



The Adventurer Doha

was in Paris as President of a new South American Republic

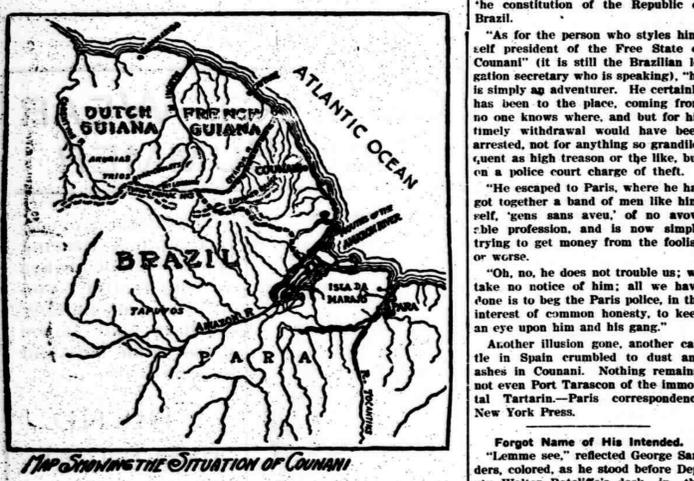
"The Free State of Couanal." "The President of Couanal, M. Adolph Brest." "The Members of the Government of Couanal."

These phrases, not without their impressiveness, especially to citizens of a republic, have been much in evidence during the last fortnight or so in the columns of the Paris newspapers. Surrounding them, however, there has been a romantic mystery. Couanal? Where is Couanal? Somewhere in Brazil, "comes the vague reply. And 'Monsieur Adolph Brest, the Chief du Gouvernement de Couanal'?" This is the person, the commander of his army, Baron Lette de Ryckel, his financial secretary, Joseph Marie Brest, Duc de Beaufort; his secretary of state for foreign affairs, M. Isidore Lopez Lapuya, and goodness knows how many more, are now in Paris. But for what?

"Ah!" replies Rumor, "his indomitable replica, the Garibaldi of Couanal, having just extricated his country from the yoke of the tyrant, is here to seek the French nation's aid in setting his infant republic on its feet."

Evidently Brazil was "the tyrant," but one does not seem to remember the epoch-making struggle by which the "Couanense," under Brest's intrepid lead, seem to have forced her to relinquish her sovereignty over "their land. But the fact remains that the president and his cabinet are here, and that several rather mystifying interviews with this savior of his country have made their appearance.

Curiosity led me to investigate M. Brest, his government and Couanal affairs generally, and the result is so striking as to need no comment. He is said in parentheses that the president furnished by the "Chief of Government of Couanal" had come as rather a shock, for it was in no savoring quarter of the capital. The president's official letter was more reassuring. It was written upon a formidable looking sheet headed "Etat Libre de Couanal," and stamped with the great seal of the new nation. However, here



MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION OF COUANAL

In the result of my representative's investigation:

An outlying Paris suburb, shabby genteel—with the genteel left out, a decreed and sordid district, skirting the unlabeled railway line; a mean street, untidy, cramped, unclean; a squalid tenement, bare, cheap, jerry; a shaven concierge in a fine state; a dirt, unwept stairs, five flights to climb; then a common, unpretentious blue tin label, laughable to tears, and you have arrived at the official residence of the president of the republic of Couanal.

A knock—since a bell is absent—and the door is opened by a fine brogue figure of a man, a conical-topped hat, broad-shouldered, upright as a dart; fearless, evidently, but looking most sheepishly ashamed of his present circumstances. Yes, he will make you name, and inquire. Muttered question and answer may be heard in an inner room, and then the word is given to enter. So you shuffle through a narrow dark passage, another door is held open for you, and the president and his council of state are disclosed to your astonished gaze.

A small orderly living room, characteristic of the usual cheap flat; a floor uncarpeted, newspaper cuttings hanging from the walls for ornament; chairs, on two alike, on each side of you, on them seated a most extraordinarily nondescript set of men, in every attitude of waiting time, against the further wall by the solitary window, studiously closed, two common writing tables, back to back, one of them bedecked with exhausted cigarette flaps; an atmosphere of to

hacco fog, an odor of smoke many days stale, with an auxiliary force of ill-digested garlic, and through all this, now looking up at you in inquiry—and yes, suspicion—the president.

