

Yes, what is the Belva Lockwood party doing this year?

The height of vanity is to imagine that you have license to laugh at the world.

The latest fad is the "barefoot cure," which is probably all right in hot weather.

New one-dollar silver certificates out, and the same are much sought. They are beautiful, but not plentiful.

For speculative purposes Diamond Match is about as useless at present as if some one had stepped on the head of it.

Bloomer girls who play ball should bear in mind that there is now and then a town that does not allow Sunday exhibitions.

Just why any human being should suffer from thirst because there is a water famine in Arkansas will puzzle the average Kentuckian.

Again there is talk of annexing Hawaii, but why not give the question a rest till after election? We certainly have troubles enough of our own just now.

The Vanderbilts must be nearly all married by this time, and unless some one tries to follow in the footsteps of the former Mrs. Willie K. we may expect to have a brief respite.

The New York courts have decided that silk tights are clothing, however much they may resemble flesh, and consequently that public exhibitions in which tights are the only covering are not illegal.

Won On Pong is the name of Li Hung Chang's secretary. We do not know the exact meaning of the word "Pong," but it evidently has something to do with the winning hand, and more than likely is connected with the ace.

In an Odessa hospital recently the surgeons removed from the stomach of a woman suffering from a horrible form of starvation a fork, a piece of iron, two teaspoons, a needle, a piece of lace with the crochet needle, two 2 1/4-inch nails, four pieces of glass, eight buttons, and a key. The woman is out of danger and the contents of her stomach attracts crowds to the hospital museum.

The monocyte power wagon and others, that have produced the much-used term, "horseless carriage," are lending new vigor to power-impelled hauling apparatus on the Pacific Coast, in the United States, where traction engines have for several years past had a permanent place, even in the mountains. Now it is being discovered that the true habitat of the power wagon is on the arid plains of America, and that petroleum gas is the best fuel for this work.

According to the last report of the Bureau of Statistics seeds valued at \$88,835 were exported in May, against an amount valued at \$50,443 exported in May, 1895; and during the eleven months ending May seeds valued at \$1,524,645 were exported, against an amount valued at \$2,837,415 exported in the same time in 1894-95. Clover seed aggregating 229,615 pounds, valued at \$18,809, was exported in May, against 228,999 pounds, valued at \$21,972, exported in May, 1895; and during the eleven months ending May 5,525,854 pounds, valued at \$436,436, were exported, against 22,898,432 pounds, valued at \$2,124,797, exported in the same time in 1894-95.

Some idea of the rapid progress Japan is making toward the object of her ambition—to become the manufacturing center of the far east—is conveyed by a report from United States Consul General McIvor, at Kanagawa, on the present condition of the cotton-spinning industry in Japan. Using figures prepared for publication by the Japanese minister of agriculture, the report shows that all of the coarse threads formerly imported in great quantities from England and India are being displaced by home-produced Japanese threads. The finer qualities of English thread are still required, as the Japanese production of these grades is still very limited. Before the end of the present year there will be a million spindles in operation in Japan. The imports of raw cotton from the United States have increased from 8,213,786 pounds in 1893 to 14,994,820 last year, while the imports of cotton from China and India increased in about the same proportion.

A dispatch from Wilmington, Del., tells of a Chicago man who came to that place and eloped with his own wife. This simply goes to show the innate spirit of modesty and romance which ever burns in the breast of the Chicagoan, who, too modest to create a scandal, yet yearning for the romantic, runs away with his own wife.

If Papa Vanderbilt fails to come up with the money in due time Cornelius ought to be able to realize something among New York anglomaniacs on that telegram from the prince of Wales.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



WE HAVE RECEIVED from one of the patrons of a co-operative creamery, a comparative statement of the prices paid for milk at the co-operative creamery and at the creameries operated by a private company. In the latter filled cheese was made, and it is claimed by parties who have been interested in the manufacture of filled cheese, that the farmers are receiving a large benefit from the use of skim-milk in the manufacture of filled cheese. We give below the two tables for the year beginning June 1st, '95, and ending May 31st, '96:

Table with 3 columns: Month, Price, and Average price. Rows include CO-OPERATIVE and PRIVATE CREAMERY for months June through May.

