

Metal-working, shoe-making, electrical and other machinery exported from this country during March, 1898, had a value of more than ten per cent in excess of similar exports last year at the same time.

An American firm, Russell & Sturgis, opened the Philippines to foreign trade over sixty years ago, and an American admiral has now released the commerce of those islands from the throttling grasp of Spain.

The total output of coal in the United States for 1897 was 198,250,000 short tons, the largest ever known. Its average value was a fraction less than \$1 per ton, a slight decrease as compared with the previous year.

When Americans beg for a private's place in the army, and for an opportunity to face almost certain death in the navy, we have little fear from all Europe. We have an abundance of Hobsons, and we may have many Deweys.

The Canadians had practically determined to put an export duty on nickel, of which metal they are the largest producers in the world, when Mr. Chamberlain made his famous speech about an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Now they are afraid to do so, and wish that Mr. Chamberlain had waited a few weeks longer. The United States is a great buyer of nickel, and can profit by this happy chance.

Russia is constructing the largest and most expensive railroad in the world. It is complete now from St. Petersburg to Nijni-Udinsk, a distance of 3000 miles, and is to be pushed forward to Vladivostok, which is 5912 miles from St. Petersburg. This railroad will open up to trade a territory as large as the whole of Europe, and will increase very greatly the commercial and political power of Russia. Though this project was discussed as far back as 1851, it was not actually undertaken until 1890.

A wonderful era of prosperity seems to have opened for the American manufacturer. The orders for battleships given us by Russia, in addition to those from China and Japan, the demand for American rails and locomotives from China, Australia and South Africa, the increased popularity of the American bicycle, sewing machine, knitting machine, agricultural implements, printing presses and linotypes, in every civilized land, are but a few of the causes, the effects of which are to be enlarged industries and a greatly augmented foreign commerce.

From the ships which carried the passengers of the great battleships, the modern battleship has more than a hundred distinct and separate engines, and guns of complicated, delicate mechanism. No man is perfectly qualified to command a modern warship who does not thoroughly comprehend all the minute details of the complicated instrument placed in his charge. The command of a fleet of these ponderous war-engines is a mental burden of no small magnitude; and, other things being equal, that man is best fitted to such command whose mentality is strong enough to enable him easily to grasp all the minute details making up his force.

Last year, says the Railway Age, the railways of the United States carried over 13,000,000,000 passengers one mile. They also carried 95,000,000,000 tons of freight one mile. The total amount put in dividends on stock was \$87,533,371—call it \$88,000,000. Of the total earnings of the railways about seventy per cent came from freight service and thirty per cent from passenger service. Let us assume then, that of the \$88,000,000 paid in dividends, seventy per cent, or \$61,600,000, was profit on freight service and \$26,400,000 was on passenger service. Let us drop fractions and call it \$62,000,000 from freight and \$26,000,000 from passengers. By dividing the passenger profit into the number of passengers carried (13,000,000,000) we find that the railways had to carry a passenger 500 miles in order to earn \$1 of profit, or five miles to earn one cent. The average profit, therefore, was less than two-tenths of one cent for carrying a passenger (and his baggage) one mile. By dividing the freight profit into the freight mileage (95,000,000,000) we find that the railways had to carry one ton of freight 1530 miles in order to earn \$1 or over fifteen miles to earn one cent. The average profit, therefore, was less than one-fiftieth of a cent for carrying a ton of freight (besides loading it) one mile.

A CHANGE OF AMBITION.

Flourishes at the bridge, and he who fought at old Thermopylae; Great Samson and his potent bone By which the Philistines were stoned; Snail David with his wondrous aim That did for him of giant frame; J. Cesar in his Gallic scraps That made him Lord of other chaps; Sweet William, called the Conqueror, Who made the Briton sick of war; King Hal the Fifth, who nobly fought And thrashed the foe at Agincourt; Old Bonaparte, and Washington, And Frederick, and Wellington, Decatur, Nelson, Fighting Joe, And Farragut, and Grant, and oh, A thousand other heroes I Have wished I were in days gone by— Can take their laurels from my door, For I don't want 'em any more. The truth will out; it can't be hid; The doughty deed that Dewey did, In that far distant Spanish sea, Is really good enough for me. The grammar's bad, but, oh my son, I wish I'd did what Dewey done! —John E. Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

BEN BRAHIM'S SMARTNESS.

