Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1898. VOL. LXIII. NO. 16.

The PLANTERS LOAN and SAVINGS BANK, AUGUSTA, GA., Organized 1870.

Oldest Savings Bank in Eastern Georgia.

Largest Savings Capital in City.

Pays Interest and Compounds every 6 months.

EACH IN HIS OWN NAME.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like the tides on a crescent sea beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—W. H. Carruth, in Christian Register.

CUPID IN SCHOOL.

By STANLEY E. JOHNSON.

"JOVI non placet," wrote the red-headed girl in the back of the wide, oblong schoolroom. Mr. Harrison Jenkins, the presiding genius of the place, stood scowling behind his desk, struggling with the class in Latin. These young boys and girls, who looked pityingly up to his dark face, were struggling with the verb "sum."

The lesson had been poorly prepared, and the issue of thunderbolts were soon expected to shower from this pedagogical Olympus. At last it came.

Mr. Jenkins brought his fist down upon the plain deal board with a thump that awoke every languid mind in the room. "Is this what you come to school for?" he began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the way you use one of the most precious gifts that God has given to you? Here you are, a whole class of bright boys and girls, with brains enough to do anything you desire in this great world, throwing away the greatest opportunity of your lives. If this was an institution for weak-minded children I would have some compassion for you. But your faces are all bright and your eyes all clear, and yet you will come to me with such a lesson as this!" Mr. Jenkins punctuated every sentence with that echoing thump on the desk which carried conviction and mortification to the minds of each boy and girl before him.

It was then that the red-headed girl on the back seat wrote "Jovi non placet" ("It is not pleasing to Jupiter").

Geraldine Coffin was Mr. Jenkins' pride. He had no favorites; at least, such never appeared in the little commonwealth, which he held in the hollow of his hand. But in Geraldine he was intensely interested, and he often found in her his greatest irritation. While Mr. Jenkins held the whole of his fifty odd young spirits in the hollow of his hand, the red-headed girl was the one person he was not quite sure of. Geraldine had given him the name of "Jupiter," and it fitted so well that it was at once adopted by all his subjects.

"When he pounds his desk and that great shaggy head shakes so, and his blue eyes flash, all you can think of is Jupiter sending thunderbolts to earth"—and in this remark Geraldine had christened him. Many times he had thought he heard the name "Jupiter Jenkins"—but he had never been able to capture one of these erring mortals. Of course, he knew he was called "Jupiter;" he had been told so by admiring parents, who knew he would be pleased, and he was.

But it is with the red-headed girl that this story is chiefly concerned. She was the only human problem that Jupiter Jenkins could not solve. Geraldine Coffin had been an inmate of the schoolroom only a few days when Mr. Jenkins discovered that she possessed an unusual mind. He laid his plans to make the most he could of her. He was accustomed to use the parable of the talents in the schoolroom, and to say that of him to whom much was given much would be required. The getting of lessons was an easy matter to Geraldine Coffin. She not only learned them, but the truths and principles were digested, and sunk into her mind, clearly understood and stored away, until the day which would call them in use.

Jupiter Jenkins was accustomed to say that hardly more than one child in twenty really digested knowledge.

He had come to complain to Geraldine's mother that her daughter sometimes failed in her lessons, and that it was inexcusable in one who had such a mind. "I have come to tell you this, Mrs. Coffin, when I would not take the trouble to inform another mother, for this reason, and this alone: Geraldine has an unusual mind, and she can make anything she pleases of herself. If she knows you and I are one in this matter, she will not care to trouble us by neglecting to get her lessons."

Geraldine's mother was as much flattered as any other woman would be, and, of course, Jupiter Jenkins was upheld. Thus he dealt with Geraldine, conscious of his power. He endeavored to make her fail, and whenever she did she was compelled to remain after school and get her lessons.

But with a wonderful mind there was a somewhat wayward nature in the texture of Geraldine Coffin's personality. She was often rough and hoydenish, and she caused no end of trouble. With the deep interest the young master took in her a sense of power developed. When Mr. Jenkins supposed he had her solidly in his control, there would burst forth a fit of "don't care" in her, which astonished and alarmed him.