The party for whom we received these figures makes this notation: "Farmers, please examine the above carefully, and see how much you have lost or gained who have sold to the above creameries."

Taking the whole year through, it will be seen that the average paid by the co-operative creamery is only 2 1/2c less than that paid by the creamery utilizing skim milk for filled cheese.

Any farmer that will sell his skim milk for the purpose of making filled cheese at an average of 2 1/2c per hundred, is certainly lacking either in good judgment or sound business sense; and has never understood the value of skim milk, even for fertilizing purposes. He would make more money by dumping the milk on the ground or any place where he raises either fruit or vegetables, than to sell it at the rate of 2 1/2c per hundred. This shows how the makers of filled cheese have been humbugging the farmers, telling them that they were receiving so large an amount per hundred for their skim milk over and above what they could get were they selling their milk to creameries where filled cheese was not made. Ever since the passage of the filled cheese bill we have heard the cry that the farmers were going to lose a large amount of money by its passage, because the factory men who made filled cheese could afford to pay so much more for their milk. We have no doubt but what they could afford to pay much more for the milk when they manufacture filled cheese and sell it as it has been sold for the last five years. But that they did pay this advanced price for the milk where they manufacture filled cheese is not a fact; and they have been humbugging the farmers at their expense, and making a great deal of profit out of the manufacture of the fraudulent article.—Elgin Dairy Report.

The goat has not had a fair show in modern times. Among the ancients he was highly esteemed, and figured extensively in serious literature. Now he is only the butt of funny paragraphs whose acquaintance with him is confined to a tradition that he eats tomato cans on the Harlem rocks. The children of Israel and the heroes of Homer, knew him better. The Old Testament shows the goat as an essential part of the Hebrew's flocks. It gave him milk and meat for food, hair and skins for clothing and was his most common sacrifice for sin. Encamped before the walls of Troy, Ulysses and his comrades regaled themselves with the fat goat's roasted quarters, and thought themselves specially blessed of the gods. But we of the Western world have come to despise the goat as "the poor man's cow," a useful enough animal for the mountaineers of the Alps or the squatter sovereigns of unsavory suburbs, but an inferior creature not worth the notice of the free-handed owner of broad American acres, possessed of Jerseys, Merinos and blooded trotters, and above the utilization of a brush lot or a stony pasture. Some American farmers, however, are coming to realize that the goat may be made one of their valuable domestic animals, not merely a poverty-stricken substitute for a cow, but an addition to the farm community, filling a place of its own and giving a return peculiar to itself. A Missouri farmer writes to an agricultural paper that he finds goats profitable for rough land filled with weeds and bushes. He has had them four years, and they have destroyed the bushes, sumac and small persim-

