

Michigan egg-shippers claim that they pay more money annually for Michigan hen fruit than is paid for Michigan wheat.

The irony of Fate is sublime. One of the victims of the Mississippi flood was a book agent who had been peddling a work on irrigation.

Times and cycles have changed many customs, and the old saying, "Look before you leap," is now rendered by the cautious pedestrian, "Look before you cross the street."

The Theosophical Society is flourishing in California. It has bought forty acres of land on Point Loma, near San Diego. The society intends to build a big hotel and sanitarium and to spend \$400,000 on the undertaking.

This unkind fling is from the San Francisco Chronicle: "As soon as the water dries off in Oklahoma the prairie fires will set in. Oklahoma is a fine new Territory for people that yearn for excitement, but it is noticeable that it doesn't get much immigration from California."

The decision of the Trunk Line Association of railways to accept bicycles as personal baggage between States is another recognition of the place the wheel has won. If now the trainmen can be compelled to use ordinary care in handling bicycles, riders will have got a solid advantage.

In his sermon on last Sunday, a prominent New York clergyman said: "The organic church here has lost its hold on the public mind. Women are the only ones who hold to church organizations of to-day. There are but 35,000 men in the City of New York to-day who go into Protestant churches. This is true also of Roman Catholics. According to the latest estimates, it is figured that 385,000 persons attend the Roman Catholic churches, but of that number there are a great many who go to church once or twice a year, and some who never go unless they think they are about to die."

It is not generally known that the President and Vice-President of the United States never travel by rail together. It is one of the precautionary measures that hedge about the lives of the two foremost men in the National Government, the idea being that if an accident upon the rail should cause the death of one of the illustrious men the other would still be spared to the country. It was for this reason that ex-President Cleveland invariably rode upon the Pennsylvania Railroad when he journeyed from the Capital to Philadelphia or New York, and Vice-President Stevenson traveled on the Baltimore and Ohio. President McKinley and Vice-President Hobart, when they attended the recent Grant celebration in New York, followed the same plan.

Fifteen years ago J. J. Lentz, of Ohio, and E. E. Robbins, of Pennsylvania, were roommates in New York City, while they attended the Columbia law school. On the evening after their graduation Robbins asked Lentz what he was going to do. "I am going back home and run for Congress. What are you going to do?" "I am going home to Pennsylvania with the same idea. We will meet some day in the House." And, sure enough, when the roll was called for the members of the Fifty-fifth House of Representatives to come to the clerk's desk to be sworn in, Mr. Robbins, the representative from Greensburg, Penn., met Mr. Lentz, representative from Columbus, Ohio, in the area in front of the clerk's desk. Clapping hands, they remarked in the same breath: "Well, here we are."

Burdett Counts, Sir Ashmead Bartlett's brother, whose marriage brought him so much ill will in London, will be the first person born as an American citizen to enter the House of Lords. There have been several Americans naturalized as Englishmen who have received baronetcies and knighthoods. But no one yet has had a peerage conferred upon him. There are still hopes, however, that the young Harvard graduate, son of Lady Henry Somerset, may succeed to his grandfather's sadly impoverished dukedom of Beaufort. The Duke's oldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, who married the widowed Baroness de Tuyl a year ago, has just become the father of a little girl. It is needless to add, remarks the New York Sun, that the Marquis is greatly disappointed, and so, too, are the tenants on the Beaufort estates, who dread becoming subject to the rule of a Duke reared by a mother professing such strong views on the subject of temperance as Lady Henry Somerset.

### RECRET.

They come to me in the shadows  
That cover the dying day,  
They take their forms and substance  
Out of the twilight gray;  
Out of the tangible features,  
Nor any form of speech,  
But they point their misty fingers  
To heights I can never reach.

They bring up out of the darkness  
Old-time hopes and fears,  
Till the shadow faces are fainter  
Behind a mist of tears.  
The saddest things of a lifetime  
Are these shades of old regret  
For the dear ideals that missed us  
And the joys that we didn't get.

