Among Dreyfus' grievances is the fact that he has inspired and advertised a great deal of literature on which he will never be able to collect any royalties.

American people should no longer plead ignorance of Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam or the Philippines. Besides the numberless books that have appeared within the past few months, the newspapers fairly team with articles descriptive of the history, manners and customs of these several islands.

In a recent publication of the Massachusetts Prison association, a strong plea is made for the proposed legislation looking forward to complete state control of penal institutions; that is, of the placing of the county prisons as well as a number of reformatory institutions under the control of a state board. One of the main reasons urged for this change is that it will secure a classification of all the prisoners of the state.

The London Telegraph has produced a Sunday edition. It is the first of the large London papers to do so, and has been followed by the Mail. Can this be the result of the recent closer communion between England and America. We have been told that savages when brought into contact with civilization rapidly acquire its vices; but testimony to the reverse tendency is imperfect. Certainly the rule is that the older civilization corrupts the younger. It is a puzzling thing to make facts fit scientific theories.

Scotland is about to receive its first lot of American steel rails, a cargo of 500 tons having just been shipped from Sparrow's Point, Md., to Glasgow. This installment is part of an order for 35,000 tons for the Caledonian railway, and it marks the farthest advance of American steel products into England's home market. The expansion of this branch of American industry is strikingly illustrated by the fact that at the wharves of this one establishment in Maryland vessels are loading with steel rails for Scotland on the East and Australia on the West.

Grip is prevalent all over Europe, and appears to be making the same record as it recently did with us, namely, exhibiting a mild type of the disease and having few fatalities, although extremely impartial in its selection of victims. There is something encouraging in this. It points to a type of the epidemic lessening in virulence year after year, and finally to disappear for a period. The records of over a century prove that such cycles of influenza with periods of immunity recur about every thirty years. We will not wear crape for it when it retires this time.

Spain's decision to prosecute Admiral Cervera and the former captain tain of the Cristobal Colon for the loss of the fleet off Santiago savors of the ethics of the Middle Ages. On the other hand, an act one hundred and fifty years ago, of Maria Theresa, a collateral ancestor of the Queen Regent of Spain, embodies the generous spirit of the nineteenth century. When Marshal Daun lost a decisive battle, after contesting it, his queen went out from her capital to meet him on his return, and by the warmest expressions of kindness and confidence raised his crushed spirits. In this she won a commendable victory.

Professor Grindley of the University of Illinois has written Senator Cullom expressing his great interest in the establishment of a bureau of domestic science to foster the investigation of foods, particularly with reference to their preparation for use in the household. He says that university has for some years given attention to this line of investigation, and recently, in connection with the department of agriculture, has been making a series of studies of the composition nutritive value, digestibility and cost of the food supplies of the people of Illinois. "We are now studying the best methods for the preparation of meats for the table," he writes, "determining also the losses involved and the changes produced in the different methods of cooking. The information that is being obtained as a result of these investigations will be of much practical value to the people of the state. The citizens of Illinois have become much interested in our investigations and are constantly asking for more definite information upon this and allied subjects. It is highly desirable that these and similar investigations be continued and their scope extended, as they may be in case proper provision be made for the purpose."

THE MORNIN' O' THE YEAR.

When the winter snow is meltin', and the furrow is a-showin',
An' there's gaps along the fences where the drifts have broke the rails;
When ye smell the spruces an' the brakes on ev'ry wind that's blowin',
An' hear along the mountainside the hounds a-follerin' trails;
Then ye better put yer frock on, for the workin' days are here,
An' there's no time left for dreamin' in the mornin' o' the year.

When the cows are standin' in the yard, contented-like, a-chewin',
An' the rooster flaps his wings an' crows upon the barnyard gate;
When the wind is sharp an' gusty, an' the showers are a-brewin',
An' nature's wipin' off the snow like figures on a slate;
Then it's time to hang the buckets up an' tap the trees azin,
For the sun is crowdin' winter out an' shovin' summer in.

