

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

"For some reason or other," muses the Chicago Sun, "the possessor of capital is enjoying more advantages in the building up of business than years ago, while the great trust seem to be losing in coherence and power, and in some instances are disintegrating."

Ten years ago the oyster industry was the largest single source of wealth Maryland had. She supplied one-third of the oysters eaten by the people of the United States and Canada. Her annual output was more than 10,000,000 bushels. To-day, the Baltimore Sun is loath to admit, it is less than 5,000,000, and the oysters are inferior in quality and are degenerating both in size and quantity.

The recent publication of a paragraph to the effect that living children of Revolutionary soldiers were few and far between has started a general search for such persons in a few States. The names of nearly a dozen have been sent to the Philadelphia Ledger, and as many more to the New York Tribune, which appears to have originated the inquiry. William Wallace Lee, of Merida, says he believes that at least fifty surviving children of Revolutionary soldiers could be found in Connecticut alone.

The State of Illinois is said to be the first in the Union to establish an efficient Bureau of Entomology. The clinch bug with which that State was long afflicted occasioned this public attention to entomology and it has paid in many ways. Even the prophesies of clinch bug years have been extremely useful, as when this insect promised to be abundant farmers were forewarned to plant crops which would not attack. In this way the numbers of destructive insects have been greatly decreased and they are now rarely injurious to any extent.

One of the questions which is agitating Paris just at present, states the Detroit Free Press, is whether a druggist is justified in declining to fill the prescription of a physician which he believes to have been made in ignorance of the dangerous character of the drug prescribed or in which a mistake has been made as to the proper dose. The doctors hold that it is the druggist's duty to fill the prescription and permit the patient to be killed, second in order, leaving the responsibility with the prescribing physician. The druggists are in doubt.

Chief Willard A. Smith, of the Department of Transportation of the World's Fair, Chicago, is arranging for a large number of interesting exhibits. Recently he has been paying special attention to the marine section. In it will be models of the rig of the old frigate Constitution, the flagship of Nelson, a carved from Spain, the exact copy of the Santa Maria, in which Columbus made his first voyage, canoes of the native traders of the West Indies, hewn from a single tree and propelled by twenty-five paddles. There will be models of such racing schooners as the America, Mayflower, Paritan and Volunteer. All sorts of stern-wheel passenger and freight steamers for river navigation, steel-screw ferryboats, electric puffers, naphtha launches, etc., will be shown. Then there will appear in their natural order: ketches and brigantines, sloops and barques of the Atlantic coast in 1714, rafts, arks, barges, keel-boats and other crafts.

The British House of Commons has just been the scene of a curious episode, chronicles the Chicago News. In obedience to the commands of that body, one Hood, an employe on an English railway system, appeared before a Parliamentary commission some time ago and gave testimony as to the hours of labor imposed upon the servants of the company for which he worked. His company, with the apparent purpose of getting revenge somehow, promptly discharged him. The directors of the railway were summoned before the bar of the House to explain this action, but they did not offer to reinstate Hood or make reparation to him. They just apologized. Some of the members of the House insisted that this inexpensive and simple method of settling the case was insufficient, and argued that as Hood had lost his place through the action of Parliament it was the duty of the latter to enforce a reparation of his wrongs. This suggestion was received with disfavor. It is not claimed that Hood falsified in his testimony. The apology of the directors is evidence of that. Tans it is that the world is confronted with the interesting spectacle of the British Parliament forcing a man to lose his place by telling the truth and then refusing to insist upon his getting justice. The august body contented itself with administering to the company a reprimand which was almost jocular in its mildness. Mr. Hood may find a way as best he can to convey a sniding apology into bread and butter.

