Railway traveling in Norway is cheaper than in any other European country.

The New York Observer maintains that the penmanship of the English and Canadian children excels that of Uncle Sam's boys and girls.

The students of the University of California have pledged themselves to improve and beautify the grounds of the institution by their own labor, thus making improvements, for which the university has no money.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who has returned to London after a prolonged sojourn in this country, says that the distinctive thing about American religious congregations is that they prefer what is unconventional and up to date.

It is a curious fact, and one not generally known, except by those who carefully study their almanacs, that the last month of last year had two full moons, an event which has not occurred in any December since the beginning of the Christian era.

Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist, in commenting on Hall Caine's views of the United States, and published in the London Daily Chronicle, says: "We don't know the American people in this country, and we ought to know them; they come over here by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, and we do nothing to entertain them or to make their acquaintance or to show them that we should like to know them. Are we ashamed of ourselves—of our homes, especially—that we do not want to show ourselves to them? We have no reason to be ashamed. The Englishwoman is not so intellectually cultivated as the American, but she need not fear comparison. As for the people generally, I am right glad to see Hall Caine proclaiming the truth about them; that is, that they are almost childlike in their singleness of heart, easily moved by simple things, the youngest minded and the strongest hearted people in the world. As I did not say this myself, I copy it, I steal it, and I adopt it. The material greatness of America takes away one's breath; the kindness of the Americans takes away one's power of criticism. One does not go away from a delightful evening and begin at once to carp and sneer and insinuate suggestions. Only, if by any machinery we could do something to make the American visitor feel at home with us, we should be doing a great thing for ourselves. I don't want him to be introduced to belted earls, but I want American men and women of culture to be able easily to meet English men and women of culture."

The Atlanta Constitution says that the trouble between the Boers and the British in South Africa has directed public attention to the Dark Continent. Twenty years ago very little was known of Africa. A few explorers penetrated its forests and wrote books, but the tide of immigration did not turn in that direction. Recently there has been a big change in the situation. The Boers have gained their independence, and the British in Cape Colony have never given up their idea of extending their dominion into Central and East Africa, thus establishing an empire extending from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope. The Germans, however, occupy a large portion of East Africa, and the Congo Free State and also the Portuguese possessions. The discovery of gold and diamond mines of course draws people to these regions, and now the country has a large white population, with railway and steamboat lines, and flourishing cities equipped with every modern convenience. There are railways 500 miles long, and the country is being settled by a good class of colonists. Nearly twenty-five cities have a population of over 10,000 each. All indications point to Africa as the continent upon which Europe will hereafter expend her energy and her capital. There will never again be such a rush of immigrants to this country as we have had in the past. In future they will go to Africa, and gradually turn it into a white man's country. They will exterminate the natives as we exterminated the Indians, and before many years the native Africans will be in the minority. Under European methods this heretofore almost unknown land will become a thickly populated and civilized group of States. Later the colonies will throw off their allegiance to the European Governments, and they will repeat the example of the United States. Perhaps the main point of interest to us is the fact that immigration will never again be as great a factor in our upbuilding as it has been in the past. The tide is turning to South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GATEWAY

CAPE TOWN AND ITS CURIOUS MIXTURE OF INHABITANTS.

The Portal Which Leads to the Land of Gold—The Noble Zulu and the Loathsome Hottentot.

WHILE famous explorers, Livingston, Stanley, De Brazza and others, have plunged into the heart of Darkest Africa, and have returned with wondrous tales of endless forests, Nations of pigmies and other strange things, as yet no explorer has given an adequate report of what may justly be termed Brightest Africa. We have heard much of cannibals and the fearful rites indulged in by savages; but, strange to say, writers have been comparatively silent upon the country stretching from Cape Town north to the Zambesi River. It is true that trade papers and even magazines have published statistics concerning this land, but little or nothing has been said of its characteristics, its inhabitants and their idiosyncracies.

Yet this same Brightest Africa is richer in legend, and far richer in the gifts of nature than many a country better known to fame and history. It has diamonds, gold, sheep and cattle, iron, silver, coal, asbestos, magnificent seaports, great wheat growing districts, vineyards that groan under the weight of their fruit—everything, almost, that can be desired, except civilization; and for that it has little use until its resources are further developed.

