

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says that "Italy has a great head; she has abandoned the war with the Abyssinians." Italy may have a great head, but she no longer has the big head.

It has been said that the three sweetest words in the English language are—happiness, home, and heaven. About these cling the most touching associations, and with them are connected the sublimest aspirations.

Charity should be done wisely and judiciously, not taken up as a mere passing craze and fashion, to be worn and laid aside, after being displayed to the eyes of the world, as one lays aside last year's bonnet and gown as being no longer "the thing."

By the time he gets the Soudan campaign completed, the Matabele suppressed, Krueger appeased, Kaiser Wilhelm tractable and Czar Nicholas out of Chinese territory, Lord Salisbury will be a most striking example of that tired feeling.

Gen. Weyler should offer a reward for information that will lead to the arrest of those Cubans who tramped all over his new trocha. A man can't conduct a nice, quiet, gentlemanly war with a lot of enemies frightening his Spanish boys in that way. No wonder he wants to resign.

It is recorded that Sig. Camillo Banci has broken all previous records in Italy by playing the piano for forty-six hours without a stop. This is a long distance musical feat that eclipses the insignificant matinee sprints of the average pianist and shows what careful training will accomplish.

There is something even better than success within the reach of each of us, and that is the consciousness of having manfully striven, in spite of untoward circumstances, faithfully and cheerfully to do our duty in that state of life in which a merciful Providence has cast our lot. This involves patience and endurance, courage and forbearance, and affords numberless opportunities for the exercise of true heroism.

Apropos of the scandal over dueling in Germany, an English paper relates that, a few days ago, a judge, trying a case of cowardly assault, stigmatized the conduct of one of the prisoners, who was a brother reserve officer, as "ungentlemanly," whereupon the culprit challenged him to a duel. Naturally, he promptly refused, and for refusing to fight with a prisoner whom he had tried, the Military Court of Honor has removed the judge's name from the roll of officers.

It is alike dishonest and disgraceful to contract unnecessary debt without the means of discharging it. Friendly cordiality should be extended to the man who chooses to eat plain food, to wear a coarse garb, and to live in a humble home that is truly his own, because honestly paid for, rather than to him who lives softly and delicately and he postpones his payments, eludes his debt, and lives, a servile dependent on charity, or the indulgence or patience of his creditors.

The spiritual status of Miss Conesdon must now remain a mystery. She is the young woman in Paris who claims to be the advance agent of the Angel Gabriel, and has astonished investigating commissions by the number and diversity of her trances. There has been a lively dispute as to whether she is a psychical phenomenon or an abnormally glib deceiver. Now she is to be married, and to a spiritualist who is reputed to be a pretty lively medium himself, and the public will be shut off from any further contemplation of her communings with other spheres.

A man diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much; a golden crown cannot cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper give ease to the gout, nor a purple robe fray away a burning fever; a sick man is alike sick wherever you lay him—on a bed of gold, or on a pad of straw; with a silk quilt or a sorry rag on him; so no more can riches, gold, or silver, land, and livings, bid a man ever so much, minister unto him much joy, yea, or any true joy at all, where the mind is distract and discontent. Without contentment there is no joy of aught, there is no profit, no pleasure in anything.

London is spending nearly \$2,500,000 in cleansing and rebuilding one slum. American cities are just beginning to learn how serious is the cumulative evil of slum construction. They may with profit also learn how costly is the necessity of slum destruction. The object lesson offered by London may be studied with interest in all large cities, and especially in New York, where, through the efforts of the State tenement-house commission, legislation has with much difficulty been secured which, if enforced, perpetuated and added to, will tend to prevent the growth of such conditions as London is now compelled to combat.

A dispatch from Washington states that the administration of antidipltheria serum to the child of an eminent British physician resulted fatally. The

serum was administered by the father, and the child died a few minutes after the injection. No doubt the use of the serum has produced death or very serious injury to the patient in very many cases that have not been reported. In fact, intelligent and cautious physicians have from the first been inclined to regard the serum as a dangerous remedy, which should be used only as a "heroic" last resort. Undoubtedly the Berlin case will be very influential for the reason that the fatal result followed the use of the remedy by a learned physician, his own child being the patient. The circumstances were such as to point to great care not only as to the quality of the serum, but in all other respects.

