head like a white cloud."

From that day on I understood far better than before my schoolmate's character. I discovered that it was founded on an immense pride that I had not suspected. I need not tell you that at fifteen I was not a profound psychologist, and Mansel's pride was too subtle to be at first evident. It extended itself to vague chimeras and had no tangible form. Yet it inspired all my friend's sentiments and gave a sort of unity to his whimsical, incoherent ideas. During the vacation following our excursion to Mont St. Michel, Mansel invited me to spend a day at his parents' home at St. Julien. Securing my mother's rather unwilling consent, I started off, in a white vest and blue tie, early one Sunday morning. Alexandre, smiling like a happy child, was waiting for me on the threshold. He led me by the hand into the "best room." Though the house—half rustic, half bourgeoisie—was neither poor nor disorderly, I was oppressed on entering it, so silent and so dark it was. Near the window, whose slightly parted curtains denoted a certain curiosity, was seated a woman of all appearances old—perhaps not so old as she looked. She was thin and sallow; her eyes glittered in their dark sockets under their reddened lids. In spite of the warm summer day she was swathed, head and all, in black garments. But the strangest thing about her was the metal circlet that clasped her brow like a diadem.

"Here is my mother; she has her neuralgia." Mme. Mansel made me welcome in a faint voice and, observing my puzzled look, said, smiling: "My young sir, what you take for a crown is a magnetic circle I wear to cure my headaches."

Mansel led me into the garden, where we caught sight of a little bald man gliding down the path like a phantom. He was so frail and slight that he looked as if the wind would blow him away. His uncertain gait, his long, thin neck craned forward, his head no bigger than your fist, his sidewise glances, his hopping steps, his short arms raised like wings, gave him quite the appearance of some new sort of fowl. My companion told me that it was his father, but that we must let him go to the poultry yard, which he infinitely preferred to all the rest of his domain; he lived among his hens and had almost lost the habit of talking with human beings. The odd little figure at this moment vanished, and loud cackling rose in the air.

During the short stroll we took in the garden, Mansel told me that at dinner I would meet his grandmother; that she was a good old soul, but that I must not pay much attention to what she said, as she was often a little out of her mind. The bell rang for dinner. M. Mansel followed us into the house, carrying a basket of eggs. "Eighteen today," he said, in a clucking voice. A delicious omelet appeared. I was seated between Mme. Mansel, sighing under her diadem, and her mother, a round-cheeked, toothless, old Norman woman, who smiled with her eyes. She seemed delighted to me. While we were eating our roast duck and creamed chicken the old lady told us amusing stories that showed no signs of weakening faculties. On the contrary, she appeared the merriest and sanest member of the family.

After dinner we went into a parlor furnished in black walnut and yellow Utrecht velvet. Under the globe of the gilt clock on the mantel lay a purple egg that at once drew my attention. With a child's inexplicable curiosity I could not take my eyes off it. But I must add that the egg was of a strange and splendid color—a royal purple, not in the slightest manner recalling the wine-colored Easter eggs, dipped in beet-juice, that delight the children at all the fruit-stands. I could not resist making a remark about it.

M. Mansel replied by an admiring cackle: "My young sir, that is not a dyed egg, as you seem to think. It was laid just as you see it there by a Cingalese hen of mine. It is a phenomenal egg." "You must not forget to add, my dear," sighed Mme. Mansel, "that it was laid the very day our Alexandre was born." "Just so," returned the father. The old grandmother, in the meantime, looked at me with mocking eyes, and with an expressive movement of her lips betrayed her skepticism. "Hum!" she murmured, "hens sometimes hatch what they haven't laid, and if some mischievous neighbor should happen to slip into their nest a—"

"Don't listen to her!" broke in her grandson, violently. "You know what I told you! Don't listen to her!"

"It's a fact," repeated M. Mansel, fixing his round eye on the purple egg.

Not long after I lost sight of Alexandre. My mother sent me to Paris to finish my studies. I entered the School of Medicine. About the time that I was preparing my doctor's thesis, I received a letter from my mother, in which she told me that my friend had been very ill; he had had some strange seizure, on recovering from which he had become exceedingly timid and suspicious; but he was quite harmless, and, in spite of his troubled health and reason, he showed a remarkable gift for mathematics. This news did not surprise me. Many a time, while studying diseases of the nerve-centres, I had called up mentally my poor friend from St. Julien and, in spite of myself, had made a prognosis of general paralysis threatening this son of a neuralgic mother and a microcephalic, rheumatic father.