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE

All day long they come and go—Pittypat and Tippytoe. Footprints up and down the hall, Finger-marks scattered on the floor, Tattle-tale streaks upon the door—By these presents you shall know Pittypat and Tippytoe. How they roared at their play! And, a dozen times a day. In their troop dressing bread—Only buttered bread will do, And that butter must be spread. Inches thick with sugar, too! Never yet have I said: "No, Pittypat and Tippytoe!" Sometimes there are gruffs to soothe—Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth; For—much regret to say—Tippytoe and Pittypat play With an intricate spat, For—oh, not to quarrel so, Pittypat and Tippytoe! Oh, the thousand worrying things Every day recurrent bring! Hands to scrub and hair to brush, Search for playthings gone amiss, Many a murmuring to hush, Many a little bump to kiss, Life's ways are fretting so, Pittypat and Tippytoe! And when day is at an end, There are little dolls to mend; Little frocks are strangely torn, Little shoes great holes reveal, Little hose, but one day worn, Rudely yawn at two o'clock Who! you could work such work, Pittypat and Tippytoe! But when comes this thought to me "Some there are that chideless be," Stealing to their little beds, With a love I cannot speak, Tenderly I stroke their heads, Kindly kiss each velvet cheek, God help those who do not know A Pittypat or Tippytoe! On the floor, along the hall Rudely traced upon the wall, There are proofs in every kind Of the havoc they have wrought, And upon my heart you'd find Just such trade-marks, if you sought. Oh, how glad I am to see, Pittypat and Tippytoe! —[Engene Field, in Chicago News.]

SARAH.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

SARAH MOYSEYX crossed the hall of her aunt's house in Chelsea and stood irresolutely for a moment at the head of the old-fashioned staircase. Her hand moved a little nervously on the balustrade, and the line between her delicate dark brows deepened. "If I were only over with—oh needs't be at all," she reflected. But there was no way to avoid the unpleasant task ahead of her, and accordingly Sarah passed down the stairs and into the square parlor overlooking the garden. In about half an hour Mrs. Thorpe, in her room upstairs, heard the front door close and a quick step go down the garden pathway. Presently Sarah came back in bed and turned a pair of very bright, black eyes upon her niece as she entered the room. "Well," Mrs. Thorpe exclaimed with impatience, "sit right down and tell me all about it. And don't oblige me to ask too many questions. You know how I hate to have my wife's anything out of you." Sarah laughed. "I'll do my best, Aunt Polly," she answered, sitting down in the window and looking with gentle indulgence at the old lady. "I suppose I must begin at the beginning. I found Mr. Morrison of course in the parlor and he fairly jumped at the business question. "Said that he would look right to thinking you would take me ill but that he was very sorry for it, and to know when he could take possession of the house. He intends putting up the factory at once, he says. He observed that Mr. Beecham had explained how long we were in the old house and all that, but of course we could hardly expect him to be sentimental in a business matter. "Did he talk like that right to your face, Sarah Moyleux?—well it didn't sound quite so bold; but those were his words. "Who does he favor in looks—the Turners, I guess," Mrs. Thorpe leaned back and closed her eyes a moment, visions of the cheek bones and prominent noses of the Turners floating before her. Sarah thought of them too, sharply in contrast with the looks of her recent guest. "He's not a bit like the Turners," she said, presently. "I don't know the Turners much," she added. "Let me see—he is not very tall—rather slight but looks strong and has a clean-shaven dark face. "Handsome?" Mrs. Thorpe's eyes opened for an instant. "Oh, no—not at all—oh no, not the least bit handsome; but he has a quick, bright sort of look. "So he's going to put up a factory—dear, dear—I did think—but well, no—of course the property's his since your Uncle Ezra left it to him by will. I never thought Ezra'd do it. All ways took for granted he meant it should be mine outright and—after letting me live here forty years. "I said something of the kind to Mr. Morrison. He's coming back this evening. "What for, he isn't going to build to-night, is he?" "Oh, no. He wants to see the garden very particularly. "Well, you make it clear I want the plans." When the objectionable guest had paid his second visit, Sarah came back to her aunt's room looking very much discouraged. "Well, what now?" demanded the old lady with scorn. "He says we can't have the garden disturbed, Aunt Polly," said Sarah, sitting down dejectedly. "I took him down to the arbor, and we had a very nice talk at first. I really al-