mon trees. His hogs have been free from disease, while his neighbors who did not keep goats lost most of their hogs by cholera. He ate the meat of young goats and liked it better than mutton. His experience coincides with that of farmers in countries where the goat is extensively raised and prized. England is not among them, owing partly to there being comparatively little waste land, but, also, according to S. H. Pegler, an authority on the subject, because there "the advantages of goat-keeping are but imperfectly known," and the American lack of appreciation for goats may be inherited. In Ireland, on the contrary, the number of goats has increased in recent years. Of course the goat cannot compete with the cow as the single milk animal for those able to keep the cow, but it has advantages in places where the cow cannot be kept, and as an addition to the profits of the farm. In the first place, it is a great instrument for extending pasture lands. It will eat by preference and thrive upon forest leaves, shrubs and weeds that no other domestic animal will touch, and get a rough and overgrown field into good condition for horses and cattle. It is hardy, and will live on rough or smooth ground. There is a prejudice against the milk, but one entirely groundless. It is richer than cow's milk, heavier in butter and much heavier in cheese, but all experts declare that it has absolutely no different flavor or taste from that of the cow. The average daily yield of a well-kept goat is said to be three pints; not a large quantity, but not an item to be despised, in view of its richness, the size of the animal and the slight cost of keeping it. Herds of goats in this country would not only utilize much of the herbage which now goes to waste, but might also develop some profitable industries which have not yet been acclimated here. The manufacturer of fancy cheese in imitation of expensive foreign varieties in some cases has been so successful that the domestic product sells on its own name and merits. In other cases, such as Roquefort, the results have not been satisfactory. Methods of curing account in part for the failure, but different materials may have something to do with it. Many of the finest European cheeses are made from goat's milk, while the American attempts to rival them have been made with cow's milk. There is nothing else available in the market. If there were, doubtless creameries making fancy cheese would arrange to consume all that could be had, and the goats would prove a source of wealth both to farmer and manufacturer. Nor is the goat to be despised for food by an over-fastidious race. In the restaurants of Rome the kid holds an honored place. The elderly members of the tribe are inferior to mutton, but the kid, properly prepared, is a meal which will bear comparison with any other. It would be an agreeable variation of our regimen. The man who makes a goat grow where none grew before should have credit with him who makes two blades of grass stand where formerly one stood alone. By all means, let us learn of the ancients and grow rich from flocks of goats.—Ex.

Some Figures on Cheese. In a recent report Major H. E. Alford, of the United States Dairy Division, says: Nine-tenths of the cheese produced in this country is made in the states of New York, Wisconsin, Ohio, Illinois, Vermont, Iowa, Pennsylvania and Michigan, ranking in the order named. The New York product alone is almost one-half the total, and this state and Wisconsin together make over two-thirds of all made. It requires the milk of about one million cows to make the cheese annually pressed in the United States. The value of the annual cheese product of this country varies from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. About 9,000,000 pounds of cheese are imported annually into the United States. The rate of consumption of cheese in America is about three pounds per capita per annum. Consumption of cheese is apparently somewhat decreasing. Good cheese is approximately composed of one-third water, one-third milk fat, and one-third casein, with some sugar and ash.

Mildew on Peas. Late peas, especially when grown in damp ground, are often so badly mildewed that it is not worth while growing them. The pea mildew is one of the powdery mildews, Erysiphe communis, belonging to the same family as the powdery mildew of the grape. It grows entirely on the surface of the host plant, covering it with a white coating of delicate interwoven fungous threads. At certain points protuberances appear on threads which serve as suckers, drawing from the cells the nourishment required for the growth of the fungus. The spores are produced in delicate sacs which in turn are enclosed in dark colored spore cases. The latter appear as black specks just visible to the naked eye among the fungous threads. The disease attacks leaves, leaf-stalk, pod and stem so that the pea plant is thoroughly infested with it, much to the detriment of its growth. Frequent cultivation or irrigation will do much to hold the disease in check, but the use of some fungicide will be desirable upon late varieties in hot, dry seasons. Among the best for the purpose is a solution of one pound of copper sulphate in 500 gallons of water.

Bad water will make bad milk, no matter what the other food may be; and bad milk will make bad butter, no matter how it is handled. The Rhode Island Station says that milk fever in cows is a brain disease, and is inherited by many cows.

LILY AND JIMSON WEED.

