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communications for this pap be accompanied by the name of the not necessarily for publication, but dence of good faith on the part o er. Write only on one side of the Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and fa r plain and distinct.

A. C. HOSM

UNANSWERED.

If we could see the end
Waiting for us down the way,
The coming of life's night time—
The closing of life's day;
The last of all our trials, our troubles and our pains,
The last of all our losses, the last of all our gains;
Would the hours seem as moments,
Or would they seem too long?
Would our hearts beat faint and fainter,
Or would they beat more strong?

There are joys that give us heartaches,
There are pains that seem as kisses:
There are depths that lift us skyward,
There are heights that seem abysses;
And our lives are not the brightest
When the sunniest hours infold them;
Our hearts are often lightest
When the heaviest sorrows hold them.

And these strange contrary feelings
Make us hold life's thread in wonder,
As we see by faith no farther
Than by sight, wherewith we blunder;
So we look toward the ending
Of our cares, and trials, and blisses,
And ask if death is darkness,
Or only light and kisses.
But no answering word comes to us—
No replies, and no suggestions;
Doubt and fear each hour assail us,
Yet each hour brings newer questions.

And the end, though coming nearer,
Is no nearer in its casing,
For the heart keeps on its wandering,
And the soul keeps on its teasing;
And the Sphinx of doubt and fear,
Still the soul doth tear and rend,
With its joyful, vexful question—
What if we could see the end?

—*L. J. Bonchamm, in Detroit Free Press.*

TOO LITTLE BUTTER.

The Great Trouble Caused by a Stupid Artist.

Yes, I certainly did wrong, and the dark days that my punishment brought I could not but feel were deserved. When I was eighteen, father died, and his orphan children were left to learn the meaning of the dismal word poverty. We had lived for many years in different places in Germany and France, and had never revisited the old home in New Hampshire, which I could dimly remember. Father had been Vice-Consul and then clerk in a bank until mother died, when he seemed to lose all interest in outside matters, and stayed quietly at home in our little apartment at Mannheim. After his death, I was obliged to seek employment. I was well educated, and I was engaged as governess to the little Countess Valerie von Lilienberg.

She was a beautiful child with ripples of long golden hair tossing in downy rings over her head like a nimbus, and she had a swift, floating, noiseless way of walking, that was very spirit-like. Valerie was not quite ten years old when I entered the family, so my duties with her were not very burdensome. I was to teach her English, talk that language with her constantly, take her to walk, and watch over her when others were not in charge. We grew very fond of each other, and her sweet, loving ways helped me more to overcome my grief at father's death than any other influence I can remember. I saw very little of the elder members of the family; Count Lilienberg had an important position at court, and was often absent; the Countess, his wife, was busy with the claims of society, and had time for little else. I knew she was very fond of Valerie, but save for a drive in the afternoon and a good-night kiss and blessing, she scarcely ever saw the child.

Part of the second summer of my engagement with Valerie we spent at Heidelberg. Here I will allow myself a brief digression, to tell what is to me by far the most interesting and most important part of my story. Down at the end of a pretty, quiet lane, under the shadow of the old "Schloss," was an artist's studio, called the Mouse-Nest. It was rather crowded, being shared by a sculptor and painter, but it was a wonderfully fascinating place to visit. The painter was a German, with an unruly crop of hair and a fine voice for student songs. The sculptor was Tracy Norton. We had met the year before father died, and that summer Tracy asked me if I would be his wife. I loved him, and had accepted him. He was poor, but that was nothing for a young man of his promise; he had not sold any statues yet, but he had two gold medals for industry and talent, and orders were sure to come later.

Once a week Valerie and I went to the Mouse-Nest for a brief half hour, and I think for both of us this visit was the pleasantest event of the week. Valerie, for her age, was unusually fond of pictures, and to be able to watch each, from the first splash of paint upon the canvas, to the final touch of high light, was deeply interesting. All this was very innocent amusement to American eyes, but I knew that my employers would regard it in a very different light, and that their etiquette forbade two girls going unattended to an artist's workshop, even though one of the girls was a child, and the other was engaged in marriage to the artist. They would disapprove of it for Valerie, and for me as Valerie's guardian.