An insignificant, unnoticeable sort of man. Of middle height, you will judge of him sitting. A narrow, meager face, with shifty eyes; a scanty mustache, tortured half upward, and a chin, unimpaired, unconvincing, that gives evidence only of a desire to grow a goatee, or else of several days' forgetfulness of the barber. The only impression of him that remains is a rosette in a buttonhole; a rosette that you take to be of the Legion of Honor until you look again; and even that has to be taken off and laid aside when the wearer ventures into the street.

You look round and take in the room and its occupants again, and you are left with his bright torpedo beard, is the only relieving sign in a depressing picture.

From the official Red Book we learn, with a good deal of head scratching that the Couanal constitution provides for a chief of government, with very extended powers, who is assisted by a state council of ten members, a chancellor, who is the second head of the administration. The house of representatives consists of an upper chamber and a grand council.

Public security is assured by a permanent force of police and gendarmes, and the territory is represented abroad by a "body of diplomatic and commercial agents in every land."

We are then given the constitution in a series of annexes, with the decree of Yauana Ansu (M. Adolph Brest) in force, and the constitution in force. Everything is thought of, even to the flag, which is red with a white star in the middle. The old motto of "Justice and Liberty" is retained, while a supplementary trademark is now added, "Le maitrelandeur de la Nation en Par Fore," which sounds dreadful.

A good many people are said to be



THE FARMER AND THE FAIR.

CONDUCTED BY M. J. WRAGG

THE FARMER CHEMIST.

The American farmer is learning to apply the knowledge that science has been gathering for his benefit. He knows already that corn of different kinds is wanted by stock-breeders and starch-makers, and he is breeding the grain accordingly. The stock-grower desires maize that is rich in "protein," which is the stuff that goes to produce muscle and blood; the manufacturer of starch require all of that substance the corn can furnish and there is a special demand for corn that is rich in starch.

The farmer has been taught to find out by merely cutting a grain of corn into pieces with a knife, just about what percentages it contains of oil, of starch and muscle-forming stuff. He knows that nearly all of the oil is in the "germ" and the "proteins" is mainly in the horny coat of the seed, and that the interior of the grain, apart from the germ, is packed with starch. A grain of corn, in fact, is a little box of starch inclosed in a horny case. If the thickness of the case is increased the amount of starch it contains is diminished, or vice versa.

Understanding these facts, it is easy enough for the farmer to select suitable seed for the kind of corn he wishes to produce. By taking note of the size of the germ, he can pick out high-oil or low-oil corn. Low-oil corn is much desired as feed for bacon hogs, inasmuch as ordinary maize contains too much oil for the production of the hard firm bacon which commands the best price in the market. The hominy mills, also, desire low-oil corn, because the corn oil tends to become rancid and to injure the salable quality of their output.

Farmers everywhere are talking about "inoculation" of the soil in order to get a better yield of alfalfa, clover or other crops. Some of them are actually bringing soil from fields where these crops have grown, to scatter on their own land. Ten years hence such things will be common.

Ten years ago the most farmers knew that the principle was sound. They used a small quantity of buttermilk from one churning to "start" the cream for another. What was this but "inoculation," since it carried the propogative bacteria which are essential to the ripening of the cream? Farmers observed also that where they used manure which came from stock fed on clover they had the best "catch" of clover seed. Here is another case of "inoculation," for we now know that the manure contains the special bacteria which affect the growth of clover. So science is now making these things clear—showing the why of the how, and enabling us to do at will many things which we formerly guessed at. Knowledge of these things goes like a snowball when it once fairly starts.

THE VALUE OF TREES.

In many parts of our country farming would be impossible but for the trees, such as their influence upon the streams. They regulate the water supply, and their tendency is to prevent both floods and drought; they supply fuel, one of the greatest necessities of life, and furnish lumber for the building of our cities, railroads, ships and a thousand other things, without which our present state of civilization would not have been possible for ages if at all. This is why we should be careful of our forests which are fast being lumbered by the axe. This is why we should legislate against sheep-grazing in the forests, and against all other practices which tend to cause forest fires, and why we should try to protect our trees from their natural enemies, such as insects, floods, insects and fungi. And it is well to bear in mind the fact that we cannot replace in fifty years a tree which we can destroy in an hour.

