

The Khalifa is said to have abandoned a large number of wives. There may yet be some dispute over the assumption that he was running away from the British.

A Kansas man wants \$20,000 damages because he was frightened by a train at a level crossing. He thought it was about to run him down, and it didn't. But he was hurt in his mind. One would fancy that he would have been glad that he was alive, and let it go at that.

The German meteorologists are sometimes able to call the turn on the weather. One of them, Professor Rudolf Talk, recently predicted a thunderstorm for Berlin which came at the appointed hour, the lightning striking churches. The old school Hohenzollerns would have burned him for a wizard.

Science again and again comes to the aid of the farmer. Professor Merriam, of the Agricultural Department, is the latest benefactor in defining what he calls life and crop zones in which successful agricultural work may be assured. The farmer who has lost capital and vital spirit in vain efforts to make crops flourish in unsuitable soil will appreciate the new aid.

The first free school in the United States was opened in Boston April 13, 1635—a period of only five years after the settlement of that town. Connecticut was the first of the States to establish a common-school fund. This was done in 1795. New York followed in 1805, and Massachusetts in 1854. The Federal Government early showed interest in the public schools, a national land ordinance of 1785 dedicating one thirty-sixth part of the western territory then in possession of the Government to common schools. It is to this rich provision that the efficiency of the schools in the Western States is largely due.

Whatever may be the reliability which attaches to the figures of the celebrated English statistician, Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, there can be no controversy over the fact that they are full of practical interest. They cover almost every field of investigation and deal with almost every country on the globe. One of the latest subjects which this authority has taken up is that of illiteracy, and as the result of careful research into the matter he has recently compiled data showing the degree of illiteracy which exists among different nationalities. At the head of the list he puts Sweden and Norway, with only two per cent. of illiteracy. Well at the bottom of the list he puts Russia, with eighty-five per cent. of illiteracy. In this classification the United States ranks sixth, with its illiteracy put down at thirteen per cent. Th give the entire list of countries enumerated by the statistician, the order is this: Sweden and Norway, two per cent.; Germany, four per cent.; Switzerland, five per cent.; Scotland, six per cent.; England, nine per cent.; United States, thirteen per cent.; Holland, fourteen per cent.; France, eighteen per cent.; Belgium, twenty per cent.; Ireland, twenty-six per cent.; Austria, forty-five per cent.; Italy, fifty-three per cent.; Spain, seventy-two per cent., and Russia, eighty-five per cent.

The typewriter's rapid progress in the last few years seems almost incredible in view of its extremely slow development prior to twenty years ago. The idea of devising a machine that would record words appears to have been first conceived in 1714. In that year Henry Mill, of England, patented and produced a contrivance for the purpose of printing embossed letters for the blind, and, strangely enough, it is said that his invention had several characteristics in common with our modern typewriters. Seventy years passed before the invention of another writing machine. This appeared in France. In 1829 a typewriter was patented by W. A. Burt, an American. In 1833 France was again in line with a queer-looking machine called the "Stylograph," which was designed to write music as well as words. Ten years later a resident of Worcester, Mass., contrived a typewriter, the most objectionable feature of which was its slowness of operation. Next came the invention, in 1850, of O. T. Eddy, of Baltimore, whose device was intricate and otherwise unsatisfactory. From that time until the invention of John Pratt, of Alabama, in 1866, four or five American patents were issued for similar machines, but none of them was of much practical value. Pratt's patent was closely followed by numerous others, from which the modern typewriters have been evolved. Judging from the present activity of inventors, the machine's evolution is still progressing at a lively rate.

THE FELLER WITH THE DRUM.

He's a mighty leetle feller is the feller with the drum,
But there is a heap of music in his rat-tat-tat-tum;
En he's just ez big a hero ez a Dewey er a Schley,
En I wunter take my hat off when he goes a-marchin' by.

For his cheeks air red ez roses, en his eyes air big en bine,
En they fairly air a-sparklin' with the joy that ripples through,
En ez I watch him count' it's ez plain ez plain kin be
He's bright ez any jewel in the crown o' liberty—

For his bearin'—set en watch him—he's a soldier thro' en thro',
En the spirit's there in almost in that leetle suit o' bine;
En the leetle sword he carries that's a-gittin' in the light
'Cordin' to his mind's a-dashin' fer o' freedom on the right.

