

RED SPRINGS COMET.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

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At the dinner given the other evening by the Cleveland (Ohio) Hardware Jobbers' Association the menu card was a novelty. It was fastened with a miniature padlock, and it was necessary to possess a key to ascertain what viands had been prepared for the feast.

The State Colony, South Africa, the winners are coming into citizenship so fast that the people have raised the voting qualifications for voters from \$200 to \$375, and the voter must be able to write his name and address clearly.

The United States Senate is a great place for clowns, says the Chicago News. As the Beek and Allison were such a pair, we were Don Cameron and Butler, and I think I know how I should behave. A more notable case of congressional clowning is that of Tom Reed and Clarke Crocker in the House.

There is no equal area on the face of the globe so well adapted to sheep husbandry in all its branches, maintains the Earl of Strathmore, as the southern portion of the United States, and no equal area where it is less appreciated and improved. The climate is perfect, free from the excessive heat and drought of Australia, which often rots the wool and kills the sheep by the millions.

Some ambitious Englishman has been scouring in the Toronto (Canada) Empire the conditions that have been made to British territory since 1875. They look up as follows: In Asia, 278,700 square miles and 5,500,000 people (estimated); in South Africa, 1,699,205 square miles and 14,329,000 people; in Australia, 97,300 square miles and 159,000 people—a total in the seven years of 2,969,205 square miles and 19,987,000 people.

New York is the first city in the country to start an effort to provide artistic street decorations for a public celebration. In order to secure worthy results, Perry Belmont, Chairman of the Art Committee for the Columbus celebration on October 12, has called to his aid as advisers the leading painters, sculptors, designers and architects of the city. This is a distinct and important advance in civilization, declares the Boston Transcript. The popular taste has been too long at the mercy of mere contractors.

John Burns, the eminent English labor authority, says that no man's services are worth more than \$2,000 a year. The St. James Gazette notes that an exception will have to be made in the case of operators, as Jean de Reszke earns that much a week. Recently he contributed one night's salary to the Irving Thomas memorial fund in the shape of a check for \$800. At three performances a week that amounts to the neat sum of \$23,000 a year, more than the most fashionable physician or the most successful lawyer can hope to clear. For the first two generations, says the Gazette, famous singers have been paid the most enormous rates, yet none of them have transmitted any amount of money to the next generation. It is easy come, easy go.

It has not been many years, since the New Orleans Pharmacy, since the export trade was done chiefly, if not exclusively, through the port of New York. The Erie Canal created a waterway from Lake Erie to New York, and steamship lines were transferred to Buffalo to canal boats, and so brought to market to the advantage of New York. But the day came when Canada built a ship canal around Niagara Falls, and so vessels were able to carry cargoes of grain direct from the lakes through the St. Lawrence River to Europe without touching at New York at all. Thus there came another day when grain was floated in great barges down the Mississippi River for shipment to Europe, and this was done so much more cheaply than can be done by any New York route as that the American metropolis is becoming sensible of the disadvantages its trade is suffering and is casting about for a remedy that will restore its ancient prestige. But the remedy bids far to be a most costly one. It is nothing less than the proposed construction of locks around Niagara Falls on the American side, and a ship canal from Lake Ontario to the Hudson River. The matter has been brought before Congress, and engineers have made surveys and estimates of the work required, and they place the cost at \$100,000,000, which Congress will be asked to appropriate. The estimates call for a waterway for ships, of a depth of not less than twenty feet. That such a waterway will be constructed some day cannot be doubted, because it will become necessary. In case of a war with Canada all the through water routes would be in the hands of the enemy and out of our reach either for the purposes of defense or of commerce. But its consummation is a matter of time, and it will take place soon.

AFTER THE COWS.

The pasture reached to the bleak uplands where the sugar maples stood firmly rooted amid the rocks, at the edge of the great pine woods.

The brook from the spring in the forest leaped downward in clumps of spray, and the tall ferns drooped and nodded their heads above the boulders gray.

The hush of the summer evening fell, restful and cool and damp.

The fireflies in the butterfly meadows lighted their ghostly lamps.

And high in the flare of the sunset climbed up the dome of the west.

As three little children went after the cows, barefooted through the dew.

The whippoorwill sang in the alders that fringed the bank of the stream;

And, like the mystical music one hears in a beautiful dream,

The tinkling of cow-bells blended with the rippling waters below.