Here begins my fault, of which I have already spoken. When returning from our first visit to the Mouse-Nest, I said to my little companion:

"We will say nothing at home of where we have been, Valerie, or perhaps they will forbid our going again."

Tracy was modeling a statue of Psyche, which he hoped to send to the exposition at Dusseldorf the following year. The drawings for it represented the half-draped figure of a beautiful young girl, sitting on a mossy bank, with a clump of primroses growing at her feet, and her head turned with sweet, easy grace to a butterfly, perched lightly on her bare shoulder. The figure was well on toward completion in clay, but Tracy had not yet found the model he fancied for the face.

Walking one day near the Molkenkur, Tracy met and joined Valerie and me.

"I have an idea, Audrey," he said, presently, in an undertone. "I thought it over half the night, and I have decided that the face of the little Countess is just what I want for my Psyche. My figure is of a girl of perhaps fourteen, but her Eccellenza Valerie looks at times much older than she is; in fact, she often seems to be contemplating, with those big, purple, Russian-violet eyes of hers, the doings of past ages she has lived among. Just her look I would like my Soul to turn upon her immortal butterfly. Would you ask her parents to grant me the honor of a few sittings, or would she sit to me for a little while each time you come to the studio, without going through the form of asking permission?"

"I'm sure she would; and I think it would be the safer, more certain way not to mention it to the von Lilienbergs."

So a copy of my little Valerie's sweet face was begun in clay, to her amusement and Tracy's evident satisfaction. One day, after the third or fourth sitting, Chloris, Countess Lilienberg's maid, told me that the family intended leaving Heidelberg in a few days. This report proved to be true, and my first regret was for Tracy's unfinished work. Many more sittings would be needed before the model of Valerie's face would serve as a copy; we did not let her sit long at a time, for fear of tiring her, and little had been done as yet. We carried our ill tidings to the studio that afternoon, and Tracy was even more troubled than I had supposed he would be.

"I am staking every thing on this statue," he said, solemnly. "Next year's rent of the studio, my board bill, washerwoman, future career, all. My Psyche is promised a place in the Rundeln Saal, from which either museums or private individuals buy all but trash."

"Get old Sigwart to take a cast of her face," suggested Herr Hilland.

"Not a bad idea; the very thing, in fact, if the Countess Valerie and Miss Langdon do not object."

"What is to be done, and how long will it take?" I asked, feeling rather alarmed, and noticing that Valerie turned a shade paler.

"It would be done in less than an hour, and with very little discomfort beyond smearing some butter on the little girl's front hair, and putting long paper tubes in her nose. Could you stand that for a few minutes, Countess?"

Valerie laughed, and said she would like to have her soft warm plaster poured over her face.

"Old Sigwart's den is not a dozen steps from here, and to-morrow afternoon we could make a pilgrimage there and have it all over before the castle clock struck five."

"You are quite sure it will do Valerie no harm, Tracy?"

"Not the very least."

The next day, in profound secrecy, of course, we went to old Herr Sigwart's workshop. In spite of all their cheery speeches to the contrary, I felt very uneasy, and wished I had not given my consent to the cast being made, but the preparations were all completed, and I could not withdraw. Besides, it was all for Tracy's sake, and this thought gave me more courage; with the aid of the cast, he could work without Valerie. A man strangely white, like a miller, or snowman, received us and was introduced as Herr Sigwart.

"Let us begin without delay," I said, nervously; "we must not be out late."

Valerie lay down on a sofa, and we covered her up carefully to the chin, in a sheet. The pretty rings of hair on her forehead were then smeared back with butter to keep the plaster from sticking, and a towel wrapped closely where the line of butter ceased.

"It has such a horrid smell, Miss Langdon!" was the only complaining speech she made.

Her eyebrows received a like treatment, and to protect her eyes and lashes, oval bits of paper dipped in sweet oil were laid over them, closing them quite tight and safe. Tracy twisted tubes of paper a foot or more long, which were put in her nostrils, and then the old snowman approached with his basin of liquid plaster.

