

Dairy cows bring more per head than horses nowadays in Missouri.

The Government statistics show that the farmers, despite their lack of money, are really better off than any other class.

It is announced that there is to be a "Woman's Bible," translated under the auspices of some of the leading women of the day.

Atlanta, Ga., has more churches than any city in the South, the Chicago Record estimates, and their seating capacity will accommodate 65,000 people.

The Galveston News remarks cynically on the woman question: "One of the first things for women to do is to learn how to buy a larger shoe and a smaller hat."

The Progressive Engineers' Association, of New York, a colored organization, is going to send one of its members out to Liberia to see what, if any, inducements that country offers for colonization.

Emin Pasha's death, it appears, was due solely to the vanity of a petty African chief, who wished to show his neighbors that he was not afraid to kill a white man. He was hanged for it, all the same.

Besides the rather numerous Chinese, there are probably less than 3000 foreigners in all Japan, though the number may recently have risen above that. What progress has been made, then, is clearly due to the Japanese the Japanese themselves, and not to foreign residents.

The coming boom in farming is windmill irrigation, predicts the American Agriculturist. It has proved an immense success on the cheap lands of the West, and there is no reason why it should not be even more profitable on the more expensive lands of the Central, Middle and Eastern States.

A farmer named Waldin discovered that a Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad bridge, near Burlington, Iowa, had been burned, and, knowing that the regular passenger train was due in a short time, walked two miles down the track and stopped the train by waving a burning brand. The train carried 100 passengers and much valuable express and baggage matter.

Says the Washington Star: The managers of charity organizations in New York have about decided to inaugurate an experiment during the coming season similar to the potato patch scheme of Mayor Pingree, in Detroit. The Michigan Mayor, it will be remembered, concluded that something should be done with the vacant land in and around the city for the relief of the suffering poor, and he inaugurated the celebrated potato patch plan whereby in one season 7000 lots of ground, aggregating 430 acres, were placed under cultivation and yielded potatoes to the value of \$14,000. The scheme was to allot a small section of ground to each of a number of poor families and to provide them with potato seed and tools for their cultivation. It was thought that a deal of suffering was averted by means of the food thus obtained at a very slight cost. The ground was all donated by charitable persons, and about the only expense was that for the purchase of seeds and tools. The latter, being the property of the city, can be used season after season. It is estimated that there are upwards of one thousand acres of vacant ground in New York, contained in 17,329 lots, and there are many hundreds of acres in the suburban regions that are easily obtainable. Already donations of 1200 acres in the outlying districts have been made, and the scheme promises to be a success. This is a practical charity, and a move toward the inculcation of the principles of self-help into the minds of the poor who look annually to the city authorities or to private nurses for aid.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A PARASITE VERY NUMEROUS IN HOGS.

During the four years in which I had charge of the inspection of hogs for the United States Government my attention was drawn to a parasite which was so numerous that it was found almost daily during the search for Trichina spiralis under the microscope, writes Professor John Michels.

This parasite, shown in the cut which accompanies this article, has the appearance of an elongated worm with a blunt point at each end. It assumes many forms, sometimes being narrower and longer than shown in the drawing, and sometimes broader and shorter and even almost round. The interior is composed of granular



PARASITE NUMEROUS IN HOGS.

matter, which with a high power proves to be embryos, the worm-like body being only a sac.

These sacs are sometimes very numerous in the muscle, while each sac contains many hundreds of the embryos; taken together the number existing in some hogs must be counted by the million.

This parasite, which is considered to be harmless, is called by the United States Department of Agriculture "Tarcosperidium," and by the Germans "Pscrospermien," and it is remarkable, considering their great number in a food product, that little appears to be known of their life history.

I have made preparations of the sac for microscopical examination, and expelled the embryos from the sac, which proves to be the shape of half moons.—Scientific American.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

How to pack them for shipping in a manner that insures their safe transportation, and how to make the package as light as possible that express rates may be likewise, are topics of present discussion and interest to all, says Nellie Hawks in Practical Farmer.

With the coming of each shipping season new methods are proposed and the old ones talked over. As it is a something that new beginners seek all possible information relating thereto, the intent of this article is to make known some of the methods of packing employed by those grown old in the poultry business—also one or two of the newer methods—and to give my own way, which has proven very satisfactory all around, ever since adopted. Experience has taught me many an expensive poultry lesson; but they were thoroughly learned, and will perhaps stand me in stead in a most profitable way.