Then jist let him keep a-marchin', let the music roll out fast,
En kinder swell with pride a bit ez he goes marchin' past,
For I 'low it's more'n likely in the days that air to come
The country will be turnin' to the feller with the drum.

—Edward Singer, in the Pittsburg Commercial.

A MUSIC TEACHER.



Y dear Priscilla I am going away," said her friend, Miss Gibbon, the music teacher of the small town in which they lived. "I have had a position offered me in a seminary. Now, this is your chance. Take my class. I will recommend you to my scholars, and all you will have to do is to go around and arrange your hours, and you are in business. Don't you see?"

But Priscilla evidently did not see. "Suppose they object to being taken," she said, doubtfully. "This is a serious matter with me, Euna. Whatever I try I must succeed at, and I am afraid the people here have no confidence in me as a music teacher. I have never made any pretensions."

"A fig for your pretensions!" exclaimed her friend. "You never set yourself up as a great artist, it is true, and neither are you; but you have had excellent instructions, and are every bit as good a musician as I, and I flatter myself I am a good teacher. It will be a good place for you, Priscilla; the people here all know you."

Priscilla's uncle said the same. So Priscilla, who had just been left an orphan, and was looking around her wondering what a girl of twenty-one, who had been raised to do nothing, could do to earn a living, was glad the vexing question was settled so easily.

There was one of her friends who did not encourage Priscilla in her undertaking. This was a young farmer, Joe Jenkins. Her father before his death had made him executor of his estate, but owing to an unfortunate speculation the estate, when it came to be settled, consisted principally of debts.

Joe was a high light against the mezzo-tints of his surroundings. His hair was red. The natural brightness of his complexion was softened somewhat by a veil of freckles. His nose, which would have been high colored whatever his occupation, by constant exposure seemed to have become ambitious to vie with Phoebus in brilliancy. To add to these natural disadvantages, Joe, in the presence of strangers, was uncomfortably conscious of his hands and feet, and his tongue, which at any time was an unruly member, threatened to become entirely unmanageable.

As a highly idealistic friend described Joe—

"Nature tried to see what an exquisitely ridiculous piece of humanity she could make in Joe Jenkins, and, after she had laughed awhile at her own drollery, she was struck with remorse, and, for recompense, gave him the heart of an angel."

Priscilla had never had a lover, Joe excepted, and she never thought of him as a lover.

One day as they sat looking over a bundle of papers they could make little of except that there was nothing coming to Priscilla, Joe had looked into her black eyes with his quiet blue one, and said:

"You don't think you could marry me, could ye, Priscilly?"

And Priscilla had answered as quietly:

"No, I could not think of it, Joe."

She had laughed about it, and cried, too, a little, in her room afterward, for she realized what a good, honest fellow he was; but his hands were so big, he was so awkward, and he would call her "Priscilly." No, she could not think of it. So Joe went back to Maple Farm, and Priscilla one bright morning started to try her fortune as a music teacher.

The first house she called at was Joel Brenham's. Uncle Joel, as he was called by everybody, was at work in his garden. He welcomed Priscilla heartily.

"Good-mornin', good-mornin', Priscilly. Did ye walk clear out here in the sun to see us? Caraliny, she'll be powerful sorry she warn't at home. Come round here and see the Pray Queen yer father gave me; see, it's all a-buddin' out. An' the garden—never fer the time of year did I see things so forrad."

And Uncle Joel regarded his small collection of geraniums with loving pride. Priscilla enjoyed his pleasure, but was obliged to cut it short by stating her errand.

The pleased expression vanished from the old man's face when she told him she had come out to get his little granddaughter for a music scholar. Finally he broke out with:

"I wouldn't a-thought it o' ye, Priscilly. I wouldn't a-thought it o' Priscilly Wagner."

"Why, Uncle Joel!" Priscilla exclaimed in surprise. "I must earn my living in some way. I can teach music

better than anything else. Clara took of Miss Gibbon, did she not?"

