

Patriotism has its disadvantages. No thistles grew in Australia till a Scotsman planted some seed out of love for his old country. It was a very natural but foolish deed, as now the thistle has multiplied into millions, and gives a great deal of trouble.

Official statistics of the 1897 wheat crop in Kansas place the total yield at 51,000,000 bushels, and its value at upward of \$34,000,000. The entire product of the State in agriculture and live stock is estimated at \$230,000,000. So it appears to the New York Mail and Express, that "if there is any thing at all the matter with Kansas it must be a burdensome excess of prosperity."

American machines of many kinds are making their appearance in England. A London trade journal says they are found in the English factories devoted to boots and shoes, soap, rubber, bicycles and paper boxes. American printing presses, typesetters and typewriters are common in England, and steel rails are going forward by ship loads. Our agricultural machinery also is admitted to be superior to any other, though the decline of agriculture in Great Britain limits its application in that quarter.

A unique utilization of railway car vibrations is reported from a packing-house centre in Kansas. The roadbed of the local trolley line is not of the best, and it occurred to a milkman who had been pretty well banged about by the lively oscillation of the car on which he was riding that there was enough power going to waste to work a set of capacious churns. He tried the experiment and found that it worked to a charm. Now the owners of cows in the vicinity of packing houses in the city set their churns on the front end of a car. One round trip is almost more than enough to do the work, and the motorman takes but a termilk in payment for the mechanical agitation imparted to the cream. This is probably the first time that the motions of railway cars have been turned to any useful purpose. Their ill effects are well known to physicians. A serious case of paralysis of the lower limbs was recently developed in a brakeman as the result of the constant jolting and the incessant swaying and jarring motion of the cars on which his duties lay. He had to go to a hospital, where he remained for some months. Finally his physician resorted to electricity in sundry forms—from a battery and induction coil and an electrostatic machine. The electrical massage toned up the limbs and proved an actual specific for the ailment produced by the mechanical vibrations on the train, and the man has gone back to work.

The Chicago Tribune calls attention to the fact that "one of the noteworthy conditions affecting industrial enterprises in the States of Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio is the alarming decrease in the supply of natural gas in those States. For several years past the greater part of the natural gas used in this country has come from the States above named, and at one time the supply was thought to be inexhaustible. The error of this supposition, however, may be clearly shown by comparing the total output of natural gas to these States for the past year with the total output for preceding years. In 1896 the value of all the natural gas produced in Pennsylvania aggregated only \$5,528,610 against the enormous valuation of \$19,282,575 put upon the product of 1888. Ohio has never been such a prolific generator of natural gas as Pennsylvania, but the figures for the Buckeye State show a corresponding diminution. In 1880 Ohio produced \$5,215,669 worth of natural gas, whereas at the present time her total output is valued at only \$1,172,400. Of the States producing natural gas Indiana is the youngest. Only a few years have elapsed since the resources of the State in this direction were first discovered, but the total valuation of Indiana's yearly supply of natural gas has gradually diminished from \$5,718,000 in 1893 to only \$5,043,635 in 1896. As the Indiana gas fields are much younger than those of Pennsylvania and Ohio, it is likely that they will continue to yield a liberal supply of gas for some time to come. Of course it is difficult to judge of what is underneath the earth's crust, but, from superficial indications, the natural gas industry in the United States is doomed to ultimate extinction. This is furthermore shown by the figures for the entire country. In 1888 the value of all the natural gas in the United States aggregated \$22,620,875, whereas in 1896 it aggregated only \$13,002,512. Evidently, from these figures, the natural gas industry in the United States will soon be relegated to the past, unless other sources of supply are discovered."

MEMORIES.

Oh, for a stretch of country, dear,
With its meadow and winding lane,
Where, strolling together, I told you, dear,
Just as you did in the days gone by,
The days of long ago,
When love's young dream made everything seem
A paradise here below.

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—James T. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

DORA'S SACRIFICE.

She had whispered, "Yes, Jack, I love you!" in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over they were asking questions, and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

"How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?" she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

"Why, certainly it is, Dora," he replied, earnestly. "You say you love me, so it doesn't really make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still, if there are so many of them—"

"Please stop, Jack! I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face!" she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed, "after the way you've been talking!"

"Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my question?"

"Must I, Jack?"