Just why the discoverer of the point of land lying between Cape Town and Simonstown christened it the Cape of Good Hope is somewhat of a mystery, unless it be hope for the ultimate reformation of that part of the world. As for Cape Town itself, it looks truly beautiful at a distance, but a closer acquaintance dispels the illusion. It is rather picturesquely situated at the foot of Table Mountain—so called, perhaps, because it does not resemble a table—and at a distance looks like a self-respecting town containing proper, church-going people, with civilized instincts. The dominating feature in a long distance view is the green effect, due to the number of trees. The town stretches over a distance of about three miles and ends in salt marshes toward the west. The eastern end is lost somewhere in the direction of the Indian Ocean, but no one with any social aspirations lives there. In one corner is the bay, which affords good anchorage and is splendidly protected by a breakwater, built by convict labor. At a distance Cape Town resembles nothing so much as a Swiss town, with its many cottages built on the slope of Table Mountain. The whole effect gives rise to feelings of pleasant anticipation; the realization is doubly bitter.

The closer one gets to Cape Town the more completely is the illusion dispelled. Intimacy with Cape Town is only conducive to disgust, for a great part of the town is so filthy and vile as to be fit only for Malays and Kaffirs.

Cape Town is subject to wind storms, which blow in all directions at once, and have an unpleasant habit of gathering up dust and depositing half a street full in your ears and nostrils. These wind storms are often accompanied by tremendous falls of rain, and give the place a very unpleasant climate. In fact, one can get half a dozen climates a day in Cape Town.

You can find any Nationality in Cape Town, for it is the Mecca to which all sorts of adventurers, and the scum of the earth generally are drifting from everywhere. You can find every walk of life represented; but no matter where you go you will find the one predominating trait—the greed for gold.

Next in point of numbers come the Malays. The men are under sized, bilious looking and insignificant. The women are superb. Their skin is of a velvety yellow, and their hair as black as night and of a texture fine as no spun flax. Their features are of a Caucasian cast, their figure supple, graceful and well developed. The men wear European clothes with turbans on their heads. The women wear loose flowing gowns, consisting of bright colored silks wound tightly around their bodies.

Next to the Malay come the native tribes. There are some 1200 of them, and they are known by the generic name of Kaffir. The Zulu is a gentleman by birth; his skin is brown, but beneath it can be seen coursing the red blood of a pure and noble race. In his eyes shines the intelligence of the child of nature; he is a child in more ways than one. The Zulu is one of the noblest animals that nature created. He is honest, virtuous, courageous, self-respecting, obedient to the laws of nature, a man in death and always knows his place.

How different is the Hottentot! The Hottentot is to the Zulu what the Turk is to the American—the acme of all that civilization loathes and despises.

The smallest part of the population of Cape Town is made up of foreigners, many of whom have gone there for the good of their respective countries. Much of the retail business is in the hands of the Malays. The Kaffirs are the servants, and their masters treat them little better than slaves, paying them about $3 a month, furnishing food and a piece of bare board for a bed.

Cape Town is the seat of the Government of the Cape Colony, and contains the houses of Parliament and the Governor's residence. The Governor is appointed by the Foreign Office in London. The Parliament consists of an upper and lower house, antagonistic to each other. They have, however, found a master of late in the person of Cecil Rhodes. The houses of Parliament where he rules are situated in the Botanical Gardens in the upper part of the city, and are the finest buildings in Cape Town. They are three-story red brick, and are still large enough to contain Mr. Rhodes.

The one interesting thing about Cape Town is Table Mountain. It rises abruptly and perpendicularly behind the town, towering up into the clouds 1500 feet above the level of the sea. From its summit, which can be reached by an easy incline through the Lion's Kloof (gulch), or by a perilous ascent up its almost perpendicular front facing the sea, a magnificent view rewards the climber. To the south and west reaches the Southern Atlantic, green and forbidding in aspect; to the east lies the Indian Ocean, with its legends of the Flying Dutchman and its pirates; to the north are seen the undulating hills that lead to the land of diamonds and of gold—that bourne to which every traveler is drawn, upon which all hopes are centered, where marvelous fortunes have been made and lost, where the strangest comedies and tragedies have been played—the region upon which the entire future of Brightest Africa depends.—New York Recorder.