"Are you ready, Valerie?"

"Yes, all ready."

"Then close your mouth and don't be frightened when you feel the plaster on your face."

"No, dear; give me your hand, and then they may begin."

A funny little object she was, lying there rolled in a sheet like a bolster, with her hair slimed away out of sight, her eyelids battened down, and her pretty nose made ridiculous with the paper horns. She was still more startling to look upon as Herr Sigwart began to slap large ladlefuls of plaster over her face, which ran in sluggish rivulets down to the boundary-line of sheet and quickly thickened. When the mass was an inch deep all over, he set away his basin, and we all stood anxiously watching it harden.

"How long must it stay on, Herr Sigwart?"

"Not more than ten minutes; then it will be hard enough to lift off in one piece, and we can let our little prisoner free."

Poor Valerie, of course, could not speak, with her mouth held fast by a wave of stiffening plaster, but I questioned her closely as to her sensations; if she could breathe comfortably, if she suffered any pain, and the like, which she answered with one squeeze of my hand for yes, and two for no.

At last, the ten minutes were up, and Herr Sigwart came forward to lift off the hideous plaster mound, which had become quite hot to the touch. To my dismay, something seemed to have gone wrong; the thing would not lift off. The pasty face of the snow-man showed a little tinge of color, and I fancied he looked frightened. Tracy gave the mask a few delicate pats and nudges, but with no result.

"I never had any trouble with them before; I don't understand why this one sticks," said the snow-man.

"Ah, I have it! the gracious young lady has unusually abundant hair, and one little bit has escaped without butter. Please hand me the scissors."

With cold horror, I watched the old man thrust a formidable pair of scissors down between my poor darling's face and the clinging plaster, and begin sawing away as if there was nothing so delicate as eyes and nostrils within miles of him.

"There, I have cut the lock of hair that caused all the mischief; now the annoying mask will lift."

But it did not lift even yet. It moved a little, and we tried to loosen it more, but our efforts seemed to cause Valerie considerable pain, for she clutched my hand sharply, and one little foot gave, for her, a vigorous kick.

"We will try once more, and then if it does not move, I will be obliged to break the plaster with a hammer." Again the mournful scissors went down on their voyage of discovery. Suddenly Valerie threw up her arms and seized whatever was in reach, which happened to be Herr Sigwart's beard; she drew him down and with one hand patted about over his face, till she touch of his eyebrow, which she stroked with marked significance.

"The stuff is sticking to her eyebrow!" exclaimed Tracy.

"Is that what is the matter, Valerie?" I asked, eagerly. One squeeze of my hand, for yes, came in reply.

"Stupid fellow that I was to put on so little butter!" said Herr Sigwart, beating his powdery breast.

Now that we knew where the difficulty lay, it was comparatively easy to shift the mask sideways and interpose the scissors a little less at random. At last, the hateful lump of plaster came off, a success in regard to the print of the features, but in what a plight it left poor little Valerie! Her face was crimson with fright and the great heat, her eyes were full of tears which could not flow owing to the patches, and worse than all, her hair had been clipped and sawed till it looked as if gnawed by rats, and there was one little cut on her forehead and on one ear. I burst into tears at the sight, for her sake and for the consequences to myself; for my miserable deception of the past two weeks must be confessed when I took Valerie home.

The Countess Lilienberg happened to be out that evening, so I put the child to bed, and sat by her alone till she slept. Later, I was summoned again to Valerie's room. She was sound asleep, and her mother stood at her bedside, looking down on her little girl with a mixture of perplexity and annoyance on her face.

"Who has dared to mutilate my child in this way, Miss Langdon? I have asked the servants, but they can give no explanation. The Countess was in your care, so, of course, you know all that has occurred."

