

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Table with 2 columns: Term, Price. One Year \$1.00, Six Months .60, Four Months .40, Two Months .25.

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how they stand on the books in this office. For instance: Grover Cleveland 28/June 28

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army.

Austria now proposes to tax cats in order to avoid a deficit in her treasury.

The United States Navy Department has been obliged to put old ships out of commission to find crews for new ones.

"Scrub stock and scrub farming are always found in connection with a scrub education," avers the New York World.

A certain plant destroying grub has migrated across the Mexican border into Texas and seriously threatens all of our future cotton crops.

New South Wales is making strenuous efforts to expand her export trade. The latest experiment is a consignment of frozen rabbits for the English market.

The New York Advertiser observes that England's prejudices do not interfere with enormous purchases of our apples and the well beloved Yankee oyster.

It is predicted by scientists that in 300 years the earth will flop and change the north and south poles to cause places, and that in 30,000,000 years from now the sun will become extinct.

The tumultus on the top of Parliament Hill fields, London, is to be opened. It is popularly supposed to be the burial place of Boadicea, the British warrior queen. A group of statuary to her memory is to be erected on the spot.

Horses are now being shipped from this country to Europe, and our exports of horses exceed in value those imported. Formerly we bought a great many horses from Europe for purpose of improvement, but Europe is now drawing on us for horses for the same purpose.

In a law court at Halle, Germany, the other day a man named Wetzstein was arraigned on separate indictments for the murder of two women, and in each case a sentence of death was passed upon him. But this was not all. The man was further charged with the attempted murder of two more women. For these two offenses he was, notwithstanding the death sentences, gravely condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Probably one of the most interesting sects in Russia is the Dukhobortsi, inhabiting large districts in Western Transcaucasia, remarks the New York Independent. Their name, "Wrestlers with the Spirit," indicates that the society at its beginning had views analogous to those of the German Pietists. They were men of strong character and faith. But as time went on and active persecution of them ceased, they began to show signs of worldliness, to amass money and land, and forget their pristine simplicity of life. News from the Caucasus now states that a strangely interesting revival movement is stirring these people. Their leader, Verigin, has called upon them to divide their property equally among all the brethren, and in response to his call some of the richest Dukhobortsi have relinquished everything they possess, one man, probably the richest among them, having cheerfully withdrawn his whole property of \$5000 from the bank and distributed it among his less opulent brethren. Verigin is ordered in all the women of the sect who are in service in neighboring towns; they are not to leave their homes in the future. And in view of the possibility of a future relapse from the faith their energetic leader is stirring them up to leave the fat lands of the Caucasus for the remote and desolate steppes of the province of Archangel on the shores of the White Sea. The Dukhobortsi number about one hundred thousand.

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still— With her on the mountain top, or slidin' down the hill!

Don't care how corn's a sellin'—if cotton's high or low, This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still— Every time we feel her shake, we have a friendly chill!

Don't care how things is goin'—nor how the tempest blows, This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still— With her when we sow the grain, an' when we go to mill!

Don't care what's in the future—we'll whist'le to us, For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

MARY VERNER'S ROMANCE.

HEAVY curtains were darkened, and the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked, then, pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow, she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said: "Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—youthful and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road. "You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried, as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke. "Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say 'good-bye!'"

"Good-bye—good-bye? You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died in to silence. "Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I'd saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought had killed the stock, and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steeled her trembling form against the garden fence. "Some one has robbed you of the money! I gave you. Oh! my poor boy!" She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben, tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune," and once more she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him. "Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered. "Down there? At Ffolliott's?" "Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the croppers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured: "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Reuben Halse flung his arms above his head and gave a little cry. "Don't, Mary, don't. I rather you would strike me!"

"The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night."

"Bill Redfern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portuguese are going, too. We're all broke, and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here. Don't sob so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap rs don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar, think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart till the dawn.

Reuben Halse and his companion had left the Great White canyon for a

week. Mary's cheeks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet, Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul, as he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary so lovely, as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning, and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched, with his handsome dark eyes, her small white fingers go through the letters lying on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head. "Nothing for you to-day."

