The Question of Good Roads.

The question of good roads is forcibly discussed by Mr. Philip Snyder, of Dutchess County, New York, in the Country Gentleman. Mr. Snyder favors the abolition of the present road law in his State, and advocates the payment of road tax in cash, together with other taxes—the amount to be expended by commissioners of highways, who shall appoint a road expert to supervise the work on all the highways. Mr. Snyder further says:

"Our roads are now a shame to our civilization, and with more agitation and exposure of their failings, a large majority of the people will favor a system that abolishes this disgrace.

"In the discussions thus far carried on, one important point has received little attention. Much has been said about the road bed, and about drainage, both of which, of course, are of great importance, but in my judgment nothing is of more importance than to get rid of many of the hills that now impede travel and are as unsightly as they are useless and damaging. Many of them can be avoided by a slight change of route, either by a road alongside of the hill instead of over it, or by going around the base. In many other cases the hills can be cut through, and the earth and rock necessary to be removed utilized in filling adjacent hollows where mudholes have been the leading feature since the Indans left, and will be until the road taxes are paid in cash. Of course this will cost something, but once done the cost is done. It costs a great deal not to do it, and that is where the farmers and other objectors show their narrowness. Any impediment to travel costs enormously, in time, in horseflesh, in the wear and tear of vehicles, in harness, and sometimes in human life. The one gain of not doing it is that the cost is extended over a long series of years and a little at a time. But the aggregate is enormous, and the plan of postponement is without the first element of business or common sense.

"Farmers have one good reason for dreading a change in the road system, and that is that the supervision required will lead to abuse in the payment of large salaries for work, and the work inefficiently done. Let them exercise common business sense in electing honest and competent men to work the roads, and the danger will disappear."

Free Turnpikes.

Judge Garrett S. Wall, of Maysville, Ky., said the people in his section are enthusiastic on the question of free turnpikes. Mason County has 300 miles of macadamized turnpikes, and as fine a belt of blue-grass land as can be found in the world. The county has paid more than one-half the cost of constructing the turnpikes, yet her citizens have been compelled to pay from $30,000 to $50,000 per year at toll-gates to travel their own roads. Recently the Fiscal Court purchased several of the roads outright and began to extend them and parallel several of the high-toll roads, designing to ultimately buy all the roads and make them free of toll. This would have seriously injured the income of some of the "Turnpike Kings," and they, under the guise of protecting the taxpayers, induced one of them to enjoin the levy of tax to pay for the roads, and thus put off the day when their income from tolls is bound to be reduced. The Circuit Judge dissolved the injunction, but the "Turnpike Kings" appealed to the highest court, and hope to delay, if not defeat, the will of the people.

Wasted Talent.

The life of the English painter, Hawkins, furnishes a strange and discouraging instance of the youthful precocity which often comes to naught. At 20 years of age he was the center of acclamation. Every one thought he was sure to do great things; perhaps, as one of his contemporaries said, "become a Michael Angelo, or something of the kind."

But, like the crab, he "walked backward;" and at the close of his life he is described as having lived in a fool's paradise, content with himself, and fattening on the empty praise he had won, but never deserved. The mischief lay in the fact that he was an excellent boon companion. Everyone who was setting out for a "good time" wanted Hawkins as the center of it, and he was only too glad to be beguiled.

On one occasion he was asked by a Mr. Ackers, a member of Parliament, to accompany him and one or two others to Paris, the host promising to give him a holiday and pay all his expenses. Hawkins objected.

"I'm busy on a picture," said he, "and I want to finish it for exhibition."

"Never mind that," returned Ackers. "Bring it with you and paint it there."

Hawkins yielded, as he always did in the end, and the picture was put into the carriage. As they were driving along, Mr. Ackers asked to be allowed to look at it, and when it was uncovered, he said:

"What do you want for it?"

"I shall want £50 for it when it's finished," answered Hawkins.

"Very well," returned the member of Parliament, "I'll give it to you, and I'll finish the picture for you, too!" With that he kicked a hole through the canvas, and the artist was thus set free for an undisturbed jollification.

AXMEN OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Two Experts to Be Sent to Australia to Show What They Can Do.