That remarkable man and marvel of beneficence—Baron Hirsch—to whose stupendous gifts allusion has been recently made in the press, anticipated living for many years. His sudden death defeated his best purposes. It would be a platitude to say this, except for his astonishing unselfishness in the plan he had in view. While he was one of the richest men in Europe, those who knew him best declare that it was his intention to die poor, after his vast wealth had been given for benevolent uses. Such philanthropy as he purposed and had begun to execute, is unparalleled in the history of beneficence, and can hardly be adequately comprehended. His income was estimated at fifteen million dollars a year, and that sum has latterly been but a part of his yearly charity. His gifts far exceeded his income at the time of his death. Among the wealthy men of the world he stands honored and supreme as an exemplification of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

After hearing Theatrical Manager Belasco's description of how he trained a certain actress the public will be better able to understand the secret of modern emotional acting. Said Mr. Belasco, who was placed on the witness stand in a lawsuit: "I taught her to weep for the different emotions in a different way. So many, nearly all, the actresses on the stage weep in one way. They know only one way to weep. I pulled her around by the hair like Nancy Sikes. I would hit her head on the floor. I would throw her down and drag her around on the floor and beat her to give her the natural emotions. In fact, I tried in the brief period of one year and a half to make her such an artist as it would ordinarily take a woman a lifetime to become." In other words, Mr. Belasco did his utmost on behalf of art. The public can understand now what Sir Henry Irving means by asserting that an actor should lose himself in his part and suffer or rejoice with the character he impersonates. Training an actress in this line necessarily is costly, for it involves severe labor. In impersonating Ophelia, for instance, a novice might require to be dragged around on the floor many times before acquiring a true conception of the role or "natural emotions." As for the advisability of hitting the artist's head upon the wall, coating, that, according to the best authorities, is a matter of opinion. Sometimes equally good results may be obtained by pulling the hair. As to the beating of the artist, that is unquestioned, and, no doubt, will soon be used by all good instructors. Next to dropping the artist off Brooklyn bridge on to a passing scow it has no equal as an agency in arousing the artistic temperament and sharpening the perceptions. Still, we are but entering the first stage of historic development. Eventually perfect mechanical devices will enable actresses after a fifteen minutes' passage through a harvesting machine to go on the stage as finished artists and acquit themselves with great eclat.

A Typical American City.
St. Louis, in more than one sense, must be accorded a central place in the series of great American towns. It is not only central by virtue of its geographical situation, but it is also more typically American than any other of our large communities, by reason of the blending of the several American types of population. The process of assimilation has been more complete than in the Northern towns, and distinctions of race and class are less sharp than in most Eastern cities. St. Louis is comparatively an old community. It has succeeded fairly well in reducing New Englanders, Virginians, New Yorkers, men from the Gulf States, Kentuckians, Northwesterners, Missourians, the Illinois contingent, the Texans, and the Irish and Germans as well, into a body of progressive yet conservative Americans, to which each element has contributed something, while losing the sharp edges of its own eccentricities. There results a community that is typically American, and more completely representative of our whole country, such as it is, than any other one of the dozen largest American cities. It also happens that St. Louis is the most satisfactory exponent of what may be called the distinctively American system of city government that the country affords on any similar scale of magnitude.—Century.

An Accommodating Texan.
A stranger in New York, who seemed to be lost, asked Gus de Smith: "Say, how do I get to the railroad depot?" "Say what?" "Say, how do I get to the railroad depot?" "How do I get to the railroad depot? Anything else you want me to say?"—Texas Sifter.

It sometimes happens that those who die for love are better off than those who marry for it.

Seeing the girl from next door fly by on her wheel is, after all, better than hearing her sing all evening.



Making Orchards Pay.
The accompanying illustrations, engraved from photographs taken at the same distance so as to preserve the exact relative proportions of each, tell the whole story of the difference between care and neglect of a young orchard. Each of these trees is the



best—not a representative, but the best tree to be found in the orchard from which it is taken, though the larger (Fig. 1) is more nearly representative than the smaller (Fig. 2). The tenants on five adjoining farms owned by one man, were furnished with a hundred or more trees to the farm. Thus the trees were all planted at the same time, in similar soil, and from the same lot of trees, so that the only difference must come as a direct result of the planting, and after-care received. In the best of these orchards there was no stunting in digging the holes. The roots were carefully spread, and the soil, mixed with stable manure, firmly packed about them. Every winter the ground has been covered with manure taken directly from the stable, a few extra forkfuls being thrown close about each tree, and during the summer the soil has been cultivated in truck and potatoes. These orchards are now seven years old, and in this particular one only several trees have been lost, in spite of the extremely dry summers, though I know of one of the orchards which has but twelve trees left and

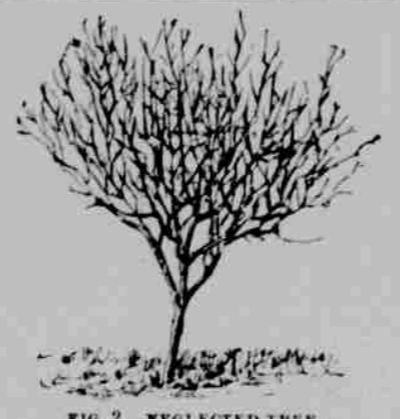


FIG. 2. NEGLECTED TREE.

none of those of value.—American Agriculturist.