I commanded my voice as well as I could, and made a partial confession. As I expected, the Countess was very indignant, and before leaving the room she reproached me bitterly for my deceit and breach of duty. The next day I received a check for my back salary, a month's advance, and a notice that my services for the Countess Valerie von Lilienberg were no longer required.—*Rachel Cronin, in Youth's Companion.*

FOR THE PROMENADE.

Elegant and Charming Street Dresses for Midsummer Wear.

A pretty summer cashmere of a pale bronze, slightly tinged with yellow, has the skirt cut with kilt plaits, over which is handsomely draped pale cerise surah with a deep lace front gathered up on both sides quite high and carried back, actually meeting the bouffant puffs. This style of drapery produces a very fine effect in the set of the *tablier*. The basque is of the jersey style, with postillion back and vest front, which is of ecru-tinted velvet. A dress of blue serge has a foot plaiting of blue velvet, over which is a deep ruffle with the edge turned back in wide and deep points faced with velvet. The drping is of the two materials. The apron is of serge, made very full with velvet revers and velvet plastrons enriched with cut jet ornaments. The basque has a velvet vest almost covered with jets. This mode is rich and unique in appearance. A costume of plum-tinted watered silk, combined with velveteen of the same shade, has the whole adorned with jet trimmings. An exceedingly attractive dress for morning wear at the seaside has the kilt skirt made of fine batiste of a lemon shade, with embroidered garniture, with an azure blue surah silk sash and bows of the same goods, disposed on the sides and holding in place the back drapery. A handsome pongee suit of a pale cerise tinge has the drapery and vest formed of figured pongee; bows of ribbon trim prettily the basque and overskirt. A neat and becoming dress of fine gingham has the basque and overskirt trimmed with black velvet; this mode is certainly very odd and very showy. A very admirable walking dress is of linen lawn with clear white ground and small figures in two shades, heliotrope and ashes of roses, with green leaves; this is a pretty pattern, bright and fresh looking, and charmingly enhanced in effect by the dainty lace plaitings and apron front; the rest is of white vesting closed with fancy pearl buttons.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Three special sessions of the Legislature have been held since Oregon became a State, to-wit: In 1859, called by Governor Whitaker; in 1865, called by Governor Gibbs; in 1885, called by Governor Moody.

THE POTATO IN FRANCE.

A Novel Centenary Celebration in the Pretty Town of Montdidier.

This is an era of centennial celebrations, and Frenchmen have a natural penchant for commemorating men or events that they may deem worthy of honor or remembrance. Just now the town of Montdidier is preparing to celebrate, with all the eclat possible, what is termed the Parmentier centenary, but which is in reality the centenary of the introduction of the potato into France. All the most distinguished men in France are invited to the fete, which will last for about ten days. M. Pasteur writes that he could not think of abandoning his "beloved garden" for such a length of time; M. de Lesseps expresses his regrets, but has induced the institute to appoint Baron Larrey to represent him on the occasion, and M. Chevreul, the centenarian scientist, laments his inability to be present, and adds with more patriotic "Though I may not be with you in person, my heart will be there, as Montdidier is the birthplace of that dear girl, Mlle. Sophie Davallette, whom I married in 1824."

M. Parmentier, who was born 1737, in Montdidier, and died in 1813, led a checkered life and had a great reputation in his day. He was a druggist, a chemist in the army of Hanover, and subsequently a prisoner in the seven years' war. A disciple of Nollet, Roucelle and Jussieu, he finally turned his attention to the study of the potato, and obtained the authorization of Louis XVI. to cultivate the tubers on the plain of Sabions, near Paris. The potato was at that epoch held in utter contempt in France, and was considered only as food for hogs. Parmentier struggled for years against count less obstacles and difficulties in his effort to make the despised "apple of the earth" an article of food, but his ingenuity finally triumphed. He prepared a banquet to which he invited the leading savants of France, in order to prove to them the excellence of the potato and the variety of ways in which it could be rendered palatable. The potato, to the great astonishment of the savants, was served in thirty-three different styles, and when the banquet was finished it was declared to be the most delicious of esculents, and M. Parmentier was famous. It may be of interest to know the first course on the menu on that historic occasion was styled *pommes de terre en chemise*, commonly called in England "potatoes served up in their jackets," and which on the other side of St. George's Channel is vernacularly known as "spatties biled."