And the fall of rain in the shadowy east on the horizon hung low.

The air was sweet with the clover bloom from the banqueting grounds of the bees,

And the woody scent of the mosses that hid in the shade of the trees;

The cow-path wound through the hemlocks and round the high ledges curled,

Where, gazing out through the distance, we saw to the ends of the world!

We called the cows through the gloaming—Ruby, an E. Possie, an E. Ploss, Cherry, and M. Dolly, and Dimple, and Bunce—“Co, boss! co, boss! co, boss!”

And down the path through the clearing they thundered, and tramped, and roared,

With their belching heads borne high aloft as they galloped to reach the ford.

Knee-deep in the gurgling water they crowded and pushed as they drank;

They reared and bobbed at each other as they climbed the slippery bank;

They plunged their heads in the elements as if hung in the tangled net,

And tossed on their horns the wet grass, so snaky and green and wet.

Three little children followed them close, all fearless and happy and free.

Holding the tanned brown hands of each other—three little children, three,

Through the soft cool dew of the shadows and under the light of the stars,

Driving the cows with their tinkling bells home to the barnyard bars.

—Clara Augusta, in Wide Awake.

A TALE OF TEZUCO.

O back with me in fancy, dear reader, to a time dimmer and centuries ago. Turn southward to the royal city of Tezucoc, on the eastern border of the Aztec lake, that powerful neighbor and ally of the Aztecs, which for several centuries flourished in a part of what is now the Republic of Mexico.

Stretching away from the imperial city toward the mountains were fields of yellow maize, that glittered in the sun like living seas of gold. Mingled with and beyond these were plantations of the maguey, or agave, one of the most important and useful products of the country. Farther in the distance, and from thence extending to the mountains themselves, were vast forests of the rich and variegated flora of the then semi-tropical region.

One evening, as the sun was casting his last bright beams on the valley, shedding a refulgent glory over the landscape, three stood at the edge of the forest two men engaged in earnest consultation.

One of these, although young, was clad in the garb of a high warrior, or "lord" of the realm, with a short tunic over which was a cuirass made of thin plates of gold and silver. A magnificent cloak of many-hued feathers and a silver helmet, from the top of which waved a panache of variegated plumes, sprinkled with precious stones, completed the attire of the Prince, for such he was.

His companion was a man whose hair was white with age, yet his eyes flashed with energy and his step was still firm. This was Huizil, priest of the terrible war god, Huitzilopochtli.

The younger man was speaking.

"And thinkst thou not, good Father Huizil, that my father, the King, will decree to save the maiden, that she may become my wife?"

"Nay, Prince Nezahualcoyotl, that may not be. For he would oppose the commands of the great and warlike Huitzilopochtli, the god of gods! He would not be spoken through me, his servant, that the maiden must die! Nay, my son, lift not thy hand against the appointed of the gods! Thou shalt find others as worthy of thy favor as Tula, their ruler. He who taketh on can give another. Be advised, my son, and let not thy hand be guided by the rashness of the unbeliever."

"My father, thou art wise, but thou art old. It is naught to thee that the ship canal from Lake Ontario to the Hudson River. The matter has been brought before Congress, and engineers have made surveys and estimates of the work required, and they place the cost at \$100,000,000, which Congress will be asked to appropriate. The estimates call for a waterway for ships, of a depth of not less than twenty feet. That such a waterway will be constructed some day cannot be doubted, because it will become necessary. In case of a war with Canada all the through water routes would be in the hands of the enemy and out of our reach either for the purposes of defense or of commerce. But its consummation is a matter of time, and it will take place soon."

Prince Nezahualcoyotl driven like the rest from cave to tree. But at last he is the victor. He sits on the throne of Tezucoc, and a maiden sits by his side. The face of the maiden is not the face of Tula.

"As the old priest continued he fell into a rhythmical chant. He stretched his arms toward the setting sun, and as he ceased speaking the last ray of the orb of day fell alant his upturned countenance, lighting it with an almost divine radiance, until the listening priest stood wretched and wondering.

The ray of light faded away, and still they remained silent, wrapped in thought. At length the priest continued:

"My son, I have spoken truth. Thou shalt see it. Go!"

The young man stood irresolute for a moment only, then turned toward the city, while the priest entered the forest.

The judgment hall of the royal city was of such splendor and magnificence that it would indeed seem strange in our day, when the temples of justice scattered over our land are usually plain and unsubstantiated by ornament of any description.