GOOD GARDEN ROLLER.

needed for the roller, and that the barrow can be weighted to give just the pressure desired.

A Useful Work.
At an expense of \$400,000 the United States Department of Agriculture has published 500,000 copies of its 656-page Year Book for 1895. The appendix contains a fine index and a lot of useful tables and other data, while the main part consists of short chapters or essays on subjects of interest to farmers. Secretary Morton modestly fills only sixty pages with a statement of the department's doings, showing "wherein expenditures have been reduced for the sake of economy, and wherein they have been increased for the sake of efficiency." Any one can get a copy of the book by asking his Congressman for it.

Growing Peppers for Market.
In every neighborhood there is usually a good demand for garden peppers about the time vegetables are being put up for pickles. We have known farmers who have made a good business growing a few hundred pepper plants, and selling the produce not only to neighbors, but through grocery stores

in the near-by city or village. The plants need to be started in a greenhouse, and unless the farmer has one of these useful conveniences it will pay him to purchase the plants of some commercial seed and plant grower, who will sell them by the hundred at cheaper rates than a farmer can afford to grow for himself the small number that he requires.

Buckwheat After Puckwheat.
The buckwheat crop is more often grown in succession than in any other. In part perhaps because it is often put on land that cannot be prepared for other crops earlier in the season. So there is no alternative when the soil is once broken up but to sow buckwheat until the land can be reseeded. We have known timothy seed sown with buckwheat, in July, and making a fair stand when the buckwheat was cut early in September. On dry uplands clover is sometimes sown with buckwheat and gets sufficient foothold in the soil to endure the winter. But wherever the land is too wet to allow any other crop than buckwheat to be grown on it, there is no use trying to grow clover. It may make a show in the fall all right, but will inevitably be lifted out of the soil by freezing and thawing the following winter.

Silver Spangled Hamburgs.
After twelve years of breeding and carefully testing nearly all breeds of thoroughbred fowls as egg producers, I give my preference to the breed shown here. I have carefully tested them for twelve years and in one experiment they showed their superiority as follows: Ten hens and a cock of Brown Leghorns, Laced Wyandot and Silver Spangled Hamburgs were placed in



HIGH BRED SILVER SPANGLED HAMBURGS.

separate yards, fed the same and cared for exactly alike. Eggs produced:

May, June, July,	
8, S. Hamburgs.....	295 254 257
Brown Leghorns.....	204 185 122
Laced Wyandots.....	125 125 80

The Hamburgs gave more eggs per day and during July were becoming fat, while half the Wyandots wanted to sit. The Hamburgs continued to lay, showing no signs of broodiness and laying nearly as many eggs during September as in May. During the previous year the eggs from twenty Hamburg fowls sold for \$56.35, making a net return over cost of feed of \$1.15 per hen. This is a handsome fowl with silver white plumage, each feather ending with a most beautiful spangle. They are a small fowl and very light eaters, consuming only about half as much as the larger Wyandots. They are non-sitters, active foragers and stand confinement better than any other breed I have yet tried.—Leslie Stewart in Farm and Home.

Vegetable Mould as Manure.
Muck beds are commonly not very rich in valuable plant food, else they would not be so slow in decomposing. It is because they are mainly carbonaceous rather than nitrogenous that the vegetable matter accumulates until it becomes a mass of muck. Nobody ever saw muck made from decaying clover. When it begins to decay it proceeds rapidly, and so little is left of it at last that, though more valuable than five times its bulk of ordinary muck, nobody would care much for it. The best use of muck beds is to thoroughly drain them, supply the muck with the mineral matter that it probably needs, and then use them to grow celery, onions or roots, all of which thrive well on such land. This is better than laboriously drawing the muck out of its bed and then drawing it on uplands after mixing with stable manure. Most of our stable manure is too poor anyway, and this dilution of it with muck only makes it less valuable.