When the eaves are all a drippin', an' the neighbors' hens are crakin',
An' the shingles that have loosened go a-flappin' on the roof;
When the frost has put his staff away an' left the roads a-shakin',
Ye will find the signs o' nature closely followed by a proof.
Ev'ry livin' thing is wakin' like as if it had a nap,
And the year seems sort o' hummin' to the spring child in its lap.

When yer voice sounds kind o' holler an' goes thro' the woods a ringin',
An' ev'ry sugar house around is sendin' up a smoke;
When the woodchuck sets outside his hole, and robins are a singin',
We can safely be a-tellin' that the heart o' winter's broke.
An' ye better git your frock on, for the workin' days are here,
An' there's no place for a dreamer in the mornin' o' the year.

—Florence Josephine Boyce, in Youth's Companion.

PHILIP'S PROMOTION.

By L. E. Chittenden.

"All right," said Philip, struggling with his white tie. A servant had just informed him that his father wished to see him in the library.

Philip was arraying his comely self for the Mortons' party, and as he finished he surveyed himself a moment, then taking up his gloves he stalked down the stairs and into the stately library where his father sat at a table writing.

Philip's father was a great railroad magnate of whom most men stood in wholesome awe, but his stern face lighted up wonderfully as the athletic figure of his only son came up to his chair and laid a hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"What is it, excellency?" Philip asked, and the tones of his voice sent a thrill of pride through his father's pulses.

"Sit down, Phil," said his father, motioning to a chair near at hand. "Were you in that crowd last night that nearly wrecked a horseless carriage and frightened a horse that an old woman from the country was driving? She might have been killed if one of you—I fancy I know who—(Philip blushed)—hadn't taken a flying leap at considerable risk and caught the horse just in time and stopped it."

"Yes, I was there," said Philip. "You see, father, the boys took old Steele with them. He knows all about motocycles and things like that, but not much else. But Steele put on airs, so the boys pulled him off the seat, and two or three of us tried to run it. It really ran us," said Philip, laughing. "Steele must have had his foot on something—we couldn't find it—and you never saw anything go so, father, never. I really don't know where they fetched up; perhaps they're going yet, for Steele turned sulky and wouldn't let them know where the brake was."

"I should think not," said his father, smiling. "Of course, but for the accident there would have been no real harm in such a thing."

"Except listening to Steele's language, father; it was electrically blue, he was so upset in more ways than one."

"But," went on his father, "is life never going to mean anything but a frolic and good time to you, Philip? You are through school, and it is certainly time for you to take a more serious view of life. You have no idea of what it means to earn your daily bread."

"Oh, but you do that for me far too well, daddy," said Philip, laughing. "In fact, you earn cake, too."

"Yes, that's the trouble, Phil, and as long as you are here it will be the same I am afraid. My boy, you must cut adrift and steer for yourself awhile I think."

"When?" said Philip, with startled face.

"Now," said his father, his voice trembling a little in spite of himself. "How much do you owe in town?"

"Oh, two or three hundred I suppose," said Philip, his mind intent on his father's meaning. "You don't think I have done anything wrong or disgraceful, do you, father?" and Philip's voice was very anxious.

"No, no, my boy," said his father, promptly. "No, no, I am not displeased with you in any way, my son. Heaven knows how I will get on without you—but we won't talk about that now. You have passes on all the roads. Here is a check for $500. Now go out west and begin at the lower round of the ladder and climb up. Here is a letter to my friend, the superintendent of the Great Western & Northern road. He will start you at work. Good bye; don't come home until you have earned your promotion. It's all my fault, Philip; I haven't brought you up just right, but since your mother's death I haven't been able to refuse you anything."

There was silence a moment, then Philip came to his father's side.

"You aren't angry with me then, father?" he said.

"No, no, Philip, no, no, only anxious that you may grow into a manly man. Good-bye."

Philip put his boyish head down on the back of his father's chair a minute, then went upstairs, rapidly changed his clothes, packed his trunk and valises, came down and caught the midnight train for the west, and it wasn't until he reached Topeka that he found he had left at home his check for $500 and had only a little silver and his letter of introduction to the superintendent of the great road that threaded the west like a huge artery.