most liked him. We began about country life, and he told me how much he was longing for a real country home—d placed something like this, he said—he then asked who took care of the garden, and I told him I was your gardener, and how much we both loved the flowers. I showed him the rose garden, which was a baby, and then the rose-bush for my tenth birthday; and he said that he should think we'd hate to leave it all—then I explained you wanted the plants, but he said oh, no! It was all out of the probability. "Turner straight through and through," declared the old lady. "Grasping all the ed. get. I will have the plants, though I guess Ezra's will had nothing to say to them. "I could scarcely be so evil after that," pursued Sarah, her face flushing in the dusk. "I changed the subject, and asked him how nearly he was related to the Turners; but he said it was very distant. He told me where he lived as a boy. It seems his father had a paper in some country village—Saul, I think he called it, and he was a very visionary, unpractical, unbusiness-like kind of man. I guess he didn't provide much for the family. Anyway Mr. Morrison says he started out young in life to save his own future, and he has been quite successful—only he intends to be thoroughly so he says, if possible. "By way of my garden," humph! "He says he's a collector. He likes something to collect. I told him I had no fancy for battlefields; he said a skirmish was as good as success to him. Oh, Aunt, by the way, do I look like the Turners?" "Well, some," said the old lady, reluctantly. Sarah crossed the room, and in the faint light regarded her face attentively in the long narrow mirror. It was a thin, clear-cut face, rather shadowy as to what might or might not be a shadow of the eyes or weak points; the face of a girl to whom events or emergencies were unknown. Life had written almost nothing upon it that gave it charm, and the eyes were a very pretty hazel with black lashes and delicate brows. "The Hatfield Turners," pursued the old lady, as Sarah sat down again. "You do look some like them. Why?" "Oh, Mr. Morrison said I had a Turner look," the girl answered. "He tried to make out we are cousins. "Well, you're not cousins, are you? His mother's your cousin, I think. "I must ask him. He'll be back in the morning, he says. "Well, I declare to gracious the man means to force me out of this house, I believe. Sarah, you must speak up and not let him impose upon you. "About eleven o'clock the next morning very unusual sounds floated up to the old lady from the parlor where Mr. Morrison was again interviewing Sarah. Sarah, who was sitting on the old piano then a man's voice, a clear fine tenor, could be heard. The song was one the old lady remembered in her youth—"Phyllis is my only love"—and her withered cheek flushed with pleasure. Sarah, she said, directly here, niece appeared. "I did you ask that young man to sing? I want you should inquire if he knows another piece like that." Sarah's eyes were very soft and bright. "Aunt," she said, eagerly, "would it look odd if I sang a duet with Mr. Morrison? He's coming back this afternoon. "What'll you sing? You don't know what you're talking about, Sarah. "Does he think the piano's his? demanded the old lady with a sudden return of severity. Sarah looked miserable. "He says it is, Aunt," she admitted. There was an ominous silence; then Mrs. Thorpe spoke again. "Well, it was Ezra's," she admitted. "I was with mingled feelings that she listened that afternoon to the singing from below. Love of music compelled her to enjoy keenly the way in which Sarah sang. Mr. Morrison sang "I would that my love and "Oh, wert thou in the cold blast." While resentment against what she felt an unjustly depriving her and her love of her cherished home, and her own everything, done or said by Mr. Morrison objectionable, yet somehow she found herself looking forward eagerly to her niece's next report of the unbroken ground. "He is going to be married soon, Aunt Polly," Sarah related. "Per haps that is why he is in such a hurry about the house. He's been telling me about the young lady. "Well, you're free with his own-friendness. Married? What'd he say about her?" "Oh, I don't know exactly," said Sarah. "He said she was the kind of girl I'd get along quickly with; if ever, ever she married, she'd cap his mind never to marry any one but her. "Well, and were there any of those obstacles he talks about?" sniffed the old lady. "Oh, yes. But he says there's quite a touch of romance in the whole affair. He's a very-well, masterful sort of person, Aunt. I can quite understand what he means when he says he enjoys overcoming difficulties. He isn't the sort of person any one could trifle with easily. "I guess I will when I get around. What with the garden and the piano and the dear knows what all—I'll be grateful if he leaves us the clothes to our backs. What else'd you talk about?" "Oh, a great many things. Books some. He's fond of German—and, oh, I meant to tell you, he's coming to-morrow morning and going to read a little book with me. "Well, Sarah, you just see here. Let that young man know you've something to do, besides fool around with him. I know; he wants to force me up. I'll see Dr. Barker, I guess, before that Tom Morrison gets me out of the house. "Oh, Aunt! It's just because he wants, he says, to familiarize himself with the place. "Well he's got all the time there is after we're gone. want you should be very distant with him and Sarah, I guess you'd better not begin any German readings. "During Mr. Morrison's next visit Sarah appeared in her aunt's room with a very anxious expression. "Aunt Polly," she said, with an effort at composure, "Mr. Morrison's brought the German books, and I don't know what to say about—I— "Well, go on," said the old lady,

CENTRAL PARK SQUIBBLES.