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the pigeon-hole window at the girl, as she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gaudy blue. "But might I speak to you one minute—privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining saucers which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is—"

But she stayed his compliments. "You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came into my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes, he and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we'd been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn when he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesque rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny blue-clad figure of the post-mistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glaze burning in his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears, "Beauty" Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of a green country in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and shudder with his description of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman and a gallant officer, came to be loafing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in the Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was, and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little post-mistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after-taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's, drinking and brawling till dawn.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse nor "Beauty" Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, relented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

As weeks and months went by, and the green of the canyon changed to red and gold, Paul found that, if he was to "look after" Mary, he had to give up the saloon.

And, indeed, for a space, Ffolliott's knew him not; till one October morning his allowance—the money which he had gained by his freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England. For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the "Beauty" as presiding demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day, and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and dice and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his, and with her heart full of Rube Halse, she promised to marry Paul—for his son's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whiskey, nor look at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the "boys" he would

be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the "Beauty" was just the song-singer, yarn-teller, whisky-drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long as the bartender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Halloo, Bill, you back! What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lads! I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working and, thank God, I've worked, for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and so I've come back with Rube—"

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here he was drunk in a gambling hall on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered. "I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me disturb the game."

"The game is up!" cried Paul with an oath as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. "Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Reuben Halse!"

"Come, come," said Bill, good humoredly, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the air, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the post-office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly, and with bowed heads, they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having reconsidered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's well known prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."—Chicago Times.

WISE WORDS.

A rogue is a roundabout fool.— Coleridge.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Ruffini.

Of all virtues, justice is the best; valor without it is a pest.—Waller.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.—Van Ense.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are.—Laudor.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.—Darley.

Enough; here is a world of love; no more we ask to know; the hand will guide thy ways above that shaped thy task below.—O. W. Holmes.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination caused by vexation and supported by fear.—Sevigne.

Men perished in winter winds till one smote fire from flintstones coldly hiding what they held, the red spark treasured from the kindling sun.—Edwin Arnold.

Perhaps some habitant of far-off star, born to the heritage of loftier powers, although we cannot scan his glowing world, yet surveys ours.—M. E. W. Sherwood.

Not by appointment do we meet delight or joy; they heed not our expectancy; but 'round some corner of the street of life, they on a sudden greet us with a smile.—Gerald Massey.

Should one tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it; but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character, do not believe it.—Mohamet.

I join behavior with learning, because it is almost as necessary; and they should always go together for their mutual advantage. Mere learning without good breeding is pedantry, and good breeding without learning is but frivolous; whereas, learning adds solidity to good breeding, and good breeding gives charms and graces to learning.—Chesterfield.

Difficult Railway Building.

The Siberian railway has now been opened to Omsk, 2200 miles from St. Petersburg, and it is possible to go from one place to the other in four and a half days. In building part of the line the men had often to carry their food with them, and sometimes had to be lowered in baskets in order to prepare the track. In draining a bog sixty miles wide, both engineers and men had for some time to live in huts built on piles, which could be approached only in boats. Mosquitoes were so plentiful that the men had to wear masks, of which 4000 were bought for the purpose.—Literary Digest.



FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

TO FATTEN FOWLS. To fatten fowls quickly confine in a small, warm coop, which must be kept clean, and particular care taken that the birds be fattened are absolutely free from lice. Feed on cornmeal mixed with boiling water in the morning, at noon and night with whole corn. Give all they can eat up clean, but allow none to be wasted. It is useless to try and fatten a weak, sickly fowl. It is a waste of time, labor and food. The hatchet is the best remedy in such cases.—New York World.

FEEDING RATIONS. A rather conservative dairyman in discussing the ration problem says, "the most skillful chemist in the world cannot, in his laboratory, lay down rules or compound rations that shall give the very best returns possible from each one of twenty-five good dairy cows." This is very true, but it is equally true that the agricultural chemist can lay down certain general rules which will enable any intelligent dairyman to vastly improve on the unscientific methods which so generally prevail.—American Agriculturist.

