Cocoa production in Africa promises to rival that of South America and the West Indies

The United States furnishes practi-cally all of the flour imported by Great Britain, about 70 percent of the corn and about 53 percent of the wheat.

Professional begging is a lucrative pusiness in New York, as was proved the other day in an unusual way, namely, through the robbery of the liamonds of a professional street beg-

Miss Stone says that Mme Tsilka's baby softened the hearts of the brigands. Ah, what a wonderful thing a baby is! exclaims the Chicago Record-Heralo. And what a pity that it has become unfashioable.

American shoes are now securely in troduced in Berlin, and notwithstandtroduced in Berlin, and notwithstanding the great progress made in the
German shoe manufacture by American methods, are displayed an sold, not
only by one large handsome American
shoe store, but by many prominent
retailers throughout the city.

A novelist, whose specialty is South American revolutions has gone off to American revolutions has gone on to try and get into one. Who wouldn't be a genius? You write about things first and find out what they are like afterward. In this particular case the romancer isn't likely to change his mind about the value of his own books when he knows something about the when he knows something about the real thing. They have paid, which is the main thing. Perhaps, however, he may make the virtuous resolution not to write any more.

At a recent meeting of the British Institution of Electrical Engineers the question of applying electricity to main line railways as a substitute for was the subject of discussion. It steam was the subject of discussion. It seems from what was said that the problem of operating trains on large railways by electricity is far from be-ing solved. It differs materially in every respect from the problems met in ordinary trolley road practice, both in the matter of cost and manipula-tion and the engineers are convinced. tion, and the engineers are convinced that the age of steam in railroading is far from coming to an end.

To ascertain the value of the mony of children in cases of identifi-cation, the school authorities in south cation, the school authorities in south Germany have been making some fests, the results of which are very interesting. Into a schoolroom was brought a man, of ordinary appearance and dressed in workingman's clothes. Classes of girls and boys of different ages were made to walk slowly through the room, in at one door and out at another and afterward required through the room, in at one door and out at another, and afterward required to write a description of the man as they saw him. A summary of the papers shows that nearly 80 percent of the girls described with fair accuracy the clothes the man wore, but said nothing about his face or general appearance. The other 20 percent described with less accuracy both face and clothes, but not one confined herself to a description of the man's face. With the boys the results were nearly opa description of the man's face. With the boys the results were nearly op-posite. Nearly 70 percent described the man's face and paid no attention to his clothes, while the rest attempted with only moderate success to describe both face and clothes. Not a single one limited himself to the clothes.

In the neighborhood of Abliene, Kansas, is one of those settlements or communities, half religious and half economic in the motive of their organization, which are to be found in various parts of the West. The one near Abilene consists of members of the sect of River Brethren. The River Brethren did not reach Kansas until 1879; then they immigrated from Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg. A party of about 500 people left that town, taking with them half a million in cash wherewith to buy lands in the new country for which they had started out. They were of German descent and for the most part tillers of the soil. In the last 23 years the members of the community have prospered greatly, and their numbers have increased to some-Abilene consists of members of the their numbers have increased to some-thing like 3000. They have steadily invested their savings in the purchase of land, and while extremely slow to make any change in religion or social customs, they are among the most progressive in all that pertains to the ex-ploitation of the soil. To them was due the first introduction of creamery methods on a large scale in central Kansas. That enterprise, which they Kansas. That enterprise, which they organized some 15 years ago, now pays out over a quarter of a million of dollars every year to the farmers of the country, and in the middle 90s the agricultural population of that section, owing to the general failure of their grain crops, found that the creamery, in its purchase of milk, was practical ly their sole resource for funds.

TRUTH.

Fire, so wild, where shall we find thee!
"In the valley seek a rock:
Strike with steel, and at the shock
In a moment outspring I;
There the bed wherein I in.
There seek and ye shall find me."

Air, light air, where shall we find thee "Where leaflets tremble on the tree, Where the curling snoke you see, Where the down floats north or sout! "Tis the breathing of my mouth, There seek and ye shall find me."

Water bright; where shall we find the "Mighty mountains cannot hide Flow of spring and force of tide; Where the roots of rushes grow You will find me, dig below, There seek and ye shall find me."

Heley truth, where shall we find thee?
"Through the weary world I roam,
No house have I, no place, no home,
I knock, I call, but no reply,
Therefore heavenward I must fly,
There seek and ye shall find me."