The Birds' Nests Are Few on Account of the Gray Naticaters.

Central Park is the great squirrel center of the country. Probably more of the little rodents are found to the square acre in this public pleasure-ground than in their most favorite haunts among the wild nut groves, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. Their exact number has never been accurately ascertained, but irregular attempts to take their census have resulted in the remarkable disclosure of a population running up into the thousands. The gray squirrel colony increases rapidly every year. No tame and lively do they become in early spring when hunting for food that they will often approach visitors to the park, and almost beg for food. It is not thrown to them, they will approach within half a dozen feet, and then run away to some tree to nibble it.

During their breeding season they are very wary and shy. They seldom approach their nests directly, but run up neighboring trees, and jump from branch to branch until they have completely bewildered those below. Their antics at such times are of great interest to all pedestrians. When the young ones are first able to run about, the Park is full of small families wandering over the fields in search of nuts.

At this time the common gray squirrels were so abundant in the Eastern States that they were considered a scourge by the farmers; and heavy premiums were offered for their destruction. They destroyed grain crops as well as fruit orchards; but gunners and sportsmen have long since reduced their numbers, so that it is rarely one finds a large colony in any wood.

It is doubtful if many birds could breed in the park owing to the presence of so many squirrels, for the rodents are passionately fond of eggs. They will not only eat the eggs in the nests, but they will often destroy the young birds themselves, making it almost impossible for a brood to reach maturity. Although the park is the great resort for song-birds, it is a strange fact that comparatively few of them nest there, although they would not be disturbed by the people who visit the place. It is very probable that there is some connection between the presence of the gray squirrels in the park and the noted absence of many birds' nests.

The gray squirrels are not their natural haunts in this central portion of the city. Long before the park was laid out, this whole upper section of Manhattan Island was the home and resort of the squirrels and birds. They were then only disturbed by the hunters, but their numbers in this way were kept down. When the park was laid out, a few old couples remained in it, and finally the city grew around the place so that they could not retreat further, and now they were then hemmed in on every side, but as protection was extended to them by the Park Board their numbers rapidly increased, until to-day the colony is about the largest in this country.

The rodents are great additions to the park, and their presence is always to be desired. They give an interest to the scene even in mid-winter, and it would be a great loss to have them sacrificed to any prejudiced notion. They do little or no damage to the trees, and there are no fruits or grain fields for them to destroy.

The White Wax of China.

One of the most curious products of China is insect wax, of which 1,539,280 pounds, worth \$160,000 in gold, were shipped from Ichang on the Yang-tze river in 1888. It is a product of the southern part of the province of So-Chuen, in central China, where the wax insect flourishes best and finds its food most abundant. Early in the spring numerous brown, pea-shaped scales appear on the bark of the boughs and twigs of the Chinese evergreen tree. They obtain a mass of small animals, like flour, whose movements are almost imperceptible. The female wax insect deposits their eggs in them and the males excrete the substance known as white wax, which is supposed to be intended by nature to protect the scales and larvae. The wax is put into boiling water, where it melts, and rising to the surface, is skimmed off and put into molds. The white wax is a substance of great utility in China. It melts only at a high temperature and is used chiefly to cover candles made of animal and vegetable tallow to prevent too rapid combustion. It is used also as sizing for paper and cotton goods, a glaze for silk, and a polish for furniture. Minister Denby and Mr. Hoist, the British consular agent in So-Chuen, says that the proportions of this industry are enormous. Immense quantities of the wax have been shipped from other parts of the Yang-tze river, and some of it is sent across the mountains to Canton. Minister Denby has seen thousands of pounds of it in large round cakes stored away in a single room. The introduction of foreign kerosene, which is now used very largely in China, is having a discouraging influence on the gathering of white wax. The industry, therefore, is not thriving as it did once, and the decline is another example of the great changes which the entrance of foreigners into China are making in many branches of native trade. —[Chicago Times.]