The prayer that never was answered,  
The prize that never was won,  
Beautiful thoughts unspoken,  
Work that was left undone,  
The help that never was offered,  
The letter I didn't write—  
All fit reproaches I face,  
Out of the gathering night.

And the finished work seems nothing  
Beside the work undone,  
And the given victory small and weak  
To that which I might have won,  
They fill me with vague longings,  
These sad ghosts of regret,  
For the only joys worth holding  
Are those I didn't get.  
—Marie Conway, in Savannah Press.

## BULL FIGHTS IN MEXICO.

A Brutal "Sport" Graphically Described.

Every Mexican city has one or two bull rings, and in at least two cities there are double rings where two fights can be seen at the same time for one admission fee, on the plan of the big American circuses. Troupes of bull fighters travel from one city to another, just the same as circuses, playing engagements of several weeks in each city and receiving a stipulated sum for each performance.

Bull fights are held on Sundays and feast days. It was to the Plaza de Toros bull ring that the writer made his way. This ring is shaped like an amphitheatre, open to the sky. The arena is inclosed by a plank fence four feet high, with a rail a foot wide, eighteen inches from the ground on the inside, on which performers step and vault over the fence when too hotly pursued by an angry bull, landing in a narrow alley that separates the fence from the first row of seats. The arena is 200 feet in diameter, and the floor is of sand, packed hard. Back of the alley twenty tiers of plank seats rise up. Above these are the boxes, furnished with chairs, crowded closely together. Facing the arena on the first tier of seats is the private box of the referee and his bugler, and near by is the band stand. The amphitheatre will seat 10,000 people. The admission ranges from twenty-five cents to \$2, seats, on the sunny side of the ring costing just one-half as much as those in the shade. A box costs from \$8 to \$20, and will hold from four to ten people.

The fights begin at 3 o'clock and end at 6, but the crowd begins to arrive an hour before the sport begins. Mexican peons are poor, but none of them is so poor that he cannot dig up money enough at least every other Sunday to buy a ticket for the bull fight. They sit so close together on the sunny side that their broad-brim, high-crowned straw hats resemble circles of coal-stoves. The well-to-do and fashionable occupy the boxes, and there is always a liberal sprinkling of foreigners in the crowd.

Twenty minutes before 3 o'clock the band arrived and was welcomed with a prolonged cheer from the bleachers. The leader arose and bowed his acknowledgments, and then the band struck up a quickstep. Then came the referee, and he was cheered, too. The referee is a Government or State official, and has charge of the performance. It is his duty to see that the bulls have a fair show, to impose fines if members of the troupe do not put up a good fight, and to act as master of ceremonies. The sport is governed by as stringent rules as prize fighting. One rule is that the bull must always be attacked from the front, never from the rear or side. To violate this rule means a fine and an unmerciful scolding from the bleachers, who are as sharp critics as those who sit in an opera house gallery.

The referee no sooner takes his seat than an indescribable yell goes up from the impatient bleachers. The referee nods to his bugler, who blows the signal blast. The band strikes up. The gates opposite the referee's box swing open and the troupe of bull fighters enters the arena, advancing to the referee's stand and bowing low. He is the star performer, who finally kills the bull, considered the most exciting and perilous feat performed. He is followed by the capeadors, who flaunt gaudily colored capes at the bull to anger him. Then come the banderilleros, who, when the bull is sufficiently stirred up, thrust sharp barbs on each side of his vertebrae that make him wild with rage. The picadors follow on horseback, and the procession ends up with three white mules, harnessed abreast, with brightly colored ribbons flying from the harness and strings of tiny bells jingling. The mules draw out the dead bull at the end of each act.

Your first thought is that a bull fight is a tame affair. The little procession is pleasing to the eye, and the feeling of horror that possesses you when you sit down has worn away. The men are picturesquely dressed in knee breeches, short velvet jackets, trimmed with gold lace and silver braid, and silk hose. They might be French playactors, and they step about and bow in as courtly a manner as a prince might. The bleachers applaud the parades long and loudly. The horses are gaily caparisoned, and the trappings include the fact that they are poor, old, worn-out hacks that have been doped and fed up for the killing. The mules are driven out, and the troupe arrange themselves about the arena.