"I'm sorry to say she did, Priscilly," said Uncle Joel, sadly. "I'm sorry to say she did. It's scales an' scales, an' nary bit of music at all. I tell ye they're humbugs—the hull-out of 'em. An' I never would ha' thought it of ye, Priscilly. I never would ha' thought it of Priscilly Wagner."

The old man turned back to his garden, refusing to be comforted. And as Priscilla walked down the street she could see he was still shaking his head, muttering:

"I wouldn't ha' thought it of Priscilly Wagner!"

Priscilla next selected the name of one of the wealthiest men on her list. She rang the door-bell of a handsome residence, and stood waiting, with flushed cheeks and beating heart. The door was opened by a small boy who stood grinning, impudently up into her face.

"Is Mr. Phelps at home?" inquired Priscilla.

"You bet he is!" bellowed the boy. "Robbie, how can you treat the lady so?" Priscilla heard the peevish voice of a lady call from within. "Go tell your pa that a lady wants to see him."

Mr. Phelps was very affable. She could have Cora for a scholar, but Cora had delicate health and could not stand the strain of music and school, too. She could take lessons until school commenced.

"What time would you like to take your lesson?" Priscilla inquired of a cross-looking little girl.

"I don't want to take it at all," answered the charming child.

"Why, Cora, how can you treat the lady so?" exclaimed Mrs. Phelps.

But the admiring glance exchanged by the parents was not lost on Priscilla. As she walked to the door to go she heard Cora, who was tugging at her father's coat, say:

"Pa, pa, I don't want to take of her," while Robbie encouragingly whispered:

"You bet I wouldn't if I didn't want to, Code."

Priscilla made no more visits that morning. She went back to her uncle's. Going upstairs to her room she sat down in front of her glass. Resting her elbows on the table before her, and her chin in her hands, she looked long and earnestly into her dry, black eyes, that looked as long and earnestly back at her.

"No, I could not think of it, Joe," she said, aloud. The mouth quivered, the eyes filled; with her hand she covered them from sight. "Oh! I wish I could! I wish I could!"

Priscilla rose from giving Cora Phelps her second lesson, with a sigh of relief. The instrument had been accompanied throughout the lesson by Robbie's beating a drum and blowing a horn in the hall, much to his sister's intense enjoyment. During the lesson the door-bell rang, and Cora stood on the porch talking to one of her girl friends half an hour, while Mrs. Phelps called occasionally:

"Cora, don't you know she's waiting! How can you treat her so?"

At last the lesson came to an end.

"Here's your money," said Cora, holding out a quarter of a dollar.

Priscilla looked at it, a little bewildered.

"Why, you know I charge fifty cents a lesson. I have given you two lessons."

"No, you haven't either, not two full lessons. You heard Miss Gibbon's lesson last time, and you can't hear the one you gave to-day, for I am going to take of Miss Bangate, of Boston. Pa says it's only worth a quarter, and it seemed like giving you that."

Priscilla's black eyes flashed. She laid the money down on the piano, and left the house without a word.

"O Priscilla!" called Mrs. Vernum, meeting her. "How are you a-gettin' along with your music class? Miss Streaker's got twelve. She says it's shameful yer a-settin' yourself up as a music teacher; that all you ever learned you got of her sister. But Mrs. Bingham shet her right up. She said as much as your father had done for the town, the people ought to do something fer his daughter, and they might as well give you the money in that way as any other; it might make you feel better to think you were a-earnin' of it. Miss Bangate's got twenty already. Have you seen her? She's a splendid musician."

When Priscilla reached her aunt's she found Joe Jenkins waiting to see her. His face was very red, and he was nervous and ill at ease. He came, he said, on a matter of business. There had been some money coming to Mr. Wagner, which had been paid unexpectedly. It was only a few hundred dollars, but would Priscilla like to have him put it at interest for her?

It was a transparent falsehood, very clumsily told, and did not deceive

Priscilla at all. She had not come to accepting money as a gift, and the offer, kindly made as it was, added the last drop of bitterness to the day. Joe never forgot the look of reproach and shame on her face, as she burst into tears and ran from the room. The poor fellow drove back to Maple Farm, feeling as guilty and miserable as if he had been caught in the act of stealing the money, instead of trying to give it away.