"Some time ago I suggested that, taking one year with another, it may be good practice to thresh out of the shock and this for the purpose of saving grain, because there are too many farmers who know so little about stacking that if they would save their grain they must thresh it from the shock. If grain is well shocked there will be less loss by barling bleaching than if it is poorly stacked. I nearly always stack my grain. There is in my neighborhood a number of farmers—about twenty—who have organized themselves into a ring, so to speak, and they get a machine and it goes the rounds. The threshing crew is permanent and they know where they are to go each day. It saves gathering hands and by the time they are through the help is all paid back. I have been watching this crew and I find that they have been more successful in saving their grain during a series of years than the few who stack."

DAIRY CALVES.

When raising calves for the dairy it is not necessary that they should be fed whole milk for more than a week or ten days. They, however, should always get the first milk (colostrum) of the dam, as this is important for starting the bowels and the digestive functions. Gradually reduce the milk by adding skim milk, so as to leave off the whole milk entirely and substitute skim milk when they are three or four weeks old. Instead of allowing them to suck by this time they will begin nibbling second crop clover hay, supplemented with a little oats or bran. Flax seed jelly may be added to the skim milk, commencing with a tablespoonful at first. Remember that calves are killed by overfeeding than at all other causes. Feed regularly three times daily until the calves are four to five weeks old. Always feed milk at blood heat.

How can we progress in farming unless we have the figures to show the cost of production? Let the farmers who have produced the largest crops on the fewest acres without decreasing the fertility of the soil come forward. They are the men who are to be emulated. Let the Institute. Perhaps a premium for the lowest cost of production would be good. Would not this be of more value than to award Mr. Smith a premium for the largest accidental pumpkin?

THE SHOW RING.

Judicious advertising is just as important as good breeding and feeding. Show-ring advertising is good when a breeder has the skill to put his animals in good form to win, but with a good breeder does not quite reach the standard of good careful feeding that makes winners; but even if successful in the show ring, unless printer's ink heralds his success, but few outside of a circle of friends ever become aware of what he has produced.

It will usually be found that those who say that "farming don't pay," are those who do not use "brains with brawn." Their tools and machinery are badly used, or left to stand in the weather; their live stock is unprotected; their fences and gates are out of repair. Of course, with such management, farming, nor anything else, will pay.

THE SHOW RING.

There are several suggested differences between a fruit and a vegetable, though the dictionaries do not admit any. A fruit is the seed of the plant that bears it; a vegetable is some part of the plant itself—root, leaves, fruit, etc. It is suggested that vegetables grow on ground, and that fruits are cooked before they are eaten; but that fruit may be eaten without being cooked.

Every farmer who wants to be a school teacher, every school teacher who wants to be an editor, every editor who would like to be a banker, every banker who would like to be a trust magnate, and every trust magnate who would like to be a farmer, should be a farmer. There is ever so much more than money in it. There is a necessity to the wife, and it is a necessity in keeping children on the farm.

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A SULTAN'S WEALTH

PROFUSION OF GEMS OWNED BY TURKEY'S RULER.

In Value More Than Sufficient to Pay the National Debt of the Country—Monarch Lives in Oriental Splendor.

A party of American tourists saw the jewels in the sultan's treasury recently, the royal throne of Persia, captured by the Turks in 1514, about half the size of an ordinary bedstead, and the footstool accompanying it, were covered with beaten fine gold, and the entire surface of each was thickly studded with precious jewels, chiefly diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. There were also some pearls, rubies and other minor precious stones. The estimated value of this throne and accompaniments alone is \$20,000,000.

The turbans, official paraphernalia and arms of the former sultan are also there, glittering with enormous precious jewels of every kind in every part. The throne of Sulaiman II. is also there, resplendent with the most valuable of precious jewels.

There is also a writing desk or secretary of ordinary Persian character, and hundreds on hundreds of other minor objects, or public and private materials, made of the finest materials, most perfectly, and decorated in every part with the same kind and quality of most precious jewels, from a finger ring and a pipe to a saddle and the most precious jewelry. For example, there are many cups, tea and other drinking sets, made of gold, porcelain and a variety of other fine materials, beautiful in form, style and workmanship, whose decorative figures are worked out in a profusion of the most precious jewels, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds and rubies, the edges of the cups, mugs or tankards, as the case may be, being encrusted with diamonds in such a manner as to make them complete circles of glittering splendor.

