

Pago-pago harbor, in Samoa, will speedily be converted into a first-class coaling station for the American Navy. Uncle Sam owns some valuable real estate and riparian rights in the Samoan Islands, and he manifests a becoming determination to supply the property with modern improvements.

The census authorities have, by the use of means that space will not allow the explanation of, supplied deficiencies and additional data that enable them to deduce the true annual average death rate of the country to be about eighteen per one thousand. This is lower than that of any European countries save Norway and Sweden, which fall slightly below it. Great Britain, on the same basis, has a death rate of 19.4, Ireland of 18.2, France of 22.5, Germany of 22.4, and Austria of 23.4. Hungary has a death rate of 32.4 per one thousand annually, the highest found in Europe.

Advance sheets of the Consular Reports, issued by the State Department in Washington, treat of the development of gardeners' schools in Russia. The principal part of the pamphlet is occupied by the report of the Consul at Odessa, who writes about the schools in the province of Ekaterinoslav, in the south of Russia. The principal object of these schools is to improve the farming methods in use by the peasants, who are exceedingly backward. It is said that with the tilling of the soil in a proper manner it could be made to yield at least three times as many bushels per acre as it does at present, and the importance of the efforts being made in this direction is shown by the annual production of grain in Russia. From 1893 to 1896, the yield of wheat alone ranged from 370,000,000 to nearly 450,000,000 bushels per annum.

Boston has had a daily medical inspection of her schools for the last three years, and the system is pronounced eminently successful in its results. The city is divided into fifty districts for medical visitation, and to each visitor from one to five schools are assigned. Teachers report the cases of children who seem to be ailing, and the medical inspector decides whether the illness is sufficient to justify sending the pupil home again. A report of this inspection for one year shows an examination of 8964 cases, of which 1156 were found to be too ill to remain in school. The President of the Board of Health bears testimony to the efficacy of this system of inspection, and says that by the promptitude and thoroughness of its action it has arrested epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever and other infectious and contagious maladies. The system is worthy of adoption elsewhere than in Boston, and it is rather a wonder that something of this sort was not thought of long ago.

In seeking an explanation of the success of our ships in the present war, foreign critics are turning to the last report of the Secretary of the Navy, in which the following passage occurred: "It is a vital necessity, from the standpoint of the Nation, to have our naval service perfect at every point. To provide target practice for all ships of our navy now necessitates \$300,000 a year. This allowance for target practice should be increased, not diminished; for it is all-important to have our ships at the highest pitch of military efficiency. And for the same reason there should be no hesitation in providing for the necessary increase of officers and their proper payment. There is no use in having the best ships and the best guns, if these ships are not to be handled in the best way and the guns served with the utmost accuracy. Much depends upon building ships and guns; but even more depends upon using them aright after they have been built. We can hardly pay too high a price for the highest performance of duty afloat; and the best use of material—that is, the most perfect training of the personnel—can only be obtained by the expenditure of money. The men must be drilled and drilled, and drilled again; the ships must be manoeuvred in squadron month in and month out; the practice with the great guns at targets must go on without ceasing. Only in this way can the best results be reached, and in this way they are certain to be reached. The personnel is the vitally important point in the navy. It pays to wear out the material in training the personnel; for the result is that the personnel reaches such a pitch of perfection that it can respond to any possible demands made upon it. It is wise to expend money freely upon the tools with which the officer works; and the most important of these tools is the officer himself." Now that the value of our methods has been demonstrated, we may expect to have plenty of imitators.

PERSEVERE.
If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed;
Try again!
Never stop with what you've done,
More remains than you have won.
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!
If you've earned a bit of fame,
Try again!
Seek a still more honored name,
Try again!
Sit not down with folded hands,
Cramp not hope with narrow bands;
Think what prowess life demands!
Try again!
If you've won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again!
Send your girdons to the fore,
Strive to seize one standard more;
Still ungrate are palms and glories;
Try again!
If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
For future harvests sow the seed,
Try again!
Rise with sacred discontent,
Realize that life is lent
On highest searches to be spent;
Try again!
-C. A. S. Dwight, in Youth's Companion.