He found the superintendent's office without difficulty and presented him his father's letter.

After the superintendent had read the letter from his great eastern friend he looked keenly at the somewhat slender, but athletic figure before him and smiled.

"I have an opening," he said, "but it is by no means a bed of roses."

"What is it?" asked Philip.

"Not especially hard work, but it is a lonely spot. There is a cut up the road about 150 miles. It is in the mountains, where washouts frequently occur. Telegraph poles wash down, wires are broken, etc. So it is necessary to keep a watchman there continually. A railroad tricycle is furnished; also a shack where, after a fashion, one can live. Wages, $30 a month. Think you can stand it?"

The prospect was not alluring, but Philip had made up his mind to accept whatever offered itself without demur; so he said, "Yes, thanks; I will take it. I suppose there will be shooting and fishing in plenty?"

"Yes, plenty of that, fortunately. By the way, you will consider yourself my guest for a day or two if you would like—your father is an old friend of mine."

"Thank you sir," said Philip, gravely, "but I will go at once if you please."

So the superintendent, well pleased with his new watchman's pluck, furnished him with a list of directions, supplies needed and passes. In the few hours before his train left Philip sold some jewelry and bought his simple outfit.

Only one train a day from either direction stopped at his station unless flagged. He was dropped at his new abode just as night was closing in, with supply boxes, gun, camera, valises—he had left his trunk in Topeka. He made many journeys up to where his little shack, or hut, literally hung on the mountain side before his possessions were landed on the floor of his one room. It was cold, but the former occupant had thoughtfully left a box filled with resinous pine knots, and Philip soon had a fire crackling delightfully in the rusty stove and after a very frugal meal he was so honestly tired that he slept as he had rarely slept before, though on a "shakedown" of fragrant balsam boughs covered with his great roll of blankets.

Hunting, fishing and a touch of the outside world through the books and papers mysteriously sent him supplied him with recreation outside of his somewhat monotonous duties in the weeks that followed.

Fortunately Philip thoroughly loved nature, and the magnificent views all around him were a source of endless delight.

"When I've earned my promotion I'll bring his dear excellency out here," he thought. "I'll show him a thing or two that will surprise him. The only thing is there is nothing to do here that will earn a promotion."

However, one day, far up in the cut, he was tapping poles and scanning the track over a deep culvert when all at once he heard voices below him. He dropped on his face and heard distinctly the details of a plan to rob the pay car which would go through in about an hour.

Surely this was an adventure at last! He ran back to the place where he had left his tricycle just as the mail train, which had side-tracked for a few minutes on account of a hot-box, was pulling out. "Whoop," said Philip, then whiz went a rope round the brake on the rear car, and Phil and his trice[illegible] were going down grade tied [illegible] the lightning mail.

He had tied on behind a freight once or twice before this, and that was fun, but this beat tobogganing and everything else that he had ever heard of in the way of speed. His front wheel did not often touch the track, and he clung for his life.

As the mail cars opened at the side no one saw him. "This means death," he thought, "if I am thrown off, and I think likely it's death if I stay on, but I must get home before that pay car comes past. Evidently this is either a promotion or a disgrace; there's no middle track."

The train was slowing up—though it never stopped—close by Phil's shack. Unfortunately the tricycle could not slow up with equal rapidity. Phil's box containing knife and pliers had tumbled off long before, and now the tricycle tried to climb the rear car, the rope broke and Phil flew off and landed near his own shack, fortunately in a pile of balsam boughs, while the mail car serenely proceeded on its way, leaving behind it a wrecked tricycle and a winded rider.

Two men who had been standing in Philip's door rushed to pick him up, and when his head stopped whirling around he looked into his father's eyes and saw the western superintendent standing near.

At this surprising event Philip nearly lost his breath again, but knowing there was no time to lose he gasped out the plan he had overheard of derailing the pay car and then robbing it, and the car was nearly due now.