City Tree Destroyer.

How many New Yorkers know that the metropolis possesses, pays for and encourages what is officially known as a tree destroyer? Never heard of him, eh? Yet he exists, or rather, he grows stouter in person and purse day by day as the desire for extending the business interests of the city increases. The individual who has the disreputable reputation of ignoring Longfellow's appeal of "Woodman, spare that tree," is connected with the Bureau of Incumbrances, and judging from the rapid demolition and disappearance of stately oaks, stout-limbed elms and majestic spruce throughout the city, he has an active and capable corps of assistants in his hewing occupation.

His field of harvest might be extended even more to the upper district were it not that there is a sort of class on his doings. That is to say, he is not permitted to cut down at random every tree that he happens to sight on his marauding expeditions. There must be a formal complaint made, personally or through letter to the Board of Incumbrances, before any tree can be razed. A complaint from the resident of some street reaches the bureau, calling attention to the fact that a certain tree is a menace to life and property in the neighborhood. The complaint is sometimes signed by the initials of the complainant, but it reserves the official cognizance of the bureau, nevertheless. Invariably the tree occupies a majestic site in front of some house whose owner values its presence. This being the case, the official tree destroyer and his suite meet with a pretty cold reception when they come along and present the complaint. There are records of where owners have pulled off their coats and inaugurated a genuine hand-to-hand battle. Then the limb of the law is brought into activity and the officer comes down.

Public safety demands the services of the official tree destroyer, and he receives $3.50 for every tree he chops down. "It's a very profitable business, too," said one of the destroyers to-day.—New York Mail and Express.

Deadens Noise on Iron Bridges.

A means for preventing the noise made by trains in passing over iron bridges has been devised by a German engineer named Boedecker. He puts a decking of one and one-fourth-inch planks between the cross girders, resting on three-inch timbers laid on the bottom flanges. On the planks a double layer of felt is laid, which is fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connections with the girder a timber cover joint is placed on felt, and two hooked bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel cover the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes. A layer of felt is laid between the planks and the timbers they rest upon, and the ironwork in contact with decking and ballast is asphalted. The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge eleven feet wide and costs twenty-three cents a square foot. It is water tight, and has proved very satisfactory in preventing noise.—New York Sun.

New Department of Science.

There is no end to modern science. Physicians are now using electricity in a large variety of ways. Electrotherapy is a department of science that is likely to result in great benefits to mankind. For instance, a doctor locates a disease by means of electricity. He turns on the light, and a man's body is illuminated. But he is not satisfied with that, for when he knows just where the trouble is situated he puts an electrode there, charged with the required medicine, and when the current is on it carries the particles of the drug with it. This discovery opens up a large field, and their were already physicians are exploiting it with immense success.—New York Press.

BONEMEAL OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

Bonemeal goes under various names, such as ground bone, bone flour, bone dust, etc. We find in the market raw bonemeal and steamed bonemeal. Raw bonemeal contains the fat naturally present in bones. The presence of the fat is objectionable, because it makes the grinding more difficult and it retards the decomposition of the bone in the soil, while fat itself has no value as plant food. When bones are steamed, the fat is removed and the bone is more easily ground. Moreover, the chemical nature of the nitrogen compounds appears to be changed in such a manner that the meal undergoes decomposition in the soil more rapidly than in case of raw bone. The presence of easily decaying nitrogen compounds in bone hastens, in the process of decomposition, to dissolve more or less of the insoluble phosphate. Bonemeal should contain from three to five per cent. of nitrogen and from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of phosphoric acid. About one-third to one-fourth of the latter appears to be in readily available as it is plant food. On account of the increased demand for bones for various purposes, and on account of their increasing value, there is considerable tendency to adulterate bonemeal with such substances as lime, gypsum, coal ashes, ground oyster shells, ground rock phosphate, etc.—Bulletin No. 94, New York Agricultural Experiment Station.

WHAT THE SOIL NEEDS.

"Exhaustive soils," so-called, may contain as much plant food as others that are considered fertile.

The physical effect of fertilizers by changing the relation of the soil to heat and moisture is of more importance than the amount of plant food they furnish.