The music of the band ceases and a hush comes over the 6000 people who have gathered to see the sport. The referee nods to his bugler. Before the blast has died away the low gates opposite the band stand fly open and the bull enters the arena from the dark pen where he has been confined for

three days. Just as he passes under the railing a dart, to which are attached the colors of his breeder, is thrust into his shoulder, and the pain maddens him. He comes bellowing to the centre of the arena, and the bright sunshine blinds him for an instant. He stops and stares at the howling mob above and around him and wonders what it all means. The capeadors quickly run up and flaunt their buckskin-lined capes at him, and he charges them, but they step deftly aside and the bull slips and falls to his knees. In an instant he leaps to his feet and the contest is renewed. When hot pressed the capeador leaps over the fence. Sometimes the bull follows after him, and sometimes he kills the capeador.

After the capeadors have taunted the bull they retire and the picadors advance on horseback. The horses, with the right eye blindfolded, go forward to almost certain death. The picador swings a long lance in his right hand and grasps the reins in his left. The point of the lance is sharp enough to irritate the bull but not sharp enough to inflict injury. The time to injure the bull has not arrived. The picador advances to the centre of the arena and awaits the charge. As the bellowing black mass rushes forward with head lowered the picador tries to repulse him by pressing the lance against his neck and head. Three times the picador must repulse the bull if he follows the rules. But the advantage of strength, momentum and weight is with the bull, and often at the first charge he knocks down the horse and throws the rider to the ground. Instantly the capeadors surround the bull and attract his attention while the picador extricates himself from under the fallen horse. The blindfolded horse is whipped to his feet and staggers about the arena, sometimes desperately wounded. Perhaps the bull will charge him again and literally gore him to shreds. If the wound is not too severe the horse is hurried out of the inclosure, thrown on his back, and the wound sewed up. Then the animal is doped and ready to re-enter the arena when the next bull is let in. Sometimes the sharp horns of the maddened bull mercifully pierce the horse's heart and end its sufferings at once. When the horse is gored and stumbling about the arena the bleachers are on their feet and yelling at the top of their voices. They love to see blood run.

The horses are now removed from the arena, the bugle sounds again and the banderilleros are introduced. There are three of them and each carries two banderillas, a stout stick the size of a broom handle and a trifle less than three feet long. There is a barb in one end as sharp as a trout hook, and the sticks are wound with brightly colored tissue paper. The banderillero takes his place in the centre of the ring and assumes a defiant attitude. He does not retain long. The bull charges him with lowered head. The banderillero does not move, and you fancy, for an instant, that he will be gored to death. As the horns almost touch him, he drives the banderilla into the bull's shoulders; then, with wonderful dexterity, steps aside and out of danger. It is done so deftly that you are puzzled. The bull bellows with pain and tears about in a frantic effort to remove the barbs. Blood trickles down his sides. Two other banderilleros repeat the trick, and with six barbs hanging from his shoulders the bull is frenzied with rage. If a banderillero fails to plant a barb in the bull's shoulders he is hissed, and if he misses both thrusts he is fined. A certain number of misses in succession, and the little knot of hair he wears on the back of his head will be cut off by order of the referee and he will be compelled to desert the arena disgraced. You admire the dexterity of the banderillero, but your sympathies are with the bull. It is a feat that requires great nerve. A misstep means death.

The bull is now wild with rage and pain, and the most exciting act is yet to come. The bugle blows again, and the matador, king of the bull fighters, enters the arena and bows to the multitude, who rise to do him honor. He advances to the centre of the arena and faces his foe. He carries a red cape over his sword, a Damascus blade, three feet long. The blood-red cape attracts the bull's attention at once, and he charges the matador, who must dodge three rushes before he has permission to kill. As the bull wheels for the fourth charge the matador poises his blade in the air and calmly awaits the rush. The bull bends his head, shuts his eyes, and comes on with great force until within three feet of the matador. The sword flashes in the sunlight and is buried between the bull's shoulders, piercing the heart. A stream of blood spurts over the animal's back. His rush is checked and he comes to a sudden stop. The multitude cheer frantically and scores of

hats, canes and adobe dollars are showered into the arena by the excited admirers of the matador. He bows his thanks. The bull totters, falls to his knees and buries his nose in the sand. An attendant runs up and buries the point of a dagger deep in the bull's brain. As the attendants hand the hats and canes to the excited people on the plank seats the bugle sounds again. The three white mules are driven in. A rope is fastened about the horns of the dead bull and he is drawn out. The spectators wait impatiently for the next.