Flowers a Baltimore Florist Has Raised from Two Black Seeds. From two big black seeds planted two months ago in the garden of Mr. E. B. Du Val have sprung plants which are blossoming into curious flowers that puzzle those familiar with horticulture, says the Baltimore Sun. The flower will probably be named "Du Val Lily," as it is a new one in Maryland. Mr. Du Val's garden is in the rear of his home, Whitmore Heights, on 2d street, Walbrook, across the way from the handsome residence of Mr. Julian Le Roy White. It has become a curiosity shop for flowers from the use of seeds and cuttings which are sent to Mr. Du Val by horticulturists all over the country in order that he may try them in Maryland soil. When the two black seeds arrived in May from a New York seed house Mr. Du Val had them planted in a choice place in the garden. He became interested in the two shoots which soon sprang up from the seeds. The tender stalks were tightly curled in a knob, like that on a growing lima bean stalk, until the stems were nearly a foot high. Then the curl straightened and a bushy plant developed, from which soon rose a flower stalk. Another thing which aroused Mr. Du Val's curiosity about the new plants was the information he had received with the seeds that they came from a cross of a "Jimson" weed with the common yellow or white lily, which abounds in old-fashioned gardens and about old country places. The "Jimson" weed, or Jamestown weed, as it is more properly known, receives its name from Jamestown, Va., where it was first known in this country from its growth about refuse heaps. It is of Asiatic origin, is a variety of stramonium and has a disagreeable odor from the leaves. Its flower is a deep purple in color. From this strange admixture of plant life Mr. Du Val has brought to the Sun office the first bloom. The flower is about eight inches long and measures six inches across the bell-shaped corolla, which is indented like both the parent flowers, the points ending in tendril-like twists, as do the "Jimson" weed flowers. The corolla is purple outside, while the inside is of cream color. Three layers of fleshy petals make up the blossom, the petals being joined with what tailors would call a "lap seam." A green calyx supports the flower, which grows on a stout stem. The deep purple color is continued in the stamens and pistil, which form a group deep down in the lily cup. The leaves of the plant are like magnified oak leaves and when pressed emit the true "Jimson" weed odor. Mr. Du Val will report on his strange lily to the seedmen and will retain some of the seeds for future experiments in his garden.

Li Hung Chang's Mournful Bouquet. A funny little story comes to us from Russia in connection with the fetes for the czar's coronation. A member of the American mission, an army officer, was calling on Li Hung Chang. It so happened that this member had a very pretty and charming daughter, whom Li Hung Chang so greatly admired that he asked the father's permission to send some flowers to her, which of course was granted. Imagine the American officer's feelings, however, when Li Hung Chang had carried down to the carriage an enormous wreath of white heliotrope, with an appropriate mourning inscription. White heliotrope was the only flower that a Chinaman could offer to a young girl, the Chinese statesman explained. There was no place to dispose of the flowers except on the top of the carriage, and as the American was on his way to join a procession to spend the day going about to ceremonies and functions, there was nothing for him to do but to carry the wreath with him.—Harper's Bazar.

One Condition. "Think beautifully," said the doctor to his sleepless patient, "and you will fall tranquilly asleep. Can you try?" "That depends," answered the patient, "on the size of the mosquito."

SPOKEN LANGUAGE. The word "language" comes from the Latin "lingua," the tongue. The rabbis taught that the language spoken by Adam was Hebrew. The Chinese language has 40,000 simple words and only 450 roots. Philologists agree that all languages are developed from one root. Geiger says that "all words are developed from a few simple sounds." Jager, Bleek, Muller and many others assume language to be an evolution. The speech of the aborigines of Africa changes with almost every generation. Very rapid speakers enunciate about two words per second, or from 120 to 150 per minute. In 1801 there were only 5,000 Italian-speaking people in the United States; now there are 460,000. Of the leading dialects, 937 are spoken in Asia, 587 in Europe, 276 in Africa and 1,624 in America. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, is said to have understood from forty to fifty languages. There were, in 1801, 230,000 persons in the United States who spoke French; there are now over 1,000,000. In ninety years the Spanish-speaking people of the world have increased from 25,190,000 to 42,800,000.

For sprains apply cloths wrung out of very hot water until inflammation and pain have subsided. For black and blue spots an ounce of muriate of ammonia to a pint of lukewarm water makes a good application to be kept as constantly.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Care of the Teeth—A Serious Problem in Marriage—Some Up-to-Date Costumes—Dress-making Hints from Paris—A Mourning Gown.



