

THE COUNTY FAIR.

THIS IS THE SEASON OF YE COUNTRY SHOW.

Jonathan Periam Tells the Farmer and the Farmer's Wife and the Farmer's Boys and Girls What they Should Know.

WITH the first of September the fair season is fairly opened. Citizens generally within reasonable distances make it a point to attend for general sight seeing and as a pleasurable outing. Farmers, year by year, are giving both county and state fairs more and more careful attention and consideration in respect to implements, farm products and stock, with a view to improve their knowledge of what so intimately interests them. It is wise so to do.

There is no place where comparisons can so easily and accurately be made between the better and the best of the productions, whether of the workshops, the fields or the stables; for the farmer is not an adept in what is of the farm, who should be? And yet, what proportion of the working farmer really is an adept? Very few, compared to the whole, really are. The many in vegetables and fruits look more to size than to quality; in machinery and implements many look to cheapness rather than excellence; in cattle and hogs to overgrown specimens rather than to what proportion of valuable meat they carry; in horses, to the fat they tremble under rather than to bone, muscle and stamina; and in fowls, few farmers who have never seen the better breed, dressed, have little idea of the vast difference between the most excellent and the general run of fowls that have the run of the average farm.

There is no reason why any farmer should not be able to pick out every valuable breed of poultry by their distinctive coloring of feathers, shanks and head; of well-bred horses by their distinguished action and other characteristics of the several breeds; of cattle and hogs by their color and constitutional conformity—of each, in fine, by their several points of excellence as laid down in the standards.

The farmer should know why farm stock are good, ordinary or inferior. He should know something more than that certain samples of grain are simply wheat, rye, barely, oats, corn, flaxseed, sorghum, etc. He should know conclusively by examination what varieties they really are; and most certainly should be able to determine definitely whether they are fit for seed, and of varieties adapted to his soil. He should be able accurately to name the principal vegetables and fruits on exhibition. If not, there is no time better than at our county and state fairs this autumn to educate himself. The exhibitors certainly do know, and are generally willing to impart the knowledge they have carefully gained. There is one lesson that must be learned at home—that is: to produce as good, or nearly so, at least, by giving the proper soil, conditions and cultivation.

It is especially necessary that the growing up and the grown children should earnestly listen, examine and compare various samples. Get them well fixed in the mind. Then when you go home you will have something valuable for reflection, and the newspapers and books you will naturally read on the several subjects will easily become most valuable aids toward perfecting the understanding to the higher points of excellence. The time has come when ultimate profit must be reached by careful study of a practical means to the end sought. The time has passed when money can be made by slack farming. There has always been room at the top. There is yet plenty of room there, and it is practical education that leads there.

Jonathan Periam.

Women Tempt Pickpockets.

Little sympathy is aroused in the average man when he hears that a woman of the day has been victim of pickpockets, and, as a rule, if he is at all outspoken, his comment will be: "It served her right." Most men think, and there is reason in their idea, that the dress of a woman today is an invitation to the light-fingered gentry. She wears her watch dangling from a fragile chateleine, the other end of which is attached insecurely to her belt or pinned to the dress waist; or she may reverse the order of things and put the watch in her belt, while from it a light chain depends, and on that she wears a charm frequently as heavy as the timepiece itself. In either case, a deft thief could disengage the entire outfit without much effort. The practice of carrying the pocket-book in the hand is a careless one, and women who lose their purses have only themselves to blame. The man or woman who would make a name for himself or herself should devise a safe and convenient pocket for a woman's dress.—Ex.

Pitiful Outlook.

"Mamma." "Well?" "You licked me last week for whaling Jimmie Watts and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps walloped me." "Well?" "I'm wondering what'll happen sometime when it's a draw."

Wildcats are quite numerous in Connecticut this year. Several cases have been reported where travelers have encountered them on the highways.

THE ENGLISH OF THE ENGLISH.

Peculiarities That Struck a Recent American Visitor.