On the walls hung tapestry, made of the hair of different wild animals, of rich and varied hue, festooned by gold rings, and embroidered with figures of birds and flowers. At one end of the hall was a throne of pure gold, inlaid with precious stones, above which was a canopy of variegated plumes, gleaming with gold and jewels. On a stool in front was placed a human skull, crowned with an immense emerald of a pyramidal form, and surmounted by an aigrette of brilliant plumes and precious stones.

On the day following the young Prince's interview with Huizil, the priest, just as the sun reached the meridian, the sound of the tomtom was heard, calling the lords to the hall of judgment.

Soon they entered the outer or lesser hall, where they arranged themselves in the order of their rank. They were a noble looking band of men, fourteen in number, all wearing the gold and silver cuirass, the cloak of rich featherwork and the silver helmet which proclaimed them to be the great lords of the realm, the highest in rank in the court of the Tezucoc monarch.

When all had assembled the King, Nezahualcoyotl, was announced by a messenger, and presently the monarch entered, clothed in his robes of state, and preceded by a band of thirteen priests. Leading the way into the judgment hall, the King took his seat on the throne, placed a golden crown, encrusted with precious stones, upon his head, and took in his right hand as a scepter a golden arrow.

From the grave faces of the lords it was evident that the case on which they were to be given was one of importance. Silence was over the assembly until Huizil stepped forward from among the priests. Placing his right hand over his heart, he made a low bow to the King and then spoke:

"Most noble and illustrious Nezahualcoyotl, thou who rulest over all Anahuac, know that under the forces of thy arm and the terror of thy might there is no Nation left to withstand thee. The captives are few, and the terrible Huitzilopochtli is a hungered. Already is his face clouded when he looks upon Tezucoc. His feasts are no longer red with the blood of many captives, and his anger has arisen. But, O King, the terrible and mighty war god spake to thy servant Huizil face to face, and for one little sacrifice will his anger be banished. The god of gods, Huitzilopochtli, great and terrible, commands that the most favored maiden of Tezucoc be offered on the altar of sacrifice on the tenth day hence, and the lot has fallen upon Tula. Thus shall his wrath pass over the head of the King and be kindled against his enemies. The prophet of the gods has spoken."

The priest retired, and from the ranks of the nobles came the youngest of all, the Prince Nezahualcoyotl. With a profound bow he advanced to where the priest had stood, and waiting in silence until the monarch commanded:

"Speak!"

Then, amid the most respectful silence, the prince began:

"Most noble sire, thou who art in very truth my father, many days ago thy son, the prince, hunted in the forest. In the hands of three enemies, the robbers of Tezucoc, who would have borne her away to their haunts, I rescued her and carried her back to her home in the royal city. And I loved the maiden, and we plighted our troth when the moon was high over the fige mountain. And now, O my father, would the priest of the terrible god take the maiden Tula as a sacrifice. Other maidens there are, far to see, and highly favored; their breaths as the zephyr of the south, their skin white as the lily of the lake, their countenance of Quetzalcoatl. O my father, is there none who may be offered to Tula?"

With faltering steps the young man retired, overcome with emotion. On the faces of the nobles was written pity and sympathy, but the priests looked haughty and triumphant, feeling confident that the monarch would not oppose the will of the gods.

In silence they awaited the decision of the King. The law of Tezucoc allowed a plea and counterplea only within the hall of judgment, all other evidence or argument having been heard previously in another place.

The moments passed, and the King spoke not. The silence remained unbroken. The face of the monarch was a study; the conflict that raged in his breast between love for his son and fear of the gods was long and severe, but at length the latter gained the victory. Suddenly he arose and advanced toward the stool where rested the skull. With the golden arrow in his right hand he drew a line across the emblem—and the deed was done. The maiden Tula was doomed.

Silently they left the hall as they had

entered, the King leading, followed by the priests and the nobles.

The royal city was all bustle and life. Multitudes of gayly clad pedestrians thronged its streets. It was a day of sacrifice.

Towering high above all other buildings rose the sacrificial tower of the god Huitzilopochtli, in order that the impressive ceremonies in honor of the deity might be witnessed from all parts of the capital.