So the two, each supporting an arm of the dizzy watchman, helped flag to a standstill the pay train, and then, being forewarned, they went cautiously ahead, followed by the eastern private car containing several railroad dignitaries and the pale young watchman who had wished immensely to participate in the capture of the robbers.

The capture was effected with neatness and decision, and Philip was returned to his own abode, where, after entertaining his father and employer at supper, they sat down before the fire to talk things over.

"I came out," said Philip's father with dignity, "to see how you were getting on."

"Badly enough without you, dad," said Philip, smiling, his hand in the old place, "but I couldn't come to see you until I had earned my promotion, you know."

"There was nothing in the plan that prevented me from coming to see you, though," said the older man, smiling up into his son's face. "And I really think you have earned your promotion, and I shall take you home as my confidential clerk——"

"There's a bill for a broken tricycle—" began the western superintendent, dryly. "Not allowed," replied his eastern friend promptly. "It was broken in the company's service. Son, you are promoted."—Chicago Record.

TRAVEL BY STAGE COACH.

How the New Englanders Went on Their Journeys Many Years Ago.

In a lecture in the free municipal course the Hon. George G. Crocker, chairman of the railroad commission, told many interesting facts regarding the early means of transportation in Boston. During the first third of the present century stage lines increased greatly in number and gave a more frequent service. The stage coaches for long distances generally accommodated nine passengers inside and four or five on the roof, one sitting with the driver. The back part of the roof was reserved for the baggage. The stages for distant points left early—as early as 4 a. m., and sometimes 2 a. m. It took Mr. Quincy and Judge Story four days to get to New York, and Mr. Quincy congratulated himself in a letter on living in the days of quick travel. It took them eight days to go from Boston to Washington.

In 1832 there were ninety-three lines of coaches running out of Boston, some of them making trips twice or three times a week. The average number of coaches leaving Boston each day for points more than six miles distant was sixty-three. An examination of Badger & Porter's stage register showed that in the first third of this century stages on the main routes traveled at the rate, including stops, of four or five miles an hour. In 1832 the schedule time trip to New York was forty-one hours, traveling night and day, or a trifle over five miles an hour.

As the number of stage lines increased fares decreased, and in 1832 the fare to New York was $11, or 5 cents per mile. But stage coaches did not carry freight, which could only be carried profitably by canal. As the great water routes did not connect with Boston, a canal was built at Lowell to a junction with the Mystic river, near Boston, and opened for traffic in 1803. It was used for fifty years, and was fifty-seven miles long.

After the opening of the Erie canal this state considered the scheme to connect Boston with the Hudson river, through the Hoosick tunnel, at an estimated cost of $6,000,000. In opposition came the scheme for a horse railroad, and this was much encouraged by the successful construction of such a road by Mr. Bryan from Quincy to the Neponset river, for the purpose of carrying granite with which to build the Bunker Hill monument. This was the first railroad in America, and might be called the germ of American railroad and steam railway. Several horse railroads followed, including one between Boston and Providence.—Boston Herald.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

In Germany a clock has been made that is warranted to go for 6000 years.

It has been observed in the hospitals that nails on amputated fingers continue to grow.

Until the reign of Henry VIII, English sovereigns, as well as their subjects, ate with their fingers.

In the middle of a game of tennis in Central India the other day a tiger bounded into the midst of the players.

A Frenchman has invented a duplex piano, at which two people can play on different keyboards at the same time.

The fastest flowing river in the world is the Sutlej, in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles.

It is estimated that fully two-thirds of the whole amount of public money held by the London banks does not bear interest.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she disposes of averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Why Varieties of Grain Run Out.

The horticulturist of the Michigan station claims that one of the principal reasons why varieties of grain run out is probably that oats, wheat and barley are being continually inbred in nature, and the result is that, like animals, their vigor and productiveness decrease, unless the seed be very carefully selected each season, which is not often done. The different varieties of wheat, barley, oats and pease probably never cross naturally in the field. The flowers are so protected that it is next to impossible for foreign pollen to reach them; hence, if new blood is to be infused into a variety it must be done by artificial cross fertilization. This cannot be done until the head is carefully examined, the flower found, and the male and female organs distinguished.