One of the first sermons the spectator heard on landing in England was preached in Westminster Abbey. The impressiveness of the Abbey service is, by the way, somewhat marred by the manner in which the crowd "crowds" the monuments, the women sitting on the pedestals and the men hanging their hats on the arms or any other projections in sight. The preacher that evening was the Very Rev. Dean of Ely. He gave an excellent sermon on certain problems of modern thought, but all the way through he pronounced evolution "e"-volution. The next evening the spectator was the guest of a well-known London journalist, a graduate of Cambridge, who also used the word evolution, pronouncing it also "e"-volution. So odd a pronunciation might be set down, in the case of a Church of England clergyman, as one of those peculiarities or affectations—at least so they sound—which those unaccustomed to them cannot escape noticing. This theory can hardly be stretched to apply to a layman, and a newspaper man at that, and so the spectator asked his host if "e"-volution was the ordinary English pronunciation. The latter replied that he had never heard any other. The spectator thought he had discovered a new Americanism. Consulting various dictionaries on his return, the spectator changed his mind. Not one of them gave "e"-volution as even a possible or alternate pronunciation, nor the Century, nor the Standard, nor even Stormonth. Indeed, the last authority went so far the other way as to give e-olve as the proper pronunciation of evolve. The spectator was thus driven to the conclusion that the English are more independent of dictionaries than the Americans are not constantly "looking up words" as we are here, and accept the ordinary usage of the people with whom they associate as authoritative, which would be a typical British way of settling almost any question. An amusing bit of art slang came to the spectator's attention—was, in fact, thrust upon him—at this year's exhibit of the Royal Academy. The one comment (whether of admiration or surprise) was the invariable phrase, "How very extra-ord'n'ry!" This was applied indiscriminately to any and every picture, from a bit of realistic flesh painting—usually, in Paris and London alike, the back of some reclining woman with the reddish hair, which must be the latest fad with the realists—to one of Sargent's portraits, or a wonderful setting of many figures, such as Alma-Tadema's "Spring." It was extraordinary how tiresome the constant repetition of that phrase became after a single day at the Academy. But it was at the Royal Mews, the stables of Buckingham Palace, that the spectator had impressed upon him how much importance attaches to a proper discrimination in the use of English. The groom in attendance was a most impressive person, so very impressive from his cockade to his boots as to satisfy completely one's ideal of stateliness in even a humbler royal funkier. And he "lived up" to his livery. His manner was dignity itself. Referring to the parade at Hyde Park the day before, at which the spectator had been present, he asked the groom whether any royalties had been "out riding" there that afternoon. "Oh, no, sir," replied that functionary, with freezing sarcasm; "their Royal Highnesses and the ladies and gentlemen of the court 'ride' in the morning. They 'drive' in the afternoon." There may have been previous occasions in the spectator's experience when he was equally crushed by the sense of having used the wrong word in the presence of a critical authority; but he failed to recall them then, and he has failed to recall them since.

And to crown all, we had just heard of his impending marriage. "A nice time to be thinking of marrying and feathering his nest!" we remarked to each other, "just when the pillars of the social edifice are giving way, and we are doing our best to pull them

down in order to build something better." When the name of the future bride was mentioned those among us who knew her were staggered a bit. Anna Pavlova Smlrova was not a Venus. But if she had much less beauty than her photograph—which is a common falling of women—she had a good deal more wit, which is not by any means so common.

Although apparently young enough to be his daughter, Anna Pavlova was Kaffsky's senior by five or six years, and, to make matters still more mixed, she was a red radical at heart. Formerly her democratic views had got her into hot water with the authorities, and it was not without considerable difficulty that she had obtained her present position as teacher in a girls' gymnasium, which enabled her to live in modest competency with her widowed mother.

The police, we knew, had twice or thrice made elaborate inquiries about him, had noted his comings in and goings out, and had set a watch upon his actions. Platoff, when arrested a week ago, chanced to have Kaffsky's card in his pocket, and was subjected to a long secret cross-examination about his dealings with him.

"As well suspect the stone sphinxes at the Nikolai bridge as that piece of stuck-up selfishness called Kaffsky," exclaimed Lavrov.

"There must be some reason for the suspicion," cried Brodsky; "there's always fire where there's smoke, and as we know there's no fire here, then there cannot possibly be any smoke. It's a matter of smoked glass spectacles."