HE Whippletons were a family composed of husband, wife and three children, the latter representing the united efforts of the first two to found "a real home," as Mrs. Whippleton put it, and in which the children may be likened to a varied assortment of bric-a-brae which serve to decorate (or demolish) the house. Be it as it may, the Whippletons possessed three of these objects d'art, as also a neat little home on Staten Island within easy reach of the ferry, which the head of the family utilized in order to get to his office in New York. There in the great city he earned his daily bread, or rather helped other people to obtain what they had earned by the aid of the law, for he was an attorney; and he had prospered to such an extent that his wife was no longer obliged to dispute dressmakers' bills and his bric-a-brae shone and broadened under the nutritious influence of pork and beans and other delicacles of like nature.

At this point, in order to inculcate in their progeny a taste for music, and as their modest household had not yet assumed the dignity of having a piano located in one corner of the parlor, the Whippletons resolved to purchase one of those necessary instruments; for, though neither could play even a ragtime symphony without the ald of a pianola, they thought that the children could not fail to all become Paderewskis just by looking at the piano, and imagining what sweet strains it could produce were it ever opened and played upon.

For the acquisition of the Instrument it was agreed by the husband

produce were it ever opened and played upon.

For the acquisition of the instrument it was agreed by the husband and wife that the latter should seek the assistance of a young lady friend, who was a good musician, having arrived at the stage where she could pronounce Wagner with a true German accent, and who could select a plane with a good tone and the other necessary qualifications. Mrs. Whippleton



visited her friend and made an ap-pointment to meet her at a down town music store the following Wednesday, and the little family was in the great-est excitement over the contemplated

music store the following Wednesday, and the little family was in the greatest excitement over the contemplated purchase.

When the all-important day arrived Mrs. Whippleton arrayed herself in her best, gave a cursory glance at her purse, wherein she thought she remarked a \$5 bill and some small change, took-her little boy Harold by the hand and sallied forth to meet her friend.

The latter was on hand with unwomanly promptness, and the two set to work in company with one of the salesmen to choose the piano. Instrument after instrument was tried by Miss Schubert, as her musical friend was named, and when at last they found one that suited them it was lunch time. The thought then occurred to Mrs. Whippleton that since her companion had been so obliging about aiding her to select her upright, it would only be just to invite her to lunch.

This she did, and Miss Schubert graciously accepted the offer.

As they were preparing to leave the store Mrs, Whippleton, by way of precaution, again looked into her purse to see if she had sufficient money to pay for the prospective repast. When she unfolded the bank note, which she had taken for a five before leaving the house that morning, she gave a gasp of dismay—it was only a one! A further search brought to light the imposing sum of thirty-five cents, and Mrs. Whippleton, disconcerted, wondered how hearty an eater Miss Schubert would prove herself to be. As for herself, she felt hungry enough to eat a full dollar's worth alone, but she resolved to curb this tnitmely appetite and content herself with as little as possible.

"But what would you have done if I had not come?"

Mrs. Whippleton reflected for an instant before replying, and then said, calmly:

"I guess I would have borrowed it of Miss Schubert. But after inviting her to lunch it would not have been would it?"

Would it?"

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"I guess I would have borrowed it of Miss Schubert, but after inviting her to lunch it would not have been very nice to ask her to pay the bill, after inviting her to lunch it would not have been very nice to ask her to pay the bill, all and the for a ninstant before replying, and then said, calmly:

"I

eat a full dollar's worth alone, but see resolved to curb this untimely appetite and content herself with as little as possible.

"My dear Miss Schubert where shall we lunch?" she asked carelessly, inwardly hoping that her friend might say it did not matter, so she could conduct her to some modest cafetier.

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure," replied the other, "supposing we go to Purcell's."

Purcell's! One of the most expensive places in the city, where you pay fifty cents for a glass of water and the privilege of sitting down! Mrs. Whippleton felt a cold chill creep over her body, and her own appetite vanished as if by enchantment.

"Yes, Purcell's is a good place," she affirmed faintly. She was commencing to be somewhat suspicious of Miss Schubert, and she recalled to mind several stories which represented musicians as a half-starved class who could devour untold quantities of food as often as they happened to have the opportunity. But hoping for the best, she plucked up new courage—perhaps Miss Schubert was an exception!