"I am afraid you must, my dear."

"And you won't hate me if I tell, will you?"

"Well—"

"That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long; I can read your thoughts."

"Can you? That's convenient for you, I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question."

"Would you really like to know?"

"Why, yes, or I shouldn't have asked it."

"Well, Jack, if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors."

"Are you sure, Dora?"

"Yes, Jack. You are the first and only."

"Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled we will—"

"Oh, no, my boy; you don't get off quite so easily as that! I want your confession now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?"

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this, exactly.

"Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" she continued, bantering.

"Must I?" said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few minutes before.

"I am afraid you must, my dear," mimicked she.

"But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess."

"Is the record, then so long?"

"No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before you."

"And she—the refused you?"

"No, I never asked her."

"Why not? You see, I want the whole story now."

"Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress, I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; I am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and—"

"And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth."

"No, I won't say that, but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and if I had been her equal in wealth and station I might— but, please! What is use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know."

"Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?" she faltered.

"Three years."

"And her name?" she asked, in low tones.

"Need I tell that?"

"Yes, please," said Dora, faintly.

"Edith Barton."

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

"I thought, perhaps, she was the one," she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

"Why, do you know her?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"I used to room with her at boarding school," answered Dora. She had regained control of her voice now.

"She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her."

"You mean loved," corrected Jack.

"My love for her is in the past tense, not the present."

"True love can never die," quoted Dora, gravely. "Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?"

"But you haven't promised to marry me yet."

"You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe."

"And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?"

"Well, no; nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now, I think I'd better send it to you in writing."

"My! My! How formal we are getting all at once! But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next to my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shall I run over here for it tomorrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible."

"No; I'll mail it to your office in New York."

"All right, Dora; and now, just one before I go!" He bent down and planted a kiss on her unresisting lips. "Thanks, dear! Now, please forget that there ever was any other girl, and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good-night, Dora!"

"Good-night, Jack!"

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple court next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 9.30 p. m. March 15.

My Dear Dora: The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending to you the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could never be happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendril of your heart is still entwined around that early love, and she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate years ago; I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and though we have never met since we graduated, we have always kept up correspondence. I enclose my latest letter from her, received two months ago. I did not know until tonight who the man was that she loved. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good-night this time, but good-by! Ever your friend, DORA.

The inclosure ran as follows:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 14.

My Dear Dora: No, I am not engaged yet, and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and heart, especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for, except one, and I believe he cared for me. Perhaps he does yet; but, alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money) got the best of him; he loved me, but he would not marry me. He loved me, my heart told me that; but fortune-hunters were fluttering around me, like moths round a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest. As though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!

"Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I can't help sighing, though, to think that the very money which attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved."

There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall evermore a maiden be—but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I) and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely, EDITH BEEFON.

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

My Dear Dora: Many thanks for your kind note and the inclosure. There are at least two angels left on earth. One is of them. May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.

P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.

And as Dora read these words, she smiled a little, like a ghost of a smile, and whispered:

"Better my heart than hers!"—Chicago Record.

A GREEN GREENLAND.

Striking Evidence of a Former Luxuriant Tropical Climate.

Two eminent scientists connected with the Smithsonian institution here at Washington, who accompanied the Peary expedition to the Polar regions, but who were bent on business of their own, have just returned from the wilds of West Greenland, bringing with them very valuable specimens for the National Museum. In a region of everlasting ice and snow Professor David White and Professor Schuchert have been exploring luxuriant tropical forests, beautiful specimens of which make up the chief part of their collection. Fossils of the tulip tree, the poplar, the magnolia, the willow, the eucalyptus, the palm, and the curious tropical dwarf called "ycoud"—all these and many more are among the remains of an ancient age—when Greenland was in truth "a green land," that have now been discovered by these scientists and their party.

Greenland was once upon a time a tropical country. That is proved absolutely by the remains of an extensive tropical flora. Where now a sheet of solid ice over a mile thick covers mountain and valley, and mighty frozen rivers called glaciers make their way to the sea, and hatch icebergs, there was in earlier days, a verdant wilderness of luxuriant vegetation. But all this disappeared from the face of the earth several millions of years ago, and only their fossil remains are found buried in the strata of the rocks.