Then the thunderbolts flew to punctuate the master's fluent words of indignation. "When one has the mighty gift of brains," he thundered, "and life's road lies before, to choose what is best and highest, to be lazy and languid, and not to reach the arm to grasp the golden apple of the intellectual Hesperides, is the greatest wrong."

It was then that Geraldine, her color slightly brighter and her head a trifle higher, would return to her seat and write "Jovi non placet" ("It is not pleasing to Jupiter").

There were certain rare facts about Geraldine that Jupiter Jenkins, in his teacher's enthusiasm, had not noticed. One of these was that she was a very pretty girl. But if he had been impervious to this fact, there were others who had not, and among those were some of the big boys in the school.

Geraldine was growing, and she was now tall and lithe of figure, with her big blue eyes clearer and more expressive as she looked at people. The true soul of a rather designing maiden was showing forth from them. She was glad to receive attentions, and it smote Jupiter hard when he observed that she walked with one and then with another in the still and balmy spring evenings. Just why it smote him as it did, Mr. Jenkins never knew until a few years later.

But it did, and Geraldine's face seemed to have framed itself into the centre of his thoughts. She recurred to his consciousness constantly, and when he thought of these big boys he was truly uncomfortable.

He had another conference with Mrs. Coffin, in which he suggested that Geraldine had better be kept in the house and made to give closer attention to her lessons. When he called her in recitations he was also doing his best to make the girl fail. And when she did fail he did his best to make it uncomfortable for her. She had to remain after school and get the whole lesson. Jupiter made her recite it all "precept upon precept," so to speak.

He had conceived the ambition to make a teacher of the girl. He broached the subject to Mrs. Coffin. "Geraldine," he began, "is cut out to be a teacher." Mrs. Coffin started in astonishment. "Yes, she is," he affirmed, with a thunderbolt, "and she ought to be sent to a normal school. I never went to one, and what I know about teaching has been gained by experience. But there is no mistake. The learning of methods means something in these days, and I'm sure that if Geraldine is sent to a normal school she will make a first-rate teacher."

Mrs. Coffin thought it over for a few days and then came to the conclusion that Mr. Jenkins was right. That was the usual conclusion about Mr. Jenkins in the little village. The idea was placed before Geraldine, and when she heard of Jupiter's proposal she smiled a smile that made her mother look at her twice. But Geraldine had the key to certain kinds of human nature which was far beyond her years. She thought she would like to go, and it was a great joy when she came to Jupiter's throne and in her sweetest and calmest manner thanked him for his kindness and said she would do her best to deserve it. That was the happiest day that Jupiter had ever had in the school. He did not quite understand it, but there was a singing heart as homelike as the singing of a tea kettle and as soft as a cat's purr.

Geraldine took new interest in school. She tried no more of her subtle ways to disturb Jupiter, and the boys found a change in her which at once set their former interest at naught.

"She ain't no more fun," they all agreed, and they troubled her no more.

Geraldine entered the normal school, and passed her preliminary examination with extraordinary success. She was one of the three highest out of a large class. The veteran principal of the school knew human nature at a glance. He wrote to Jupiter a letter which confirmed all that worthy had said about the baffling Geraldine.

When Geraldine returned at the end of her first year the townspeople began to relent in the hard opinion they had entertained of her, and saw another person in the tall and earnest young woman who had appeared before them. Jupiter Jenkins had ended his work as schoolmaster in the little seaport town. He had been studying law, and was now employing the same forensic talents he had used before his schoolroom in a more lucrative if not a higher court. He was "up in the city," and was making a name.

When Geraldine finished her course in the normal school she received the highest commendation, and the old principal happened to find a good place for her in the same city where Jupiter was making his way.

When Geraldine came into his office at the end of her first quarter it was the first intimation that he had received of her presence in the city. She said she had come to make a payment, and while she spoke poor Jupiter was turning all sorts of ruddy colors.

"But I hadn't heard you were here, Geraldine," he said; "I have been thinking of you, too, wondering if I should hear from you. Of course I knew I should. But somehow I cannot get you out of my head, girl," this was punctuated with one of the old-time thunderbolts. "Fact is, Geraldine, I've only just found out why I treated you so hard when in school. And it was simply this—I loved you! I want you always; I want you to make me happy, to be my wife!"

Geraldine smiled as she raised her face and received the salute from his lips.

"I knew that was the matter all the time," she said.—Chicago Record.