A STAND-UP FIGHT.

By Eleanor Kirk.

PEARS to me, an able-bodied fellow like you could find something to do if he tried hard enough!"

Albert Duryea, a youth of eighteen, with a frank, handsome face, and a sturdy, well-knit frame, looked somewhat grave and discouraged as these words fell from the lips of the rich merchant to whom he had applied for a position.

"That's what everybody says, sir," the boy replied. "And that's what I thought myself when I started out. I have good references," he added, with a brave struggle against disappointment, "and I will do anything to earn a little money to keep my mother with. She isn't very strong, sir."

Albert Duryea had spent nearly a month in the endeavor to find work, and at this point it was about all the poor fellow could do to keep from breaking down ignominiously.

He had always supposed that if it was necessary for a son to support his mother, everybody would be interested in helping him.

The mothers who suffered poverty and hunger either hadn't any sons, or their sons were not willing to work for them. But he had not walked the streets for four weeks without finding out his mistake.

"Your mother's a widow, then?"

The merchant glanced up from his bills and surveyed his companion again from head to foot. At last—and Albert's heart gave a quick, joyful leap—somebody was interested in his mother.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Perhaps you remember Hamilton Duryea? He was my father. He failed in business about six months ago, lost everything, and then—then he was taken very ill, and only lived a little while. It was all ready for college, but of course I had to give up that and try to see what I could do."

"I remember your father very well," the gentleman responded, with considerable interest and respect in his tone; "but where are your father's friends?"

"I should think that among them all a position might be secured for you."

"But they say there are many young men wanting situations and times are so hard. They tell me there doesn't seem to be anything doing," the youth answered.

The grim face of the merchant relaxed a little, and a ghost of a smile played about his mouth.

"Times are always dull, my boy, when a man wants work," he said. "Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills.

"I don't feel justified," he went on, "in making room for a clerk if I do not need. I should like to give you employment, and if there was a vacancy I would set you to work to-day. This," extending his hand with a five-dollar bill, "will help your mother a little, perhaps."

Albert Duryea drew back as if he had been struck, while all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his face.

the ache left his heart, as he assured himself that there was no occupation so menial that he would not welcome it for his mother's sake.

There was one offer that he had declined. It was to canvass for a pictorial volume. He could not recall the name. He remembered that in his former home the servants were always instructed to dispose as speedily as possible of all such applicants, and he had never seen any house where canvassers were welcomed. He was glad to think he had always been sorry for those poor people.

Now everything else had failed, and he could not go home again with the old story of hard luck. His mother was growing weak and ill for the lack of the nourishing food she had all her life been accustomed to, and he could not bear it another day.

He would canvass for this book. If folks slammed their doors in his face, he would try to be ashamed of them, and not of himself. It was a hard job, and when at last, equipped with his book and his circulars, he climbed the first flight of steps to the doorbell, he was in a state of excitement which none but the sensitive can ever understand. But he rang the bell, and the summons was answered.

"I have a book to show the lady of the house, please," said Albert, politely, but firmly.

"Go show it to the cobble-stones," was the inspiring answer. "The lady of the house ain't in."

And bang went the door.

It would take too long to relate the varied experiences of this amateur canvasser, and conscientious ringing of bells, Albert managed to interview two ladies and one little girl. One lady already had the volume. The other would think about buying it. In the canvasser was around that way in a week or two, she would talk with him again.

The little girl wanted to see the pictures. The servant, kinder or more unsuspecting or intuitive than the rest, let the boy into the hall, while she went upstairs to her mistress. Unfortunately, the lady was asleep.

Albert lingered a few moments, and let the little girl examine the book, and then, tired and sick at heart, turned to leave the house.

"I wish you'd stay longer," the child told him kindly. "When will you come again?"

"Some day, perhaps," the boy answered, as he turned his head away to hide the tears that had filled his eyes.

The little girl's recognition of his true character had softened his heart, and made it easier for him to bring a few more doorbells.