The effect of fertilizers depends largely upon the season. Changing reasons have more effect upon plant growth than does the plant food in the soil.

Physical conditions of heat and moisture largely determine the development and yield of crops.

Deterioration of lands is due not so much to loss of plant food as to changes in the texture of the soil in relation to heat and moisture.

Making use of the rainfall is the most important consideration of modern agriculture.

Crop production is not directly limited by the amount of rainfall, but by the amount of moisture in the soil.

Production of crops depends upon the control of moisture and heat in the soil.

As heat cannot be controlled, the whole art of cultivation should be directed toward the control of moisture. Present methods of cultivation are detrimental to soil and do not accomplish desired results.

The continued plowing at a certain depth causes a hard packing of the sub-surface, which forms a water-shed, causing surface drainage and erosion of the soil by which thousands of acres of fertile lands are rendered barren every year.

Sub-soiling (loosening of the under soil to a depth of one and a half to two feet) admits the water to the sub-soil, prevents surface drainage and a subsequent erosion of the soil, takes away surplus water without washing the surface and retains the moisture for future use of crops.

Sub-soiling affords the only means for controlling moisture in the soil and is a key to successful crop-raising.

The modern plow is but an improved type of the primitive forked stick, and does not accomplish satisfactory results, but, on the contrary, is an enemy to fertility, and the common sub-soil plow is unsatisfactory in many ways.

Existing conditions and the future prosperity of the farmer depend upon the production of an implement which shall be a radical improvement on the modern plow, and which will revolutionize modern methods.

The future plow must not only thoroughly pulverize the surface to a proper depth, but it must leave the sub-soil in condition to receive and retain moisture for the use of growing crops.

Here is the genius to invent, where is the skill to construct, and where is the money backed by nerve and determination to manufacture and push their combs. Given the genius to invent, the skill to construct, the money backed by nerve and determination to manufacture and push the future plow of the American farmer and of the world?—The Passing of the Plough.

FEEDING FOR EGGS.

In the feeding of fowls we should consider the object to be obtained whether it be for market, for eggs, or for show. If a fowl is eating too much fattening food, she will not lay well. The best time to feed soft food is in the morning, and it should be hot and stimulating. Do not feed them on the ground, and do not allow the grass from which they feed to become soured and filthy. Give them sufficient for one meal and no more. Rather let them go a little hungry and make them scratch, than to have them mope around and become lazy and idle. Leghorns seldom become too fat, being active and vigorous, but the large breeds, being more indolent, keep themselves rather quiet and soon become too fat. It is easy to keep them within bounds by judicious feeding.

Grain in excess should not be given, while bulk may be allowed in the shape of vegetables and green food. There are many ways of preparing cheap and nourishing foods which contain all the elements of the egg. A piece of liver or meat scraps is boiled to pieces in water. While boiling add to a gallon of water a pint of soaked beans and the same of linseed meal. When the whole is cooked thicken with bran, middlings, ground oats or corn meal. Add the meal, etc., until the mess has thickened to a stiff dough. It milk be convenient it may be scalded, either curds, buttermilk or sweet skimmilk, and the bran, etc., added. Chopped clover may be added, turnips, carrots and potatoes also. When green stuff is not procurable, a few onions or cabbages, chopped, may be added; also whatever scraps come from the kitchen—bits of fish, potato parings, scraps of fat, etc. When no green food is convenient, good clover hay is chopped fine and steeped in water over night. Next morning heat the water and add any of the above. Mr. Ensign, inspired with truly manly determination, set out to establish a home for himself and wife. In vain did he search for the necessary requirements, and still imbued with this determination he decided to again try his fortunes in the Island of Cuba. He informed his wife of his desires and intention to depart from this country, but did not inform her of his intended destination. Accordingly he, with two companions, Joe Wormsly and Will Hutchens, set sail on an Ohio River steamboat at Cincinnati for New Orleans, thence on a Gulf boat to Cuba. Having safely reached their destination, the roving trio found employment on an interior sugar plantation near Matanzas.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Remarkable Story of an American's Captivity in Cuba—Bear Hunters Outwitted the Wolves.