OLD Mohammed Ben Ibrahim was a private of the Third Regiment of Turcos, Arab infantry in the French service. He was tall and rawboned, fearing nothing, believing but little in Mohammed the Prophet, and not at all in Allah. He drank wine and ate pork, two things held in abomination by the Mohammedans, he swore in bad Arab and worse French; in fact, he was the most perfect black-guard in the whole body of Turcos, which were 10,000 strong, and that is saying a great deal. Ben Ibrahim lived happy and contented until one day, while passing before the bribe-brasc pawn office and dry goods shop of Yussuff, the richest Hebrew of Oran, he saw, hanging in the window, some gold watches. Then his happiness was gone, for one thought invaded his mind so completely that, twenty times a day, he exclaimed loudly: "By the Prophet's beard, I must have one!"

And by the Prophet's beard he got one too, and this is how it came about. Mohammed Ben Ibrahim had a cousin, a lieutenant in the same regiment, and he went to him and told him a story about his mother being sick and needy, and the lieutenant, who loved his aunt, gave him twelve francs, with the recommendation to use them well, a thing that the Turco did, much to the sorrow of Yussuff, in whose shop he appeared five minutes later. Yussuff was alone, and seeing the Turco entering his store, he arose to meet him, not through deference for the caller, but from a knowledge that the Turcos are the greatest prowlers of Africa.

"I salute you, Rabbi Yussuff," said Mohammed, touching his fez. "I salute you, Turco," replied Yussuff, politely, "what do you want?" "I came to pay you twelve francs for seven you loaned me a fortnight ago," answered the Turco. "Did I loan you money? I do not recollect to have seen you before." "You don't? Well, then, you were more drunk than I was when I borrowed the money from you. But, no matter, I owe you twelve francs, and there they are." Then the Turco put twelve francs in the other's hand. Yussuff took it just as an Arab priest entered the shop.

Yussuff saluted the new-comer with the greatest respect, as he was one of his best customers, and said: "Will you allow me to present this Turco to you as one of the few honest men we have in this town?" The Arab looked with astonishment on the pair. "Well, well!" thought he, "what are we coming to, if a Turco turns to be as honest to be praised by Yussuff?" Then he asked: "May I inquire what this Turco has done to deserve your commendations, Yussuff?" "I loaned him twelve francs, and I forgot all about it. Many would have taken advantage of my lack of memory, but he did not, for he has paid me like an honest man that he is."

"My friend," said the Arab to the Turco, "will you favor me with your company to my house?" Mohammed Ben Ibrahim answered that as soon as Rabbi Yussuff had returned his pledge, he would follow him. "A pledge?" cried Yussuff, turning pale. "You have given me none." "What!" replied the Turco indignantly, "that gold watch there is mine." And Mohammed pointed to a watch worth about sixty dollars. "That watch was bought by me from a chief now dead," yelled Yussuff.

"Yussuff," interposed the Turco, "it seems to me that this chief died very conveniently for you. Will you give me my watch?" "No," answered Yussuff. "All right, sir. I will have you arrested on the spot," and opening the door Mohammed went into the street calling for the police.

In a minute two of these worthies made their appearance and inquired the cause of the uproar. "Arrest that man," said the Turco, pointing to Yussuff, "he has robbed me." The police took Yussuff by the throat, and the whole party left the store to go to the judge. In Africa, the judge's courthouse consists of a piece of carpet, two yards square, thrown on the pavement, in the market place, where the judge sits surrounded by

the police who make arrests and bastinado the culprits at the judge's command. It is justice in a primitive state administered on the rapid transit plan.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Arab magistrate. "Your Wisdom, this man has robbed that Turco," replied the officer. "Turco, how did the thing happen?" inquired the judge. "Your Wisdom, this man loaned me seven francs on my gold watch. I returned him his money, together with five francs as interest, and now he refuses to give me my watch." "How did you get a gold watch?" "Your Wisdom, it is a present from my dying father." "Did anyone see you plying the money?" "Your Wisdom, this holy Arab was present." "Arab, is it true what the Turco is saying?" "Your Wisdom, he has spoken the truth," replied the Arab. "Yussuff introduced the complaint to me with the remark that he was one of the few honest men we have in this town."