WELL LEAVE IT TO WEBSTER.

"I was arguing with an Englishman the other day," said a New Yorker recently, "over the pronunciation of a word, and finally I said, 'We'll leave it to Webster.' 'What if you do?' cried the Englishman. 'That's only one man's opinion. I've heard that you Americans refer everything to a dictionary.' Surprised I asked what was the custom in England, and he said that Oxford and Cambridge were the accepted references. Neither seat of learning takes precedence of the other, but over all other authorities, and if two men can prove respectively their claimed pronunciations to be sanctioned by the two universities, both are right." —[New York Times.]

HARD AT WORK.

Mr. Stokes—What course are you taking at college? Charlie Kahrab—Oh, I'm a "Special Student." Mr. Stokes—What studies do you have? Charlie Kahrab—Baseball and Old Testament His ory, with three cuts a week on the history. —[Puck.]

FARM AND GARDEN.

CLOVER HAY FOR SHEEP.

Many sheep-farmers give their sheep clover hay, and it is a good food for them. But it ought to be remembered it contains a large percentage of nitrogenous food matter. We do not say this to prevent them using the clover hay, but to remind them when they increase the quantity they increase the quantity of nitrogen supplied, and an allowance for this should be made when arranging the amount of corn or cake. Except for this, clover hay is one of the best feeders as well as best foods that can be given to sheep. As a means of lowering the quality of the blood, Epson salts are a mild aperient. —New York World.

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT FOR HUMANS.

Too many farmers neglect to supply their own tables with any suitable variety of vegetables and fruit. By a small outlay of money and labor every farmer can keep his table supplied with a succession of fresh vegetables through the whole season. Spinach planted as soon as the weather is suitable will furnish the finest greens before other vegetables come on, but if it had been planted in the fall it would have come into its use this month, under ordinary conditions. Then radishes, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, peas, beans, sweet corn, summer squashes, beets, melons and turban squashes will furnish a welcome and wholesome addition to the farmer's fare throughout the season. If, in addition to these there are a few roots of rutabaga, a bed of asparagus, a bed of strawberries and a small collection of small fruits, a farmer may live in luxury and health, such as his occupation ought to afford, instead of the tiresome monotony and scarcity of the good things of the farm that many farmers put up with from sheer carelessness, thoughtlessness or laziness. —American Farmer.

FRESH MEAT FOR FARMERS.

Some of the advantages of old-fashioned farmers' lives are not so common among farmers to-day as they once were. One of these is having a taste of fresh meat when desired, by killing a sheep and perhaps changing with a neighbor so as to use the mutton while it is fresh. If circumstances do not favor keeping sheep, the supply of fresh meat may be easily obtained by killing young poultry once a week or oftener, and sometimes varying it by killing a young pig. Some farmers may object to this last as wasteful. After all, counting the speculative value of the pig after it has grown into a hog, its meat does not cost more than the city resident pays for much poorer cuts from the butcher's shop. And on the farm the owner of the pig can afford to take it for his own use at what it has cost him, taking his profit in the extra enjoyment he will get from eating fresh young pig rather than salted pork from the barrel. It is by indulging in occasional luxuries of this kind that farmers show to others the advantages of their position, and induce their children and others to appreciate the possibilities of a farmer's life. —Boston Cultivator.

DOUBLE CHOPPING OF CABBAGES.

One of my neighbors by measuring liberally and omitting the cabbage on a very third row of his cabbage plot, and planting this to squash at the proper time, succeeded in raising two excellent crops the same season. To succeed in this arrangement the cabbage must be one of the very earliest sorts, such as Early Wakefield, so that the ground may be entirely cleared at an early day, and the soil between the squash rows be cultivated until it is thoroughly light and fine. The market gardeners close by large cities on their thousand-dollar-an-acre land must do raise from two to four crops annually, by aid of hotbeds to start their stuff, and the stimulus of a near and large market in which they can dispose of products on a large scale, which would be worthless if raised on an ordinary farm; still, farmers at large can do with profit more than they now think possible in this direction. Squashes and peas can be raised profitably on the same land. I grew over 200 bushels of green peas and five tons of squashes on the same piece three years ago. Beets, cabbages, rye, barley and Hungarian are all crops which the farmer can grow as second crops. But when we attempt to double-crop our land there is one essential we must never forget—we must manure accordingly, for no one ever succeeded in cheating his land out of a crop. —Massachusetts Ploughman.