MISS M. H. has had much trouble with her teeth, and asks for the best means of keeping them clean. Answer: In addition to the use of a suitable tooth-brush and tooth-powder on the teeth, there is no practice which commends itself so highly as the use of a piece of silk thread. It will take the average person some time to become expert in handling it, but when this is attained, it will be acknowledged the best tooth-pick and beautifier of the teeth in the world. Cut off from the spool a piece of silk about fifteen inches long, which thoroughly wax. With the thumb and forefingers carry the waxed floss silk into each space between the teeth, the remaining three fingers of each hand being used to hold on to the ends of the silk firmly. The thumbs and forefingers of each hand as they hold the silk should be kept but a very little further apart than the width of the teeth between which the silk is to be passed. Thorough tension of the silk must be kept up at all times. For the eight teeth on the left side of the upper jaw, pass the silk over the end of the left-hand thumb, and over the end of the right-hand forefinger.

APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR COOL DAYS.



Thus the palm of the right hand and the back of the thumb of the left hand will be toward the face. Hold firmly, slide it between the teeth with a gliding motion; carry it well down between the necks of the teeth and the free edges of the gums, but not in such a manner as to wound the latter, the pressure being properly brought against the teeth, not against the gums. Before sliding the silk from between the teeth, the silk may be rapidly drawn backward and forward on the necks of the teeth, thus polishing and preserving these surfaces, and "raking out" any deposits of food or incipient tartar which may be there. The silk should be slid from between the teeth with the same tension as when it is introduced between them, otherwise it will tear when the teeth are very close together. If this rule be observed, and the silk still tears, it indicates one of several conditions: a cavity of decay; a scale of tartar; or a sharp point or jagged edge of the tooth, any of which conditions should be corrected by a reliable dentist.

A Problem in Marriage. Maud H. has been a reader of the Ledger for many years, and says she has found so much good advice in it that she is constrained to come to it for some counsel for herself. She writes the following letter, which is given as illustrating one of the strange and unaccountable caprices of the sentiment which we call love: "Two years ago I met my uncle for the first time. He was then about twenty-six. I was sixteen. From that moment my thoughts have been of him. And he also loves me. He is everything that a woman can desire in a man. I shall never be happy unless I can marry him. The marriage laws of the state of New York allow me that privilege, but my father objects. I have to go to work and make my own living. My uncle says, 'Come to me. Be my wife,' and he can well afford to keep me very

nicely. Now, which would you advise me to do—go to my uncle and live in bliss, or remain single all my life and be a common drudge?" Answer: This situation is so unusual—indeed, in the eyes of the world, so unnatural—that it can scarcely be judged by ordinary standard. The opportunities for marriage must be limited indeed when near relatives feel constrained to marry. As for living in bliss, this may be a sadly mistaken estimate of the case. It is one of the most stern and rugged of facts that unnatural marriages are not productive of permanent happiness. Marriages that have any element of ill in them, or relations that must be concealed, are almost certain, some day or other, to bring sorrow to the contracting parties. Life without each other probably seems just now not to be worth the living; but give a moment's sober second thought to the future. Think how it would seem to be ostracized and shunned by the best members of any community in which you might live because of your peculiar marriage relation. Fancy being ignored in every way, and ridiculed, possibly in your hearing, certainly in your absence, for there are great numbers of excellent persons who would never recognize those who had contracted a marriage of this sort. Indeed, it would not be called a marriage by many, even though the law does not forbid it. There is a decided moral difference between the thing allowed or permitted by law and the thing which is not forbidden. There is an unwritten law which is far stronger and more binding upon those who abide by the spirit of the law than any statute, and this spirit regards such marriages as unsuitable and an abomination. Therefore, for the sake of your future happiness and the peace of mind and self-respect, not only of

A Mourning Gown. A suggestion for a mourning costume is given in the sketch. The gown is of dull wool, the skirt having a deep,



smooth outside facing of English crape, above which is a narrow band of the same goods. The Louis Quinze coat has short, rippled basques and opens over a plastron covered with a jabot of crape. Crape buttons, pocket flaps, revers and collar adorn the bodice. The sleeves are finished at the wrist by a turned back cuff of crape, with buttons, and a frill of the same material.

An Oversight. Johnnie (the office boy)—Mr. Sands, the grocer, is downstairs and wants to know why you didn't answer his letter about last month's bill, sir. Editor—Tell him he forgot to enclose a stamp.—Tit-Bits.