The basket method of packing and express method of transportation is the plan most universally employed; but experiments are occasionally tried. Express rates are generally out of all reason, and shippers of both eggs and fowls have grown justly indignant at the extravagant prices charged, and are constantly seeking some plan whereby this wrong may be righted somewhat.

Last season a setting of eggs was shipped from Nebraska to New Jersey by mail, by way of experiment. It did not prove a perfect success, but the experiment will be repeated by the same parties this season, and probably by several breeders throughout the State and the United States.

The setting of eggs sent by mail transportation was very carefully packed in a light basket just as they would have been to send by express, properly labelled, postage prepaid and classed with registered mail, if I remember right. However, upon that point I will not be positive. So far as breakage of eggs was concerned, the venture proved successful, but not so with the hatching of the eggs.

It is not thought the plan will ever be universally adopted for several reasons. First, the present way of rushing mail through, and the rough handling of the same, will prove detrimental to the life germ of the eggs. They get too thoroughly shaken up. Then the postage costs as much as expressage, at least such was the case in the instance cited. Another thing,

postage must be prepaid, and the shippers of thoroughbreds can not afford to pay postage on eggs to their customers.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Anything green from cabbage to apples will be acceptable to the hens just now.

Fruit trees should not be allowed to remain in low places where water stands, but the ground should be drained so as not to allow too much moisture in wet seasons.

The man who feeds green cut bone pretty freely seldom has any sickness among his fowls. It seems to contain just the sort of ingredients needed by the average fowls in all seasons.

If you want to do successful pruning in an old orchard, saw a little way into the under side of a limb and then saw from the top to meet it. The limb will fall to the ground without splitting.

Common sense is a valuable as well as an invaluable essential in the poultry business. An awful sight of food and lots of hard work can be wasted in this line, unless it is liberally sprinkled with brains and judgment.

As a rule, these farm gardens are sad parodies on what good gardens should be. If the wife and mother had entire charge of it, with the necessary material and labor to apply to it, it would be a very different affair. She knows the value of a good garden thoroughly. Men are apt to underestimate it.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Horseradish is much more irritating than spice, and if used in excess may induce a very disagreeable feeling of the stomach, lasting for several days or perhaps causing illness.

The French have a way of keeping melons which it may be worth while to remember for use in the summer. The fruit is cut with a long stem, which is coiled up and then buried under brown sugar to keep it from drying up by exposure to the air.

Old ink-stains can be removed from polished mahogany or cherry with nitre and water. To a teaspoonful of water add a few drops of nitre; dip a feather in this mixture and rub the ink spot with it. As soon as the stain disappears wash the spot with clear water. Neglect to do this will cause a white mark to come in place of the stain.

Invalids and children who refuse beef tea drink beef juice very readily. The beef should be cut at least three-quarters of an inch thick, and broiled over a clear fire about five minutes. Then the juice should be extracted from it with a lemon squeezer or meat press. Season the juice with a little salt. A thin slice of nicely browned toast may be served with it.

A Clever Fox.

Some years since, while hunting in Northern Michigan, I tried, with the aid of a professional trapper, to entrap a fox who made nightly visits to a spot where the entrails of a deer had been thrown, writes Mr. Grehore, of Boston. Although we tried every expedient that suggested itself to us, we were unsuccessful and, what seemed very singular, we always found the trap sprung. My companion insisted that the animal dug beneath it, and putting his paw beneath the jaw would push down the pan with safety to himself, but though the appearance seemed to confirm it, I could hardly credit his explanation. Another year, in another locality of the same region, and old and experienced trapper assured me of its correctness and said in confirmation that he had several times caught them, after they had made two or three successful attempts to spring the trap, by the simple expedient of setting it upside down, when, of course, the act of undermining and touching the pan would bring the paw within the grasp of the jaws.—Nature.

An Ideal Cow Barn.

C. I. Hood, of Lowell, Mass., has in one barn fifty-two Jersey cows. The air there is entirely free from "that cowy smell." Mr. Hood goes in for pure air and the best kind of ventilation for his cattle. It is a passion with him. He has impressed his ideas upon the farm hands and they are full of his aims and hopes.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

LADIES' COLUMN.

HER HUSBAND'S ASSISTANT.

Rev. Lila Frost Sprague is probably the first woman who has ever been called to act as her ministerial husband's assistant, and she, in that capacity, recently preached her first sermon. The trustees of the Second Unitarian Church of San Francisco, of which Mr. Sprague is pastor, elected his wife as his official assistant about two weeks ago.

Mrs. Sprague is a regularly ordained minister and a graduate of the same theological school as her husband. Indeed, they were ordained at the same time shortly after their marriage.—Washington Star.