The finding of the oldest hardwood plant in the world was perhaps the most interesting discovery of the expedition. It was a species of poplar, and the tree grew during the epoch already described—that is to say, in all probability, not less than 5,000,000 years ago. Apparently at that time the climate of Greenland was much like that of our Gulf States today. All the evidences seem to point to the conclusion that climates all over the world in that au-

cient period were pretty much the same. The same plants grew contemporaneously in Greenland and in California, in Spitzbergen and in Virginia. There was a uniformity of vegetation in all parts of the earth. Nobody can say just why this was, though several theories have been advanced to account for it. One theory is that the atmosphere in those days was heavily charged with watery vapor, so that warmth was readily distributed through it, and the sun's rays did not have a chance to strike the earth directly, making differences in climate by the degree of their slant. In the course of time the atmosphere thinned gradually, and then came climatic variations marking a series of zones around the earth.—Washington Pathfinder.

THE MOON TO BLAME.

Theories of Ocean Tides—Sun Less Powerful Than the Earth's Satellite.

Professor G. H. Darwin, in his lecture in the Lowell Institute course, explained the causes of daily high and low tides. "When the moon is over any spot on the earth the water is drawn up toward it by the force it exerts, and at the point directly opposite, on the other side of the earth, the water is also raised in the form of a 'big wave,'" said Professor Darwin. "Between these points, on either side of the earth's circumference, the ocean is depressed, the moon thus tending to form a spheroid of the waters, and giving rise to two high and two low tides in the course of one revolution of the earth."

"To understand the bi-monthly spring and neap tides we must take into account also the effect of the sun on the oceans. The force exerted by the sun is 26-59ths as powerful as that of the moon, and when there is a full moon or a new moon the force of both bodies is acting together, and gives rise to the condition known as spring tides. But when the moon is half-way between new and full, waxing or waning, the force of the sun is acting at right angles to that of the moon. As the sun exerts about half the power of the moon over the tides, the difference between the effect of the two acting together and in opposition is about as three to one, so that the tides arising from the conflict of the force of sun and moon are only one-third as great as the spring tides. These minor tides are called neap tides."

"The observed fact that high tides do not occur when the moon is overhead, but several hours later, was explained as due mainly to the comparative shallowness of the oceans and to the different velocities of all points on the earth's surface between the maximum of 25,000 miles a day at the equator and zero at the poles."—Boston Transcript.

Cats That Hunt Snakes.

A peculiar story of cats hunting and capturing snakes alive comes from Norfolk. A business man was at a house there recently, when he was surprised to see sleek cats come up to the doorstep, each having a live snake in its mouth.

The snakes averaged about a foot and a half long, the largest one being in the possession of a fine yellow cat and over two feet in length. The cold weather had taken some of the life out of the reptiles, and to make them less vigorous, the cats seemed to have filled their skins with a number of small punctures by biting them. The snakes were dropped upon the ground and toyed with by the cats, but not by throwing them about as they do rats and mice. Instead they would stand staring at their prey, while the latter held up their heads and stuck out their tongues. Then the cats would jump upon their victims and again put their teeth through their skins.

A fourth cat made its appearance while the other three were playing with the snakes, and tried hard to have some one of them allow him to take part in the fun, but it was angrily repulsed every time it attempted to interfere. The four cats belong to the same woman, and she said that hardly a day passes since summer began that they have not brought snakes into the yard. The biggest catch which the four-footed snake hunters have taken from the woods and swamps near the house was one of about a month ago, when the big yellow cat walked into the kitchen with a four-foot snake wrapped about its body. The cats seem capable of rendering the snakes almost powerless without killing them, and after playing with them till they are satisfied, kill them.—Hartford Courant.

As Rare Now as the Dodo.

What has become of the woman who used to feast on chocolate eclairs at noon and drink ice-cream soda at 4 o'clock in the afternoon? She is as rare as the dodo.

Vanity, undoubtedly, is partially responsible for the diets and regimens adopted by the modern girl. She is a logical, thinking creature with more than a superficial understanding of the laws of cause and effect, and knowing that a beautiful complexion, fine figure and repose of manner are synonyms of good blood, perfect digestion and calm nerves, she acts accordingly.