At first I seemed to be on the wrong scent. Alexandre Mansel, on reaching manhood, regained normal health and gave unmistakable proofs of his fine intellectual gifts. He carried on extensive mathematical studies; he even sent to the Academy of Sciences the solution of several difficult equations. Absorbed in these and kindred subjects, he rarely found time to write me. His letters were clear, friendly, well composed; nothing could be found in them to attract the attention of the most suspicious neurologist. Soon, however, our correspondence came to an end, and for ten years I did not get a word from him. I was greatly surprised last year when my servant handed me Alexandre Mansel's card, saying that the gentleman was waiting for me in the antechamber. I was in my office discussing a professional question of some importance with a colleague. Excusing myself for a moment, I hastened to greet my old school-fellow. I found him much aged, bald, haggard, fearfully emaciated. I took him by the arm and led him into the drawing room.

"I am delighted to see you once more," he said, "and I have a great deal to tell you. I am a victim of unheard-of persecutions. But I am brave, I shall fight to the end, I shall triumph over my enemies!"

These words alarmed me, as they would have alarmed any neurologist. In them I traced a symptom of the affection by which my friend was threatened according to every law of heredity and which had appeared dormant till now.

"My dear fellow," I said to him, "you shall tell me all this later. Stay here a moment. I am settling a little matter in my office. Take a book to kill time till I join you."

I have a great many books in my drawing room—there must be 6000 volumes in the three bookcases. Why was it that my unlucky friend picked up the very one that could harm him and opened it at the fatal page? I talked for about 20 minutes longer with my colleague; having ushered him out I returned to the drawing room where I had left Mansel. I found the unfortunate fellow in an alarming state. He was showering blows on a book open before him that I at once recognized as a translation of the "History of Augustus." In a loud voice he kept repeating this sentence of Lamprides: "On the day when Alexander Severus was born, a hen belonging to the father of the babe laid a red egg, a presage of the imperial purple which the child was to assume."

His excitement rose to fury. He foamed at the mouth. He shouted: "The egg, the egg that was laid on my birthday! I am an emperor! I know you want to kill me! Don't come near me, wretch!"

He paced rapidly up and down. Then coming back toward me, with his arms spread wide, he said: "My friend, my old comrade, what do you want me to give you? Emperor!—emperor!—my father was right—the purple egg—emperor I shall and must be—accoured! why did you hide that book from me? I will punish you for high treason—emperor!—emperor!—I must be it!—yes, it is my duty!"

He rushed out. I vainly tried to stop him. He escaped from me. The rest is well known. All the papers told how on leaving my house he bought a revolver and blew out the brains of the sentinel who barred the gate of the Elysee palace against him.

Thus a phrase written in the fourth century by a Latin historian causes 1500 years later the death of an unlucky French soldier. Who will ever unravel the skein of cause and effect? Who can be sure of saying, "I know what I am doing," as he performs some trifling act? This is all there is to tell. The rest concerns only medical statistics and can be summed up in a few words. Mansel, placed in a private asylum, remained there a fortnight in a state of violent madness. Then he lapsed into utter imbecility, during which his gluttony led him to eating the wax used for polishing the floors. He choked to death, three months ago, swallowing a sponge.—Argonaut.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Tame snakes are used in Morocco to clear houses of rats and mice.

A Sicilian tribunal sentenced a noted forger to imprisonment for 189 years.

Tavelara is the smallest republic as to population, having only 53 men, women and children. It is 12 miles from Sardinia.

Besides the rinderpest, South Africa's worst plague consists in the myriads of grasshoppers, which are sometimes so dense that they stop railway trains.

There is a creature known as the hagfish, or myxine, which is in the habit of getting inside cod and similar fish and devouring the interior until only the skin and the skeleton are left.

Giles de Retz of France, the original "Blue Beard," was executed on Christmas Day, 1440, in atonement for a multitude of sins, which included the killing of six wives, from which the popular nursery story is derived.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it, or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, it sends out white, thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves.

The seven principal Bibles in the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Tripitakas of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

A peculiar style of advertising resorted to in China is effective and inexpensive. When a Chinaman has a daughter closely approaching marriageable age an inverted jar on the roof of his house announces that fact. When she has attained the proper age the jar is laid on its side, with the top toward the street.