His Majesty Louis XVI. then took up the cause of M. Parmentier and the potato. M. Parmentier visited the King at Versailles, holding a bunch of potato flowers in his hand. Louis offered him his right hand to shake; Marie Antoinette permitted him to kiss her on both cheeks, and in the evening at a gala party given in the palace, his Majesty appeared wearing a bunch of potato flowers in the royal button-hole. The triumph of the potato, says the chronicler of the day, was thus consecrated. The thirty-three styles in which it was introduced by M. Parmentier to the French cuisine have now—says Alexander Dumas—reached two hundred and fifty, and the capabilities of the humble tuber from Virginia have not yet been exhausted in the hands of the French cook. A statue was erected to M. Parmentier in his native city in 1858, in which he is represented standing erect, holding in his hand a huge potato stalk. His body repose in Père la Chaise, Paris, in a handsome plot surrounded by an iron railing, and a beautiful monument stands above it erected by the chemists of France. Every year the members of the agricultural society visit this spot and plant the grave and its surrounding parterre with potatoes.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. World.*

MAKING A FORTUNE.

How Plain Samuel McFadden Came to Affluence and Respectability.

Samuel McFadden was a watchman in a bank. He was poor but honest, and his life was without reproach. The trouble with him was that he felt he was not appreciated. His salary was only four dollars a week, and when he asked to have it raised, the president, the cashier and the board of directors glared at him through their spectacles, and frowned on him, and told him to get out and stop his insolence; when he knew business was dull and the bank could not meet its expenses now, let alone lavish one dollar a week on such a miserable worm as Samuel McFadden. And then Samuel McFadden felt depressed and sad, and the haughty scorn of the president and cashier cut him to the soul. He would often go into the side yard, and bow his venerable twenty-four inch head, and weep gallons of tears over his insignificance, and pray that he might be made worthy of the cashier's and president's polite attention.

One night a happy thought struck him; a gleam of light burst upon his soul, and gazing down the dim vista of years and his eyes all blinded with tears, he saw himself rich, honored and respected. So Samuel McFadden fooled around and got a jimmy, a monkey-wrench, a cross-cut saw, a cold chisel, a drill and about half a ton of gun powder and nitroglycerine, and all those things. Then, in the dead of night, he went to the fire-proof safe, and after working at it awhile burst the door and brick into an immortal smash with such perfect success that there was not enough of the safe left to make a carpet tack. Mr. McFadden then proceeded to load up with coupons, greenbacks, currency and specie and to nail all the odd change that was lying anywhere, so that he pranced out of the bank with over one million dollars on him. He then retired to an unassuming residence out of town, and sent word to the detectives where he was.

A detective called on him next day with a soothing note from the cashier. Detectives called on him every day with humble notes from the president, cashier and board of directors. At last the bank officers got up a magnificent supper, to which McFadden was invited. He came, and as the bank officers bowed down in the dust before him he pondered over the bitter past, and his soul was filled with contentment.

Before he drove away in his carriage that night, it was all fixed that McFadden was to keep half a million of that money and hide it, and he returned the other half. He fulfilled his contract like an honest man, but refused, with haughty disdain, the offer of the cashier to marry his daughter.

Maria now hobnobs and associates with the best society, he knows a count in person and has lunch and other good eats thus, and enjoys himself generally. And often now he takes his infant son on his knee and tells him his early life, and instills into young Samuel the child's mind, and lays down how by industry and perseverance, frugality and strict economy, honesty, truthfulness, kindness and fair dealing with the detective system, even the poor may rise to affluence and respectability.—*Mark Twain, in Alta.*

ABOUT CORPULENCE.

Diet and Exercise the Main Reliance for Reducing Obesity.

A correspondent, who, without any known organic or functional trouble, is greatly incommoded by superfluous fat, he wrongly calls it, desires information on the subject.