Sow Plenty of Clover Seed.

The farmer who would keep up and ever be increasing the fertility of his land cannot well sow too much clover seed. As the seed is generally a rather expensive article it becomes an important, and in some seasons, a somewhat difficult problem. In general, early sowing is best, especially if the ground is heaved or honeycombed with frost, as the seed will be well covered and thus protected from the late spring frosts. If sown late the ground should be harrowed, even if it is in wheat, with a light slope-toothed or common spike-toothed harrow, as both the wheat and the clover seed will be greatly benefited by the operation. Sow plenty of seed—ten pounds to the acre is not too much, and if you do not harrow, it will pay to sow at different times, some early and some later, cross sowing it.

Where clover sown last spring is much lifted, or "spewed," as a great deal of it is this spring, the best treatment is to reseed the ground heavily with a mixture of red clover and crimson clover seed, and sow upon it some good brand of commercial fertilizer at the rate of 200 pounds to the acre. This will secure a good stand and cause the crimson clover to mature and be ready to cut along with the red clover not frozen out. It will also bring forward the young red clover and give it sufficient vigor and growth to carry it through the next winter and secure a heavy crop the next year. Wherever there is a field with spots of poor soil on the surface, special pains should be taken to so enrich them before seeding to clover as to secure a good stand and a heavy growth.—New England Homestead.

Raising Turkeys.

After the first laying is completed, confine the turkey hen in a clean place with plenty of food and fresh water. In a short time she will forget her inclination to sit and be ready for another laying. Some successful breeders have their turkeys lay three times during the summer and allow them to rear the last brood. For a common hen, nine eggs are sufficient for a sitting. Throw a handful of lime or sulphur in the bottom of the nest. This will drive away mites and the gray louse. As a rule turkey eggs hatch well. The first dose that my little turkeys receive is a pill in the shape of one whole black pepper. Each little mouth is forced open and the pepper pressed down.

The first food for young turkeys is Dutch or cottage cheese and their first drink the whey which is strained from the curd. Many people think the making of this cheese is quite a task, but it is in reality very simple. Let the curd strain through a colander and feed a little at a time at intervals of not more than one and one-half hours. This should be their sole food for two or three days. After this the diet may be changed to stale bread, soaked in whey or buttermilk. Boiled eggs are also valuable. The cheese, however, should be the principal food until the fowls are a month old. An addition of a little pepper and oil cake meal is desirable. Corn meal in any form is almost sure death.

The hen should be confined in a clean coop with the slats far enough apart to allow the turkeys to pass freely in and out. Move the coop every day and keep everything dry, as moisture is fatal. After the grass is thoroughly dry in the morning, turn the hens out for one or two each day and allow them to run, but they must not have complete liberty until two weeks old. I have always found that the delicacy of young turkeys is due in a measure to the rapidity with which feathers are grown. A young chicken retains its down for several weeks until its body is well grown, but a young turkey begins at once to put out large feathers on its wings and tail. This enormous feather growth saps the vitality of the body and leaves it an easy prey to weakness and disease. To overcome this tendency should be the aim of every breeder.—L. V. Hopkins in The Agriculturist.

Rape for Sheep.

The following question asked by a farmer living at Whitney, Neb., was submitted to John A. Craig, professor of animal husbandry, at the Iowa agricultural college: Will rape seed, in this climate and locality, do well, or will it do even moderately well, that is, pay to grow for sheep feed? This locality is becoming quite a sheep country; it is an ideal stock raising country, with climate that is hard to equal. Cattle and sheep on the open ranges all are so far in splendid shape, but one should provide feed of some kind for bad storms.

Professor Craig's reply is as follows: "I can hardly write very definitely as I am not well acquainted with the climatic and soil conditions of Dawes county, Nebraska. I would expect, however, that rape could be grown successfully, especially if sown there early in the season so as to be well established by the time the hot and dry conditions come in the summer. There is nothing like very rich soil to enable rape to withstand very hot and dry weather.