### The Costliest Bean on Earth.

It is not generally known that the vanilla bean is the costliest bean on earth. It grows wild and is gathered by the natives in Papantia and Misantla, Mexico. When brought from the forests these beans are sold at the rate of \$12 per 1000, but when dried and cured they cost about \$12 per pound. They are mainly used by druggists, and last year over 90,000,000 were imported into the United States.

## FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

### Sheep Need Dry Bedding.

Many people who keep sheep under sheds on an earthen floor in cold weather make the mistake of not providing bedding enough, thinking that it will interfere with properly packing the manure which is trodden into a hard mass by them. But a little dry straw should be scattered over the floor at night, and it will be none the worse if it is the refuse of what the sheep have picked over during the day. Even the fattening sheep will eat some straw as a change of food, and it will select the upper part of the stalk near the head. Out straw is the best for this purpose. The sheep is very impatient of wet, and besides, it is injurious to the wool to have it soiled by manure. If the ends of the wool are closed by filth this stops its growth, just as it does on the tags, which even after they have been scoured are not worth as much as clean wool from other parts of the body.

### Whitewash and Sulphur.

The San Jose scale ravages have brought out many new and valuable spraying mixtures which, while they possess only moderate value in subduing the scale, have been found very effective in other diseases of trees. The combination of whitewash and sulphur is one of these. It is fairly effective against the San Jose scale, more so in some sections than in others, but in pear blight it has proved itself of great value. The treatment consists of washing or thickly spraying the trunk and all limbs with a mixture of two-thirds whitewash and one-third sulphur, the work being done in the early spring. From present indications this mixture, with the famous Bordeaux, will do more than any other insecticides now available in destroying the various pests of the fruit grower. Most fruit growers are familiar with the composition of the Bordeaux mixture, which may be made at home or purchased from manufacturers of spraying pumps, as preferred. When made at home care is necessary that only the best ingredients are used.

### Hogs in the Orchard.

To obtain the best results from orchards, clean cultivation of the soil is essential and especially so in the young and rapid growing days of the trees. The plan of attempting to crop the soil in the orchard is wrong and fruit growers are fast abandoning it. Undoubtedly the best success with orchards comes from tilling the soil, and this is particularly true in dry seasons. No grasses of any kind should be permitted to grow. Insects and disease are best managed by the use of the spray and no methods of cultivation can take the place of this work. When orchards are located on hill sides, or the trees are so set that the soil between them cannot be advantageously cultivated, it is a good plan to turn hogs and sheep into the orchard during the growing season. If the herd is of good size they will eat all of the decayed fruit that drops, besides the grasses that grow around and between the trees, frequently getting down to the roots of the grasses. This is equivalent to tillage, and if grain is fed the animals the droppings will materially add to the fertility of the soil. Either plan is good, but thorough tilling is to be preferred to the use of hogs or sheep. In either case remember that insecticides and the sprayer must be faithfully used.

### Study Your Soil.

There is a rich field and a poor field on nearly every farm. The other fields are neither so good as the best nor so bad as the worst. The most farmers know; but their practice too often is different from their knowledge. The poor field is treated just like the rich field. The regular farm rotation is practised alike in both. A good crop is the rule in the fertile field, and nothing but a poor crop is expected from the poor field. As much labor is required for growing the grain on an acre of the poor field as on an acre of the best one.

Farmers should study the peculiarities of each field on the farm. It is necessary to know them before it is possible to farm them to the best advantage. The farmer who plants potatoes in a field where the soil is cold and heavy, or who sows wheat on low bottom lands liable to overflow and freezing, will not be paid for his labor. The field with the southern exposure should be planted to corn before the one which lies toward the north. In the former case the plants will have considerable footing before the scorching heat of June. If there is a field of heavy black loam which is decidedly waxy in texture, it would better be plowed before the time of freezing is past in the spring. If wheat is sown in a field liable to wash into gullies during a winter and spring, it will pay to sow timothy seed in these hollows with the wheat.—Tennessee Farmer.