"Yussuff, do you deny the accusation made against you?" "Your Wisdom, I do deny it." "Did you take twelve francs from the complainant?" "Your Wisdom, I did." "For what?" "Because I loaned it to him." "Without any pledge?" "Yes, your Wisdom, without any pledge." "Officers, go to Yussuff's house, and bring here all the gold watches he has," said the judge. The officers went and soon returned, bringing about thirty gold watches, which they spread before the judge.

"Look and see if your timepiece is there," said the magistrate to the Turco. The cunning Turco advanced, and without any hesitation took, not the best, but the third from the best. The judge, who had eyed sharply the action of the Turco, seeing him discarding the costliest watch to take another inferior in value, felt convinced of the justice of his claim to the object of his selection. He said to him: "Take it and go. Remember that a present from a dying father is a sacred thing, not to be polluted by the hands of this money lender, who is a thief, a usurer and a liar. Go!" Mohammed Ben Ibrahim did not wait for a second invitation to take what did not belong to him; he bowed low to the judge, kissed the Arab on the shoulder and departed.

Then the judge said to Yussuff: "For lying to me, for exacting usurious rates of interest, for trying to rob a poor soldier of a sacred memento from a beloved father, you shall get fifty strokes on the soles of your feet, and if in two hours you have not paid five hundred dollars fine, you shall get one hundred more. Officers, execute the sentence." Everybody applauded the justice of the judge's decision. No, I am mistaken, not all. There was one who did not. Can you guess who?

An ancient industry in the Philippine Islands which, by the way, has been nearly destroyed by Spanish tyranny and greed, is the gathering of various kinds of mother-of-pearl. In the warm waters of those seas animal life is very prolific and many kinds of shells grow to great size. Some oysters, for example, are as large as punch bowls, and scollops grow two or three feet in diameter. Natives catch the animals when they are alive and throw them into pots of boiling water. They then extract the fleshy part of the body, of which some varieties they use as food, and others as provenders for their domestic animals. The live shell, as it is called, is stronger, hand-somer and more durable than the dead shell; that is, the shell of an animal which has died a natural death.

The rough mother-of-pearl is sent to China, chiefly to Canton, where there is a famous artistic guild which employs it in many ways. One variety, which is flat, a half inch thick and several inches in diameter, is carved in intaglio and in relief and makes a very beautiful ornament for the wall or the window or for inset in the panels of a door or a cabinet. When hung in the window the light penetrates it and gives prismatic tints to all the figures of the carver. Small pieces are split into layers and converted into inlaid work, for chairs, tables, picture frames, altars and the decoration of wealthy homes.

The way they killed this industry illustrates their theories of government. They sell to the highest bidder what they call the piscary concessions. No one can take any fish from the water without a license from the concessionaire. The poor natives, who make but ten or eleven cents a day, are unable to obtain a license and can only pursue their calling underhandedly. If caught they are treated as common thieves, and if found in the overt act they may be and often are shot by the armed police. In this manner the fishing industries of the Philippines have steadily diminished wherever there are Spanish settlements, so that the people of the large cities import quantities of sea food from other and freer countries.—New York Mail and Express.

Great Wrecks and Loss of Life. Among the most serious steamship wrecks of the last twenty years and their attendant losses of life are the Enrydice and Princess Alice (300 and 630) in 1878; Victoria (700, 1881; Cimbrina (400) 1883; Serpent (370), 1890; Utopia (574), 1891; Reina Regente (400), 1895; Elbe (352), 1895; Saier (280), 1896; Kuang-Pin (500), 1896.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

A Cure for Chicken Tapeworm.

