

**A Story of Ransom.**

The Washington Post tells a story illustrating the politeness of Minister Ransom. One day, when he was in the senate, as he was going down the capitol steps, he saw approaching a very dull, long winded man. Ransom was alarmed. He was in no mental or physical shape to bear the brunt of a full frontal assault at that moment. The man, however, being so polite, he did not call out to him. Ransom, in his desperation, drew from his pocket a small note, and handed it to the man. The man, however, being so polite, he did not call out to him. Ransom, in his desperation, drew from his pocket a small note, and handed it to the man. The man, however, being so polite, he did not call out to him. Ransom, in his desperation, drew from his pocket a small note, and handed it to the man.

**Conkling and Thurman.**  
Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an unimpeachable manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

"For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then with an air of exquisite courtesy he replied:

"When I speak of the law, I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Musselman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I turn to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye mentioned a little. It is ever a pleasure to be complimented, but to be complimented by a lawyer by Roscoe Conkling—that was praise indeed. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."—Baltimore American.

**The "Bad Man's" Sense of Humor.**  
A young man from way down east had gone to Denver armed with an old fashioned Allen revolver—"pepper box" that weapon was called in those days.

In a gambling house one night he became involved with a "bad man" in a quarrel and drew forth his "pepper box." The "bad man," who was really a tough citizen from the mountains, and who had not the remotest idea of fear, and who was always armed with a pair of big knives, threw up his hand in well figured dismay and said:

"Evensens, man! You ain't a-goin to throw that at me, are you?"

For the sake of his joke he spared the young man's life, and to that cue of the wealthiest and most respected citizens of Denver now owes the fact that he is doing business in the western metropolis.

He is a monument of that low man's sense of humor.—Chicago Times Herald.

**A Witty Judge.**  
The late Lord Bowen, besides being a great judge, was also a great wit, and many interesting incidents of his are being recalled just now. On the occasion of the queen's jubilee the judges were drawing up an address to the queen.

"Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," ran the address. "Conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen.

"Sometimes his wit was very incisive, as, for instance, when he remarked: "Truth will out—even in an affidavit." Not the least happy of his recorded witticisms was the remark he made when congratulated on his appointment to be a law lord. He would, he said, find the work easy, his duty being to give his opinion after so many others had given theirs. "In fact, I only have to agree, and might well have been raised to the peerage as Lord Concurry."

**Frog Egg Curiosity.**  
Frog eggs are laid before they really become eggs in the true sense of the word. They are always laid under water, and when first deposited are covered with a sort of envelope in the shape of a thin membrane. In this shape they are very small, but as soon as they come in contact with the water they rapidly absorb that element, and in so doing go through queer transformations. The thin membrane containing the little seedlike eggs is quickly changed into great lumps of a clear jellylike substance, each forming a string from a few inches to several feet in length. On the inside of each of these lumps of jelly the eggs come to perfection, and in due course of time and their quota to the frog population of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

**He Won His Bet.**  
One must take the word of an arch-deacon, or I should be inclined to request further particulars in the case of the patron whom Archbishop Wilson mentioned at the conference at Carnforth the other day. A certain lawyer said the arch-deacon had fallen vacant by death. The patron summoned to him his legal adviser, who explained that the presentation must be entirely gratuitous. "But," added the lawyer, "I will bet you £1,000 that you do not present my son-in-law." Curiously enough, the son-in-law was the lucky man.—London Realm.

**No Danger.**  
"My dear," said young Mrs. McIlmoy to her husband, "I do wish you would not go about the house in your shirt sleeves. People will think your father worked for a living."

"They won't when they know his son."—Detroit Free Press.

**Napoleon's Generosity.**

Comte de P— had been raised by Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but for some unaccountable reason he betrayed the confidence which his patron had reposed in him. When Bonaparte became cognizant of the man's treachery, he ordered him to be arrested. He was to have been tried the following day and it was probably he would have been executed, as his guilt was fully established. In the meantime Mme. de P— solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, madame," he said, "that your husband should be mixed up in an affair which places his ingratitude in so glaring a light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess.

"Do you know your husband's signature?" inquired the emperor, taking a slip of paper out of his pocket and handing it to her.

Mme. de P— rapidly perused the letter, recognized the handwriting and fell into a swoon. When she came around, Bonaparte put the letter into her hands, saying:

"Take it. This is the only legal evidence that exists against your husband. There is a lighted fire behind you."