There are probably no more skilled axmen in the world than the woodchoppers of the Pacific Northwest. Some of them can saw or chop a tree so that it will fall in any desired direction, and it is even said, by the New York Evening Post, that they can drive a stake in the ground and fell a tree so that in striking the ground it will bury the stake out of sight. Two of the picked lumbermen of the Northwest are to be sent over to Australia next autumn to compete with their fellow craftsmen in that part of the world. The following letter to the Puget Sound Lumberman from Latrobe, Tasmania, explains the manner of the competition in which they will be entered: "In your issue of September, 1893, you mention the United Australasian Axmen's Association, and also the fact that you have splendid axmen in the Pacific Northwest. Now these latter are just what we want to reach, because we want to induce the best men among them to come and see if they can compete with the Tasmanians and Australasians in wood-chopping contests. We hold our next annual exhibition at Ulverstone, Tasmania, Nov. 28 and 29 next, for which I enclose a program. We are offering liberal prizes, and if two competitors come from the Pacific Northwest—and come proving by reference from you that they represent your country in these contests—we will guarantee them £25 ($125) each for traveling expenses, or £50 (250) for the two; besides we will give free entry to all contests. They will have to meet our champions on level terms in the championship contests, but if they enter in the handicaps they would get starts from our best men. Private matches could also be arranged."

Old English Cookery.

Down to the sixteenth century the extraordinary mixtures, both as to ingredients and seasonings, which prevailed gave an indication of the tastes of the period. Thus blanc-mange, or, as it is generally spelled, blanc-manger, instead of being merely a jelly of milk or cream, was formerly composed of the pounded flesh of poultry, boiled with rice and milk of almonds, and sweetened with sugar, while a mixture of the same kind, but colored with blood or sandal wood, was called a rose. Buckuade was the name of another typical preparation, and was made of meat "hewn in gobbets," pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, onions, salt and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron.

Mortrewx, a dish mentioned by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," was held in great esteem. It derived its name from the mortar in which the meat used in making it was pounded, and as the recipe is a representative one, we will give it as it stands in the "Forme of Cury":

"Take hennes and porke, and seethe hom togydre. Take the lyre (flesh) of the hennes and of the porke and hack it small, and grind it all to dust. Take bread grated, and do thereto, and temper it with the self broth—that is, the broth in which it was broiled, and ayle (mix) it with zelkes of ayern (yolks of eggs), and cast thereon powder fort (pepper) and boil it, and do thereto powder of gynger, saffron and salt, and loke that it is standing (stiff), and flour it all with powder of gynger."

Tale of a Poet's Woes.

A certain weekly newspaper in Vienna had until recently upon its staff a tame poet who had to contribute verses to every number dealing with current topics in a smart, epigrammatic way. His salary, according to St. Paul's, was a sum equivalent to about $10 a month, and he was content with this small remuneration so long as he was the "only poet" of this particular paper. When, however, he began to find its columns desecrated by the rhymes and epigrams of rivals in the same line of business, he addressed repeated appeals and protests to his editor; and then, finding (as most of us have done in our time) that this course was utterly useless, he decided to strike. But he omitted to give notice of his intention, so the editor brought action against him and claimed damages. The idea of an editor going to law with a contributor because the latter refuses to go on contributing is a little difficult to grasp. Fortunately for the poet the court decided that the paper would really suffer no harm from the cessation of the defendant's contributions, and he got a verdict which was satisfactory to his pocket but not very complimentary to his verses.

How George Peabody Lived.

The great philanthropist, George Peabody, made it a rule to earn his money before he spent it. He had a rugged boyhood and was willing to work. He succeeded as a banker in London by no accident. He was cool, cautious and slow. In 1849 he was the only American banker in London. His fellow bankers lived high. They gave dinners and banquets and spent money lavishly. Peabody acted differently. He was always economical. He lived in a small hotel where there was no loafing and no crowd. He never spoke a hasty word and kept his own counsel. He lived for others as well as himself, and thousands of American youth have been benefited by his liberal gifts to education, and the establishment of Peabody Institute.

No one dares to be original in making arrangements for a wedding or a funeral.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Drainage Will Drive Away Crawfish—How to Test the Comparative Food Value of Potatoes—The Cause of Small Eggs—Average Yields of Corn

Crawfish Land.