The Kaiser Wilhelm Canal was used in 1896 by 20,068 and last year by 21,400 vessels.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Dining Room Temperature.

Never let the temperature of the dining room rise above sixty-five degrees, sixty degrees is not too low. If the lights and the number of people in the room raise it after the meal has begun, lower the windows slightly from the top.

To Renovate Black Cloth.

Mix a tablespoonful of oxgall with a quart of soft water; sponge the material thoroughly with the mixture and afterward with clear water. A weak solution of ammonia is sometimes used, but it does not restore the color of the material as well as the above.

A Kitchen Aid.

A double chopping knife should find its way into every well-equipped kitchen. Upon the theory that time is money, how much of it is wasted in chopping apples for the mincemeat, suet for the pudding, or ham for sandwiches, with a single-bladed, old-fashioned chopper that will only do half the work of a double one in the same time!

Emergency Advice About Broken Lamps.

In case a lamp is broken and the oil spilled and set on fire, or if grease of any kind becomes ignited, remember that water thrown on it only spreads the oil. Smother such flames with flour or sand or a heavy rug or piece of carpet. If a person's clothing is on fire, don't stop for water. Catch up a rug, a blanket, an old coat, anything heavy and of wool (which ignites much more slowly than cotton), and envelop the victim. To remember these things may some day enable you to avoid a fire or save a life.

Salting Butter in the Brine.

Those housekeepers who are using the old-fashioned dash churn may still salt their butter in the brine in the new mode in the following manner: Get a fruit strainer; set it over the cream crock; when the butter is in the granular form dip it out of the churn into the strainer. The buttermilk will run through the strainer, and a little sweet milk will rinse it. Then rinse the churn, return the butter, add the brine and you have your brine-salted butter just as good as anybody's, and without a patent churn.

Washing Clothes.

Fill the boiler with water, leaving room for the clothes, and shred into it half a pound of yellow soap. Let this boil till melted, then, when the water is boiling, add a tablespoonful and a half of paraffin. Throw the dry clothes into this, and boil fast for thirty minutes, taking care that the boiling does not cease, or the dirt will settle in the clothes. Rinse in three or four waters, and the clothes will be clean without any waste of elbow grease. Add fresh water, soap and paraffin to each boiling and pay great attention to the rinsing, or the linen will smell disagreeably.

Indoor Care of Plants.

Aim, always, to keep your plants clean. A plant covered with dust, or with dead leaves adhering to its branches, will be unsightly, no matter how many fine flowers it may have on it.

Be careful about giving your plants more water than they need. If they are standing still, or making but very little growth, they will require but little water. As growth increases, it will be necessary to increase the supply.

A plant cannot long remain in a healthy condition when the pores of its leaves are clogged with dust. A plant breathes through its foliage, we are told, and if its lungs are prevented from performing their functions, disease must result. Therefore, as a sanitary measure, as well as in the interests of neatness, be sure to use a good deal of water on the plants themselves as well as on their roots.

Let in all the sunshine possible. And let in fresh air also in liberal quantities daily. But do not let cold air blow directly on your plants, for quite often a tender plant suffers as much from contact with a cold, frosty air as from frost itself. Open a door or a window at some distance from your plants, and let the air from out of doors come in and mix with the warm air in the room before it reaches the plants.

Stir the soil about your plants. This will allow the air to get to the roots, and it will prevent the formation of mold on the surface, also the growth of weeds.

Turn your plants at least once a week. If this is not done they will be drawn to the light, and soon become one-sided specimens. By giving all sides of them a chance at the sunshine you will secure symmetrical development.

Do not make the mistake of giving fertilizers to plants not making active growth. They are not in a condition to make use of rich food. Wait until growth begins. Then give the food, but in moderate strength at first. Increase the amount as the plant increases in growth.

If a plant shows a tendency to develop one branch at the expense of another, check it promptly. Nip off the end of it. But do not throw away the part cut off. Insert it in the soil by the side of the old plant. In most instances, such cuttings will root readily, and plants so obtained can be used to take the place of old ones, or to put out in the garden in summer. —Housewife.

Observing Plants Grow.