The countess quickly matched up the important document and threw it into the flames. P—'s life was saved, but as for his honor, not all the influence of a generous emperor could avail to restore it.—Chicago Daily News.

**Glad to See Him.**  
New members of congress feel shy and lonesome. To be thrust suddenly in among almost 400 members, many of whom they have never seen, and only a few of whom they have ever heard of, is rather a trying experience. To make a speech under these conditions takes some courage. James Kerr, ex-member of congress from Pennsylvania, recently told of his experience in going into congress for the first time. He came down from Pennsylvania raw and green. He sat in his seat for several days, and in that time managed to pick up a formal speaking acquaintance with one or two of his neighbors. One day he was sitting in his seat, disconsolate, listening to the reading of some tiresome bill, when the member who sat next to him, who had served two terms, came in like a breeze and said cheerily:

"Hello, Jim, how do you gettin' on?"

Mr. Kerr wheeled in his chair and said eagerly:

"Say that again, will you, old man? It sounds like home."

"Well, Jim, let's go down to Murrayville and talk about home."

The reference to Murrayville is unintelligible to the outsider, but Mr. Kerr had learned by that time that the name referred to the house restaurant, where oysters and the cup that cheers were to be had, and they wended their way down stairs.—New York Tribune.

**Making the Sound of Hoof Beats.**  
In these days of war plays and stage realism the sound of hoof beats is worked into pretty nearly every melodrama. Very few people know how the effect is produced, and very few, too, could make the noise right even if they had the apparatus. It takes quite a lot of practice to be a good "hooper," as it is called. The necessary outfit consists of a table on which is a long marble slab covered with rubber gittin' from an inch thick down to the thickness of a piece of paper. The operator has stripped to each hand half a coconut shell, on the edge of which is fastened a horsehair. He starts by pounding them on the thick rubber to imitate hoof beats in the distance and gradually works along to the thin part as they are supposed to come nearer, and finally ends up with a clatter on the bare stones as the horse is pulled up just outside the scene.

This is considered generally to be the most effective of all the hoof beat machines.—New York Herald.

**And Then He Proposed.**  
There had been a brief interval of silence, and he felt that he ought to say something.

"I see that the students of sociology have figured it out," he began, "that education!"

He paused as if in doubt whether he ought to proceed.

"Yes?" she said encouragingly.

"—that education is having a bad effect upon matrimony," he continued, "especially the education of women."

"I never did believe in too much education," said she softly.

She waited for him to speak, but he said nothing.

"I'm glad I never knew my lessons, anyway," she added.

Some men are slow to take a hint, but they are quick to understand when they are hit with an ail.

He saw the point.—Chicago Post.

**India Rubber Tree Fruit.**  
The fruit of the India rubber tree is somewhat similar to that of the Ricinus communis, the castor oil plant, though somewhat larger. The seeds have a not disagreeable taste and yield a purplish oil. It is a fairly good substitute for linseed oil, though it dries less rapidly. Mixed with copal blue and turpentine, it makes a good varnish. The oil may be also used in the manufacture of soaps and lithographic inks. The seeds are somewhat like tiny chestnuts, although darker in color. The Indian girls are fond of wearing bracelets and necklets made of them.

The Egyptian reed which was used for making the pens found in Egyptian tombs is a hard variety, growing to about the diameter of an ordinary goose quill. Pens made from it are said to last for a day or two and do excellent work.

A florist, who claims to know, says New York has 20,000,000 roses and 15,000,000 carnations every season.

Palestine is about the size of New Jersey, but more books have been written about it.

**How Tom Scott Became Rich.**

An interesting story is told by T. O. Curtis of Louisville, Columbia county, about Tom Scott, the millionaire lumberman, who died some years ago. Mr. Curtis came to Wisconsin in the forties and engaged in buying goods from Milwaukee to the prairies. While in Milwaukee he met a young man who had fallen into ill luck. He had a few law warrants, however, from which he hoped to realize a few hundred dollars. These warrants were given to Mr. Curtis to sell. He showed them to the young man and expected to receive for them.

In the meantime the young fellow had gone to New York city. The money was forwarded to him and reached him in a very opportune time, being the means of placing him in a position where, he became, later, the head of one of the largest dry goods firms in the great metropolis.