THE ART OF READING.

The reading clerk of the Colorado State Senate, Mrs. Hibbert, is probably the most popular employee of that body and the members are well satisfied with the innovation. For the first time in the history of legislative proceedings in this State, due attention has been paid to the work of the reading clerk. Instead of a senseless jumble of words delivered in monotone after the general manner of reading clerks, Mrs. Hibbert gives to the most dry and perfunctory State document an intonation pleasing to the ears of the distinguished members from the backwoods and the mining camps. Not once in this session has the reading of the journal been dispensed with. The Senators listen with as much attention to this morning duty of Mrs. Hibbert's as a small boy would to the narration of a story of shipwreck and adventure in strange lands. If there appears an error in the journal, the Senator interested rises and in the most apologetic style begs to interrupt the reading to have a correction made.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CORRECT HANDKERCHIEF.

The really and only refined handkerchief is the colorless one. "Bordered" handkerchiefs, with the exception of those lightly embroidered in black for mourning use, are no longer looked upon with favor. As for silk handkerchiefs, these, likewise, are declared out of date, both for men and women. To be quite correct, the former should carry good-sized squares of the best linen, hemstitched to the depth of an inch. Women are permitted greater variety, and the dainty squares of sheer linen or batiste offered for them may be embroidered in wreath designs, edged with narrow, real Valenciennes, or hemstitched and embroidered in one corner, the owner's initials or monogram. It is a "fad," and an expensive one at that, to have your handkerchiefs made to order—first, choosing the linen, then having your exclusive design drawn and finally engaging an expert needlewoman to do the work. Initials—the fac-simile of one's handwriting—embroidered in the handkerchief corner is a unique idea.—Philadelphia Times.

FASHION NOTES.

Pipings of fur and heads of small animals, like the seal, the mink and sable, obtain on spring wraps.

The clear bright blue called mistral and royal is becoming to the woman with red hair and a clear skin.

Fancy strips on taffeta grounds either plain or changeable are one of the favorite combinations in silk.

Arrayed for the eye of the shopper are umbrella-shaped cambric skirts trimmed with embroidery or lace.

Perforated taffeta ribbons are one of the novelties. They are pretty and come in all the attractive new colors.

Silk and wool moire is a modish fabric for walking dresses. It is worn in changeable effects and is very stylish.

Hats will no longer be worn on the very back of the head, but will go to the other extreme and be worn well over the face.

The ornamenting of the front seams of the skirt for evening wear is a pleasing relief from the monotony of the godet style.

Chambray is once more in favor. For trimming frocks of this pretty stuff are flouncings of batiste with stillettoed embroidery.

Box-plaited, kilted, gathered and godet skirt backs are all popular, and

the fashion of trimming each of the gored seams is still popular.

The new moire sash ribbon come in all colors, daintily figured in Dresden patterns, or with vines of delicate flowers through the centre.

Among the novelties in dress trimmings is a jet band shaped to edge a yoke, and from this in front falls a chenille fringe, tipped two or three inches with jet, which reaches the bottom of the waist.

If you are making flower rosettes (which you must do) to go on your little cape, don't forget that the buds must be bunched very closely and wholly devoid of foliage.

For elegant dress garnitures are shown expensive passementeries, buckles and buttons to match, the buttons, in varying sizes, to be used on different portions of the costume.

Silk ruches are worn inside the skirts instead of ruffles, as they serve better to make the skirt stand out. Fine wire or light cane is sometimes run in at the bottom of the skirt to give the desired effect.

The very large loose reddish-purple violets are in as great favor as ever, and the liking for these blossoms will probably continue for two seasons, as they are in highest favor just now in Paris, and are likewise finding special favor in the eyes of English women of rank, including the Princess of Wales, her daughter and the Duchess of York.

Labrador's Dangerous Coast.

The most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle Isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little northeast of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle Isle I cannot say; for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge, the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheard at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut with provisions for shipwrecked sailors; the gray morning mists made these look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle Isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern, I felt that we were indeed drawing away from civilization; and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in Arctic and Antarctic waters in such numbers, variety and grandeur. The branch of the Gulf Stream which pushes its way into the Arctic Ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice-sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went up on deck, I counted on less than 135 huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spire-like grace high up into the air; all reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.—St. Nicholas.

A Woman's Secret of Success.

A clever woman said the other day that the secret of success, from a woman's standpoint, "is to let no man know how much one likes him, and no woman how much one dislikes her."—Argonaut.

Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, who after a lengthy visit to the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, left a check for \$500 as his contribution to their work.