This remark struck us all as the acme of cleverness. It was warmly applauded. "Well, who could have smoked the government's spectacles?" somebody asked.

"Boorman, Boorman; he alone has a grudge against Kaffsky," cried half a dozen voices.

Now, none of us had a doubt that he was the Judas Iscariot. His hang-dog expression, his slouching gait, his furtive glance and stammering devilry proclaimed the nature of the spirit that lived and worked within him.

The present case strengthened our suspicion, for Boorman and Kaffsky had quarreled years before.

BETRAYED BY LOVE.

Summer vacations were at hand. The last of the examinations would take place in ten days, and then we would disperse over the length and breadth of the empire, many of us never to return again.

Suddenly we were stunned and stupefied by a bolt from the blue in the shape of a rumor that Kaffsky had been arrested.

He and Alexieff had gone to the theater the night before. They had walked home together and made an appointment for the morrow at the university; but at about 2 a. m. Kaffsky had been spirited away, and was now in the secret wing of the Lithuanian fortress.

A written request was presented by some of the professors, who were beside themselves with indignation, that Kaffsky should be released on bail, just to finish his examination and take his degree, for they knew very well it was all a misunderstanding.

But to our utmost astonishment their request was refused, and Kaffsky was removed from the Lithuanian fortress only to be immured in the more terrible fortress of Peter and Paul.

The excitement caused by the arrest was assuming dangerous proportions. Nobody had cared a rap for Kaffsky a week before, and he was already a most popular hero now.

Perhaps it was hatred for the heartless informer—who had already been arrested, no doubt, to save him from being lynched—and sympathy for Anna Pavlova, whose womanly feelings had got the better of her philosophy. She had completely broken down.

She had been taken to her bed, had refused all food, had forwarded petition after petition to the minister of the interior, and when it became clear that she might just as well be sowing salt on the seashore, her mind gave way. The doctors sent her mother and herself in post haste to the Crimea.

In October a few of us met in St. Petersburg once more—but only a few.



ON THE ROAD TO SIBERIA.

The police had made a tremendous haul among the students the day the university closed session, and many were now in their distant native villages expelled from the university; others in prison, others again on the road to Siberia.

Kaffsky, we learned, was among the latter—condemned to the mines as a dangerous conspirator, in spite of the intercession of the professors; Anna Pavlova was dead, according to others; but it came to pretty much the same thing in the end.

I had heard of many evil things done by diabolical reformers, but this was the most crying injustice I had ever actually witnessed; and when talking with a friend who was a relative of one of the ministers I told him so.

He was astounded at what I told him, and asked me to draw up an account of Kaffsky's case in writing. He would see, he said, that justice should be done.

I had no difficulty in obtaining precise particulars. I discovered even the name of the forwarding prison, over 1,000 miles away, in which Kaffsky was then interred, and having made out a very strong case, I gave my friend the paper, and he presented it to his relative, the minister.

A week passed, then a fortnight, and still there was no answer. One day my philanthropic friend shook his head, said my data were all wrong, said that Kaffsky was the most dangerous conspirator that had ever been tripped up in the very nick of time, and that he would advise me to keep aloof from political reformers in future, as it was evident they could make black appear white without an effort.

Six years later I heard that Kaffsky was no more. He died of disease, or was shot in a tumult, or disposed of in some such way. The particulars were not very precise, but he was really dead, that was certain.

you with a most interesting postscript." And he did.

His statement was based on official documents and this is the gist of it.

"When the terrorist movement was at its height the leaders were invisible and ubiquitous. We suspected that they were in the university, but that was only a guess. Once or twice Kaffsky appeared to be in the movement, but we had no proof, and could get none. It then occurred to General O. of the secret department to employ a spy who had never played the part of a detective before."

"I know. You mean the secondarily informer, Boorman." I broke in.

"Boorman! Boorman! Was he? O, of course he was. Yes. No. Boorman was not the detective. Boorman, I see, was nearly as dangerous as Kaffsky; he was Kaffsky's right-hand man, and he got the same punishment."