But it was all of no use. Albert Duryea was utterly deficient in all the qualities that make a successful canvasser. It was getting late in the afternoon, and there was nothing to do but to take the book back, and confess his failure. But how could he go home to his mother with such a story? He had walked miles and miles. He was foot-weary and soul-weary. How could he give up when this canvassing had come to be his only resource? So he spurred himself on again, and went to house after house, but with the same unfortunate result.

There was only one more residence on the block that remained to be tested, and as he ascended the step, a coal cart was depositing its load upon the sidewalk. A middle-aged, rather sharp-featured woman opened the door, and passed down a receipt to the driver; as she did so, she gave the boy a quick glance, and shook her head.

"We don't want to buy anything," she said.

"Have you engaged any one to put your coal in?" Albert asked, respectfully.

"No. Why?" the woman inquired.

"Because if not, I wish you would let me do it."

"You? You want to put in that coal?"

"Yes, madam."

"But you'll spoil your clothes."

"Are you willing I should put it in?"

the mistress wants to see you in the back parlor."

Never was toilet made in speedier time. Albert wondered if all the coal men went to the back parlor to see the mistress, or washed and brushed. He knocked on the door of this apartment.

"I asked you to come in," the lady said, "because my brother wants to see you. Come this way."

And Albert followed her into an exquisite dining-room, where, at the head of a small but elegantly appointed table, sat the merchant who had offered him five dollars in the morning.

The boy's face was on fire again.

"I thought I recognized you," the gentleman remarked, with a smile. "And so you have been putting in my coal?"

"I didn't know it was yours," Albert replied.

"I suppose not," said the merchant. "I want you to sit down here beside me and have some dinner. You have earned it, goodness knows! so please don't refuse. And, Albert, I wish to say also that the boy who preferred to earn a dollar by shovelling coal to taking five that he didn't earn, is just the young fellow I need, and I cannot afford not to make a place for such a one. You can come to work to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"I'm afraid you'll think, sir, that I haven't much gift of language," Albert responded, when he could command his voice; "and the fact is, I'm too astonished and overjoyed to know what to say."

"Never mind about saying anything," said the gentleman. "Sit down and have some dinner. That's the most practical thing to be done now."

Albert had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and his recent exercise had made him frightfully hungry; but he was loyal to the last.

"Mother will be waiting for me and worrying," he replied, simply, and I know I ought to be going, if you please excuse me."

"Very well," the gentleman assented. "Here is your dollar, and sister has packed a basket for your mother. Don't refuse it, my boy."

"No, sir, not for the world!" said Albert. "And, oh, I am so grateful to you both! Perhaps, some day, I can show you better than I can tell you. Good night, sir! Good night, ma'am!"

Mrs. Duryea thought it was a young whirlwind that had rushed into the house that evening instead of her son. He could usually tell a straight story, but now, shovelling coal and a five-dollar bill were so mixed up with canvassing for a book, a dear little girl and a splendid situation, that it was a long time before she could make head or tail of it.—Golden Days.

Reporter and Lawyer.
The lawyer didn't want to be interviewed. He had tried to impress this fact upon the mind of the reporter in so many words. But the reporter was very persistent. He was endeavoring to convince the lawyer that it would be to the advantage of everybody if he would talk.

The man of law interrupted him. "Just have a seat for a moment, young man," he said, motioning to a chair at the other end of the office.

The newspaper congratulated himself on the fact that his cause was as good as won.

The lawyer bent over his desk, and for a moment or two there was silence in the room, save for the rasping scratch of his pen.

Then he sat erect, and after scanning the sheet of letter paper on which he had been writing affixed his signature, folded the sheet, and handed it to the reporter without a word.

Here is what the reporter read: "Mr. Reporter: Dear Sir—In reply to your request for information about the matter to which you refer, I beg leave to apprise you of the fact that I have absolutely nothing to say. I reiterate, I have nothing whatever to say; therefore, I presume you will grasp the idea that I do not wish to say anything. Yours, etc., JEREMIAH H. BLACKSTONE."