This tendency to be "strong-minded" in the choice of her food is displayed conspicuously at the hotels and restaurants which the modern woman makes her own at luncheon hour. These "tuck shops," as Little Billee would call them, are all in the shopping district. The hotels in Fifth avenue and in Broadway below Thirty-fifth street, the famous pink and purple Tea Room, a certain English bun-shop and a Viennese cafe are the principal haunts of the hungry shopper. Several of the big shops have a restaurant in the same building, but the average woman likes a brief respite from babies and bundles and flees to Broadway for her noon-tide bite.

Her luncheon is usually out of all proportion to her size, which shows



Gowns For Nightwear on Trains.

Pretty gowns for nightwear on steamers and trains in cool weather are of twilled flannel. They are in striped pink, blue and in darker and less attractive colors. They are pretty made with feather-stitched tucks down the front and collar and ruffles at the wrists embroidered in simple designs. They are said to wash admirably.—New York Times.

The Curious Bodice.

The curious bodice of shimmering jet spangles and fine beads, embroidered in a spreading design or sewn in close bands on net and chiffon, was a very conspicuous feature of the variety in dress at the Horse Show. This glittering armor was not always of jet, however, for both gray and white chiffon, heavily embroidered with steel or silver, were prime favorites. Entire bodices of iridescent spangles on black net were also to be seen.

Where There Are No Old Maids.

In Greece it is considered an everlasting disgrace to remain an old maid. Girls are betrothed very often when still tiny babies.

Marriages of love are absolutely unknown—even more so than in France. And the father is most particular that the intended husband must have an ample provision to support a wife and family. For the girl a dowry is not so important as in France, but a certain amount of linen and household furniture is required. The whole training and education of a Greek girl is simply a preparation to render her brilliant in the society of the great world. Her toilet is a subject of constant anxiety.

Although most Greek girls are naturally very pretty, they begin to paint and powder from a very early age—cheeks brightened, eyebrows and lashes deepest black and veins delicately blue. The result is that she is a withered old woman at forty, and nowhere are uglier women to be found than beneath the blue skies of lovely Greece.

Next in importance to beauty comes language. Every Greek family who can afford it keeps a French nurse or maid, and French is universally spoken in society. Painting and music are quite unnecessary, but girls are carefully trained in dancing and drilled to enter a room and sit down with elegance.

Successful Woman Farmer.

Miss Mary E. Cutler, of Holliston, Mass., is one of the most successful agriculturists in that State. It is now almost thirteen years since she undertook to manage Winthrop Gardens, as her place is called, and, while she still retains active supervision of it, her hardest work has been done.

She had been her father's right hand for some years in his struggles against rocks and weeds, which were the principal product of the land when he bought it, paying \$250 for the whole sixty-eight acres. When he died suddenly she left the little schoolhouse where she was teaching and assumed the entire management of the place. Her brothers had left, one to become a lawyer and the other a physician in distant cities. She bought out their interest, and, contrary to the advice of her friends and relatives, undertook to be a practical farmer.

Miss Cutler was not afraid of first-hand, but she took no risks. At first she raised only those things that had already been grown with success upon the farm, and she retained as her superintendent a man who had been employed by her father for a number of years. Affairs turned out well. The woman farmer familiarized herself with every bit of the land she possessed and studied its possibilities. She practically directed the men and worked with them when necessary and she was equally active and alert on the road and in the markets disposing of her crops.—Chicago Chronicle.

Floating Up a River.

It was a vexed question in 1890 whether the Pilcomayo river, which flows for hundreds of miles to the Bolivian Andes to the Paraguay, might be used as a commercial highway from Bolivia to the ocean. Our countryman, Captain Page, settled this question so conclusively that no further effort to utilize the Pilcomayo is likely to be made; and in this work, that cost him his life, he died of his privations after being hemmed in for months by hostile Indians, he devised a plan for steaming up river when the water was so low that his vessel was stuck in the mud. He was determined to go still further, though his little steamer, which drew only eighteen inches, rested on the river bottom, so behind the boat he threw up an embankment of earth clear across the channel, backed it with palm trunks and brushwood, and before long the water had risen a couple of feet, and the little Bolivia was able to go on her way four miles before she stuck again. Then another dam was built, and this process was repeated seven times, and with the aid of the dams the vessel advanced about thirty-five miles above the highest point she could reach at the natural low-water stage.—Harper's Round Table.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Marketing Hay in Bales. Wherever good roads are the rule it is possible to market hay from the farm more economically than if it can be piled loose on the wagon. It is difficult to carry more than a ton of loose hay on a wagon, but put up in bales as much as three or more tons may be drawn on a good road. The hay in bales can also be sold much more readily, as the baled hay requires much less room. City stables on dear land are built small, and room needs to be economized as much as possible.