Some years afterward Mr. Curtis visited New York, where he was joyously received and regally entertained by the merchant prince who had thus come into his feet, as he himself expressed it, a few years before. Tom Scott at this time had a sort of store at "The Rapids," but his stock had so dwindled down that he remarked to Curtis that he would have to do some hard scratching in order to obtain a new stock. Curtis came in just when the New York friend, signed a joint note with Scott and obtained from the gentleman the desired goods. "That," says Mr. Curtis, "was Tom Scott's starter in life."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

**The Butcher and His Customers.**  
"What're legs o' mutton selling for?" asked Griddlerack, entering the butcher's shop of Griddlerack.

Cleaves looks about him cautiously and then whispers, "We're asking 14, but we'll let you have it for 13."

"Come now," says Griddlerack, "none of your shenanigans. You just sold a leg o' mutton for 12 1/2."

To this Cleaves simply replies: "But not for such mutton as this. I could sell you such mutton as I sold to Rabbage for 10 cents—if I had any left."

"Nonsense! I saw you when you cut it off, and I know it came off the same sheep that this did."

Cleaves—You're a sharp one, you are, Griddlerack. There's no getting the start of you. And nobody wants to leave you, I don't. Let me tell you the dead truth about it, Griddlerack. Rabbage's leg did come off the same critter, and I did sell him for 12 1/2, but what's a fellow going to do? Rabbage is such a confoundedly close hayer, it's next to impossible to sell him. So when he comes in just now, he's got the price way down, but he didn't get ahead of me so much as he thought he was going to. I cheated him on the weight—see?"

Griddlerack—Oh, that so? All right then, I'll take that leg.—Boston Transcript.

**A P. O. Man's Idea.**  
One of the most characteristic features of European prisons is that the prisoners are allowed to have a portion of their earnings. This system prevails in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and other countries. The amount earned by the prisoners varies considerably, and it depends upon piece work. In France the average salary of the prisoner is 30 cents a day. Of this amount the prisoner is allowed to spend one-half while in prison, for supplementary food and clothing, postage, and other necessities. The remainder is sent to the prisoner's family. The other half is reserved until the time of his discharge. A three years' prisoner has to his credit on leaving an average of \$20, a five years' prisoner about \$50, and a ten years' prisoner about \$90.—Chicago Record.

**Experiencing.**  
Some gentlemen, cruising round a part of the Irish coast, observing that about the same hour every day a boat containing two men and a woman took its passengers from the shore, and after a short time returned with them, inquired the reason.

"My men," said one, "what make you come out here every day? Is it that you like it so much?"

"Oh, your honor, not at all, but your honor, the wife and me's going soon to Australia, and we're just practicing the system, that we may be used to it when we start."

"Well, and do you find yourselves improving?"

"Ah, sure, your honor, the wife's ill every day, but she's getting on partly."—Strand Magazine.

**First Sight of a Railway Train.**  
A country boy who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he stood staring at it with astonishment, and then, running into the house, he said: "Father, layther, come out. There's a suddy raw off wi' a row o' houses, an' it's awa' from by the back o' the town."—Lantern Magazine.

**Out of His Line.**  
The Boston Transcript reports that two gentlemen fell into a talk about books.

"What do you think of the 'Origin of Species'?" asked one man.

"I have never read it," was the other's reply. "In fact," he added, "I am not interested in financial subjects."

**Literary Versatility.**  
An editor received the other day a curious application for help. The writer said: "I am sorry you do not like my romance, for I feel that I have the secret fire in my veins. If, however, you can not accept my book or my poetry, will you give me a berth as a heavy goods porter?"—London Bookman.

**Guinea Pig.**

News of his immediate execution hangs over a character of name of Flambert. Dr. Camp tells us that at Crosscut he dreamed of travel in the east, and in the east he longed passionately for home. The dreamer felt with everything around him was part of the desire for spontaneity, for freedom, that was the sentiment of his nature. Before he was 20, Flambert had his hair cut, and he appeared. "It is strange," he writes to Dr. Camp in 1846, "that I should have been born with so little faith in happiness. When I was quite young, I had a complete presentation of life. It was like an odor of suppression, cooking or being by a ventouse. One does not need to have each of it to know that it will make one's hair stand on end. In a letter written when he was less than 15 to Exposit Chevalier we get the same curious mixture of irony and earnest—the distinctness of Rousseau mingled with the lawlessness of Balzac—that was Flambert's. He writes me and when at last I have recovered corruption in what was thought pure, when I have found gangrene in some lovely thing. I lift up my head and laugh."