Fat, or obesity, is known as corpulence. It consists in a tendency to the formation and deposit of fat. A certain amount of this deposit is normal. It is an element of beauty, rounding out the form. It lessens the effects of sudden changes of temperature. It is a reserve of nutriment to be drawn upon in emergencies, thus saving the muscles and other tissues.

Some persons inherit a tendency to it. Some races are more liable to it than others. Women are more so than men. Both sexes are more inclined to it after the age of forty. There are individual cases of extreme obesity. A boy at the age of three weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds, a girl, one hundred and eighty-two, at twelve. A woman, who was thin and delicate at eighteen, died at forty-one with some eight inches of fat around her body. The famous Daniel Lambert's maximum weight was seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Much the largest part of the body in these persons was pure fat.

In all cases of obesity, there is a deficiency of oxygen in the blood either absolutely, or relatively to the amount of food. Excess of food tends to produce it, and yet some are corpulent on a spare diet. Lack of exercise favors it by lessening the oxidation of the tissues. It is also produced by diseases which diminish the number of the red blood corpuscles. It is the latter that absorb oxygen from the inspired air and convey it to the tissues.

According to Quain, very corpulent people have large hearts and small lungs. This may help to explain the deficiency of oxygen. It has also quite recently been proved that women have fewer, by many millions, of red blood corpuscles than men. This, too, may be one reason for their greater tendency to corpulence.

As the muscles become infiltrated with fat, they are weakened. Hence corpulent persons are apt to be indisposed to active exercise. For the same reason, the heart is rendered feeble and is easily disturbed. The deficiency of oxygen tends to the formation of uric acid, and hence to the production of gout. The very corpulent are specially liable to various forms of congestion, and acute diseases are apt to have an unfavorable course.

In treating the corpulent, regard must be had to the fact that their heart is weak. The main reliance for reducing the obesity is on diet and exercise. The latter increases the power of the blood to take up oxygen. The more oxygen one can receive, the better. It kept well within the person's strength and the capacity of a weak-wind heart. The diet should contain but little fatty or starchy food, and much animal food—lean meats, fish, but not the richer kinds, also fresh fruits, vegetables and bread with only a moderate allowance of butter. Alkaline water is believed to be helpful.—*Youth's Companion.*

He Ought to Be Satisfied.

"Fannie," he said to her, "I love you with my whole heart and I want you to be my wife. It is true I'm only a department clerk with fourteen hundred dollars a year, but, Fannie, money doesn't buy happiness. Do you love me, darling?"

"Oo-oo," she cooed, nestling her head on his new coat front.

"And you do love me?" he exclaimed, with confidence. "You love me with your whole soul and being?"

"May be not quite that much," she gurgled, "but I love you fourteen hundred dollars worth, George, and that's four hundred dollars more than I ever loved any other living man."—*Washington Critic.*

A Logical Conclusion.

First Boy—My ma says I mustn't play with you, because your father is nothing but a shoemaker.

Second Boy—She's your father a shoemaker.

First Boy—Ma says he's a manufacturer. He makes a thousand pairs of shoes to your father's one pair.

Second Boy—Then he must be a thousand times worse than my father. I guess I won't play with you any more.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A species of kangaroo which has claws and climbs trees has been discovered in Australia. The native name for it is bungarea.

POOR BUTTER.

A Timely Denunciation of the Methods of Unclean Butter-Makers.

Butter-makers who make the finest goods are doing about as well as ever, and poor butter is doomed, let the oleo fall where it may. The foolish ones who think that any five cows fed alike will make about an equal quantity and quality of butter, who make white, hay butter the year round, and "swap" it for sugar at the grocery, who assert that all is a fanciful notion and mechanism are a hopeless and have to make butter and sell it against Nature's butterine, and get no allowance "protection" in law.

Some dairyers make dairying wholly a failure, for they know not the storekeeper, and the reminder in prices of butter and cheese keep his customers must pay a profit. Dirty feed, swamp hay, sloughed-out pasture and half-rotten corn fodder let the cows run out in the winter to a straw stack and drink out of water. If forced to feed grain, they give the meal or Chicago whole meal, or some sort of brewers' refuse, and do not find the stomach of a cow sure to get the good from the food.