Not wishing to be outgeneraled, the reporter took an old envelope out of his pocket and scribbled the following on the back of it:

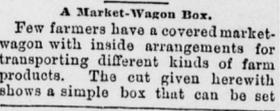
"Mr. Jeremiah Blackstone, Attorney at Law; Dear Sir—Yours of today received and contents noted. Inasmuch as the letter itself deserves publication as tending to bear out the old saying that it takes a lawyer longer to say nothing than any living being, my mission has not been entirely futile."

This he deposited on the desk in front of the lawyer without comment of any kind, and departed forthwith.—Chicago Journal.



The Colt's Feet.
Neither the bones of the colt's leg nor the muscles and hoof of his feet have acquired sufficient firmness to enable it to be put on stable floors of either wood, stone or cement. If for any reason the colt cannot run with its dam while she is at work, let it have a yard by itself with a turf flooring, rather than put him in a dusty stable. It is while the colt is young that the future character of his feet is being decided.

A Market-Wagon Box.
Few farmers have a covered market-wagon with inside arrangements for transporting different kinds of farm products. The cut given herewith shows a simple box that can be set



A FARMER'S WAGON CONVENIENCE.
inside an express or farm wagon, giving lots of room, and a kind of room that keeps the different products by themselves. The doors in the rear open into a roomy closet, where bulky articles can be stored, while in the drawers on either side can be carried such articles as butter, eggs, etc. The nailed space on top will accommodate bulky vegetables—such as cabbage, etc., and bags of other articles. The advantage of such a market box is that no separate wagon is required. And when not engaged in market use the box can be taken out and the wagon used for other purposes.

Comfort For Sheep.
While it is true that the mutton breed of sheep suffer more from parasites than the Merino, it is by no means true that the breed named is wholly exempt, as seems to be the general impression. Thanks to persistent and careful experimenters, sheep raisers now handle the tick readily by dipping, but the internal parasites are more difficult to overcome. This trouble is usually more severe on lambs, and the best way to avoid the difficulty is not to pasture lambs on fields, that were occupied by sheep the previous season. This is more or less troublesome, but it will be easy by having two fields to alternate yearly as pastures. Salt and turpentine kept before the sheep at all times will do much to prevent the ravages of parasites. Plenty of pure water, shade and salt are also necessary during the summer with sheep, whether on the range or partially confined, and with these and the precaution against parasites, the animals will keep in a thrifty condition.

A Surplus of Drones Prevented.
We should govern the supply of drones, and an over-production of them is sure to follow if the bees are allowed to build their own comb. In natural comb-building the bees build a large amount of drone comb. They do not do this solely for the purpose of rearing drones, but build drone-comb to store surplus honey in, hence a large amount of it will be found in every hive, and when the colony becomes strong during spring the queen will fill all available drone comb with eggs, and the result is that a large force of drones is hatched. This is easily prevented by the use of foundation comb. This is made of worker size, and when the frames are properly filled with it all drones are excluded. While it is important to have some drones to fertilize the young queens, these may be provided for by using a certain amount of drone comb, and the beauty of this is that we can use it in any colony we wish and by this means select our breeding stock.—Agriculturist Epitomist.

Buckwheat in Orchards.
The only grain crop that can be profitably grown in an orchard is buckwheat. It is not exhaustive, and the shade which its broad leaves furnish to the soil during July and August helps to preserve moisture quite as much as to take it from the soil. Whenever there is a cool night, a great amount of dew falls on the broad buckwheat leaves, and this dropping to the ground moistens the surface soil, and supplies the shallow roots with the water needed during the day. Wherever buckwheat is harvested enough grain is scattered to make a volunteer crop the following spring, which can be plowed under in June in time for sowing buckwheat the following season. The only trouble with keeping orchards always in buckwheat is that the soil is made too light, and being left naked every winter it is often deep frozen, and tree roots nearest the surface are badly injured. Where buckwheat is grown every year most of the feeding tree roots will be found near the surface.

Ornamental He Ices.
A hedge wherever planted or for whatever purpose may be a delight to the eye and of practical use, or decidedly the reverse, owing to the amount of care bestowed upon it. It matters little of what plant, shrub or tree it is composed, any one of the plants used for that purpose will look well if kept neatly trimmed.