SIMON ENSIGN, a resident of this county, says the Pontiac (Mich.) Post, is about to bring suit against the Spanish Government for $200,000 to secure a claim for false incarceration. The story of Ensign's imprisonment and remarkable career is told as follows:

Mr. Ensign was born in Pontiac, where he resided until eighteen years of age, when in 1849 he joined the vast multitude of treasure seekers among the gold fields of the far West. He made the journey overland in a prairie schooner. The young adventurer was fast working his way to financial success, when he tired of his occupation and returned to the scene of his birth.

In earlier youth the boy Ensign had acquired a knowledge of the locomotive and its manipulation, and subsequently on his return from California he was chosen from among 114 applicants by the Philadelphia locomotive constructors, John Rogers & Sons, and detached to the Island of Cuba for the purpose of running an engine on the Havana & Matanzas Railroad, then in progress of construction. At this post Ensign remained for a period of one and a half years, when he recrossed the sea to his fatherland. Having now reached the age when even the adventurer entertains thoughts of domestication, Mr. Ensign wedded a Mexican widow. The harmony of the union did not prove as ideal as was desired, but Mr. Ensign, inspired with truly manly determination, set out to establish a home for himself and wife.

All soft food should be salt, but condiments, such as red pepper, ginger, etc., should be fed sparingly. Once or twice a week is often enough. The best tonic is a constant change of diet, which promotes a regularity in the fowls, always provided the food is sound and wholesome. At night grain must be fed.

There are many complaints that fowls do not lay, even when well fed and comfortably housed, but this is due to not allowing them the proper kind, or from feeding too much. It is necessary to study the habits of each breed, in order to know just what to do; the knowledge that is gained by close study and practical experience is valuable to the poulterer. Charcoal should be fed to fowls occasionally, or broken up and placed where the fowls can get at it, as no one thing is more conducive to health; also broken oyster or clam shells, lime or old plastering, should be supplied in abundance for material for egg shells.

Of course fresh, pure water is another essential to success in producing eggs. Another essential is lime, in the shape of whitewash, and those who use it liberally are the ones who keep their flock healthy and cleanly. To render whitewash more effective in dislodging or destroying lice and other parasitic nuisances, the addition of a little carbolic acid is invaluable, for scarcely anything else seems so distasteful to the vermin. Air-slaked lime should be occasionally scattered over the floor of the chicken house to remove all unpleasant and unhealthful odors. The care bestowed on poultry is not lost, as fowls appreciate kindness; the better the care and the more varied the food, the better the results and the more profitable they will be for the owner.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Have your cow stables warm yet well ventilated.

A popular feed for the cow should be ground oats.

To be a good dairyman requires intelligence rather than large capital.

The secret of success in the dairy is to reduce the cost of making good goods.

Have your cows gentle by kind treatment if you want big returns in milk and butter.

Study the nature of your cows and fall in with their moods. It pays to be agreeable, even to a cow.

No business requires to be kept more emphatically under one's thumb than does successful dairying.

Give the cattle good food and care, and the dust will remain thick on the cover of the barn medicine chest.

Don't forget to provide grit and lime in some form, as the frozen and snowy ground affords no opportunity for the hens to help themselves, and they must have a supply in order to do much at egg production.

One of the best crosses for an all purpose fowl is Indian Game on Wyandotte hens. They grow rapidly, lay early and are unsurpassed table fowls. Of this cross, some hens will sit and some will not, but all lay well, and make excellent mothers, as table fowls are equal to any pure bred fowl.

In very severe winter weather fowls should be kept closely housed all day and all night if necessary to preserve their combs. Give them plenty of straw, and plenty of grain to scratch for, and they will be all right. However, they may be turned out in the sunshine for an hour or two the coldest weather.

Farmers who save their heads off, and the eggs get mouldy, dirty and stale, so they can get the better prices prevailing during the holidays than after the holiday glut. Too many coops and cases coming in spoil the market.

being successful in effecting an escape.

Once more in his native heath he, who had suffered living deaths, started to find, if possible, those nearest in kin to his own wretched life. In the course of his journeyings he found those who were the object of his anxious search at Valparaiso.

Attacked by Wolves.