They were soon seated at a cozy table, Mrs. Whippleton at the head, with her friend and Harold on either side. On the way to the restaurant the latter had pressed his stomach convulsively several times and informed his mother how hungry he was. Harold was not one of those spiritual boys who live on the simple diet of thought; on the contrary, a full plate of substantial food usually disappeared with amazing rapidity under the well directed attacks of his kinife and fork, and he often wanted more. This appetite, upon which his mother had previously looked with pleasure, was now liable to prove fatal, so she despairingly thought, but she did not dare to say anything to him for fear of attracting her friend's attention.

"I think I will take some lebster a la Newburg," suddenly remarked Miss Schubert, after consulting the bill of are.

"Mamma, what is that? I want some, too, said Harold, impatient to

"Mamma, what is that? me, too, said Harold, imp

"Mamma, what is that? I want some, too, said Harold, impatient to begin.

Mrs. Whippleton's heart sank within her, and she made a rapid mental calculation. The menu said: Lobster a la Newburg, 75 cents. Three times 75 equals \$2.25—no, that was impossible. "No, Harold, that is bad for your stomach," she said, turning to her son. "I myself am not very hungry, so I will just take a chop and there will be enough for you, too, Harold."

"But, mamma, I can eat two chops alone; I always do at home—"The boy's voice broke off suddenly as he felt his mother's foot descend with force upon his own under the table.

"Won't you have anything else?" Inquired Mrs. Whippleton, addressing her friend and not heeding Harold's walls.

quired Mrs. Whippleton, addressing her friend and not heeding Harold's wails.

"Why, yes; 1 think I would like some French peas," returned the other.
Another mental calculation: Lobster, 75 cents; chop, 50; pens, 25; total, 8,1.50—the Rubleon was passed. Mrs. Whipyleton was desperate and she resolved to die eating bravely and trust to Providence to pay the bill.
"I guess I will take some French peas also; and you had better have some, too, Harold—three crders of peas," she said, turning to the waiter, "and you might make it two portions of chops instead of one."

Throughout the meal Mrs. Whippleton was apparently the gayest of the gay, but while her lips smiled and her eyes beamed benevolently on her friend her heart was heavy, and she wondered how it was all to end. If she could only, by some mental process, transfer a few of her husband's greenbacks into her own little purse, how she would rejoice. But, alast that was impossible, and the account was steadily mounting upward. Every few moments Miss Schubert would order something else; she appeared to have been fasting for weeks just for this occasion, and every time she sent for a supplement, Harold would conclude that he would like some of the same. His mother let him go on in his mad course, for she felt that the crash might as well be a big one as a small one.

The Russians assert that they struck the biggest oil spouter in the Baku petroleum fields inst fall that was ever tapped. They sank a new well in the Bibl-Eibat district about three miles southwest of Baku and reached a depth of 1800 feet before they struck oil. Then it went to spouting and is said to have been the largest producer for the first two or three days that was ever struck. It is accredited with 180,000 barrels a day for nearly three days and then the flow diminished a little; but it continued flowing until it had produced over 2,000,000 barrels. This happened in November last.

Before the well stopped flowing another big one was struck in the Romani district about ten miles northeast of Baku. This spouter produced nearly 1,000,000 barrels and was still flowing at the rate of about 25,000 barrels a day on January 31st last. These were the two great spouters of the Russian oil fields last year.

Remarkable as it may appear, it is said that the owners of the big well which produced more than 2,000,000 barrels in a little over thirty days lost money by this extraordinary outpouring. This would seem impossible without explanation, but the sad reason for it is clearly set forth in Consul Chambers's report that has just been published in Washington.

In the first place, the well could not be controlled. High winds were blowing nearly all the time, and every house near the well, as well as all the buildings in the village, more than a mile away, was deluged. It is said that the owners of the well must pay for repainting all the houses in the village. The owners had to pay the Government a royalty of two and a half cents for every five gallons of oil, and they could not sell the oil they saved at a profit of more than about a quarter of a cent per five gallons of oil, and they could not sell the oil they saved at a profit of more than about a quarter of a cent per five gallons of oil, and they could not sell the oil they saved at a profit of more than about a position of the well had to be disbursed to the a

New Poem by Dickens.

An unpublished poem from the pen of Charles Dickens was read by Mrs. Alice Meynell, of London, to the members of the Contemporary Club and their friends during her address on "Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters."

This verse, the manuscript of which is years old, is here printed for the first time:

time:
"I put in a book once, by hook or by crook,

crook,
The whole race, as I thought, of a feller,
Who happliy pleased the town's taste, much diseased.
And the name of this person was Weller.
But I found to my cost that one Weller I'd lost,
Cruel destiny so to arrange it.