During the next six months Priscilla tried bravely to overcome people's prejudices. She knew she was as capable of teaching as Miss Bangate or Miss Streaker. She thought she would gain in time. But as the months went by she did not gain, but lost nearly all the scholars she had. She was almost penniless. Her uncle was kind, but he was poor, and his very kindness seemed to make her dependence harder to bear. Poor Priscilla worried and worked until at last she ceased to care what people said. A lethargy she tried to fight seemed creeping over her; she was worn out. One day, after being out, she made her way wearily back to the house, and found Joe Jenkins waiting to see her. He was shocked at the change in her, and they sat in silence for a little while, Priscilla too weak to speak. Joe not daring to trust his voice to do so.

Finally, he got up and stood in front of her chair.

"Priscilly," he said, "I would like to tell ye a story, if you think ye could bear it."

His voice, so soft and gentle, as if he were speaking to some little child he was afraid to startle, brought her weakness so forcibly upon her she could not answer, but with a quick sob covered her face with her hands.

"There was once, Priscilly, a-livin' in the country a great, humbly boy, with red hair an' freckles, an' there was a wee, dainty baby girl from town, Priscilly, who used to come down into the country for to visit. That great, humbly boy used to tote her around in his arms, Priscilly, an' he loved her better than he had ever loved anything in all his life before. That boy, Priscilly, grew to be a great, humbly man, an' the baby girl grew to be a dainty little woman, an' he then worshipped the very ground she trod on."

For once in his life the great hands and feet, the red hair and freckles, are forgotten, and Joe himself, good, true, loyal Joe, looks down with pitiful eyes on the helpless little figure drooping so miserably before him.

"But trouble came upon this dainty little woman that this humbly fellow loved. The world treated her rough, Priscilly. She was delicate and sensitive, but for all he loved her, Priscilly, he could not help her, even by putting out his hand. It nearly broke his heart, Priscilly, it nearly broke his heart."

"Oh! waiting heart! Oh! loving heart! so unworthy, Joe!"

"Priscilly," Joe went on, after a moment, "that great, humbly fellow was met, an' the dainty little woman was met, an' this is what I want to say; must say. Come to Maple Farm. Sissy never died. Come, Priscilly; I'll never speak no more of love. Your husband once you said I could not be. But I will work for my two sisters, Priscilly. You'll not deny me this. You can't deny the great, humbly country boy you used to trust and love so slight a thing as this."

He held her hands. She looked imploringly up at him through her tears, but could not utter a word.

"Ye ain't offended, be ye, Priscilly?"

"Offended!" she sobbed. "O, Joe! I am not worthy to kiss your feet. You good, kind angel, Joe!"

"A red-haired angel, Priscilly?" he said wistfully.

For answer she laid her poor, pale cheek against his work-roughened hand.

Mrs. Vernum was an economical woman. In her last interview with Priscilla Wagner she had conceived an idea.

"She ought to be thankful to get such a chance," she said at last.

She put on her bonnet and started to see Priscilla at once. Joe Jenkins answered her knock at the door. Priscilla sat in the shadow, but Mrs. Vernum's sharp eyes could see she had been crying. So much the better; she probably was in the mood to accept her offer. So she went to business at once.

"Priscilly, I have understood—in fact, it is well understood—that you have had a hard time to get along. What the reason can be I can't understand, for we have as charitable a set of people as I ever saw a place contain. I understand, too, that you are takin' your board over your uncle, who has such a big family to support. It surprised me considerable. I have been a-thinkin' it over an' decided to give you a helpin' hand. Mary thinks she likes music, an', as she's too shiftless to do anything else, I've about decided to make her a music teacher, an', if you are willin' to come an' teach her, I'll turn off my girl, an' you can have her room over the kitchen, an' help around the house for your board. What do you say?"

Before Priscilla could answer, Joe Jenkins, who had been growing very red and uneasy, spoke. His voice was quiet, but any one who was not color-blind would have said he looked dangerous.