To observe plants growing under the microscope the American Monthly Microscopical Journal says: Procure a little collomia seed. Take one of the seeds and with a razor cut off a very tiny slice, place it on a slide, cover with a cover glass and place under the microscope. The instrument must be in a vertical position. When it is well focused and lighted, moisten it with a drop of water. The seed will absorb the moisture and throw out a very large number of spiral fibers, giving the appearance of veritable germination. Beginners will find it easier if one applies the moisture while the other looks through the instrument.

The most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate stations, in London, which required the expenditure of close upon $10,000,000.

MAKING BIG GUNS.

How the Government Hurry-Orders For Great War Weapons Are Being Executed.

Down on the meadows of the Passaic, on the shore of Newark Bay, and within the bounds of the city of Newark itself, says the New York Herald, men are working day and night on guns for the Government. The complex and exquisitely adjusted machines that turn and bore "jackets" and "tubes" never stop, except for a "rest" of an hour or so or the replacing of a cutter dulled by hours of slow, steady ploughing through the hardest and finest steel.

Steel is everywhere, in almost shapeless, oblong ingots, fresh from the casting room; in forged lengths, in cylinders, now bearing some resemblance to a "rapid fire," and in chips and shavings. There are strange and interesting scenes in these gun shops and the pictures presented each hour are dramatic in the extreme. Here in these processes is to be seen the acme of American manufacturing, the great essential fact being the machinery, that is almost automatic in its work, and the few men needed to control and guide it.

Except in the forging room scarcely a blow of a hammer is heard. The shops are almost as silent as the grave. Wheels revolve, cutters turn, men stand placidly by the side of machines, moving softly here and there. All this time, each second, the gun that some day will belch forth fire and steel of its own is coming nearer completion. Chips fall as the bars revolve, but the cutters are not heard. The guns, it would appear to the onlookers, are almost making themselves.

Of the sturdiest type of American mechanics are the men employed. They are workmen who think and who know, men who can judge when a certain instant has arrived, knowing its approach by intuition, rather than men of brawn and muscle. The latter qualities are not so much needed in a gun shop of to-day. Should a partially finished tube or jacket have to be moved there is the electric traveling crane overhead, that, at the jerk of a cord, swings over its grappling irons, and these need only to be attached. The gun man of to-day needs only to guide and to know.

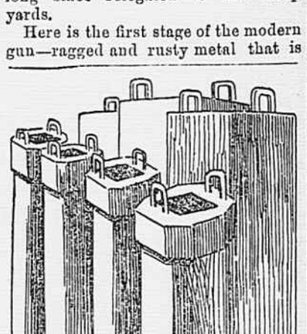
These works are of the Benjamin Atha & Illingworth Company, one of the three concerns in this country that have the plant and the skill to turn out guns of size. Their main shops are at Harrison, the next station to Newark, and their casting shops across the Passaic, on the "Island." Dozens of pieces for the navy and for coast defence are being made here.

Work of Great Care.

Six weeks is practically the minimum of time for the making of a modern gun, and to finish one within that space everything would have to go marvellously well. The "treatment" of the steel would have to be a success at the very first attempt—something that does not often happen—and the first tests would have to show that the Government standard had been reached. Oftener than otherwise these results can only be obtained through much trying and the expenditure of time. A batch of guns may thus take months in the making, while good luck may bring it down to weeks.

It is in the casting shop, of course, that the process of gun making has its very beginning, in the furnace where steel is made from a medley of pieces of old iron, pig iron lengths, broken bits and odds and ends of castings, long since relegated to the scrap yards.

Here is the first stage of the modern gun—ragged and rusty metal that is



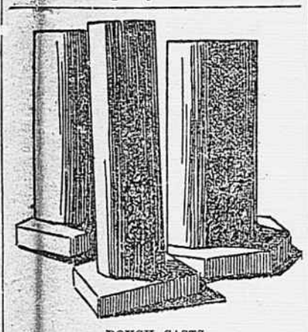
MOULDS.

carted in wheelbarrows up to the furnace doors. The maws of blazing heat, several thousands of degrees in intensity, stand open to receive it. So overwhelming is this heat that even the master melter has to put on blue glasses to peer into the flames rising over the bubbling sea of metal when the doors are open. When the doors are dropped down—that is, shut—there is only revealed a single spot of brightness, an eye that looks into the furnace's flame, and even this cannot be approached too closely with the naked eye.