Orchard and Garden.
Coal ashes are beneficial to clay soil. Currant and gooseberry bushes should be pruned every year.

Be ready at the first opening in the spring to set out trees.

All trees should be transplanted before the leaves start out.

It is best to cover all wounds made in pruning with paint or oil.

Bone dust and wood ashes are a good fertilizer for strawberries.

A little salt sprinkled around quince trees will be beneficial to them.

All imperfect and diseased branches, vines and trees should be burned.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whittier Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fires, Festive Days, Etc., Etc.

Visited General Getty.
"General George W. Getty, our old division commander," said Major Anson, "who commanded the Sixth corps at the battle of Cedar Creek, while General Wright was commanding Sheridan's army, when Sheridan was twenty miles away' but coming like the wind, lives ten miles from Washington, at Forest Glen. I reached there at 1 o'clock one day and talked with the old hero for four hours.

"I rang the bell; an old man came to the door and welcomed me. 'General Getty, I don't suppose you remember me,' I am satisfied that you are one of my soldiers, but my sight has failed the last few months so I cannot see you distinctly.' Then I told him my name. 'Why, certainly; member of my military family. Come right in; I am delighted to see you.' And there we sat those four happy hours and talked over old times. You know how lovely it is to sit down with a man you served with; how the time flies and that you take no note of it. I want to say that my visits to Generals Wright and Getty convinced me of this fact as I never realized it before. The men who wore stars on their shoulders and who commanded corps, divisions and brigades, and even armies, find just as much pleasure in talking with their comrades, whether generals or privates, as the men of the line and of the rank and file do, and you know what that means. I feel that it should be one of our duties, as it certainly is one of my greatest pleasures, to never miss an opportunity to call upon and chat with our old commanders—men who commanded our companies, regiments, batteries, boats, brigades, divisions and corps.

"Do you remember that General Getty and Gibson were very close and warm friends? They were. I had met General Gibson at Chicago at the time we elected General Lucius Fairchild commander-in-chief of the Loyal Legion, and was introduced to him. In the course of our conversation I mentioned that I had served on the staff of General George W. Getty. Gibson's eyes brightened and he extended his hand and said: 'We will shake again. George W. Getty was one of the best friends I had in the army. His friends are my friends.' I told General Getty of the incident and he said: 'Yes, Gibson told me about that the last time we met.' Then the old general of two score of battles rose to his feet and walked back and forth through the room several times. When he sat down there was a tear track on his dear old face and a tremble in his voice when he said: 'Gibson was a good man, a good soldier and a great general. His death was a severe shock; I shall miss him sorely.'

"General Getty has a 200-acre farm, lives in a fine residence, his wife and only unmarried daughter making up the family. His other five children are married. One is a paymaster; another a prominent St. Paul business man. The general spoke of a number of our regimental officers, including General J. M. Warner, the millionaire merchant of Albany, N. Y., who recently retired as postmaster; Colonel Aldace F. Walker, who holds a \$40,000 position with a Western railroad; Rev. Arthur Little, formerly a Chicago Congregational minister, now of Massachusetts, and others. When it was nearly time for my train the general ordered his carriage and drove to the station, a mile distant. When we were ready to part, he said very nearly what General Wright had said to Captain Gould and myself. I repeat it so that others of the old division and corps who visit Washington may be led to call on the old general. 'Major, you don't know how much good it has done me to have you make this visit. It renews my youth. Please never come to Washington without dropping out to see the old farmer.' In answer I said: 'General, I shall visit you whenever an opportunity is afforded, not only from a sense of pleasure, but a sense of duty. You were very kind to me when I was a boy and a member of your staff—a very father to me—and I can never forget it. It has been worth much to me throughout my life.'

"When I expressed the hope that he would come West some time, he said: 'I would like to, but I am getting pretty old to travel so far. I would like to visit my son at St. Paul, and may do so.' If you come, general, be sure to arrange to spend a few days in Milwaukee. There are others of your old division in our city, and if there were not, there are hundreds of soldiers who will take genuine pleasure in rendering your stay one of joy. They know you—know of your services, bravery, kindness for your soldiers.'

"How like saying good-by to the dear ones of home it is to part with the men who served with him in that struggle for a nation's life! But I would not have missed those visits with Generals Wright and Getty for the best \$500 ever mined and minted or designed and printed.