"I will answer fer Priscilly, mam, fer she is too tired, too weak, to answer fer herself. Priscilly can't accept your glorious offer, mam, on account of a previous engagement; an' engagement with me. She's going to become Mrs. Jenkins, mam, an' board hereafter at Maple Farm. But before we go there, mam, we'll take a little trip to get some flesh on her bones, an' some color back in her pale cheeks. Maple Farm wouldn't have a writer on the place that's half a poor;

an' as fer a-makin' of your daughter a music teacher, I'll answer that, too, fer Priscilly, ye see, is worn out. Ef your daughter," said Joe, his wrath rising within him, "ef your daughter, mam, which I think is likely, mam, an' mam, from her relative present, mam, has the cheek, mam, of a political office seeker, the hide, mam, of a rhinoceros, an' the capacity, mam, fer a-wallerin' stones, mam, of a gerald, why, hang me!" cried the glowing Joe, bringing his fist down on the table with a crash that set all the small articles in the room dancing, and sent the nervous Mrs. Vernum out of her chair, "hang me! make her a music teacher!"

CONVINCING THE SPANIARDS.

An English Diver Brought Proof That He Had Visited a Sunken Vessel.

James Cassidy, in St. Nicholas, has an article about diving, entitled, "Under the Sea." Mr. Cassidy says:

"Some of the experiences of the divers are well worth recording, as we soon discovered by a chat with one of them."

"I don't know that I've anything particular to tell you," he began, "nothing that you'd consider exciting; now, if I were Lambert, the famous British diver, I could tell you many stories of adventure under the water."

A little coaxing, and we soon prevailed upon the brave fellow to talk about the submarine life.

"I take it," he said, "that pluck and luck help materially in the making of an efficient diver. Some time ago Mr. Lambert and I—Lambert was then Messrs. Siebe & Gorman's chief diver—were sent out to survey a wreck supposed to contain a considerable amount of specie. Spanish divers—brave fellows, and capital men at their art—had been trying before us, but declared that it was quite impossible to reach the hold of the wreck, or even her deck. 'It's a sheer impossibility,' they said."

"Well, it may be," said Lambert; "but I mean to have a try, at all events, now that I've come so far; and so, dressing, he went down. Forty minutes expired, and then came the signal, 'Haul up,' and he was brought to the surface."

"It's all right," he declared; 'the gold is there; but there'll be some difficulty in recovering it.'

"Meantime the Spaniards were talking together rapidly, and one of our engineers heard their discourse. 'Do you know what they are saying?' he asked. 'It is that Lambert never reached the wreck at all—that he is only pretending to have done so.'

"Oho!" exclaimed Lambert, 'so that's their idea, is it? Well, we'll soon correct that.' And in spite of entreaties to the contrary, and the fact that he had been forty minutes under water at an unusual depth, he put on again his diving apparatus, and made a second descent, the Spaniards looking on in amazement."

"Forcing his way to the steward's pantry, he took from a rack a tea-cloth marked with the name of the ship, and, pushing it into his belt, gave the signal, 'Haul up!' I was keenly watching, and espied the cloth in his belt. Seizing it, I waded it around my head, and the Spaniards, understanding in a moment what had been done, cheered and applauded lustily, subsequently thronging around Lambert and begging a thousand pardons of the brave fellow for their former skepticism. And so belief in English pluck was confirmed."

Met by Chance.

The duplication of names oftentimes brings about some strange incidents. One day recently Ole Jonson, of this city, was at one of the depots awaiting a train, relates the Big Rapids Bulletin. At least one other—a stranger—was there on a like errand. The two scraped acquaintance and chatted away for half an hour. By and by the first one herein mentioned asked his acquaintance his name. "Ole Jonson," was the prompt reply. The two compared notes—they were in no way related, though of the same name. Then Ole No. 1 told him he had but recently taken out of the Postoffice a letter which must be for Ole No. 2—that he had read enough of it to know it was not for him and handed it back. Ole No. 2 said he knew from what No. 1 had said that it was for him, and he at once went to the Postoffice and claimed the letter. Sure enough, it was for him, as he told the clerks, and was a tickled man to receive it. He said he had not the remotest idea of calling at the office, as he had no reason to believe his people would write him at this address. It was a chance letter mailed almost by a guess as to address and reached the right person by means of a chance acquaintance made with a stranger.