BEETS GROWN FROM BUDS. Every grower of beets has noticed the small buds that appear near the top of the root. These are indeed miniature plants, and if cut out and planted, just as potato eyes are each will next season produce a perfect beet plant with as large a root downward as one grown from seed. It may seem that there can be no practical object in growing beets thus, for it is always easy to grow beet seed. But it is found that when a high grade of sugar beet has been secured by sowing strains of the sweetest beets there is a tendency to retrograde in quality. Hence some beet sugar growers in Europe are experimenting in growing from the bud. Having once obtained a root with high per cent. of sugar the quality can be maintained by growing stock from buds. It is possible that this process if continued long will tend to establish a growth of beet roots with many prongs and shoots. This form of growth would be objectionable as making the beet less compact.—Boston Cultivator.

CONSTRUCTION OF A STABLE.

The first requisite of a stable for horses or cows is convenience for the handling and the safety of the animals. The loose stall, not so small that motion is difficult, and large enough that the animal can turn around without discomfit, is the best, but it requires more room than the ordinary stall. Nine by seven feet is large enough for a horse or a cow. The common stall should not be larger than five feet for a horse or four feet for a cow, which gives ample space for comfortable movement, and is safer than if wider. The tie should not be so long that the animal may get a foot over it and be thrown—a serious position for a horse or cow to be in. The stanchion is not a comfortable fastening for a cow; the sliding ring, with a short chain fitted to a stout strap around the neck, and sliding on an upright bar on one side of the stall, or a horizontal one in front of the feeding trough is the safest and most comfortable. The cows are fastened by the snap hook to a ring in the neck strap and to a ring on the bar. During many years' use of this method of fastening in large dairies no accident has happened by cows getting loose. Of course, it is necessary to exercise caution to see that the fastenings are safe before leaving the stable at night.—New York Times.

WHERE TO LOCATE THE POULTRY HOUSE.

The one consideration of greater importance than all others in deciding the location of the poultry house is the character of the soil. Of two locations—one the best grass run in the world, but a stiff clay soil, the other a sandbank where a grasshopper would starve—I would select the latter. The want of a grass run can be overcome, the cold, sticky clay, muddying in a wet time, and hard-baked as a brick in dry times, cannot. The main item in the expense account of the poultryman is labor; every step saved in doing the work is so much gained. Yet between two locations, one wet and the other dry, the dry one should be selected, even if it entails many more steps; the losses which would occur from having the house in the wet location would a great deal more than pay for the extra labor. These losses would come from several sources, chiefly in impaired health and consequent unproductiveness of the flock. Many would be sick, necessitating constant care, eggs would be few, chicks hatched would lack vigor, die or make slow growth and under-sized fowls, in fact there would have to be a constant struggle to offset the effect of the wet soil. The sandy soil dries quickly after a rain, snow melts more quickly, it warms quickly in the sun, every shower purifies it by washing all impurities through it. Better have no fowls than to try to keep them on wet or heavy clay land.—New England Homestead.

HORSES' VALUES.

Few horses have great natural value; many of them are worth less as individual animals than their equivalent weight in beef. The natural disposition and the docility of some

horses are elements of good worth, however. As the sculptor must have quality in the rough marble to develop his design of beauty, so must the horseman have in the colt, constitution, kindness and good sense if it is to be trained successfully.

Bad habits need to be corrected. The earlier they are checked the better the chance for full success. Thousands of mature horses in age, but untrained during their growth, are too much addicted to bad habits to ever be safe. Such animals are now conspicuous in the markets at low prices. Buyers desire a driver that is reasonably safe to hitch to a wagon for work, and for a family horse they demand this disposition.

It is only by constant little attentions, care and thought that the ideal driving horse is evolved. First, the youngster is shy and afraid of everything it sees. It is at times clumsy and listless, dragging one or more of its feet carelessly and contracting improper carriage, mien and gait. With regular daily training before it is three years old, but for five minutes often, in the hands of a skilled man, the faults are eliminated and a vast lot of good practices are inculcated, so that, as a horse, the growing creature is rounded into a willing, obedient and ever ready servant, a beast almost human in knowledge and fully so in kindly actions and intentions.