The man who sets out a hedge of thorn or similar trees should consider the matter awhile before doing so, as to whether he will, for lack of time, allow it to grow undisturbed for years, then expend a goodly sum to have it grubbed out after deciding it a nuisance to himself as well as his neighbors. I would not, however, discourage hedge-planting, for where is the iron worker or carpenter who can fashion a fence to be compared with a well-planted and well-cared-for hedge?

Among the many suitable plants for hedging is *Cydonia japonica* (formerly erroneously called *Pyrus japonica*), or Japanese quince. This is a strong-growing, thorny shrub belonging to the quince family, bearing in the spring a great profusion of beautiful bright crimson flowers, followed by quantities of small quinces, which, although generally supposed to be of no domestic value, when used in small quantities with the regular quince impart a delightful subacid flavor which seems to be lacking in the cultivated fruit. The flowers of the Japan quince are so bright and borne so abundantly that the shrub is often called "burning-bush."

The honey-locust is a very desirable hedging-plant, the foliage being of such a clear, refreshing green; and as the young shoots and wood are rather tender and succulent, are easily trimmed. The well-known Osage orange is used extensively for hedges, and when kept under control serves its purpose admirably; but if neglected it soon becomes a curse to any land.

Prievet, a thornless shrub easy to control, free growing and quite attractive, is used considerably and with good effect.

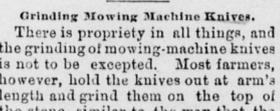
In California, where the climate permits the rose to attain a high degree of perfection, the La France rose is very popular for hedging. To say that the effect is fine, when the bushes are in full bloom, would be putting it mildly. In the same State the common white calla is used for the same purpose, and makes a very pleasing hedge.

Very effective hedges, or covered fences I might call them, are made by growing such vining plants as wild grape, green and golden leaved honey-suckle, woodbine, etc., on light wood or iron fences.—Woman's Home Companion.

Grinding Mowing Machine Knives.
There is propriety in all things, and the grinding of mowing-machine knives is not to be excepted. Most farmers, however, hold the knives out at arm's length and grind them on the top of the stone, similar to the way that the scythe is ground, thus not only making the process a slow and laborious one, but producing a very poor edge indeed when compared with that which is obtainable by the method shown herewith in the illustration.

In order to achieve the purpose at issue, one should have a good stone—a stone so hung that it will run true. It is preferable to have it mounted upon common friction-wheel bearings. Why? Because these raise the centre of it just high enough from the frame to admit of the inch-board rest on each end and make it about right for grinding the mowing-machine knife when the back of the knife section is held in position against the rest.

Thus constructed, hold the knife section as described, but with the point pitching a little toward the stone and at such an angle to the face of it as will result in producing the requisite cutting bevel—a position easily



ascertained by the operator after a few trials. Grasp the section bar with one hand, and with the other press the knife against the stone. Then let the stone revolve toward the knife, and when that is ground, which will be surprisingly soon, try another, and so on consecutively until all the knives on one side have been served alike, whereupon change the other side onto the other side of the stone (a thing necessitated by the crank being in the way of the end of the section bar), and in a very short time you will have all the knives in the most excellent condition. It is advisable, however, to grind a few of the end knives occasionally on that side of the stone next to the crank, for this, together with the scythe and other grinding that there may be, will tend to keep the surface of the stone worn off evenly, which is of the utmost importance.

When once a person has acquired the art of grinding bevel-edged tools in this manner it will afford him a world of pleasure, in that he can thus grind chisels and all such tools to perfection, his greatest care being to give those that do not reach across the face of the stone a side-wise motion, so as to wear the stone off evenly. Indeed, it will encourage much the sharpening of tools, and this is just what ought to be desired, for nothing is more out of place than one's endeavoring to use advantageously a dull implement of any kind.—New York Tribune.

NEW CURE FOR POISONING.

Man Bled Almost to Death to Save His Life.