I'd lost,
Cruel destiny so to arrange it;
I love her dear name, which has won
me some fame,
But great heavens; how gladly I'd
change it!"
The poem was written shortly after
Dickens had been presented to the
pickens had been presented to the
in the lines, and was read by Mrs. Meynell with the permission of the woman
herself.—Philadelphia Press.

Mismated Names.

Mismated Names.

The union of the given name with the surname often makes an amusing combination. Sometimes it is accidental, but more often designed. The story that went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago that Governor Hogg, of Texas, had named his two daughters Ura Hogg and Ima Hogg, it is gratifying to know, has been denied. A case in the east end of Columbus has come to the notice of the Observer. A gentleman who hears the common name of Case has named his little daughter "Ura" Case.

M. A. Bridge, the well-known chief clerk in the office of the State Dairy and Food Commissioner, has named a son "Brooklyn." Brooklyn is not an uncommon name in itself, but Brooklyn Bridge is somewhat startling.—Columbus Dispatch.

Columbus Dispatch.

A Point on Carpentry.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, was building a house. He had cecasion to hire a carpenter, who was a plain, unvarnished son of New England.

"You know all about carpenter work?" asked Senator Platt.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You can make windows, doors and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man thought steadily for several minutes. "I think," he remarked inally, "that I would punch him in the eye."—Washington Post.

AGRICULTURAL.

sort of a gate in the pasture field fence, but it is not always easy to build one that is at once stock-proof and easy to operate when necessary. The arrange-ment as shown in the illustration is not in reality a gate, but a passageway, so placed that the stock cannot get through, but through which a person may readily pass. No explanation of



STOCK PROOF PASSAGEWAY.

the plan is needed, for it is plainly shown by the flustration. This fence may be arranged so as to provide a double gate by hinging the open portion in the foreground so that when closed to the post will come in snugly against the fence post, and be held in place by a wire loop dropped over both posts, then the gate in the background should also be placed on hinges, so that when closed it will lap over against the fence about two feet, and be held in place by a staple and hook.

the fence about two feet, and be held in place by a staple and hook.

Uses of Copperas.

The value of copperas is not fully uncerstood, but there are few things more useful to the farmer and gardener. It is invaluable as a purifier around drains, or in any place where a disinfectant is needed. It is specially useful in the chicken coop, a small lump placed in the drinking water being a preventive of disease and a general purifier. In the garden there are several uses for it; two tablespoonfuls in a pail of water will kill cabbage worms, while a somewhat stronger solution will kill curfant worms as quickly as hellebore, and it is much safer to use. Powdered copperas can be sprinkled on the surface soil of hard wood pot plants, so that the water that is applied will soak through it into the soil, carrying the strength of the copperas with it. For more tender plants the copperas can be dissolved, allowing one ounce to each gallon of water, using it in the soil once in two weeks, not allowing any of it to touch the foliage.

It is also used for shrubs and trees in the garden, especially those which for some unknown reason fail to make satisfactory growth. It can be made in large quantities for that purpose, using two pounds of copperas to a barrel of water. A few applications will usually cause a marked improvement in the growth and in the color of the foliage. In sections where corn is dug up by birds and gophers it has been found that if the seed is seaked for a few hours in a strong solution of copperas the pests will not claturb it.—Bernice Baker, in Agricultural Epitom ist.

Bernice Baker, in Agricultural Epitomist.

To Make Charcoal For Stock.

In the corn-growing districts of the Western States conncols are made to serve a good purpose when reduced to charcoal and fed to hogs. Ordinary charcoal is used by many. The method of reducing the corncobs to charcoal is thus given by Theodore Louis:

Dig a hole in the ground five feet deep, one foot in diameter at the bottom and five feet at the top for the charcoal pit. Take the dry corncobs and start a fire in the bottom of fhis pit, adding cobs so that the flame is drawn to the top of the pit, which will be thus filled with the cobs. Then take a sheet iron cover, similar to a pot lid in form, and over five feet in diameter, so as to amply cover the whole, and close up the burning mass, sealing the edges of this lid in turn with earth. At the end of twelve hours you may uncover and take out a fine sample of corncob charcoal. This charcoal can be fed at once if desired, but Mr. Louis prefers to take six bushels of it, or three bushels of common charcoal, eight pounds of salt, two quarts of air-slacked lime and one bushel of wood ashes, breaking the charcoal up well with a shovel or other tool, thoroughly mixing the various ingredients. One and a quarter pounds of copperas is then dissolved in hot water, and with a watering-pot sprinkled over the whole mass, which is again theoroughly mixed. The mixture is then put into hoxes and placed where the pigs can get at it at their pleasure. It is not only excellent for the health of the pigs, but is considered by some as a preventive of hog cholera.—New York Weekiy Witness.