To enumerate all the precious objects which the sultan's treasury contains would require a small library of books. Suffice to say that our party of tourists was of the opinion, expressed then and there, while viewing the treasury's contents, that what we saw would be accepted by them, in grown in the United States and sent up in Chicago. The general Sir Thomas Lipton, he of tea and yacht fame, is charged with being responsible for the deception and it is not to be supposed that he has been practicing this bit of commercial deceit with impunity for so long a time. The same authority also claims that the "fish hunter" used by the fox-chasing nobility of England is an American product and that certain dealers in Chicago make a regular business of slipping up all the horses with the proper conformation that comes to that market. As fast as a shipment is accumulated, it is sent to Ireland, where the horses are trained to jumping and performing other necessary feats, where they can be artistically used to enhance the effect; even some of the palace ceilings, beyond reach, are decorated in figures worked out in precious stones.

THE FARMER'S PLIGNE OF GROSS.

There appears to be an excellent opening for a new industry in the Falkland Islands. Gov. Grey Wilson reports that an agitation is on foot to induce the government to undertake the disinfection of the island—"but in reality much to tempt the islanders that he does not sympathize with it."

The farmers meantime are doing this deadly work themselves, and are paying \$250 a hundred for the upper end of the island; and it is suggested that the government should represent grass for 20,000 sheep, might with advantage be destroyed annually.

But the governor points out that the native goose is excellent eating, and thinks that the goose, which is a native bird, might preserve from waste a million pounds of food and the high-class down which this slaughter provides.

This is to say nothing of the vast quantity of eggs which are broken yearly.—Stray Stories.

Judge Got Back His Wallet.

While sailing down the bay in his catboat the other day with a party, Judge Stackpole lost his wallet overnight, near the mouth of the bay. It had about \$25 in it. The loss was not discovered until some time later, when it came floating along while none of the party were in swimming. A few of the bills in the pocketbook had floated away. Obviously, all of the money was not lost. The catboat, which was discovered the wallet and money floating along with the current was considerably surprised. At first it was thought that the bay must have more money in it than fish, and the other members of the party made a scramble to get hold of some of the riches that appeared to be floating right into their open arms. Their joy was short-lived, however, for the judge quickly discovered with his keen legal eye that the money belonged to him.

Prehistoric Dentists.

Herr Reiser, a German dentist whose hobby is paleontology, from a study of a number of prehistoric skulls, holds that dental troubles were largely prevalent among the people of the stone and bronze ages, the factors being in many cases worn away to the root. The "dining-room furniture" of primitive man, says a medical paper, was, in fact, in Herr Reiser's opinion, a very scanty and scanty diet. It is in his civilized descendant. He says he has found traces of filling on teeth which he examined, from which he infers that there were dentists in prehistoric times.

A Phosphorescent Lake.

There is a small phosphorescent lake in New Providence Island, which proves a great attraction to visitors. It is 1,000 feet in length and 300 feet in width, and a row upon it at night displays a beautiful and healthy scene. Each row boat is accompanied by two boys as out-swimmers, and as the boat is shoved off from the shore these swim out by its side as in a cloud of phosphorescent fire. At the slightest disturbance the water is lit up like molten silver, and when an oar is lifted out of the water, the falling drops are like blue-lit pearls, and each movement of the boat makes light enough to plainly show the bottom, as the water is broken clear.

Man Died of Broken Heart.

A Plymouth Rock hen hatched out four ducklings about six weeks ago at St. Catharines, Ont. Her countenance wore a somewhat surprised expression when she first gazed upon the "well-footed brace," but she cared for them with maternal instinct. But the hen's appetite failed, and the look of surprise grew into one of disgust as the ducklings grew. The strain was too much, and the other day she laid a last look at the "well-footed brace," and died, undoubtedly from a broken heart.

Tramp Really Was Hungry.

A tramp was arrested at Ludlow, Mass., who claimed to have had four days without food. The kind-hearted officer took the famished man to a restaurant, where he ate a meal which for the quantity of food consumed "beats all known records in the town. The meal, including ten large slices of bread, about ten pounds of meat, four large pieces of pie and six doughnuts washed down with four cups of tea.

Young Girl Trains Butterflies.

Miss Mabel Adams, a girl of San Francisco has succeeded in training butterflies at first the idea seems absurd, but to see the way Miss Ayer handles her pets it seems the most natural thing in the world. In speaking of them Miss Ayer said: "Why, it doesn't seem at all strange to me. They are just like any other pet. They have their likes and dislikes, and they are really lovable little things, when you come to know them."

Immensity of the Sun.

If the sun were hollow it could hold 500,000 globes the size of our earth, and an globe capable of holding 500,000 square miles on each globe. In fifty-five years to see all its surface.