Beginning the Gun.

The gun is under way. Ten tons of metal are already in the furnace—a lake of molten, seething metal held in by banks of sand. Other things of steel are to be made of this mass, the gun works being only a portion of the Atha & Illingworth plant. Whether used for peace or war, steel is steel, differing only in quality. It is all "boiled down" in the same way.

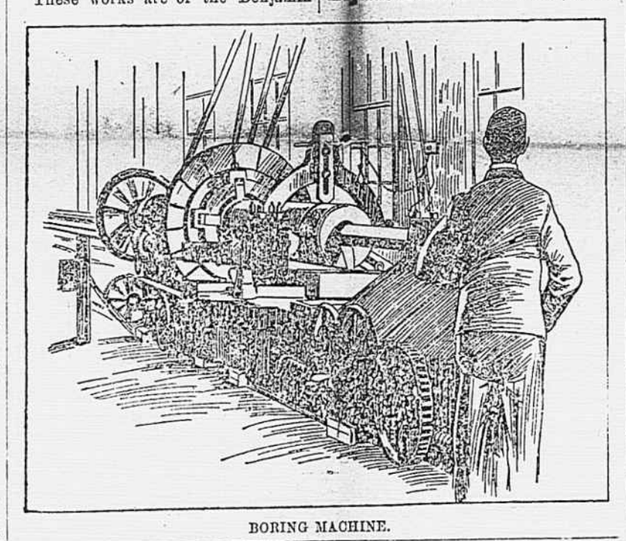
In shadow is the casting shop, except when the doors are raised, when a flood of light, a wave of extreme heat, is thrown out. In the dusk of the shadows grimy men raise the sea



ROUGH CASTS.

of metal with long bars. The master melter, never still, steps now and then to his wheels, set on one side of the furnace and looking like the brake wheels on a freight car, and gives one or the other a sharp twist. By this he regulates his fire—five hundred degrees at a twist. The silica bricks with which the furnace is lined can stand four thousand degrees of heat and more before they commence to melt. The master melter runs up the heat to the extreme point and then lets it down.

There are three "heats" a day in the casting shop. Three times metal is heated, three times it is let go with a mighty rush into the casting pot. The last few moments of each heat are the dramatic instants. It is then, at the



BORING MACHINE.

judgment of the master melter, that the furnace is fed with "medicine," shovelfuls and blocks of metal being tossed in. On this depends the quality, the strength, the elasticity of the steel, essentials of the most vast importance of the gun of to-day.

Into the Casting Pot.

Two hours is usually sufficient for the boiling of this steel in its cradle of sand. At last the one moment arrives. The bar at the furnace's back is worked through the sand to make an opening. An instant, and into the casting pot below the mass runs, scattering millions of sparks, a glowing, golden torrent that foams and hisses as it plunges down.

The picture of the gun's second stage is superb. On every hand fly these sparks, and the mass bubbles and seethes in the casting pot. On its top, through the glow, can be seen a dirty mass—the slag or the scum that is of no use or value. But the picturesqueness of the scene has not ended. The casting process is only half through. The liquid metal must get into its moulds, and that in short order.

On a track the casting pot rests. It is pushed along this track until a gigantic crane overhead seizes it, swinging it aloft. Over mounds of sands it is swung, and the metal, by the movement of a bar, is allowed to drop down in a thin stream. Again shower upon shower of sparks, surrounding the men who, with chains and staves, control the clumsy pot and pull along the crane. The grim old shop, with its floor of sand, its unrelenting dust and and its dreariness, is made into a brilliant cavern for the moment, and the toiling men are supernatural in the light.

In the Rough.

A prosaic time follows, when the metal in the moulds must cool. When the sand is finally knocked away the gun that is to be is only a rough mass of cast steel, indicating only to the expert its fine quality, and not even to him in any degree, for the tests must come to prove that. In the forging shop this mass is hammered and worked until it becomes an octagonal ingot of just twice the weight it will possess when it is finally turned and bored into a "jacket" or a "tube." The hoops, the third part of a gun, are cast and forged hollow, not in solid cylinders, as the jacket and tube are.

With the carrying away of the rough ingot of steel from the forging shop the special work of gun-making commences. The boring and turning factory is the scene of the first step in this process.