CABBAGE WITHOUT TRANSPLANTS.

Of all the crops raised on the farm none depends so much on naturally rich land as cabbage. The best soil is a deep, black, loose loam, well drained, such as is found in the valleys of the smaller streams. It is plowed in the fall, eight or ten inches deep, in narrow lands. The first ten days of April is our time for sowing the seed. The ground is harrowed only to level it, as the action is hard for sowing the seed. The sowing is done by hand, and the seed is sown in rows three feet each way with a cross marker. With a hoe enough soil is drawn up at each crossmark to make a small, flat hill, a little above the general level. A dozen seeds are dropped on each and pressed down by the foot to bring the seed in close contact with the soil, no covering being necessary. A day or two before the plants appear above ground we press twice through the rows with a small tooth cultivator as close as possible without throwing any soil on the hills. This can be easily done as the tracks of the marker serve as a guide. The second cultivation is given when the plants are an inch high, and should be crosswise of the first plowing, once in a row. The field should be thoroughly cleaned of weeds by the time the plants are two inches high. Discretion must be exercised in thinning the plants. If cut worms are numerous the hills should not be thinned to one in a place until the plants are four or five inches high,

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Dig around the rhubarb plants.

Be on the lookout for early farrowing cows.

Make a second planting of early garden crops.

Milk and grass are the best feeds for young pigs.

Trees should be set out before they start to grow.

No hog is quite so ravenous as a sow that is suckling pigs.

At first give a sow bran and milk, and then add corn meal.

Keep all colonies strong. This is the secret of keeping bees for profit.

Gladiolus come true when propagated from the small bulbils.

There is no special advantage in setting out strawberry plants early.

Any of the leading breeds of hogs are good if they are given proper treatment.

The only safe plan of being sure of saving all of the pigs is to be ready for them.

The Dawson rose, it is claimed, is a valuable addition to the list of hardy roses.

Seeds of hardy flowers ought to be sown as early as the ground can be put in order.

Good pasturage of any kind will help the brood sows materially to give a good flow of milk.

The flat cover is the best for all bee hives. It costs less than the gable cover and is more convenient.

Do not take the winter packing out of the second story of the bee hive till time to put in section boxes.

The best remedy for the cut worm is to put a piece of tin or stiff cardboard around each plant when it is set out.

When stock are first turned out to grass care should be taken that they have access to all of the salt and water they want.

Sheep may be rid of ticks very satisfactorily by feeding sulphur, which should be given in small quantities and not too often.

If the acreage in meadow is not sufficient to furnish a full supply of hay for winter feeding it will pay to sow millet or Hungarian hay.

The fat in the milk is the most potent factor in determining the yield and quality of cheese, and the quality of cheese is largely affected by the amount of fat contained in it.

Let the bees alone as much as possible. Decide upon some method and adhere to it. The double hive method is the best, and will give the best results, if properly carried out. If there be any honey in the fields.

When cattle are turned in on clover it will be best to turn in for one or two hours the first day, two or three the second, so that they may be somewhat accustomed to it. In this way the risk of blood may be greatly reduced.

A Rochester commission merchant, addressing the Western New York Horticultural Association on "Points in Shipping," said that if growers would sort each row of baskets and boxes down to twenty-five, they would receive just as much money, and save the extra barrels and freight.

A valuable grain to feed chickens during the first three weeks of their lives is Golden Mill. Very small chicks need very small seeds. They constantly search for the seeds of grass or any small seeds. Nature is the best teacher. Small whole seeds are the best thing in the grain line that can be fed to very young chickens.

The farmer who has a bit of marsh land near his house where the grass is not of much value for cattle feeding may do well to enclose it with a fence and put geese there. They like such feed, and are profitable poultry when rightly managed. A small yard to themselves and feed carried to them is better than allowing them to roam.