This announcement took my breath away, but it only deepened the mystery. "Two thousand three hundred rubles was what it all cost, and dirt cheap, too," he went on.

"You mean the detective's reward?" I asked.

"Yes, that, of course, was over and above her regular salary, which was fifty rubles a month. It was the only clever stroke of business she ever did."

"She!" I repeated. "Was it a woman, then?"

"O, yes; didn't I tell you?—and a woman with the making of a saint in her, too. Ha, ha, ha! She is now a god-fearing sectarian—a pietist of some kind."

"Well, I remarked, 'she would need a good long course of penance, were it only to atone for the fate of poor Anna Pavlova, whose life she snuffed out.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, till the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. "Why, hang it, man, Anna Pavlova was herself the detective. But that was the only clever thing she ever did. She soon after left the service, found salvation, as they term it, in some obscure sect, and is a pious bigot now."

She Was Equal to Him.

Of all the expedients devised by debtors, whether by Micawber or Murger, few have been more simple and effectual than that of a Mrs. Martin in San Francisco recently. She had ordered a ton of coal delivered at her residence. The coal dealers had not yet received their pay for previous tons, so they instructed their driver to take the coal to her house, go to the door, present the previous bill, and refuse to deliver the coal until the bill was paid. He did so. The lady looked a little surprised, but an ominous glitter came into her eye when she heard her ultimatum. But she repressed her feelings, and suavely invited the coal man to "step into the parlor while she went to get the money."

The coal heaver was rather grimy, and did not seem exactly to fit the furniture, but he accepted her invitation, stepped into the parlor, and Mrs. Martin disappeared. Many minutes passed. The coal-heaver became impatient, but the lady did not return. Finally he heard the crash of coal. He looked out of the window. To his horror, he saw his coal being unloaded by another man. He tried the door, but it was locked, and the grimy coal-heaver grimly sat down and waited. After the coal was unloaded the lady appeared and let him out. There was a triumphant twinkle in Mrs. Martin's eyes as she told him to "call again with the bill."—San Francisco Argonaut.

GLIMPSES.

At Castle Hill, Maine, there are three brothers, whose combined height is twenty-one feet.

The very oldest watches bearing inscribed dates are of Swiss make and bear date of 1484.

There is a law which prohibits the cabmen of Paris from smoking their pipes while driving.

State Councillor Jermakoff, who died a short time ago in Moscow, gave away \$5,000,000 in charity.

Kate Field has gone to Hawaii to write up the island for one of the metropolitan journals.

A French taxpayer is obliged to work eighty-six days in the year to pay off what is due the treasury.

If all the thread used in this country yearly were stretched out end to end it would stretch 7,000,000 miles.

RAM'S HORNS.

A chorus in which many love to join: "Didn't I tell you so?" Self-assertive men often do a large business on a small capital.

We must give Christ our burden before he will give us his yoke.

The man who would go to heaven alone if he could, isn't fit to go.

Our loyalty to Christ is best tested by the way we treat our enemy.

Whoever is like Christ will be found trying to make earth like heaven.

A civil tongue is a better protection than steel armor an inch thick.

There is nothing the devil makes much more use of in this world than a tattling tongue.

Pray for your enemy, no matter whether he is trying to kill you with his tongue or a gun.

The devil is still making some people believe that they can serve God without belonging to church.

The man who can pay his debts and won't do it, would steal if he could do it without being locked up.

Some people show that they are not on the way to heaven by what they tell others they must do to get there.

It is a common temptation with the Christian worker to think that God has called him to raise the dead to begin with.

The devil will not be long in making some kind of a flank movement against the preacher who makes sinners feel their need of Christ.

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The secretary of state of Michigan has just issued a report on the ownership of farms in that state. It shows a continuation of the same unhealthy conditions brought to light by the general government census—a relative decrease of owners, and an increase of renters. The process is slow, and therefore insidious, but it is no less alarming. The summary of the report follows:

Tables show the number of farms classified according to tenure, and the daily statistics of the state as returned in the state census of June 1, 1894. No farm of less than three acres was returned unless \$200 worth of produce was sold off from it during the year.