Completed guns, ready for mounting and for fire, are not turned out in these gun shops. The finishing touches, the actual putting together of the parts of the gun, the rifling itself, are done at the ordnance works in Washington. It is the business alone of a gun shop to make the steel and to hand over to the army and the navy the three parts of a great gun—the "tube," the "jacket" (which is slipped on over the tube and then "shrunk on" by contraction) and the "hoops," two in number, which, for the purpose of strengthening, are fitted on tightly over the muzzle end of the tubes. Once these three parts are together the metal becomes, practically, one piece and it would be very nearly impossible, by any art or science known to experts, to get the jacket off.

Finished by the Government.

Only the "rough machining," in technical phrase, is done on these guns, this meaning that the final finish and the rifling is put on by the Government itself. "Rough machining" seems, however, a strange term, for if delicate work requiring the utmost accuracy and preciseness is not done here it never was anywhere.

French Detectives.

The ability of French detectives in the matter of disguising their identity is marvelous. Some years ago one of them made a bet that he would, in the course of the next few days, address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the detective had made himself known. As a matter of course, the gentleman was on his guard, and mistrusted every one who came near him. But the man won his bet. It is needless to enter into the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the next four days he presented himself in the character of a bootmaker's assistant, a hackdriver, a venerable old gentleman with a great interest in the Bourse, and finally as a waiter in the hotel where the gentleman was staying.—New York Ledger.

Some Big Trees.

Recently mention was made of a large oak tree that was on William Isbler's farm, Center County, Pennsylvania, which measured over six feet across the stump. Another party down at Fiedlyer cut six cords of wood from an oak. Some persons thought that a little doubtful. H. T. Zerbe, of Aaronsburg, tells of a monster white pine that was cut down several years ago on the Adam Zerbe farm, near Sober, that measured five feet five inches across the stump. It measured ninety feet from the butt to the forks of the limbs, and stood 176½ in height. The tree was sound throughout. From it they secured 9000 shaved shingles, worth $90, sawed lumber that sold for $62, and four cords of wood worth $6. That made a total of $158 from a single tree.

A Checkerboard Fish.

Joseph Evans, of Thirteenth street and Snyder avenue, is the owner of a very queer looking fish. It is four feet long and has a tail two feet in length, which is spotted and striped, like a snake. Evans caught the fish in an oyster dredger while at work on the oyster boat Mary Colman. It lived nearly a day out of water and caused no end of trouble before it finally collapsed. The skin of the strange inhabitant of the deep resembles a checkerboard, being uniformly colored with black and blue squares. Mr. Evans intends having a glass case made for the pretty creature and will exhibit it in his parlor. Several scientific men, who have seen the fish, are at loss as to how to classify it, and all of them agree that a "what-is-it" fish would be the proper name for it.—Philadelphia Record.

Water a Cure For Indigestion.

"We must give special attention to the outside of the body as well as the inside," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "What to Eat When You Have Indigestion," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The skin must be bathed every morning with tepid water, followed by a brisk rub. This is equally as important as correct diet. A good rule is to use water freely inside and out. At least two quarts of water daily should be taken; half a pint the first thing in the morning and the last at night, a cupful of warm water before each meal, and the remaining quantity divided and taken before meals."

Centennial Celebrations.

This year's crop of centennial celebrations includes observations of the four hundredth anniversaries of Vasco de Gama's discovery of the way to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, at Lisbon, in May; of the burning of Savonarola at Florence, also in May, and of the birth of Holbein at Basil, in Switzerland. Montpellier will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the philosopher, Auguste Comte; Ancona that of the poet Leopardi, who was born at Recanati, close by, and Paris that of Michelet, the historian.

Old Bank in Nebraska.

The building in which the oldest bank in Omaha is located is in a very dilapidated condition. The porches

NEBRASKA'S OLDEST BANK.

are tumbling and its windows and tops of the doorways have been taken posession of by the sparrows.

Not only was this the first bank of the town, but the first financial institution under the charter of the Territory of Nebraska. Its president was Thomas H. Benton, son of the Senator. Leroy Tuttle was cashier, and A. N. Wyman teller. In the panic of '57 the doors were closed.

The ancient structure is decidedly picturesque in its dilapidation and has frequently been put into pictures by local artists.

Successful Farming.