Six times was this performance repeated during the afternoon. When six bulls are dead the game is over for the day. There are cowards among bulls as well as men. The second bull that entered promptly jumped the fence, and could not be induced to fight. The bleachers were disgusted, and shouted their taunts loudly, hurling all kinds of epithets at the cowardly animal. The referee heeded their cries, and ordered the bull returned to a pen. This was accomplished by letting in three spotted steers with bells fastened to their necks. When they turned to go out the bull meekly followed them.

The third bull trotted in with the majestic air of a lion, his tail swung to one side. He was a big black fellow with magnificent horns and full of fight. He killed two horses in less than three minutes, and almost killed two capeadors. They escaped death by a miracle. When the matador drove his sword into this bull he missed the heart, and the point of the blade emerged from the animal's body several inches, just back of the foreleg. Catealls and shouts of derision greeted the failure of the matador, but he redeemed himself. Deftly he recovered his sword, and at the next attempt drove the blade in to the hilt, piercing heart. The Mexican bleachers love blood and skill; they want no false moves.

The greatest Mexican bull fighter is Ponciano Diaz, and he is the most popular man in Mexico with the masses. Some of the feats he performs are wonderful. He will stand in the centre of the arena, sword in hand, and await the approach of the bull. By a deft movement he places his feet between the bull's horns, drives his blade into the bull's heart, and withdraws it so quickly that there is not a stain left on the silk handkerchief he draws the blade through. He is the personification of all that is great to the people. There were six bulls and eight horses killed the afternoon the writer visited the Plaza de Toros, and his only regret was that he did not see a bull fighter gore.

If the troupe do not give a good performance the referee imposes a fine of from \$100 to \$250, which goes to the city treasury. The bulls are bred on purpose for the sport, and the original stock came from Spain. The matadors receive large salaries and a great deal of homage. The troupe ride from their hotel to the bull ring in open carriages and are saluted all along the route. A troupe of Spanish bull fighters once came to Mexico and received \$180,000 for eighteen exhibitions. Bull fighting is a scientific sport and not a hit-and-miss game. It is also very dangerous work. At Durango, one afternoon the writer saw the fight in the City of Mexico, four performers lost their lives, two of them being killed by the same bull. At another fight the same day a bull tossed a man thirty feet in the air, killing him instantly. Such accidents are wildly cheered by the crowd, and the bull gets credit for taking the opportunity.—New York Sun.

**Pigmy Cocoanuts From China.**  
"What in the world do you call these things?" asked a customer of a South Water street commission man yesterday, as he carefully examined four or five small, slightly oval shaped objects. "Guess," said the commission man, "Can't give you."

"Those are Chinese cocoanuts."  
"Why, they aren't much larger than marbles."  
"They are very scarce in this country. I happened to get a hold of these through a friend of mine. He spent the winter down in Florida, and one day he was walking along the beach and discovered these floating in the water. They don't grow anywhere around here, and the natural conclusion reached as to how they got to the Florida coast was that they drifted all the way from China of their own accord."

**What makes them so small?**  
"I don't know, but you see that they are exactly like the common cocoanut, except in size. In China they are used a great deal for flavoring purposes."—Chicago Record.

**Japs Want Power.**  
It has been written that no man by giving thought unto himself can add one cubit to his stature, but the enterprising Jap does not despair, and an ordinance has gone forth exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race. Whatever results may follow the method proposed, they are certain to be a long time coming, but it is only another instance of the determination on the part of the Japanese not to let the slightest chance slip for attaining all the advantages which they see, or think they see, in Western civilization.