It may surprise the general reader to know that four different species of tapeworm attack chickens, four other kinds attack geese, seven attack ducks and five attack pigeons. The remedy for tapeworms is one spoonful of absinthe to fifty fowls, mixed in warm bran mash once a day for three or four days. Clean up and sprinkle premises with four fluid ounces of sulphuric acid mixed in one gallon of water. For other intestinal worms give one teaspoonful of turpentine to twenty-five birds, mixed in bran mash.

To Grow Lima Beans.

There are two methods of growing Limas. One is to grow them on poles and the other on wires. Where the largest crop is desired and poles are easily obtained it is the best plan. When poles are not at hand, and one cares for the ornamental appearance of the garden, a very good crop can be grown by using wires to support the vines. When grown in this way one row forty or fifty feet long will supply a family. Limas, like all the good things from the garden, require a rich soil. My experience is that I can grow the best crop with stable manure.—American Gardening.

Keep the Chickens Growing.

Now that the hatching season has ended more time can be devoted to keeping the chicks constantly growing. The first few months of a chick's existence determine its value at maturity. If allowed to get stunted no amount of care ever after will remove the trouble. See to it that they are regularly fed and watered, at least three times daily, and do not allow the coops and yards to become foul. After a few weeks old give them plenty of good sound grain, such as wheat and cracked corn and be sure not to overlook a plentiful supply of good sharp grit. Examine the mother-hens at least once a week to see that no lice are on them. Should there be any, an application of grease under the wings and on top of the head will suffice to rid both her and the chicks of them. After the chicks are weaned watch them carefully at night and see that they return to their coops. If allowed to roost on perches their breastbones will become crooked and they will not do so well as they would if roosting in the coop.

Burdock as a Vegetable.

What is even regarded as a vile weed can, with a little stretch of imagination, be turned into an ornamental plant or delicious vegetable. This is especially the case with the common burdock, Lappa major. Schoolboys all know it from gathering the burs and compressing them into a ball, they being held together by the curved points of the floral involucre. This is all they know about it. It is difficult to see anything more to be desired in the burdock leaf than the leaf of the rhubarb. It appears that it is largely used in China for food. But it is stated that, if the stalks be cut down before the flowers expand and then be boiled, the taste is relished equally with asparagus. The leaves, when young, are boiled and eaten as we eat spinach. In Japan it is in universal use. Thousands of acres are devoted to its culture. But in this case the root is the object. It requires deep soil to get the roots to the best advantage. The common name in China is gombo—a name, however, which need not replace our common one of burdock.—Mechan's Monthly.

Marketing the Cherry Crop.

In almost every neighborhood many farmers have a greater supply of cherries than are needed for home use, and as the fruit is regarded as too small to pay for the trouble of picking and marketing it, much of it is left to rot or eaten by birds. The fact is that small as the cherry is, it is one of the most profitable fruit crops that can be grown. Cherries need to be picked with their stems, must not be bruised, and must be placed in clean baskets holding fifteen to twenty pounds each. They are usually sold by the pound and are marketed in all the cities where this fruit is to be found in its season on fruit stands. The sour cherries of the Morello stock are mostly used for canning and for making pies. The Montmorency is a comparatively new sour cherry, and we know it to be a valuable variety where found. It is not best to have many varieties when cherries are grown for market. The black Tarian is a large, dark red sort, that is nearly black when at its best. It is the standard sort and is more largely sold and better liked by the fruit dealers than any other.—American Cultivator.

A Practical Milking Stool.

The observing farm student is sure to come in contact with new ways and new implements when traveling through the country, no matter whether he is on business or pleasure. Some of the best methods and most simple homemade implements are lying side by side in our farm homes waiting for some one to "happen along" to make known to the world these hidden treasures. One of these simple devices is found in the milking stool. It is made with three or four short legs, just as the milker thinks most convenient. Directly on top of this short-legged stool is a small box, the top of which forms the seat of the stool. The lower part or under board of the box extends out under the cow to support the milk pail when milking. This not only

keeps the bottom of the pail free from particles of manure, which are sure to adhere to a pail when set directly on the floor, but raises the pail, so if the cow occasionally kicks she is not so liable to place her foot in the pail, upsetting it, and one's temper, too.