A few simple rules are all that to

Weekly Witness.

A Good Garden.

A few simple rules are all that is necessary to govern a good garden. First, there should be a good spot, convenient to the house, thoroughly drained, with soil as rich as possible. Second, the owner must know when, how and how much to plant. Third, the garden must be kept free from weeds and under good cultivation the entire season. If the gardener has the right kind of tools, and has learned to do his work to the best advantage, two hours a week or a little less than a day in a month, will give him a clean profitable garden, unless the season is one of frequent and heavy rains, which will make the work harder. The garden cannot be too well drained, for this will enable the gardener to plant early and to work much sooner after

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rains; it will also keep the soil from packing, causing the plants to become untrifty. Planting in a well drained garden, plowed in the fall, may begin as soon as the ground dries enough for a harrow to mellow the surface. Peas, lettuce, radishes, onlons, beets and cabbage may be planted as soon as the ground can be worked, and if the ground freezes after they are up it rarely huts them.

There are certain kinds of vegetables of which several plantings should be made as they soon go by, and with a single planting the family can use them but a few days; with a succession of plantings there will be a supply for several weeks. It takes little work to keep a garden in good order if a hand cultivator is used. As soon after each rain as the land can be worked, the surface should be stirred to the depth of about one fuch. No weeds will then start until it rains again, the evaporation of moisture will be checked, and you will have a clean thrifty garden, which will give a supply of vegetables from the middle of April till frost, and which will furnish what would cost \$50 if bought in the market.—Otto Irwin, in The Epitomist.

A Humane Stauchlon.

One of the greatest problems of the dairy barn—outside of the problem of the most judicious method of feeding—is the matter of confining the cattle in the stalls. It is agreed on all sides that the greatest comfort must be assured the cow if the largest returns are to be expected, but at the same time it is admitted that the cow that is given the greatest freedom in the matter of confinement in her stall is the one that is hardest to keep clean. Now, as cleanliness is an absolute requisite in producing the best of milk and butter, the question resolves itself into this, Hew rigid a stanchion can be constructed and still give the cow such freedom of movement as will make her confinement in the stall not at all irksome to her? If the cow is tied with a chain to a post she can step ahead into her manger and back into the manure trench. In this way the platform on which she stands has manure dropped upon it and carried upon it to the manure trench by the animal's feet. The old fashioned, rigid stanchion, censisting of two uprights, keeps an animal from moving backward or forward, but it also confines the head so closely that very little movement of this is possible, while the fact that the stanchion has no "give" in any direction causes a good many bumps upon the animal's horns, ears



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and shoulders when it is getting up or lying down. It is possible to make use of a stanchion, however, and yet have it admit of considerable movement of the animal's head, while still confining its forward or backward movements to very small limits. The cut shows the construction. The upright post turns freely at the loose end and at the top. Two iron L pleces hold the swinging upright at the bottom, as shown, while a swinging iron clamp at the top holds it when shut. With such a stanchion the cow can move back and forth but little, but can move the head about from side to side with great freedom, while the swing of the stanchion causes it to "give" a little when the cow is lying down or getting up. With such an arrangement for hitching animals the platform on which she stands should be just long enough so that the hind feet will come close to the rear edge, when the manure will fall into the gutter, six inches at least below the surface of the platform.

Such a stanchion as that described herewith should be as light as possible consistent with strength, since lightness will have much to do with the cow's comfort, as the head cannot be moved from side to side around a clumsy stick of wood, even when this can swing a little. — New York Tribune Farmer.

Dogs Regarded as Sacred.

The dogs of Damascus are not as numerous as those of Constantinople, but are quite as lazy, mangy and wretched. They are regarded as sacred and are allowed to live and die without interference. Nobody owns them, nobody cares for them in particular, but collectively they are the wards of the city and live on the scraps that are thrown into the street. They bark all night and sleep all day stretched in the sunshine, occupying the roadway or the sidewalk, or the most confortable spot they can find. Hackmen and teamsters drive around them and pedestrians step over them, being careful not to wake them up. ake them