To Miss X, he wrote in 1845: "I have never seen a man without thinking that one day he would be an old man, not a really without dreaming of a tomb. The contemplation of a woman sets me musing of her skeleton. It is on this account that joyful sights make me sad and sad scenes affect me. When I had a family, I often wished I had it in order to be more free, to go and live in China or among savages. Now that I no longer have a family I regret it, and I cling to the walls where its shadow still lingers."—Fortnightly Review.

**The Wall of the Arab Woman.**  
Seated in my tent outside the village watching the horse feed, and wondering if, after all, it was really worth while ever to return to England, I heard a wail. Like the Celtic "coronach," the Arab wail is something outside human. No jacks or cypres can produce a sound more dismal. It makes you feel a little bit of madness must be a kind of mental conversion after all, for both the "coronach" and the Arab cry are just as doleful when they issue from the lips of a professional mourner. Fancy a note at a funeral impressing one with sadness or inducing thoughts of anything but gin and water. At the door of a little hut appeared a woman scarcely veiled, her hair streaming like a pony's tail, her feet another, and then a group of children, all raising the same doleful cry. Then from the other hives and huts came groups of women, to comfort and to wail in concert. In the midst was the widow, with tears running down her cheeks, and striking her nails into her arms and breast. The night before a horse had fallen on her husband and killed him.

The sorrow that is dumb is not for Arabs, the reserve of power we hear so much of and which makes our grief, our joy, our love, our hate, our anger seem so little to all except ourselves is not for those who see the sun.—Saturday Review.

**The Heart of Gotham.**  
The real heart of Gotham, the brains and genius of the metropolis, are to be found in a very small section of this big city, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Between Fourteenth and Fifth streets are seated the men who write our dramas, who make our songs, who compose the music for our operas, whose pens are responsible for many of those bright little bits of invention that lighten our lives, whose brains invent many of the ideas that other men utilize. It is no exaggeration to say that this section is responsible for nearly every bit of the new or original literary matter that is produced in this city. If it is not actually composed in the little world designated, it is there critically examined, revised, amended or corrected, and put into the shape in which it is finally given to the public. On Broadway, between the streets named, one is constantly bumping against men and women who are responsible for a good deal of the music and laughter of this whole country.

**Turning the Tables.**  
A professor who once took with him to an appointment a favorite student thought to test the young man. He was to take the morning service and the young man that of the evening. Accordingly while on the road to the appointment the professor "pumped" the youngster. Witness his surprise when on going out his text he found that the professor had stolen a march upon him. His surprise was turned to dismay when he found that not only text, but also "heads" and all had been appropriated. Now, it happened that the pupil was an old-fashioned one, and the professor was very stout. To get in, a ladder had to be prepared to enable him to climb over the top. After service he checked over his triumph. His triumph was, however, turned to disaster at night when the young man announced his text. "Be that enteth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climb up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."—Newcastle Chronicle.

**The Gilded Man.**  
At the headquarters of the Grinco the Spanish traditions located the land of El Dorado. "The Gilded Man," a peasant whose country was so rich in gold that he had his hair anointed with oil and sprinkled with gold every morning, so that he shone in the sun as though gilded. It is a curious fact that this country in which tradition located this marvelous being has never been explored by a white man.

**First Horseless Carriage Invention.**  
Maryland has furnished so many of the first things in invention and construction that it will surprise no one to hear that the first invention of a horseless carriage in America was by a Marylander. It was almost a century ago.—Baltimore American.

**A SUNBEAM BROKE A BANK.**

The Faro Dealer Thought Its End Was a White Check.

"That piece in your paper 'bout the guy that cleaned up the faro banks out in Seattle," mused Boston Jake, the Chicago gambler, as he looks the writer to "bring on those for a half." "Ain't it with my personal experience. This was out in Grapple Creek when the boom was way up an' a good play ago a right bank, see, was worth more to the banker than a split in the best claim you could get if they broke even. Do you know Eaton Up Jake? That wasn't his name of course, but the name give him the handle 'cause he could show so fast, see. Well, Eaton Up got hold of a piece of money in Chicago— he win out a roll of a short money, see, an' he goes off to Grapple Creek an' starts to gamble. He lay out was in a little frame, the board just 'bout a big a dry goods box. Jake sees a good play, you know—stook a minute to settle after every game, see? But I didn't tell you 'bout the knothole. You see, there's a knothole in a board of a table, see, that's in the knothole chair, see? Jake don't have no check there, see, so nobody minds the daylight, only it makes the dealer a little sneaky, an' Jake, he's kinda dopy.