### Yard or Range for Poultry.

To obtain the best results from poultry raising for eggs it is conceded that the fowls must be carefully watched and every care given to them. This is not possible when they are allowed the free range of the farm, nor is it possible to raise fowls in this way and obtain the high egg records heard about, the publication of which has induced more than one man to engage in poultry culture only to be sorely disappointed. The egg record of the average backyard fowl of no particular breed, on the range, does not average more than 90 eggs a year, while

the yarded fowl of good breed has a record of 175 or more eggs a year. It will be understood that in advocating the yarded fowls, growing chicks are not included, but only those that have been laying or have just begun. Before reaching this period the growing chicks should have the benefit of the free range to enable them to make frames on which later, in yards, reliance is put for egg production.

It must be remembered, however, that yarded fowls require more and better care than those on the range if increased egg production is to be attained. The yards should be not only sufficiently large to give the fowls needed exercise, but they should contain, supplied by the poultryman all that the fowls would naturally find on the range. That means grains, green food, meat, grit, water and a place to dust and scratch. This applies to winter treatment as well as summer. If farmers will but learn to observe the actions of fowls when on range and be guided to a large extent by this in treatment of them when yarded much less trouble will be experienced. In yarding fowls the best arrangement is that which will permit of a double yard with the house in the middle. Two such yards each 150 feet long, permit of keeping one or the other in frost free from early summer until green stuff from early summer until frost by sowing oats and rye. This green food, gathered by the hens themselves, will subdue all natural inclination they may have for the free range and fill the egg basket to overflowing.—Atlanta Journal.

### Grasses Need Nitrogenous Fertilizers.

Extended experiments at the Connecticut station show that grasses differ from many other crops in the readiness with which they respond to the use of nitrogenous fertilizers. While clovers and other legumes seem to be able to gather much of the nitrogen they need from natural sources, the true grasses must be supplied with nitrogen in the manure or fertilizer, in order to give much increase in yield. Thus there is a twofold value in the experiments. In the first place they show that the grasses call for the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, and that very little increase of crop is to be expected from mineral fertilizers alone. They indicate that where the farmer uses stable manure, which contains relatively large quantities of nitrogen, on his grass crop, he is following a wise practice, and that by the liberal use of manures or fertilizers rich in nitrogen he may increase the crop two or three fold over what would be obtained where no nitrogen or no fertilizer was used.

They indicate further, that the increase in yield is not the only advantage obtained from the use of nitrogen in the fertilizer. As protein is the most valuable of the food nutrients contained in feeding stuffs, it becomes important that the farmer should adopt every means available for increasing the supplies of this material produced upon the farm. This he may do to quite a degree by the use on the grass lands of manure from well-fed stock, or by the purchase and use of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, tankage, dried blood, fish waste, or other forms of nitrogenous fertilizers. The percentage of protein in the crop may thus be increased as much as three to five per cent. above what is obtained where no nitrogen is used as fertilizer.

The yields where mineral fertilizers only were used were but very little better than where no fertilizer was applied. The increase where the nitrogen was applied nearly always corresponded with the amount of nitrogen used, whether the nitrogen was from nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia. The increase, however, was not as great where the larger quantities of nitrogen were applied. The best financial returns, an average gain of \$3.60 per acre, were obtained from the use of 320 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre in addition to the mineral fertilizers.

Where mineral fertilizers were used without the addition of nitrogen, there was a decided financial loss, while in all cases except one, where nitrogen was used with the mineral fertilizers there was a financial gain. The increase in yield obtained from the two forms of nitrogen was nearly the same, although the financial gains were considerably better with nitrate of soda than with sulphate of ammonia. The smaller gain is accounted for by the higher cost of the sulphate, the nitrogen in this form being reckoned at one cent per pound higher than that from the nitrate.—New England Homestead.

### Facts for Farmers.

Don't cultivate the corn too late. You will cut the roots.

We would advise feeding calves from tin or galvanized pails.

If the calf will not drink—and some will not—starve it to do it.

Overripe grass is woody, not fit for animals. Cut when it blooms.

Cut the grass when the bloom is on and you will preserve the aroma.

When the rains cease be sure to cultivate and make the surface fine.

Don't put salt on hay. It has no preservative effect and makes the hay moist.

The preservation of a good aroma in hay makes it all the more palatable to the animal.

Clover hay is a hundred per cent. better than timothy for all purposes in feeding stock.

No need of buying hay caps from people who sell those things. Get cheap muslin and paint it.

A tread power, run by a big dog or calf, will do the churning on most farms, and save lots of labor.

The only way to buy binder twine is to club together and demand a reduction in price. The sellers of binder twine are getting rich off the farmers.

—Western Woman.