Prune Grapevines.

There is positive advantage in pruning the grapevines early. Any time will do before the sap begins to start in the spring, which causes loss of sap or "bleeding." But if vines are left unpruned on the trellises all winter, more or less unripened wood is killed, and as some sap courses through this, the vine is weakened. With early pruning and the vine laid on the ground, there is no danger of any injury by freezing. The buds are kept dormant in this position, and will grow with greater vigor when the vine is put up again in its trellis.

Pure Water For Milk Cows.

Experience has shown that water which looks pure and clear may have in it the germs of the worst diseases, and if so, there is possibility that these may go into the milk. On the other hand, water that looks muddy from contact with soil, may be entirely free from any germs that are injurious. The danger from germs in milk, we believe, has been much exaggerated. The safe way is to keep cows from drinking any water where there is a possibility that it has been infected with germs of typhoid fever or diphtheria. It is the milk producer's interest to strictly guard against any chance of infection, as wherever such a case occurs, it is sure to spread unreasonable fears and injure his business.

Cauliflower As a Farm Crop.

In our experience cauliflower is very rarely attempted by farmers who begin market gardening. Yet it is quite as easily grown as cabbage, provided it has a soil rich enough to grow it to perfection. Late cabbage can be grown on land that will not produce cauliflower. It is probable that the unsuccessful attempts to grow cauliflower are responsible for the fact that it is much less planted than the homely cabbage, which as a late crop does not require very rich soil, provided it is well cultivated. Farmers need to diversify their crops more than they do. It is this that makes the business of the gardener a safe one. If one crop fails to make a profit he has enough others that are profitable to make his business as a whole a success.—Boston Cultivator.

Granulated Honey.

Almost all extracted honey will granulate and become like sugar during cold weather. Heretofore this has been considered rather a detriment to the sale and use of extracted honey. But when brought more prominently before the public, and consumers have become better acquainted with it, it may now almost be called the leader. We have always taken the ground that honey after granulation is in its most perfect form in which it can be used. Granulation improves the appearance of any quality of honey and never fails to give it a lighter shade. It also has a tendency to drive from it any wild taste and make it a purer sweet. In this condition it is in the best possible shape for keeping any length of time. By being free of wax, and if taken from the comb just as the bees placed it there, without any molting of the comb or mixing of any kind, by the latest improved machinery, it is without doubt the purest of all sweets. It is easily returned to its original form by simply heating it, and if sealed up airtight while hot it will remain in liquid form for a long time.

Pasturing in Orchards.

We doubt whether it ever pays to pasture orchards except with hogs, and then rather to feed them extra and thus mature the trees than for what the hogs will get from the grass. Wherever grass is shaded it is much less nutritious than what grows in the sunlight. Hogs do not do well on pasture anyway. But if fed liberally their droppings will manure the trees, and give them all the wood growth that is required. If the hogs are left without rings in their noses they will root up the soil and destroy many kinds of pests which hibernate in the soil under trees. It is not best to let old hogs run in orchards unless the trunks of apple trees are protected. There is a sweetish taste to apple tree bark which both hogs and sheep are very fond of. An orchard may easily be ruined if there is any neglect in feeding. When hogs once get a taste of apple tree bark they will girdle it as far up as they can reach. They are much more apt to attack young trees than those that are older, as in the latter much of the bark on the outside is tough and dead so that they are not likely to attempt to eat it.—American Cultivator.

Fox Terrier With a Glass Eye.

Mr. Henry Smith, a well-known veterinary surgeon practicing at Worthing, has just performed a professional operation which is believed to be unique. A fox terrier belonging to Mr. Wells, of Warwick road, Worthing, had the misfortune to have one of its eyes so shockingly injured that the removal of the organ was the only alternative to the destruction of the terrier. Mr. Smith was consulted and the dog left under his charge. Chloroform was administered and Mr. Smith successfully removed the injured eyeball, replacing it with a glass eye. The terrier is now running about as usual.—London Telegraph.

—London Telegraph.