But what is the little box for? Every dairyman knows the necessity of brushing the udder before milking, especially in the morning when cows are kept in the stable or in yards. A small woolen cloth can be kept in this box, and when the milker sits down to his work all he has to do is to place the pail on his knee, reach under the seat of the stool and get the cloth, clean the udder, put back the cloth and go to work. The cloth is always at hand and there is not half the dust set in motion as when the cloth is used separately on the cows and thrown from one to the other.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Tarred Paper for Cabbage Maggot.

We have often suffered a good deal of loss on account of maggots destroying a large proportion of our early cabbages. If we believe what some of the experiment stations tell us, then the collars of tarred felt (roofing felt) put around the stems of plants near the surface of the ground are a very effective means of protecting cabbage and similar plants from the maggots' ravages. The reports show that the loss in treated fields has been very small. The labor adjusting the collars also is considerable. The only trouble seems to be to get the collars. They are not kept on sale so far as I know. So the only thing that I could see was left for me to do was to make them myself. A certain professor long since devised a tool to cut the collars out of sheets of roofing-felt with neatness and dispatch. I gave my blacksmith orders with full instructions to make one of the cutters after his pattern and expected to set a man at it to make the collars in rather large quantities, so as to be able not only to have my own supply in readiness, but also to furnish them at a slight advance on cost to any of my neighbors and friends that might desire to try them. But it has taken my blacksmith much longer to get the tool made than I expected, and finally I had time for using the collars has arrived and I have just received this "collar cutter." This sets the matter right so far as my own planting is concerned but I cannot help out my friends as promptly as I would have liked. Neither have I as yet been able to figure out the price at which the collars can be put on the market. I believe that they should be kept by seedsmen and plant dealers, and that many could be sold at a good profit. Local planters might procure a cutter and furnish the collars to their customers.—T. Greiner in Farm and Fireside.

Summering Cattle on Grass.

I don't know of any subject more timely than how cattle of all kinds should be treated while living on grass. The common method with most farmers is to let them all run together—calves that are fed by hand excepted—many of them large or small, just one pasture and generally too small for the number that must get a good living or be half starved. Then close grazing and often long dry spells and a good number of cattle following each other day after day, reaching through fences and in the hot weather the field looking so bare that the grass roots are often killed out entirely.

This is no overdrawn picture. How can a cow give a good yield of milk, or young cattle take on much growth or flesh under such conditions? Unless they get a satisfactory feed and in reasonable time they cannot spare the time needed for rest and to chew their cud. Every farmer should have two or more pastures. Milk cows do better alone, but if that cannot be had there should be at least two pastures, so that one of them could be rested a while, and if favorable weather prevails two or three weeks will start the grass, so that when you turn on it again you just watch the difference in the growth and yield and see the grass start up in the one vacated. This is a better way than if the number of acres were all in one lot. I hope those interested will try it.

Where cattle are compelled to eat off the blades of grass scarcely an inch high, and probably destroy others just peeping out, ten days, if left grow, would furnish twenty times as much feed and no injury occur to the roots. People tell of leaks and losses on the farm, but too close grazing is the biggest one I know of. Then there is a big talk about calves dying from scours, etc., but it is generally those that feed their cows such a big lot of stimulating nostrums of different kinds that makes the milk rank poison to their offspring. Calves from such pampered matrons are as good as sick at birth. Cows should be fed almost entirely on what you can raise on your own farm, and then, like common farmers, losses would disappear. It is risky to buy cows of some men.

If calves get the scours we stir flour in their warm milk, and an egg, too, until we get it checked. We teach them to eat oats and ground feed and keep hay before them all the time until turned onto grass. When cows scour badly on tame hay and mill feed make a real hard boiled dumping of flour and water only, boil it until hard and when cool out into pieces and feed it to them; it will quickly stop the scours. This recipe is worth dollars if it works for others like it has for me. I may tell you that pastures are like in England, and how they keep them good all the time. They have a more moist climate than we have, but we could greatly improve ours by following their methods.—William Oxley in Farm, Field and Fireside.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS.