This consists in making the farm pay, and it includes all the little odds and ends about the place. Economy is the first lesson for everybody to learn if he would succeed in his business. But economy does not imply anything unreasonable. The picking up of a lost horseshoe, a strap, a bolt or nut, an ear of corn that fell from a wagon, a fork full of hay that dropped from a load, is a small matter, but a thousand such items, if put together, would amount to a good deal and would go a long way toward helping a man out of trouble.

To save is better than to earn. To utilize small things is better than to strive for what is beyond our reach. The small farmer, he who has a small tract of land, may be just as independent, just as comfortable, just as happy and quite as successful as the bonanza farmer who tills acres by the thousand. A few acres well tilled, with the many small items of convenience and use that every farmer may have as well as not, will keep any reasonable family in condition.

A farmer who is out of debt and keeps out, that cultivates his land well, has a good garden for his wife, has a well-kept orchard and vineyard—no matter how small, that raises some cattle, some hogs, some poultry, always has fruit, meat, grain and vegetables in plenty and to spare. He does not want the earth, but he does want a good, happy home, and a good name for those to enjoy who come after him. This is successful farming. —Advocate and News.

Dairy Notes.

One hundred and twenty million pounds of oleo oil exported from the United States during the past year, say the records, and much of it taken by those European countries which supply England with butter. And they boast here that they cannot get butter from the United States which will sell as readily as that they get from the Continent.

But there is a reason for this. For many years either our exporters or the English dealers have felt that it would not pay to ship any butter from this country to England except the lower grades, such as could be bought at about one-half the price of strictly fancy butter in New York or Boston. If in Denmark or Belgium or Holland they mix oleo oil and butter fat in equal proportions, we have no doubt they could make an article that would compare favorably with the nine or ten-cent ladle-packed butter sent from here. And we have little doubt that some of them have done this thing. The amounts of butter they have been reported as exporting for the number of cows kept would be incredible unless we believed either this, or that the inhabitants of those countries used no butter, but bought oleo and sold all their butter.

If Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture succeeds in introducing to English markets some of our strictly fancy butter, such as bears the highest prices in our markets, and finds a demand for it there strong enough to warrant regular shipments of that grade, it will prove a boon, and a boom too, for the dairymen of this country. It will prove an incentive for them to keep better cows, feed more liberally, and take more pains to furnish an article that will sell at the highest prices, or at least at prices profitable to the producer. There is no profit in making butter at ten or twelve cents a pound, but there may be at twenty-five cents. And when there is more profit in butter the price of milk and other milk products must increase.

We are sorry to see that some of the Western papers are discussing so freely the question of the profit of "baby beef," or steers and heifers sold as yearlings. It may be that there is more profit in fattening them young as long as English buyers will pay as much for such beef as they would for more mature animals, but we do not like to think upon likely, thrifty young heifers being fattened and slaughtered. If of the beef breeds they should be worth more as breeders than for fattening purposes, and it seems like "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" to select the best of them to fatten. The demand of other countries for American beef is likely to increase instead of decreasing, and a few years may find a scarcity of good animals to breed from. We cannot increase our stock of cattle as we could a stock of swine or poultry. One calf a year is all we can reasonably hope for, and seldom half the herd will be heifers.

Save all the really good heifers to increase the herd, or to sell to those who want them for that purpose, and who would find it profitable to buy them at handsome prices, instead of attempting to breed good grades from a lot of scrub cows. And we believe this is no less true in the beef growing sections of the beef breeds as in the dairy sections with the milk or butter-producing breeds.

A Western farmer who had been selling his milk for two cents a quart thought he would try for a part of the trade of a small town near him where the retail price was five cents. He invited the people to come out to his farm upon a certain day, and he showed them over the farm, exhibited his stock and explained his system of feeding and general management. Then came the milking. The milkmen came out with clean shirts and snow white aprons, bringing pails of hot and cold water. They thoroughly washed their hands, and then the udders and teats of the cows, with warm water and Castile soap, rinsing them carefully and wiping dry. The vessels for holding the milk were bright and clean, the stables and stalls were clean. The milk was strained, aerated, quickly cooled and placed in a cool, clean cellar. All the details were explained to the visitors as the work progressed, and they went home satisfied that there they could obtain clean and wholesome milk.