"The best plan I know or to secure this condition is to sow the rape very much as they oftentimes sow turnips in Scotland. The land is ribbed, that is, the furrows are thrown so as to face each other and make ridges, with a rather deep furrow between them. This furrow is filled with well rotted manure, and the soil is thrown back over the manure and then the rape seed is drilled on the top of the ridge, thus being directly over the manure. If sown in early in the season this way it is remarkable what a rank, luxuriant growth of rape may be secured before the warm weather comes on.

"If this is cut four inches above the ground an immense amount of soiling feed may be obtained. If cultivated after cutting, the rape will sprout again and grow very strong. By cutting and cultivating in this way, I have secured three good crops, running thirty-six tons of green food per acre.

"By sowing the rape on ridges in this way, it not only enables one to give a crop two or three good cultivations while growing, but the cultivating after cutting also seems to be very conducive to a quick, rank growth. The rape being a very gross feeder, it seems that it cannot get too much manure. Sown early in this way it seems to me that it could be sowed as a soiling crop for ewes and lambs, and any of the crops might be fed with profit by folding fattening lambs on it."—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Low Heads for Apple Trees.

I believe I am the first orchardist to grow low-headed apple trees in nursery rows, and, in fact, so far as I know, the only one to grow them in that way for sale. Trees with low heads have many advantages over tall trees with long trunks. I commenced the experiment over forty years ago and have grown trees which measure sixty feet in diameter of growth and but eighteen feet in height.

A large portion of the fruit can be gathered while standing on the ground and on steps, and the balance by using a short ladder. This makes the gathering of the fruit much more convenient and economical.

I know of trees so high that it requires the strength of two men to raise a ladder long enough to reach the top. It costs more to harvest the fruit from such trees than it is worth. Again, apples which fall from such trees are spoiled, while these that drop from a low-headed tree are seldom injured.

Other advantages in this method are that the trees are not so liable to injury from wind storms; the roots are better seated and there is no trunk to be injured by the hot sun in summer. There are so many arguments in favor of the low-head method of training, that I am surprised that so few people adopt it.

Some think that the branches are more liable to sag down to the ground, but such is not the case. Trees that are trained high and have a long trunk will throw out their branches more horizontally than if they had started near the ground. The reason for this is, that the branches which start out near the ground are affected by the sun only on the upper side. The under side, being shaded, grows the fastest, and causes the branches to grow more upright. Hence, they are not as liable to get down to the ground or to break down as when trimmed higher. If they ever need to be propped up they are down where it can be easily done.

If any one is skeptical in regard to the reason given why branches of the low-head are more likely to grow upright, he can be convinced by sawing off such a branch, and by seeing how much nearer the heart is to the upper side. He will find the growth twice as thick on the under side as on the upper side. Hence the more upright the growth (besides the advantages enumerated above) the larger and finer the fruit such trees will produce. To start a low-headed tree the first year's growth, graft or bud must be cut back to four or five buds. These buds will make the top of the tree—a tree without a trunk.—N. B. White in American Cultivator.

Poultry Notes.

Sweet milk is good for chicks of any age.

Guard against rats among your young chicks.

Weak or deformed chicks should be killed at once.

Adult ducks do better if allowed a pond to swim in.

Remove and burn all nests as soon as brood is hatched.

Geese and ducks should never be kept in the poultry house.

Chicks do not require any food for the first twenty-four hours.

Do not put kerosene on the roosts during the hatching season.

Nice, clean wheat straw makes the best nests for layers or setters.

Do not grease the hen when chicks are first hatched at this season.

When chicks are hatched be sure to keep them in a warm, dry coop.

Ducks can be raised where there is only sufficient water for drinking.

Keep the coops and yards clean and avoid gapes which are sure to follow filth.

Nests should be renewed every few weeks, as the hens seem to appreciate a clean, new nest.