"While at New Orleans," continued the major, "I was invited to visit the army of the famous Washington artillery that has maintained an organization for nearly one hundred years. I was pleasantly surprised, and I confess touched to the heart by the first object that caught my eye. It was a large oil painting of General Robert E. Lee and General Stonewall Jackson. It is said to represent those two famous Southern generals when they met at Chancellorsville, Va., in May, and Jackson urged his commander to permit him to take his corps around Hooker's

army and attack Howard's Eleventh corps. Jackson seems to be animated and making an earnest appeal, while Lee is listening attentively. History tells us that Jackson carried his point and won for the Confederacy one of its great battles. It was not the picture that caught my attention and touched me. On either side hung the flag of the republic, the stars and stripes, and over the painting was another flag tastefully festooned. I said to a Confederate colonel who happened to be there at the time: 'I am as well pleased as I am much surprised to see the stars and stripes by the side of and over that painting, colonel.' 'Why, you needn't be. We down South think as much of that flag as you up North do.' Wouldn't that warm the heart of the average Yankee soldier?—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

Pension Business.
The history of the Pension Bureau at Washington would make a highly interesting book, if it could ever be written. Tragedy and comedy would justify each other in its pages. The New York Tribune, in an extended account of the business of the bureau, says that great numbers of strange and amusing letters are received. Thus one man wrote:

"One night on picket duty at the siege of Vicksburg I saw by spiritual light a light shining on the side of my face and the bottom of my feet. I was sanctified, and what ailed me was Christianity. I have it in my head, heart and whole system, and it troubles me most when I have theague and attending church. I feel there is something in my head which may run out when it gets loose."

In the investigation of this case it was shown that the claimant had suffered a severe sunstroke at the siege of Vicksburg, and was insane. The pension was granted.

Another man wrote to the Law Division of the bureau to obtain advice on what was to him a very important matter:

"I took my money," he wrote, "and bought me a pig and some seed potatoes, and I kept the pig all summer and he has become a fat hog, and I dug my potatoes last week, and now John Jones has leaved on my pig and he wants to take my potatoes. I want the government to protect me. Has he a right to take government property?"

What reply the lawyers made to this inquiry we are not informed. As an example of the palms taken by the bureau to get at the truth in all doubtful cases, the Tribune cites the following:

A man applied for a pension for a wounded knee which he had received near Lexington, Kentucky, while on a special detail. The man was asked to furnish the affidavits of some witnesses of the occurrence; but as the special detail had been taken from several regiments, he did not know the names of any of the persons composing it. He only remembered that his comrades had called one of the men "Possum," and that another was called "Coon"—a good illustration, by the way, of the superior memorability of nicknames.

The man's story was so straightforward, and his claim apparently so just, that in spite of the difficulties attending a search for "Possum" and "Coon," the bureau went about it systematically.

It was found that there had been one Kentucky regiment at Lexington. After considerable correspondence all the non-commissioned officers in the detail were found, except one man by the name of Adams. It was subsequently found that Adams had been in Mexico. A letter was written asking him who "Possum" was. The letter was returned unheeded for.

It was then ascertained that Mr. Adams, who was an engineer, had gone to some mining town in Nevada, where he was finally located. When he was written to, it was found that he had moved again, but no one knew where. It was developed, however, that he had told some one that he lived somewhere in the vicinity of a certain small village in Maine.

The postmaster of this town was corresponded with, and he informed the bureau that a family by the name of Adams lived in the vicinity. One member of the family, he said, had been in Kentucky, was a mining engineer, and was expected home soon. A letter was addressed to this Mr. Adams in the care of the postmaster, who delivered it to him on his arrival soon afterward.

It subsequently appeared that this Mr. Adams was "Possum," and he described the accident of the ammunition-wagon so clearly that the claim in question was allowed.

Recovered His Saber.
Thirty-three years ago L. B. Perrine, of Potosky, a Fourth Michigan Cavalry man, was returning to camp near Munfordsville, Ky., with a fat sheep strapped to the pommel of his saddle, when a band of rebels came galloping after and firing shots. His horse couldn't run with so big a load, so, cutting his sheep away, he galloped to safety. In so doing he lost his saber. He was wearing the badge of his regiment at Louisville, last month, when an ex-Confederate stopped him to tell him that he had a saber belonging to a man in that regiment by the name of L. B. Perrine. Of course they shook hands. Perrine got his saber back, and another pretty story has been added to the big list.

First Confederate Flag Found.
After a disappearance of more than thirty years the first Confederate flag made in Mississippi has been found in New York.

In Europe thrushes build their nests as near to human habitations as they can to escape the persecutions of the magpies.

If you intend to do a good action, don't change your mind.