Some practice and prefer what they know to be both wrong and unprofitable because they are too lazy to change their ways. There are of those who send milk to the factory contrained and unskilled, in cans cold water washed, tainted, being battered, black in parts and they break the cream in lumps of under an inch across when they stand upon having their share of the cream where it belongs, in the cream can. Such farmers usually chew tobacco and spit on and across the cream stores, while the wife prepares breakfast, and receives several other sins charged to another collection. An affidavit from a proud wife said that the sight of a "fresh" cow to the factory, by a mob of cows that are adding tons of the "well in the tank" and cows with udders and teats in wounds, or even diseased udders, a crime equal to that of fathering men who use the land of chemical hogs to make butter. Another class of this same family will pick a little beneath-old calf for breakfast the morning it is to go to the calf buyer.

These people never go to farmers' institutes, never take a good paper and only make a forward step in improvement when driven by necessity to do so. The signs of the times now are inevitable that this whole crowd will get left. Every day the lines are being closer drawn between good and inferior articles of food. The scale of prices opens up wider and wider between them, and the day is not far off when all products will be bought on their merits; and those which fall below a certain standard will be thrown aside as worthless, and so will then no longer clog the markets.

Why should not farmers awake to the fact that they are in an enlarged sense business men, and that order, cleanliness, progress, honesty, integrity and general good sense are their legitimate forces to use to achieve success, and that a purpose to excel and a resolution to be at the front in all that they do, will accomplish a needed break-all-out-in-a-new-place that will be accounted greater than any yet enumerated "wonder" of the world?—*John Gould, in N. Y. Tribune.*

FACTS ABOUT BEES.

Interesting Information Which Will Be News to Many Bee Keepers.

One of the most frequent questions asked the bee-keeper is "How long do bees live?" Even those who have kept bees for years in log gums or box hives are ignorant of the point in relation to the industrious occupants of their hives.

Such a bee-keeper discussing this question said: "Why, sir, I have owned a swarm of bees six years, and those bees are the same ones I purchased." It was almost impossible to convince him of his error. The fact is, that the life of the honey bee is short.

In the busy season, the average duration of life is about six weeks. This short existence is caused by excessive activity. "Every shining hour is improved." The tiny wings, buzzing millions of times each day, soon wear out. Birds and insects find in them a sweet morsel, and swoop down upon them in their busy moments; storms beat them to the ground, and if an apiary is located near a pond of water, thousands are blown down upon the surface and find a watery grave. While the life of the bee is so short during the active season, it is several months long during the winter, or inactive period. Breeding or rearing young bees commences in this climate in April. These young bees soon take the place of the old bees, which die off during the spring, and many people are astonished, when in March I tell them that every bee in my two hundred hives will, by the first of June, be numbered with the dead—with the exception of the queen, the life of which is often five years. The drone or male bee is also short-lived, his natural life would probably be several months, but when he will not be of use, he is driven from the hive to die. This changing of the whole population of a colony is beautifully illustrated by introducing an Italian queen into a swarm of native or black bees. The yellow Italians soon begin to hatch and do service harmoniously with the natives, but the natives having lost their progenitor, gradually disappeared until not one can be found—the new race has supplanted them.—*Washington Post.*

—The Bohemian cigar-makers of New York have been advised by their organ, the *Proletar*, to put poison into their cigars and thus do away with the monopolists of the country.

—Lightning struck four large icehouses at Dundee, a few miles from Patterson, N. J., recently and did damage to the amount of from $5,000 to $6,000.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Seventeen bushels of wheat is the product from one grain of seed in three years on a Dakota farm.