The only way to cure crawfish land is to drain it. With the water taken away, the crawfish will leave or die. The only way to do this is with underdrains. It is hard to keep tile drains, as ordinarily laid, in order in crawfish land, as the varmints will everlastingly choke them or throw them out of line. I have had fair success with tiles in crawfish land by laying the tile on a plank. But the best way is to drain as well as possible with drains made from pine poles, and then as the land gets dryer and the crawfish scarcer, run in the tiles between. In digging the ditches for tiles in such land, you will find that the water springs strongly out of the crawfish holes along the bottom of the ditch, while between will be tight clay. Now if you lay a tile on such a bottom it is evident that it will not be good long, but the drain made with three poles will carry off, and lower the level of, the water in the soil, so as to bring about conditions destructive to the crawfish, which will not stay with dry soil above them. I once circumvented them by wrapping the tiles with bagging at every joint and using an extra large tile. But the fact is that there is little crawfish land that is worth the expense of the underdrains. I would underlay a little piece in a field to make all uniform, but a large tract of crawfish land I would move away from, rather than try to redeem it.—Practical Farmer.

A Test for Potatoes.

Prof. Goff, of the Wisconsin experiment station, mentions a simple way to test the comparative food value of potatoes. In making brine for beef, it is an old custom to put a potato in water and stir in salt until the potato floats. But if several potatoes are put in together some will come to the top sooner than others. Starch, the valuable portion of the potato is heavier than water, and the tubers that contain most starch are best for the table, being mealy when cooked. By putting a bushel of potatoes into a barrel nearly full of water and stirring in salt, the tubers poorest in starch will first come to the top, and may be picked off. By stirring in more salt, more potatoes will rise. Those that remain at the bottom longest are worth the most. The difference in the table quality of the lightest and heaviest tubers is surprising. The former will be soggy and salvy, the later flaky and farinaceous. Prof. Goff thinks the market value of potatoes should be based on their specific gravity. There is no reason why potatoes containing but 12 per cent. of starch should sell for as much per bushel as those containing 20 per cent. The latter are worth nearly double the former for food. The salt test is a cheap and easy one, and a dozen tubers may be tested in any vessel. When the potatoes are sold on their merits as food rather than on the amount of bulk they fill, farmers will have some encouragement to produce tubers that contain starch, rather than those that contain water, because their food value and palatability will be increased.

The Cause of Small Eggs.

The steady improvement in the grade of poultry kept by farmers has resulted in the increased size of the eggs. This difference is so marked that the eggs produced in the North always command in the markets a higher price than those from the South, where the improved breeds have been more slowly introduced. In that section the undersize of poultry and eggs is doubtless due chiefly to the lack of new blood. The debilitating effect of the heat is sometimes given as the explanation, but the true one is rather the lack of care and proper breeding, the indirect result of the climate, which, by permitting the birds to forage all the year round, relieves the owner of much trouble, but at the same time checks his interest in their best development.

Average Yields of Corn.

The average yield of corn in some of the Western States where this is a main crop is only 25 bushels per acre. This is less than the English average for wheat, though as every farmer knows, it is far easier to get a large yield of Indian corn than of any other grain. A crop only 25 bushels per acre suggests many vacant spaces, or, what is nearly as bad, stalks that are destitute of ears. The large Dent corn grown at the West has yielded a pint of grain for a single ear when grown at its best. If only one stalk is grown with such an ear in the hill it would amount to more than 55 bushels of grain with the hills three by four feet apart. A hill of corn ought to average much more than a pint of grain. We know many fields of Flint corn with comparatively small ears, where two or more would grow on a stalk and give fully a pint of shelled grain. The largest crop of corn we ever grew was of an eight-rowed Flint corn that had small stalks and was very early. It was planted in hills 3x3 feet, and three grains in a hill. Every stalk had one or more ears, and the yield of corn in the ear was more than 100 bushels per acre on a field of six acres. —American Cultivator.

Making the Soil Deeper.

It is commonly said that plowing deep is the direct means of making the soil deep. It is true that deep plowing opens a lower stratum to the action of air, but this only hastens the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil, and if this is not replaced the soil becomes so deficient in humus that deep plowing is useless. There is no better way to deepen soil than to sow clover and every third or fourth year use the subsoil plow as deeply as it can be run. This will enable the clover roots to penetrate the soil to a greater depth. Whenever a clover sod is plowed a considerable part of its lower roots are left in the soil as they grew. These roots rapidly decay, and they enable roots of grain and other crops to go down deeply in search of moisture. This is one reason why hoed crops on a clover ley withstand droughts better than if planted on timothy sod, whose roots are all near the surface. To make the clover grow as large as possible is all important. The larger the growth the deeper the clover roots run and the more the subsoil is benefited.