Judge Adair's Funny Mule.

Judge Adair has a little black bank mule that ought to be with a circus. He has plenty of brains and is mischievous. He found a farmer's sack of corn in a wagon, untied it, caught the other end and shook the corn out and had a feast. A hog grabbed an ear, but was sorry after being run all over town for it. The mule used to jump out of the bank stable window, open the door and let all the other mules out, then eat their corn. When he gets whipped by a negro he never fails later to kick the right negro.—Hawesville (Ky.) Clarion.

He Had Doubts.

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying: "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."



Second Growth Clover.

Almost always the second crop of clover is pinched by drought, and this is probably best for the production of a good crop of seed. This year, however, the rains, since the first crop was cut, have been generally abundant, securing a larger growth of rowen hay, but a smaller seeding. It is possible that because of these rains the second growth clover may not be quite up to its usual standard in quality, as the rain makes usually a watery growth of all vegetation. But clover growing after midsummer dries out rain fall very rapidly, and as there is always more plant food in the soil after midsummer, it is likely that the second growth clover will be nearly or quite as good as usual, besides being a larger crop. Second growth clover is always the choicest hay for sheep, lambs or calves.

Grafting Old Orchards.

When good, healthy apple trees are not producing fruit it is frequently cheaper to graft them than to plant young trees, with the added advantage of obtaining fruit much sooner. The best plan is to cut out a few of the healthy, upright limbs and graft them, taking a few more the next season and the balance the third season. This avoids any possibility of weakening the vitality of the tree, which would be done if all the limbs were cut for grafting at the same time. The varieties selected for grafting should depend on the locality, the stock to be grafted and the markets. It would not be difficult, however, to make a proper selection with care. While grafting should be done in the spring, it is a good time now to go over the orchard, marking the unprofitable trees as well as the limbs to be grafted the first season.

Marketing Winter Vegetables.

Winter vegetables, under which heading may be included celery, will bring higher prices if stored for a while than when sold off as soon as gathered. With celery there is little use for the cold storage houses unless one is in the business on an extensive scale, for with proper attention to storing in the pit where celery is blanched and extra protection during very cold weather, the plants may be allowed to remain the best part of the winter, removing them as wanted for sale. A vegetable storage house may be readily constructed on many farms where an excavation can be made in a side hill. The only expense besides labor will be the little lumber required for the front of such a cellar. Any cellar under a house that is frost proof and not too warm may be utilized for storing vegetables, and with a little care they may be easily kept for several months, to be sold at a price that will pay well for the trouble in caring for them.

A Wooden Culvert.

Where culverts under roadways are made of rough stone, laid up without cement, as they usually are, they are apt to be short-lived, the action of the frost, with the pressure from above, pressing the stones together, and



DEVICE FOR AN OPEN DRAIN.

down into the soil. Both results cause a clogging of the culvert. The cut shows a form that is made of cedar boards and joist, that is not only easily made, but will last for many years, and will keep an open drain as long as it lasts. Having the boards run "up and down" gives great strength to hold up the weight of the earth above. Where water is constantly flowing through such a culvert, the upper end should be covered with wire netting to keep out any rubbish the water may bring down, thus preventing any chance for clogging the culvert.—New York Tribune.

Feeding By-Products of the Dairy.

Under the direction of F. B. Linfield the Utah Experiment Station has been carrying on some experiments in feeding calves the by-products of the dairy. The summary of the bulletin, which gives the record of these experiments, follows:

1. Calves may be raised very profitably on skim milk when it is properly fed.
2. From the standpoint of gain in live weight and quality of meat, whole milk is the best food for calves, but it makes too expensive a ration to be profitably fed. Butter fat has been worth sixteen cents per pound. The gain in live weight of these calves at four cents per pound returns but 10.7 cents per pound; for the butter fat fed at three cents per pound the gain is but eight cents per pound.
3. The calves whose rations were composed largely of skim milk, while they gained one-half pound less per day yet required practically the same amount of dry matter to each pound of gain as did those fed on whole milk. They made just as good use of the food.
4. The calves fed whole milk alone

gave a greater proportion of dressed meat to live weight than did those fed on skim milk, and also gave more fat on the carcass.