William McKnight, of Buffalo, N. Y., and James Barnes, of Hoboken, N. J., had a peculiar and exciting experience when on a fishing trip a few weeks ago. Among the Pennsylvania hills, a few miles from Binghamton, there are several lakes, well stocked with fish. Tip-up fishing has become a favorite winter pastime in the vicinity, and these men settled down for a two weeks' vacation around the lakes. It was their custom to set a dozen or more lines over night, and the next morning they would find fish on the hooks.

For the first few days all went well. Then, on arriving one morning, they found not only no fish, but that their lines were broken and the hooks missing. Tracks on the snow told them that a bear was the guilty one. Bear traps and similar devices were of no avail in catching him. The fish disappeared and the stock of hooks was rapidly lowered. Barnes suggested a plan. They procured a quantity of whisky of the "red-eye" brand and proceeded to pickle a number of fish they had caught in the daytime. Removing their tip-ups they placed the fish near the holes in the ice.

They did not reach the spot the next day until nearly nightfall, and then a strange sight met their eyes. On the ice lay a large bear, which had frozen fast to the ice. He had evidently partaken excessively of the "doctored" fish, and lay in a pool formed by the partially melted snow. As the sun declined, the water congealed, freezing Bruin's long hair to the ice, and when he recovered his sober senses it was to find himself a prisoner. The fishermen were armed with an axe, a hunting knife and a shotgun. A charge of lead put an end to Bruin's sufferings, and they proceeded to cut up their game.

When at work around at the edge of a patch of woods bordering on the lakes caused them to glance up, and a swift, gray object darting across the ice sent a chill of horror through their veins. Though they had never seen a wolf they instantly realized they would soon be called to battle with one of mankind's fiercest enemies. Before they could collect their thoughts the gray object appeared again, another and another, until a band of wolves were circling around them, sniffing the snow. The pack was a small one, numbering not over half a dozen, but so far as their means of defense was concerned, it was more than sufficient to mean death.

They would have given considerable to have the charge of lead which was now in Bruin's body back in the gun. They had only a hunting knife and an axe. Nearer and nearer came the wolves. Neither of the men spoke, but both braced themselves. McKnight with the ax and Barnes with the knife. Suddenly McKnight dropped his ax and seized a pail they had been carrying. It contained a quantity of the "doctored" fish they had prepared for another trap. These he hurled, one at a time, toward his circling enemies.

Ravenous with hunger, they stopped to investigate, but fought for these remnants of a feast. It sent a chill through the men as they watched the struggle, and realized their possible fate. Soon, however, the liquor began to work, and as one of the pack would show signs of stupor his comrades would fall upon and rend him to pieces. Three of the animals were disposed of in this way, when the remainder, realizing something was wrong with them, withdrew to the shelter of the woods. It is unnecessary to say the fishermen did not give chase.

Close Shave With a Leopard.

Kirby, the English traveler, relates the following incident in his book, "The Haunts of Wild Game": I walked a little way down the side of the ledge to listen if I could hear anything in the gap, as we could not tell where the dogs or the leopard had got to. I heard a slight rustle below, whether in the bush or on the ledge I could not tell, and there was no time to find out, for with a rush and a bound the leopard threw himself against the krantz, clutching at the grass roots on top with the claws of one forepaw—the other was broken just above the wrist—and I could hear his hind claws scraping on the rocks in his endeavors to scramble up. I knew that he was very close to me; his great blood-smeared paws were within six feet, and I could see his wicked yellow eyes glaring savagely, and the saliva, red tinged, dropping from the gleaming tusks.

As Nogwaja ran in with uplifted assegai I fired down into the brute's mouth, and with a savage gasp he fell down on to the ledge below. The plucky Swazi, without waiting to see if he was dead, jumped down on top of him and gave him a final thrust with his assegai ere life had sped.

How a Chess Champion Trains.

The Brooklyn chess champion, H. N. Pillsbury, maintains the wonderful control of his nervous system by great care in his habits. He eats but once a day, never uses tobacco or alcoholic stimulants in any form, and always sleeps at least seven hours of the twenty-four. He is also an advocate of bicycle riding, to a limited extent, as conducive to perfect health.—New York Independent.

The new Scotland Yard at London, England, is the largest police station in the world.