A Little Trick of the Clown's That to Please the People Mightily, "Some of the feats and tricks of sort and another performed in al that look so wonderful," said the circus man, "are really as simple as rolling off a log, if you only know they are done. We used to have a clown at one time who was a good acrobat, and he was humorous his antics as well as in his speech, everybody liked him. He always wore a black mustache, with the ends neatly waxed and corkscrewed, one of the funniest things he did depended for its success on these waxed ends of his mustache. "After an unusually intricate piece of foolery, that called for a good deal of exertion, he would pause, panting in the ring, and turn to the ringmaster. "Well, I'd give a dollar and a quarter," he would say to the ringmaster, "for a bottle of soda water. "Why, you shall have a bottle of nothing," the ringmaster says, and he sends a groom for a bottle of soda water, who comes back in a minute with a bottle and a glass on a tray. "But where's the corkscrew?" the clown asks, picking up the bottle and holding it up clear of the tray and looking all around on it. "There's no corkscrew." "What's the matter with your mustache for a corkscrew?" says the ringmaster, the audience looking on perfectly still. And before you could think, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his mustache—he'd practiced that so that he never missed it—and drive it on to the point, and then in almost the same motion—there was never any halt in the action from the beginning to the end of the whole thing—he'd begin, turning the bottle on to his mustache until the point was buried in the cork, and then he'd give the bottle a yank and pull it free and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his mustache. He'd drink half the soda water, toss the bottle at the ringmaster, have the cork off his mustache in a jiffy, and toss that at the groom standing there waiting with the tray, and then turn a cartwheel while the whole audience doubled up with laughter. Why, it used to tickle 'em half to death. "And it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrews projecting out beyond his mustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth."

Peculiar Villages.

Scattered throughout the area of Great Britain are numerous towns and villages of a curious character. One large village actually consists of old railway carriages, even the little mission chapel being built out of four large horse trucks. Another village, with a population of 1100 and a rateable value of \$8000, has neither church, chapel nor school, the only public edifice being a pillar.

Villages with a single inhabitant are not unknown. At Skiddaw, in Cumberland, there is a solitary householder, who cannot vote because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list, and no church or other public building on which to publish one; while the only ratepayer in a certain rural Northumberland parish has recently declined to bear the expense of repairing a road because he considered it quite good enough for himself. In the Isle of Ely is a little parish which has been somewhat contemptuously described as "a portion of land with three or four houses, and perhaps twelve inhabitants." This place has no roads at all and is consequently put to no expense for keeping them in repair. As a matter of fact there are no expenses of any kind and no rates.

One of the most remarkable villages in this country is Empton, near Bedford, which is seven miles long and extremely straggling. To walk from one end of the village to the other occupies two hours. Sometimes whole villages will practically disappear. A little Shropshire village has gradually sunk, and now it is almost out of sight. It is built on a disused coal pit, and the sinking goes on steadily every year. Now and then a tottering house is propped up to keep it standing, but in spite of all precautions buildings are constantly falling to the ground, and in course of time doubtless nothing will be left but a few bricks to mark the spot where a village once stood.—Tit-Bits.

In the Bull Creek Hills.

There is a story in Taney county, according to a boy in Taney county, who has a record which perhaps few, if any, old hunters can match. He killed a deer with a marble. True, the marble was shot from a gun, but still the occurrence may be ranked among the most unusual of hunting events. The lad was out in the woods shooting, and he had exhausted his supply of shot. He had put into his muzzle-loader, a charge of powder, when he discovered that his shot pouch was empty. The boy had in his pocket a marble which he used as a "law" in playing the common game. The marble exactly fitted the muzzle of the gun, and hardly thinking what might result from experiment, the young hunter dropped the "law" down on the wadding covering the powder. Strange things happened down in the Bull Creek hills, and on his way home the boy came upon a deer, which, at close range, stood and challenged his aim. The adventurous scion of good hunting stock leveled his gun, pulled the trigger and brought down the game, the marble boring a hole in the vitals of the deer.—Kansas City Journal.