**Greek Shoes Are Funny.**  
Greek shoes are nearly always made of red leather. They turn up at the toes and are ornamented with a red and blue pompon of floss silk on the instep and are sometimes embroidered with a gold and silver thread. Unless elaborately embroidered a handsome pair may be bought for a dollar. The people who wear the native costume all of them wear these shoes, which are made in coarser leather for the country



### The Propagation of Shrubs and Plants.

Herbaceous plants are propagated by a division of the roots. Cut down through a clump with a sharp spade, and you get a mass of roots, thickly set with growing points. This mass can generally be broken apart in such manner as to form many small plants, each one having root enough to nourish it. In this way it is easy to increase one's stock of this class of growers. The old plants are benefited by such division.

Shrubs, as a general thing, throw up shoots or suckers about the main stem. Some of these are so closely connected with the main stem that it is not possible to remove them and have any root attached, while others are not attached to the old stem, but are sent up directly from the roots. The lilac is an illustration of the latter class, which is easily propagated by cutting the shoots or sprouts away from the old plants, generally with strong roots attached.

Shrubs that do not sucker or sprout freely, can be propagated by layering. This process consists in bending down a branch, preferably one that starts from the old plant near the ground, and inserting a portion of it in the earth without removing it from the parent plant. At that part of the branch where the bend is to be which is to go underground, half break it, or cut it about halfway through. This not only makes it easier to insert the branch properly in the soil, but it assists it in the formation of roots. Where the cut or break is, the flow of sap will be arrested, and a callus will form from which, later on, roots will be sent out.

Meanwhile the sap from the parent plant circulates through that portion of the branch not cut or broken, thus affording nourishment while roots are being formed. In this way one can propagate plants whose cuttings seldom root when completely separated from the old stock.

If it is desired to increase the stock of peonies, dig down at the side of the old plant until some of the tubers are laid bare. These can be cut away carefully without interfering in the least with the old plant. The peony resents any serious disturbance of its roots.

Lilies, and other bulbous plants, are propagated by removal of the little offsets or bulbs that form about the old ones.—The Housewife.

### Care of Dairy Utensils.

There would be less poor butter on the market if more attention were given to the care of the dairy utensils, says W. J. Fraser in an agricultural paper. They should be washed as soon as possible after being used, as the longer the milk remains in them the harder they are to clean. First, rinse in cool water to remove the milk; never use hot, as this cooks the milk and causes it to adhere to the vessels. After rinsing, wash thoroughly in hot water, or what is still better, with steam, if it is available. This scalding is very essential, and should be thoroughly done. After scalding, turn upside down in a clean, exposed place, where they will get the full benefit of the sun, as this helps greatly to keep them sweet.

Strainers should be given a good deal of attention, as they come in contact with all the milk. If cloth strainers are used, they are difficult to keep clean. A cheap grade of cotton flannel, used nap side up, makes a good strainer, and if only a small piece is used, it is best to throw it away after each straining.

All tin utensils should be as free from seams as possible, hence, of course, dressed tin is best. If there are seams or corners they should be filled with solder as to leave no lodging places for dirt. A few minutes' work with the soldering iron will save much time in washing. Wooden pails should never be used for milk, as it is practically impossible to keep them clean.

Where milk is taken to a factory the cans should be washed before they are returned. It is a bad practice to take back skim milk, which is usually sour, in the cans used for whole milk, but this is often done and can hardly be obviated where the milk is hauled. Of course, the skim milk should be returned, but it is much better to have a barrel for the purpose. If the cans are used for skim milk they should be emptied on reaching the farm and thoroughly cleaned. All wooden utensils, such as churn, butter worker, etc., should be washed and scalded after being used, and if placed in the sun, care must be taken that they do not become so dry as to crack. From one churning to another the churn should not be kept tightly closed, as it will soon become tainted. In preparing wooden utensils for use they should be scalded and then cooled with cold water. If treated in this way the butter will not stick.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

The cost of support is in proportion to weight, but in the yield of butter is not in such proportion.

When butter is worked very dry, the grains of salt left in it are not dissolved and remain in a gritty condition.