The total number of farms in the state is 177,552, of which 149,093 are cultivated by owners, 9,127 are rented for fixed money rental, and 19,332 are rented for shares of products.

In 1884 the total number of farms returned in the census was 157,289, of which 138,523 were cultivated by owners, 5,657 were rented for fixed money rental, and 13,209 were rented for shares of products.

Comparing the returns in 1894 with those for 1884, there is an increase of 20,563, or 13.07 per cent, in the total number of farms; of 10,570, or 7.63 per cent in the number cultivated by owners; of 3,470, or 61.34 per cent, in the number rented for fixed money rental, and of 6,523, or 49.38 per cent, in the number rented for shares of products.

Of the total number of farms in the state, 88.01 per cent in 1884, and 83.73 per cent in 1894 were cultivated by owners; 3.60 per cent in 1884, and 5.13 per cent in 1894 were rented for money; and 8.39 per cent in 1884, and 11.09 per cent in 1894 were rented for shares of products.

The number of farms in the state June 1, 1890, as shown by the national census, was 172,344, of which 148,208, or 86.00 per cent were cultivated by owners; 8,212, or 4.76 per cent were rented for money, and 15,924, or 9.24 per cent were rented on shares.

The proportion of farms cultivated by owners was 2.01 per cent less in 1890 than in 1884, and 2.23 per cent less in 1894 than in 1890.

Beginning with 1880, in each one thousand farms in the state the number cultivated by owners at each census was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of farms cultivated by owners. 1880: 800; 1884: 880; 1890: 830; 1894: 863.

Considering the state by sections, and comparing with the returns of ten years ago, there is an increase of 3,678 farms in the southern four tiers of counties, of 9,601 in the central counties, of 5,150 in the northern counties of the lower peninsula, and 2,134 in the upper peninsula. The number of farms cultivated by owners has decreased 2,858 in the southern four tiers of counties, while the number rented for money has increased 2,009, and the number rented for shares of products has increased 4,527. In the central counties there is an increase of 7,111, and in the northern counties of 4,385. In the number of farms cultivated by owners. The southern counties, or oldest settled portions of the state, and where about 85 per cent of the farm crops are raised, is the only section in which there is a decrease in the number of farms cultivated by owners. Here, with an increase of 2,678 in the total number of farms, there is a decrease of 2,858 in the number cultivated by owners.

It should be further noted that while every county in the central section, and all counties in the northern section, except four—Crawford, Emmet, Manistow and Oscoda—show an increase in the number of farms cultivated by owners, twenty-three of the twenty-eight counties in the southern section show a decrease; in one, Shiawassee, there is neither gain nor loss, and only four, Berrien, Kent, Monroe and Ottawa, show a gain. In three of these four counties fruit and market garden crops are extensively cultivated, and one, Kent, extends into the territory of the central counties.

The state totals of the dairy statistics are as follows: Total milk produced on farms, 212,970,373 gallons; value of all milk and cream sold from farms, \$2,907,385; butter made on farms, 48,951,378 pounds; cheese made on farms, 206,680 pounds. These totals are for the year ending June 1, 1894.

The national census of dairy products taken June 1, 1890, and including the products of the year ending Dec. 31, 1889, shows as follows: Milk produced, 224,537,488 gallons; butter made on farms, 50,197,481 pounds; cheese made on farms, 328,652 pounds. The products as shown by the present census are less than the national census totals by 12,467,115 gallons of milk, 1,246,103 pounds of butter, and 122,023 pounds of cheese.

More than 400 Plant Perfumes.—It is an interesting thing to know that 4,200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enters largely into the manufacture of soaps and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other color—1,124. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinary large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented.—Ex.

Too Conservative.—The English agriculturist is slow to take advantage of modern scientific discoveries and inventions. Even the cream separator, the principal and utility of which are universally understood, has not yet come into general use in that country. As for the milk tester, it's very name is unknown to thousands of English farmers. Yet the value of this simple and inexpensive appliance to every one who owns milk cattle is incalculable, and its employment is doing more to advance the dairying industry in America and elsewhere than perhaps even the separator itself.—Ex.