—Seed corn should be changed every four or five years, or at least new kinds mixed with the local sorts.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Stock hogs which ran on clover freely have, so far as we can hear, been entirely free from hog cholera.—*Indiana Farmer.*

—The fact is, the average farmer is not alive to his own interest, and the cunning, wily schemers are too much for him.—*Western Farmer.*

Farmers having good horses and very cheap eggs would do well to break one in each horse's feed occasionally.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

When we buy seed corn, it should always be in the ear when we shell it we should spread and scatter so there can be no heating or sweating.—*Home and Farm.*

A man has tried the experiment of setting a hen on a double-yolked egg with entire success. Recently a little head came through each end of the egg, and when the shell was removed two chicks were found. They were slightly united, but were easily separated.—*Chicago Herald.*

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, reporting relative to a trial plant of potatoes, says that on the appearance of rot striking the vines, a portion of the crop was dug and dried, and the rotting ceased at once in that portion, while those remaining undug for two weeks rotted almost entirely.

The most successful farming the past few years seems to have been made by men who had little land and were able themselves, with their families to do the greater part of the work, with little expense for the hired help. To own farmers the growing of small fruits on a small scale generally pays well.—*Business Home and Farm.*

One thousand pounds of dry corn cobs will burn down to four and a half pounds of ash, and of this two and a half pounds will be pure potash. The fact that corn oil is like corn cobs may be due to the potash they contain, and which may serve to correct disordered digestion. Corncobs also contain about two pounds of nitrogen to one thousand of dry cobs, but this is, of course, lost by burning.—*N. Y. Times.*

When the comb of a fowl is large and bright-colored, showing it to be full of blood, and shaking with every activity of the bird, she is in a healthy laying condition. With this condition of comb you will discover the utmost activity in your fowls, starting at every sound or motion. The movements are not like a nervous jump, but with an elastic spring, showing a condition of vigorous health. On the contrary, if the edges of the comb and wattles are a purplish red and the movements sluggish there is disease and danger.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* boldly advises the poisoning of sheep-killing dogs by putting bits of mutton, covered with strychnine, about the pasture, and then keeping one's own counsel. "Soon," he says, "you will hear of this and that dog's dying a horrible death." Such good dogs, too! Their owners will indignantly declare that their dog never left the dooryard, and bitterly charge you with having thrown poison into their dooryards. Keep cool, it is unpleasant, but can't be helped. The sheep will have a rest, and though you may have been the death of nine innocent dogs, yet you have punished the guilty one, and the nine ought to have kept out of the pasture.

UNTHRASHED OATS.

Uncertainties Arising from Feeding Oats in the Straw to Horses.

We have repeatedly seen unthrashed oats fed to horses, and heard its advantages argued. But the principal advantage, which we see resulting from this practice is the saving of the expense of thrashing the oats. Otherwise, we see no advantage, but considerable uncertainty and disadvantage.

It has been argued that, as the grain has a nutritive ratio of 1:6.1, and the straw of 1:20.9 therefore if the oats are fed to the straw, the ration will be about rightly balanced. Supposing the two to be of equal weight, the nutritive ratio would be 1:13.0, while the nutritive ratio of the German ration for the moderately worked horse is 1:7.0. This, as will be seen, makes the ration all out of proportion, and the greater the proportion of straw, the more the ration would be thrown out of balance. Of course, good clover hay, or other nitrogenous food may be given.

But the trouble is not all in the difficulty of balancing the ration. When oats are fed in the straw, the amount of oats fed is all guesswork. The bundles are not all of the same size. Then if we resort to weighing, unless the oats grows more evenly than any we ever saw, the proportion of grain to straw will hardly ever be the same. The quantity of grain fed will, therefore, be constantly varying. We would pick for these reasons, favor the practice of feeding unthrashed oats. It is better to thrash oats, and give the horse a regular measure at each meal, with all the good clover or timothy hay needed.

Oat straw, when it is ripe, may do for filling and mechanically extending the stomach, but is hardly needed, even for this purpose. The nutritive ratio of goodclover hay cut in blossom is 1:6.7, and of the oats, 1:6.1—both about right for hard work, the oats affording the concentrated food, and the clover hay the bulky. In cold weather, with a cold stable, the oat straw may be added for fuel. Even then it would be better to burn it in a heater than in the horse, and a warm stable is better than either.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*