The bleeding of a man almost to death in order to save his life seems like a contradiction in terms, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, according to the statement of the chief of the medical staff of a London hospital. The case was a common enough one, a poor wretch tired of life having taken a large dose of laudanum in order to put an effectual end to his miseries.

As soon as he was taken to the hospital the physicians set to work with a stomach pump and exhausted all the usual methods known to the fraternity in treating cases of poisoning, but to no avail. The poison had passed from the man's stomach into his blood, and in spite of everything he sank lower and lower, until he was actually breathing only five times in five minutes.

The patient, according to the physician, was practically dead, his blood, which was circulating slowly in his body, being impregnated with the poison, when suddenly, with a brilliant inspiration, which it is believed marks a new era in the treatment of this form of poisoning, the physician decided that the only way to get the poison out of the man's body was to remove the blood which contained it.

He knew as everybody knows, that the body ordinarily is equal to any demand made upon it, and will soon manufacture blood for itself, provided that the quantity of blood withdrawn from the veins is made up by a corresponding quantity of a solution of salt and water of the same degree of saltness as the blood itself.

The risk was, of course, enormous, but the circumstances warranted the taking of it, for such life as there was in the man's body was good only for a short time, and was hardly life at all, seeing that consciousness had almost, if not entirely, vanished.

Accordingly, two pints of blood were taken from the man, and it was found to be "as black as ink." Two pints of salt solution were then injected into his veins, and in the course of a few minutes he began to breathe more rapidly, and one by one the organs seemed to begin to resume the normal exercise of their functions.

For days the man had to be carefully treated, but now he is thoroughly well and without any suspicion of having gone through the valley of the shadow of death.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A single candle, to give its full light, requires 100 cubic feet of air per hour.

Professor Anselm says that between the ticks of a watch a ray of light could move around the globe.

If the sun was to be divided into smaller planets, it would make 1,310,000, each the size of the earth.

Professor Bilsik says: The right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of the heat and cold.

All deserts are situated where the winds from the ocean, before reaching them, are exhausted of their moisture by passing over mountains or across extensive tracts of land.

In France tuberculosis causes one out of every six deaths, and claims twice as many victims as typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, small-pox, cholera, and all other infectious diseases.

The Foraminifera are protozoans which secrete one-or-many chambered shells. They occur in great abundance at the surface of the ocean, and in fossil in most of the geological formations.

An eminent Prussian statistician, Sussmilch, estimated in the time of Frederick I. of Prussia that about one-twelfth of the population of Europe died of smallpox and that nearly everybody had the disease.

Sea Water as Medicine.
"Sea water is as palatable as chocolate ice cream soda," remarked a young doctor with a merry look out of the corner of his eye, "but neither is castor oil or quinine or any medicine, so far as that goes. One grows really fond of it, however, and in time longs for it. The trouble is that most people take their sea water as they would a bite from a mad dog. They make faces, get excited, fairly froth at the mouth, and then chase off and take a drink of something that doesn't go with it. All mixed drinks are bad for the stomach, you know."

"The way to take salt water is to take it quietly with your sea bath and leave it to do the rest. I followed the sea when a boy for years, and went to many strange countries with many green crews, and I never yet saw an old sailor who was a dyspeptic, who suffered from insomnia, biliousness, nervousness, headaches or any of man's every-day ailments, and why? As soon as an old salt feels the slightest symptom of any sort of physical derangement he sets a tin pail down into his medicine chest, the ocean, hauls up a pall of fresh sea water, blows off the foam with the airy grace of a Bowery beer bibber, and takes a high ball. Sailors are good-tempered and even in their dispositions, and I believe it is due to their fondness for and faith in the effectiveness of sea water as a medicine. You people all give it a fair trial and if you aren't benefited in body and mind I'll tear up my sheepskin."—New York Sun.

A Dangerous River in China.
The Yellow River in China has changed its channel four times in the past 1000 years, and the point at which it empties into the sea has from time to time moved up and down the coast a distance of 300 miles. Its floods have drowned over 10,000,000 persons during the past three centuries, and the destruction of property has been proportionate.