Farm and Dairy Instruction.

During the three months of January, February and March of the past four years the courses in agriculture and dairying have been given at the State College, and in spite of the inadequate equipment have been highly successful. The number of students in these courses has increased from four in 1892 to fifty-one in 1895, and a still more rapid growth is foreshadowed for the future. As an evidence of the widespread interest in its work and of the great scope which it is destined, if properly encouraged, to eventually enjoy, it may be mentioned that in the class of 1895 there were represented twenty-one counties of Pennsylvania, besides four other States. Three courses are now offered—one in creamery management, one in private dairying and one in general agriculture. A Chautauqua course of home reading in agriculture is also maintained, and now includes nearly 340 members. The experiment station is engaged, too, in valuable investigations into agricultural problems. The State should foster this work as befits its resources, and the farmers and dairymen of the State should avail themselves of the benefits of the college courses.—Philadelphia Record.

Phospate for Barley.

The barley crop matures very quickly, and its roots do not run through the soil so far as to do those of oats and wheat, which take a longer period to grow. For this reason the concentrated commercial fertilizers are especially valuable for barley. A dressing of 150 pounds per acre drilled in with the seed will add two to five pounds per bushel to the weight of the grain. On land long cropped it is often very hard to grow barley weighing 48 pounds per bushel without some mineral fertilizer. Only very little nitrogenous manure is needed for barley. It has naturally a broad leaf, and if foliage is set to growing rapidly the straw will become too heavy and fall down, preventing heading and filling of the grain. The mineral manure makes the straw brighter and stronger. This secured, the broad leaves of the grain will take from the air the carbonic acid to form the starch which mainly constitutes the grain.

Turnips for Ducks.

On the large establishments where hundreds of ducks are raised, the principal food for ducks is cooked turnips, with a small proportion of ground grain. Ducks and turnips are adjuncts to each other on the duck farms, for without turnips the ducks could not be made to lay so well. If the hens are confined in order to protect the garden, they must have a daily supply of chopped grass. Too much grain will cause them to become overfat, and fewer eggs will be obtained. The best egg-producing food is lean meat.

Fertilizers for Onions.

"Years of experience in raising onions and other crops either with stable manure or fertilizer have thoroughly convinced me that a liberal amount of plant food must be applied in order to obtain satisfactory results, half-fed crops being unprofitable," writes W. Donaldson, of Topsfield, Mass. He grew onions for eleven years successively on one-quarter acre, using phosphate, and raised at the rate of 670 to 1,012 bushels per acre, an average of 807 bushels per acre for the eleven years. For the past three years this land has given heavy yields.

Notes.

There is a field open for the introduction of a breed of rapid-walking horses. The horse that walks fast is useful in all departments of the farm, and is also excellent for service on the road.

Sow peas and oats together, and when high enough the crop may be used for soiling. A high combination of the two provides a succulent mess for the cows, which will be highly relished by them.

The Pennsylvania station finds that currants do well on their heavy clay soil and are little troubled with mildew. A single application of white hellebore afforded protection from the currant worm.

Whitewashing can be done easily and rapidly with the sprayer. Use a thin whitewash and force it from the nozzle on to the walls. When dry repeat the application. It is excellent for purifying the stables and poultry houses.

The great secret in fancy butter-making, says a dairy writer, is a studied purpose to keep all foreign substances and flavors out of the milk, cream, and butter, and have only original material from start to finish, and fancy butter results.

Subsoil some of the corn or potato land and record results of the experiment. Plow say 6 or 8 inches deep, and follow with subsoil plow, or smaller plow, and go 6 or 8 inches deeper without throwing out subsoil. The experiment is worth trying.

It is difficult to distribute a pound of turnip seed evenly over an acre of ground, and small roots will result if more is used. If the pound is mixed thoroughly with a peck of sand, a quantity is obtained which can be handled and distributed with a considerable degree of exactness.

COFFEE.

Some Valuable Points About Roasting the Berry.