"Well, there's a tin horn from over in another joint—a plugger in the stud game, see? He blows in an' says to the checker, waits for cases, forgits the copper one play an' gets whipsawed, see—loses both bets. Then he buys half a stack of whites an' keeps the seat, playing mostly cases. He keeps his checks in his hands, an' Jake don't keep cases on him. Well, he goes broke, but Jake doesn't know it.

"The jack's a case, see, an' the sunlight coming through the knothole over the dealer's shoulder, hits the jack right in the center, an' it looks like a white check. The jack wins. Dealer pays a white check on the jack. A Tin horn pushes the sleeper over between the dealer an' the king, an' it wins the queen in the king, an' the guy again, see? An' on the level, the guy win and win, an' nothin' can stop him. Five deals afterward he has the check in his hands, an' he says: 'I can't deal for you no more. Me roll is gone.'

"Next day I stako Jake in the poker game an' tell him how it happened, an' he says:

"Well, wateythink of that? Wouldn't that skin you? I've heard of guys winning out de bank roll o' n' eat money, but I never heard of winning out on a shadler."—Elmira Telegram.

**PERCENTAGE OF POOR EYES.**

Only One Person in Fifteen Has Both Eyes in Good Condition.

Only one person in 15 has both eyes in good condition, and in 7 cases out of 10 one eye, generally the right, is stronger than the other. It is found that just as people are right or left handed so they are right or left sighted, and while apparently looking with both eyes they often really use only one.

Out of 30 persons whose eyes were tested by a German doctor, two only were found to be left sighted.

The reason of the greater strength generally possessed by the right eye is not altogether understood, but probably the natural tendency to the greater use of the right side of the body has something to do with it. In many instances, for instance, mankind has been taught to assume for ages attitudes in which the right hand and side have most exercise, and this discipline has undoubtedly had its effect on the eye.

Old sea captains after long use of the telescope find their right eyes much stronger than the left—the direct effect of exercise. This law is confirmed by the experience of artists. If a person who has ears of equal hearing power has time to use one ear more than the other for a long period, the ear brought into requisition is found to be strengthened and the ear not used loses its hearing in a corresponding degree.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**He Wanted a Plumber.**  
"Man you sent to fix that range of cur'n a pot?" asked a rural looking customer of the proprietor of a downtown plumbing establishment.

"I—I—really, I don't know," responded the startled proprietor, with a look of sober inquiry.

"Tain't as I got anything particular agin' pots," explained the customer suavely as he took a chair and cleared his throat, "but I've hearn tell of folks misin their vocations—them as ought to be best plumbers an' hikin even gettin into pulpits an' lawyers' offices, for instance. Course I ain't sayin as I really seen any of your young men's trimmy, but I jest sort of a plumbed a little 'cause that there range w'n draw or sink bein' stuck with it. It's sure bein' right enough in their place, an' I reckon their'nicks in the world for every sort, but when a cookin' range is out of gear one wants a plumber."—New York Sun.

**A Little Encouragement.**  
J. L. Todd was once entertained by a party of Edinburgh gentlemen at dinner. After the cloth was removed a little sociability was indulged in, and Mr. Todd was asked to give a recitation. This the veteran comedian stately declined to do. A worthy host, who had knowledge of many theatricals, was somewhat primitive, approached Todd, patted him on the back and said in a fatherly way: "Come awa', my man; dinna be bashful. We're no ill to please."—Honest Old Words.

**What Other Kind?**  
"What a nasty smell burned powder back!" said Johnny.

"Powder?" exclaimed his elder sister, Miss Maud, looking up. "Why, it hasn't any sm—oh, you mean gunpowder!"

And she turned to Jerry, crying: "What a nasty smell burned powder back!"

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**THE POTENT PEANUT.**

ONE WOULD HARDLY THINK THE HUMBLE GOOBER SO IMPORTANT.