5. Young calves, up to three and one-half months of age, required less milk and less dry matter to each pound of gain than did the hogs. When the calves were five and six months old, however, more dry matter was required, but at least half of it was hay.

6. When fed to calves, fully as large financial returns were obtained for the skim milk as when fed to hogs. With the gain in live weight at four cents per pound, the calves returned twenty-two cents per hundred pounds for the skim milk and the hogs, twenty-two and eight-tenths cents. If the gain in live weight was worth three cents per pound, the calves would return five cents per 100 pounds more for the milk than would the hogs.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Preventing Swine Diseases.

The only true and sensible way to prevent hog cholera and other swine diseases is to treat the animals as clean, healthy, meat-producing creatures, and not as filthy vermin. It is strange that we ever got into the habit of treating the hog in such a slovenly manner. We know now that most contagious diseases are bred on filth. That is why we have had hog cholera in this country. The old-fashioned way was to let the hog wallow in a narrow pen in its own filth, and then without giving it room for exercise feed it heat-producing food.

The fact is the swine prefer clean pens or lots to dirty ones, and they like to wallow in good, clean soil in preference to their own filth. This is a method of cleaning themselves. Give the swine more room, clean out its pen regularly, and let it have clean earth to wallow in, and it will be the cleanest looking animal on the farm. Then give it pure, clean water instead of dirty water. The animals prefer clean water every time, and will drink it when they won't touch the dirty mess found in so many pigpens. Mud should not be allowed to accumulate in the pens, and then they won't get their feeding troughs and their own backs covered with it. Finally give them some variety in their food, as you give to the cows, horses, sheep and chickens. As to diseases—they won't have them if these simple hygienic rules are followed. That is all that's necessary to prevent swine diseases that so many dread.—American Cultivator.

Winter Flowering Bulbs.

To make sure of blossoms for holiday decoration they should be potted early in October. Bulbs may be successfully grown in either soil or water, and for some varieties, as hyacinths and narcissus, the latter method is no more difficult or uncertain than the former, but bulbs which have bloomed in water are so far exhausted that they are not worth saving, while potted ones can be ripened off and planted in the open ground when spring comes. Bulbs will thrive in any good potting soil that is not heavy enough to become sodden and sour. With good drainage they do equally as well in boxes as pots, and in groups as singly. No doubt there are women who could bring them to perfection in old tin cans. Certainly one of the handsomest window boxes imaginable was a wire one lined with moss and filled with yellow and white tulips, hyacinths and crocuses grown in old tin cans with holes made in with moss, and as it was in a cool dining room there was no difficulty in keeping up a succession of blossoms from the middle of January to the first of March.

What bulbs must have to make them flourish is plenty of fresh air and light, and a temperature of from forty to fifty degrees for half of every twenty-four hours. By keeping them in a hall or other room with comparatively low temperature nights, they will do fairly well in an overheated room during the day—if given plenty of water and light, but to bring bulbs to perfection, and keep them there as long as possible, the room should never be over sixty-eight degrees.

In planting bulbs press the soil down very firmly around them, letting the top of the bulb remain above it, water thoroughly and set the pots on the floor in the darkest and coolest corner of the cellar and let them remain for five or more weeks. If the cellar is strongly lighted, cover the pots with a piece of old carpet. Examine occasionally, and if the soil is not moist water thoroughly. By this treatment the bulbs make a strong growth of root while the top starts very little. By bringing a few pots at a time into a warm, lighted room something of a succession of blossoms can be kept up, but to extend it over a month or more the bulbs must be planted at intervals of about two weeks' time. Give plenty of sunshine, and sprinkle the leaves and buds often with tepid water, but never when the sun is shining on them.—American Agriculturist.

Cuban Desserts.

The desserts in Cuba are extremely varied. Pastry is not so extensively used as with Americans, but, as it is the country of fruit and sugar, the variety of sweetmeats, preserves and candied fruits is infinite.