When the wind is in just the right direction, says the Chicago Record, the atmosphere of State street for some distance on both sides of the river is heavy with the breakfast-time odor of coffee. The odor comes from the top row of windows—always wide agape—of a huge brick building close to the river, and on busy days the blue smoke from the coffee-roasters pours out in great clouds, mingling with the soot from the tugs in the water below.

Here much of the coffee used in Chicago is prepared for the housewife. It comes in great coarse gunny-sacks, covered with all sorts of cabalistic signs in red and black paint, and as soon as it is unloaded workmen trundle it away to the elevator. It goes upstairs to a great, dusty, smoky room, redolent of tropical odors, where it is dumped into bins—a bin for each different variety or grade. Along one side of the room stands a row of great iron roasters, which give out a pleasant humming sound not unlike that of a swiftly running dynamo. They are simple but highly ingenious machines. The interior portion is made of a hollow cylinder holding several hundred pounds, and filled with innumerable little holes. Underneath it a furnace fire is kept burning, its flame being controlled by means of an air blast. When the raw coffee has been placed in the cylinder and the door closed a shaft begins to revolve at a low rate of speed, turning the cylinder with it and thoroughly mixing up the coffee. Easy as it may seem, roasting is in reality a very difficult process. Only a man who has had vast experience can be trusted to do it. If the berries are roasted either too little or too much, some of the aroma of the coffee is lost, and it is neither so agreeable to the taste nor so exhilarating in its effect. Each variety requires a different time for roasting, and unless the master workman, who knows all about such things, is very careful, the purchaser will say that his coffee has been adulterated. Indeed, improper roasting is the prime cause for the abuse to which the boarding-house landlady is subjected.

When the coffee berries have swelled up and become brown enough the fire is suddenly shut off. Then, in a cloud of heavy blue smoke, the cylinders are raked empty and recharged. When the coffee is cool enough it goes to the packing or grinding room. In the packing-room it is shoveled into barrels, pails, sacks and pound paper packages, ready for shipment to the retailers. In the grinding-room the coffee is fed into the funnel-shaped mouth of the machine, the wheels whir and the granulated coffee pours out of the nozzle below. It is then packed, usually in one-pound paper parcels. In this form it goes to the country trade. The city consumer prefers to see his coffee before it is ground, and he therefore buys it at the grocery, and it is put through the mill before his eyes. Or he can take it home and grind it himself.

Fifteen years ago most coffee went to the consumer in the green state and it was roasted in open pans, half the time being burned and made bitter and biting and half the time it was not browned enough, resulting in a "weak" drink. Now fully 99 per cent. is roasted by the coffee houses, of which Chicago has the largest in the world. This fact has tended to make coffee better in taste, thereby largely increasing its consumption. Europe still continues to use the old-fashioned methods of roasting, and the coffee is therefore poor and tea is the more popular drink.

Ran That Court Right.

A country justice of the peace called upon a retired attorney some time ago, and after presenting a statement of facts, asked, as a matter of friendship, for a legal opinion upon them. This the attorney gave. When the attorney had finished, the "Squire" rose and said:

"Well, those are just the facts in a case I am a-going to try next Saturday in my court, and I knowed you would give me the right kind of an opinion, so I come to you. The costs in that case will be just $7.50, and I am willing to divide with you. When I was a candidate, some of the folks in my county 'lowed I didn't know enough to run this office, and I intend to show them that I do. The next case I have I will come to you again, and we will run that court right, or bust a hamstring a-trying."

With that the justice of the peace dropped $3.75 on his astonished friend's desk and took his departure, satisfied that his first case would get the right kind of a decision when it came up for trial on the following Saturday.

The Bride Was Late.

Mrs. Peevy had just returned from a wedding in the little country church, and was describing the scene to her husband, who had been too lazy to "fix up" and go to see it for himself. Of course she must tell him who was there, and how the bride was dressed. Then she began to laugh, as if at the recollection of something most uncommonly amusing.

"Of course I knew Hattie Francis wouldn't be on time, even if it was her own wedding," Mrs. Peevy remarked, as she carefully removed her best black kid gloves and laid them away in soft, white paper, as was her custom; "but I must say that her being fifteen minutes behindhand was rather unfortunate."