If creamery butter is better than average dairy butter it is because the management at the creamery is upon a higher scale than in the average private dairy. There is no gain in taking the milk of a dozen or more second or third-

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An absolutely fireproof chimney, fifty feet high, has been built of paper at Breslau. It is the only one of the kind.

Thirty-two and three-quarters knots an hour is the recent record made by the British torpedo boat Turbinia on her trial trip on the River Tyne.

Since pneumatic tires have come into use on cabs in Paris, it has been found that owing to the reduced shock to vehicles, the cost of repair has been lessened fifty per cent.

The dry volcanic ore along the Colorado River, above and below Yuma, has been found to be rich in gold. It is necessary to roast the rock in order to make it yield up its treasure.

The Yale Class of 1897 has bought and presented to the Peabody Museum a valuable meteoric stone, found three years ago on the Smoky Hill River, Kansas. The stone weighs sixty-five pounds. The British Museum contains only two stones which are larger.

A prominent member of the English Royal Botanic Society proposes to devote the Sahara desert to the raising of esparto grass, which is almost as useful as wood pulp. Paper makers have forgotten that they were once concerned about the scarcity of rags.

It is calculated that a fluent speaker utters between 7000 and 7500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking; many orators of more than usually rapid utterance will reach 8000 and even 9000. But 125 words a minute, or 7500 an hour, is a fair average.

Strangely enough, the X rays will not penetrate glass. Eyeglasses, if photographed, come out black. This proved useful in the case of a Vienna glass worker who got a bit of glass into his finger. By the aid of the rays it was discovered, extracted, and the workman cured.

The evening primrose—opening about dusk—has a very light linen-yellow color for the attraction of night-flying moths, by which, almost entirely, it is fertilized, although it remains open during the day to some extent, and may at that time receive some visits from bees, but it is peculiarly adapted to fertilization by night-flying moths. The other species of the primrose family (so called) are fertilized by bees, which, of course, are day flying.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light, as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about one ton to the square inch in every 1000 fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2500 fathoms the pressure is about thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train.

### GOOD ROADS NOTES.

This is a great country but some parts of it are too soft.

Material for making a road isn't lacking half as often as is the disposition to get at it.

The man who appreciates the difference between good and bad roads may be said to have "horse sense."

The cyclists in the vicinity of Pottstown, Penn., have been instrumental in securing 600 tons of cracked stone placed on the roads in the vicinity of their town.

A writer in the Des Moines (Iowa) Farmer's Tribune urges the superiority of gravel roads for that State. His reason is principally the trifling cost of the gravel as compared with the cost of stone necessary for a macadam road.

The Worcester (Mass.) Road Improvement Association has a novel plan for awakening the public to the need of better streets in that city. They have offered prizes for collections of photographs of bad streets taken during the spring and summer, which will be put on slides by the association and exhibited in public next fall.

Mississippi now has a road law which, if properly carried into effect, and if kept in effect for a material length of time, will, in the opinion of the Mobile (Ala.) Register, "probably give the State a system of public roads superior to any that it has ever had, and perhaps superior to that of a majority of the Southern States."

### The Round Cotton Bale.

At first transportation companies and manufacturers were doubtful of the advisability of introducing the new cotton presses which turn out cylindrical bales. They believed they could not be packed readily, and that it would be difficult to remove samples. The latter objection was soon shown to be groundless, and it was demonstrated that the new presses packed the cotton so compactly that it requires less space than by the old system of square bales. This same compactness was proved, by actual experiment, to be a great protection in case of fire. Inky water was also thrown over it and would not penetrate. There is a growing belief in the South that the round bale is coming into general use.—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Thread-and-Needle Tree.

One of Mexico's most curious plants is called the thread-and-needle tree, and it bears a close resemblance to an overgrown asparagus. Along the edges of the leaves, which are thick and fleshy and full of tiny fibres of great strength, very sharp "needles" grow. If pushed back into the leaf, and cut loose from its tough setting the thorn may be easily pulled out, a lot of the tough little fibres attached to the root of thorn coming out with it. When these fibres are twisted together with wax a strong, smooth thread is the result.