In many a humble stable may be found such prizes, and they are often treasured as being above a price. The owner at times would not part with the family horse as he would not let go one of his children. The vicious and dull horse is forced on the market so much that the really desirable horse must suffer from suspicion that he is not all that is to be desired.

It is an outrage that a well-bred, highly-trained, sensitive, loving animal should be sacrificed by his owner at the price offered for indifferently bred stock.

It is criminal when one sells an ill-dispositioned or weak animal for a great price. When there is an awakening of conscience among both sellers and buyers better things will result.

Farmers will not for many years grow good horses at a financial loss. Those who work and drive them will not long continue to be deceived. There is a range of values from \$5 to \$500 for a work horse. The higher prices will be realized in a few years by the few who breed, feed and train aright. These three factors are essential always.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Spring lambs and mutton sheep will make sheep breeding a permanent industry.

Have a purpose in feeding, and feed for that purpose. Do not feed merely to keep the hens alive and satisfy their hunger.

Do not expect many eggs unless the hens are in a bright, healthy condition. Neglect neither food, exercise, cleanliness nor protection.

All the small grains are good for fowls, especially wheat. Wheat is better than corn even, except when forcing the fattening process for market.

A month previous to weaning, the more grain the calves, pigs, lambs and colts have the better. They will not lose so much flesh and worry less.

If you want to know what your abilities as a poultry keeper are, just look at the egg basket and then count your hens. That tells the story every time.

Better buy thoroughbred eggs or fowls than try to grade up the common stock, because it saves time, and going up hill is not always successful work. Get the best.

It is a great loss to feed dry cows through the winter on hay and grain merely to carry them through the season for the sake of making \$25 or \$30 a head during the summer.

When the porker is fat enough, sell him. After he has passed 250 pounds, it is doubtful if the average farmer can put another ounce on him with profit. It is the profit we are after.

It is a noticeable fact that the man who spends the greater part of his time at the store discussing politics, is not the man who takes the greatest amount of premiums at the county fair.

If you have any spare time during the winter evenings take up some good agricultural paper and clip out the suggestions that will tend to help you with your work next spring and summer.

We can more intelligently see the reason for the course we take to destroy insects if we encourage a study of them and learn why apples are scabby and wormy and potatoes are rough.

As old geese are better layers and mothers than young ones, and young geese are always in demand in the market, a poultryman finds it pays to keep the old ones, as they are prolific for twenty years.

Fifty pounds from the refuse of the cabbage field twice a day will show great results in the increase of milk when fed to the cows. Fed after milking, there will be no unpleasant odor or taste in the milk.

As soon as the roads are frozen over be careful as to how you drive the horse. Nothing will do more to injure a horse than driving him recklessly on a road that is frozen hard after it has been muddy.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. It is estimated that the crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

South American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat.

Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.

It is said that the flesh on the fore-quarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hind-quarters has a fishy taste.

A new garbage crematory has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago.

Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Professor Weinek, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 225 hours to his drawing of the lunar crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California.

Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath.

Cellar moulds on apples—often unnoticeable—consists of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of "a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas."

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geographical periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Foehner, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the past seven years, and of this number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of the cats, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease.

A Horse's Sense of Locality.

About the year 1856, says the Lewiston Journal, a little colt was born on a farm in Aroostook County, in the State of Maine, a colt that was soon sold away from the place, to come shortly after into the possession of a physician in the town of Houlton, who at the opening of the Civil War went "to the front," taking with him, for cavalry service the colt, that had now reached maturity. Through all the vicissitudes of a five years' campaign this horse followed the fortunes of his master, being wrecked on the Red River expedition and suffering various other disasters, to return at the close of the war to the State of Maine, across which he carried his master horseback until the town of Houlton was again reached.

On the journey through Aroostook County the road traversed lay past the farm where some ten years before this horse was born. Neither his life between the shafts of a doctor's gig nor five years of war campaigning had caused him to lose his bearings, and when he reached the lane that led up to the old farm house he turned up to the house as confidently as though he had been driven away from it but a half