"Did Sam's Gregg get tired out at the organ 'fore they come in?" inquired Mr. Peevy. "He told me that Hattie's city beau had charged him to begin prompt at 7 o'clock, and play till 'twas all over. I understand he was to have $5 for the job."

"Well, he earned it," said Mrs. Peevy, with a grim smile. "He began to play at 7 sharp, and they were to be there at quarter past. He played the music just as he'd been ordered, and at quarter past 7 he struck into the wedding march."

"Was the couple there?" interrupted Mr. Peevy.

"No!" responded his wife; "but there wasn't anybody quick enough to climb up the winding stairs to the organ and stop Samuel from going on, and he's deaf, anyway. But when he got to that middle part where it goes tee-tum—tee-tum—tee-tum—I can't sing it," broke off Mrs. Peevy, after three shrill attempts each higher than the preceding one—"I can't sing it, but when he got to that place he twisted round on the stool, and saw that the procession wasn't there.

"Well, it confused him some, and his stock of music isn't very large, and I suppose he thought if there was going to be a delay he'd better save it up, an' so he began playing hymn tunes; and he was just starting out into 'Come, ye disconsolate,' when Hattie and her young man came in the door.

"I guess they were so flustered they didn't know what was being played, and as for Samuel he never looked round till he got to the end of the verse, an' so the weddin' procession marched up the aisle to 'Come, ye Disconsolate.'"

Sensitive Because of Her Age.

Many persons show so strange a sensitiveness to the question of age, that their friends may well avoid the entire subject. When Mrs. S. C. Hall was at least 70 years old, she met at a reception a young clergyman, who was apparently delighted to see her.

"Mrs. Hall," said he, "I remember reading your books when I was a child, and that I was especially charmed by the Irish stories."

"Then, sir," flashed Mrs. Hall, "if you read my books when you were a child, you ought to know better than to say so!"

The mother of Julia Kavanagh was a woman of great intellectual power and unusual force of character, but even when she was 80 years old she was ashamed of her age.

One day she went with her French maid to the cemetery at Nice, to visit the tomb she had erected to her daughter. The two were standing before the stone, when the maid innocently read the inscription. Julia Kavanagh had then been dead seven years, and her age, 54, was of course recorded.

"Madame must be very old!" remarked the maid.

"Old!" exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh. "Why should I be old? What do you know about my age?"

"Mademoiselle was 54 when she died," continued the girl, "and she has been dead some time. Therefore madame must be very old."

Mrs. Kavanagh said nothing, but the next day she sent a mason to the cemetery and had the telltale figures removed.

Well Met.

An amusing story is told of Robert Franz, the famous German song-writer, and another equally celebrated composer. The incident occurred soon after the publication of Franz's famous "Open Letter to Edward Hanslick," in which he made severe criticism upon some musical work of the composer, Johannes Brahms.

Franz had occasion at that time to take a five or six hours' trip by rail. In the compartment with him was a little man with whom he fell into conversation. The fellow-travelers found each other delightful, and whiled the hours away in agreeable talk, which did not turn upon music.

When the train reached Franz's destination, he took out his card-case, saying to his companion:

"You have made me pass a most delightful afternoon; allow me to give you my card."

The stranger seemed highly gratified, and offered Franz his card in return. Each looked at the bit of pasteboard he had received in amazement. The stranger's eyes opened wide at reading the name of his merciless critic, "Dr. Robert Franz," while Franz himself was equally astounded at reading on the card in his hand, "Johannes Brahms."

There was no time for mutual explanations, but each of the musicians had discovered that however their ideas might differ from a musical standpoint, they were at least admirable traveling companions, and had found much to enjoy in each other.

Burros Find Water.

The Mexican burros have good horse-sense; they know in a "dry and thirsty land" where to dig for water. A correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch describes their close observation of the surface of the ground and subsequent discovery:

We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee, when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examined the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After a while he used his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently.

To our surprise it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink, and stepping aside, invited, I think, the others to take a drink; at all events they promptly did so, and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. This water was cool and refreshing; much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day.

Land of Milk and Honey.

Switzerland is veritably the land "flowing with milk and honey, and cattle upon a thousand hills." Great attention is paid to apiaries; the honey is famed for its aroma and delicacy; though some tourists are disposed to doubt if that which is on every breakfast table is all the product of the busy little hymenopter.

Girls never properly appreciate their fathers until they have had husbands.