The next day he sought customers, and found market for all he could supply at six cents a quart, or one cent above the market rate in the town, and it was but little more trouble to deliver it than to have carried it to the railroad station and send it to Chicago for two cents a quart.

Let us hope that the methods which attracted his customers were kept up after he had secured his market.

The story well illustrates two points, at least: That a little extra care and painstaking can be made profitable, for the keeping of these cows was no more expensive when he sold his milk at six cents a quart than when he sold it for two cents, unless the extra price tempted him to be more liberal in feeding in the hope of obtaining larger yields. That when one has a good thing, better than the average, it will pay him to let other people know it by advertising it, and that an extra good article can often find a home market, while that which is only of ordinary quality must be sent away to some point where a larger demand can find customers less fastidious.

Unpleasant odors or flavors in milk are sometimes caused by unwholesome food or impure water, but quite as often by unclean stables in which the air is impure, and by the odors from soiled bedding. Often, too, they are plainly and simply the result of a lack of care in preventing dirt from the udders and flank from falling into the pail during the milking.—American Cultivator.

328,500,000 HANDKERCHIEFS.

That Number is Consumed Yearly in the United States.

"Very few people outside the trade," said a leading wholesale dealer in handkerchiefs in New York to a Washington Star reporter recently, "are aware that the consumption of handkerchiefs throughout the United States amounts to about 75,000 dozen daily. This means 27,375,000 dozen yearly, or 328,500,000 single handkerchiefs. To satisfy this enormous demand there are always kept in stock in this city at least 350,000,000 handkerchiefs. It would be extremely difficult to say what such a supply of goods is worth in the aggregate, as handkerchiefs sell wholesale at anywhere from 30 cents to $40 per dozen, according to quality and finish. But the figures which I have given you are not exaggerated, and they throw a strong light on the gigantic dimensions of an important branch of the dry goods business.

"A comparatively small number of handkerchiefs are manufactured in this country, and those that are made here are mostly of the cotton and inferior silk variety. The finest silk goods are imported principally from Japan which country sends us annually between 17,000,000 and 18,000,000 'Japanese pongees.' The best cambric article comes from France and Belgium, and linen handkerchiefs come from the north of Ireland and also from St. Galls, Switzerland. Japanese silk handkerchiefs are worth from $3 to $40 per dozen, while the imported cambrics from Brussels sell for from $5 to $7 a dozen, and the cotton product manufactured in Pennsylvania and New Jersey may be had for thirty cents per dozen.

"The capital invested in this business is immense. It may possibly amount to $100,000,000, but owing to the fact that the trade is distributed, nothing like accurate figures can be given. There are six or seven firms in the dry goods district which deal exclusively in handkerchiefs. But only two of these houses handle the domestic article extensively. Most of the large American factories are located outside of the city, but New York, as in several other branches of the dry goods business, is the great distributing center for the trade."

Artificial "Precious" Stones.

The trade in artificial gems has become very important, and the manufacture has reached a considerable degree of perfection. The products of some of the shops would almost deceive an expert, but the test of hardness is still infallible. "French paste," from which artificial diamonds are made, is a kind of glass with a mixture of oxide of lead. The more of this used the brighter the stone and also the softer, and this is a serious defect. These imitation stones are now so perfectly made and are so satisfactory to those who are not very particular, that their influence begins to be felt in the market for real stones. By careful selection of the ingredients, the luster, color, fire and water are, to the ordinary observer, fully reproduced. There are a few tests that cannot be given perfectly, for they depend upon some undiscoverable peculiarities and not on chemical composition; but the casual buyer knows nothing of that. A French chemist has nearly reproduced the peculiarities with a composition of which the base is phosphate of lime. Two other French chemists have produced rubies and sapphires having the same composition as genuine stones and nearly equal hardness.

A Bright Retort.

An Austrian Princess once asked the Duke of Wellington: "How is it that we in Vienna speak French so much better than you English?" To which the Duke replied: "Well, Princess, if Napoleon had twice visited London with his armies, as he has Vienna, I have no doubt we should be much more familiar with the French language."

An Athlete's Prizes.

One of Harvard's athletes last season won in prizes nine medals, nine watches, fifty-one diamonds, four silver tea sets, a silver water set, a rifle and no end of clothing, furniture and bric-a-brac.