About Four Million Bushels Raised in This Country Every Year.—The Most Nutritious and by Far the Cheapest of Food-Substitutes for Oils, etc.

But little is known of the peanut outside of localities in which it is grown, and even where it is most largely grown its possibilities are for the most part not at all realized, and it is not by any means made to yield the highest results it is capable of. Taking into account all its sources of value, the peanut ought to be one of the most profitable of the general farm crops in the south. The following facts about it are in the main condensed from a bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture prepared by R. B. Hardy of the office of experiment stations.

The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 4,000,000 bushels of 22 pounds, the bulk of the crop being produced in Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina. These 4,000,000 bushels, while fully supplying the present demand of the United States, constitute but a small part of the peanut crop of the world, as the exportation from Africa and India in 1892 amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds, of which 225,000,000 pounds went to Marseilles for conversion into oil.

The largest part of the American crop is sold by street vendors, but small amounts are used by confectioners, chocolate manufacturers and for the manufacture of oil. Peanut oil is used for lubricating and cooking, and is a good substitute for olive oil for salads and other culinary purposes and as a substitute for lard and cottonseed and better in cooking. The residue from oil-making, known as "peanut cake," is a highly valued cattle feed in the countries of Europe and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food. It makes good soup, griddle cakes, muffins, etc., and is one of the most nutritive of foods. The vines, when dried, become a very nutritious hay readily eaten by stock, though requiring care in the feeding that it produce colic.

The present uses of the peanut and its products are likely to be greatly extended, as it has been the case with cotton seed. With better methods of usage and a larger yield per acre the cost of production could be greatly lessened. According to the eleventh census, the average yield of peanuts in the United States in 1880 was 17.4 bushels per acre, the average in Virginia being about 20 and in Tennessee 39 bushels per acre. This appears to be a very low average, especially as official and semi-official figures give 50 or 60 bushels as an average crop, and 100 bushels are not an uncommon yield.

While the peanut has been cultivated in the United States to a limited extent for a number of years, it is only since 1850 that the crop has become of primary importance in the eastern section of this country, which seems peculiarly adapted to its production. Between 1865 and 1870 the rapid spread of the culture of peanuts was phenomenal. Each year since that time has seen an increase threefold its crop over that of the preceding year, so that this country, from being a large importer of west African nuts, was soon able to supply the domestic demand with the home raised article.

Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee produce a large part of the peanut crop of the United States. Within the last few years this crop has ceased to be as profitable as heretofore. The method of culture—the sowing of nuts on the same land, the lack of proper rotation of crops, the complete removal of the vegetation from the land and the failure to replace the same by means of fertilizers—has been a great factor in reducing the profits of the crop by reducing the ability of the land to produce such crops as were previously secured in that section, so that now instead of an average of 50 bushels per acre, with frequent yields of over 100 bushels, the average in that section is now not over 20 bushels, while the cost of cultivation has been but slightly reduced.

As regards food value, peanut kernels, with an average of 29 per cent of protein, 49 per cent of fat and 14 per cent of carbohydrates in the dry material, take a high rank and should be classed with such substances as cocoa, soy beans, cotton seed, etc. The vines are shown by analysis to be superior to timothy hay as a feeding stuff and but slightly inferior to clover hay.

The ground hulls are used in a considerable extent as a source of nitrogen for European countries. From the nuts cannot be made from all extracting, a valuable feeding stuff, highly appreciated, and extensively used in foreign countries. It contains, as the average of over 2,000 analyses show, about 23 per cent of protein, 8 per cent of fat and 27 per cent of carbohydrates and is one of the most concentrated feeding stuffs with which we are familiar, ranking with cottonseed meal, linseed meal, etc., and in some cases ahead of them.

In describing the uses of peanuts it is scarcely necessary to more than refer to the use to which fully three-fourths of the American raised crop is devoted. The nut is sowed in the factory into four grades, the first, second and third being sold to vendors of the roasted peanut either directly or through jobbers, while the fourth is sold to confectioners to be used in the making of "burnt almonds," peanut candy and the cheaper grades of chocolates. The extent of the use of the peanut by the American people will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that they use a 4,000,000 bushels of nuts yearly, at a cost to the consumers of \$10,000,000 which do not form a part of the regular articles of food, but are eaten at odd times.—Boston Herald.