Along one of the principal streets passed the procession of priests with the victim, Tula, the betrothed of the young Prince. And it was no wonder that the heart of the youthful warrior accompanied to the charms of the gentle Tezucoc. Of a type of beauty long since extinct in Mexico, in her beauty of the southern land united with the ruddy, robust character of the north. Her dark eyes sparkled like twin stars; her luxuriant not brown tresses fell in waves almost to her feet. Clad in the sacerdotal robes of pure white, with bare head and feet, her ravishing beauty would have sufficed to turn the head of even the most base of modern gallants.

By her side walked the Prince, for by the earnest entreaty of the old King he had been granted that privilege by the priests. Pale and sorrowful he was, and clad only in the plainest of garments.

For what signifies gaudy apparel and outward splendor when the loved one is in danger!

Just as the sun passed in the heavens at the midday hour, the chief priest and the maiden commenced to ascend the stairway that led to the altar at the summit of the tower. Around the altar stood five other priests, whose duty it was to hold the victim fast while the chief priest performed his horrible work.

In a long, passionate chant-like prayer the old priest invoked the blessing of the terrible war god, beseeching that his wrath might be turned away, in consideration of the sacrifice about to be made.

For half an hour the invocation continued, and ere it closed a low murmur burst from the lips of the assembled multitudes below.

There was good reason, too, for the surprise and consternation of the people. For halfway up the side of the tower, where none but the priest and the victim had ever yet dared to tread, could be seen the young Prince Nezahualcoyotl, stealthily mounting to the summit. In his right hand he grasped a light golden dart; by his side hung a curiously wrought sword, inlaid with gold and precious stones, and on his face was a look of determination which boded ill to any one who might oppose him.

The prayer was ended. The chief priest Huizil advanced to consummate the sacrifice, when suddenly he threw up his hands and fell, pierced to the heart with a golden dart.

Then the people witnessed a sight such as they had never seen before. Ere the astonished priests could comprehend what had occurred, the Prince had leaped up beside the altar and slew all five with the sword. Then he sprang to the edge of the tower, and his tones rang out clear and strong as he thus addressed the people:

"Men of Tezucoc, this day ye have witnessed a deed that shall be for the glory of the true gods and the good of our nation. This day has the false priest been slain by the arrow of the gods which only pierces the heart of him who speaks with a crooked tongue and a deceiving spirit. This day have the five priests of the altar been slain by the sword of Quetzalcoatl!"

He raised the gleaming blade aloft, still dripping with the blood of the victim, and the great serpent trophy was the signal for a mighty shout from the listening populace. Then he continued:

"Hear the commands of Quetzalcoatl, the true god, who reigned in the golden age of Anahuac! This saith the god: No more shall offerings of maidens be made to the gods of Tezucoc. No more shall the terrible war god be feared and worshipped, for the day of his power is passed, and peace shall again spread her pinions over the royal city. This day shall the maiden Tula become the wife of the Prince Nezahualcoyotl, and the temple of Huitzilopochtli be laid waste. The messenger of the true god, even the messenger of Quetzalcoatl, has spoken."

The turning to Tula he raised her to her feet, and with their arms twined around each other they descended the narrow stairway, to be received with rejoicing by the people.

How the old King was shortly afterward slain in a battle with the Tepanecas, and how the Prince Nezahualcoyotl on ascending the throne completely banished the worship of Huitzilopochtli, and how upward of forty years were conducted the most peaceful and prosperous reign ever known during the history of Tezucoc as a nation, are matters of history. During his reign human sacrifice was greatly lessened, although not until after the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, about 300 years afterward, was it entirely abolished.—Waverley Magazine.

A Monster Bell.

A monster bell, one of the largest of its kind, specially cast for the new Church of the Sacred Heart on the heights of Montmartre, has been completed at Annecy, in Savoy. This immense instrument, which, when hung in its lofty position, will be audible all over Paris, weighs with its clapper nearly twenty-five tons.—London Telegraph.

"Do you believe in you see, Hick?"

"No, I see you whenever we meet, but I don't believe you agree that a tenth of the time."—Brooklyn Life.

A woman will fight her relatives any day for her honor, and when her husband's husband will work him any day for her relatives.—Aitchison Globe.

He treated me coldly last night. And yet he was not as cold as I thought. For he treated me as I treated him.—Boston Herald.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

PAYING FOR THE MILK'S QUALITY.

The Vermont creameries have adopted the system of paying for milk according to quality, or rather, amount of butter fat in it. In June of last year the poorest dairy received fifty-six cents per hundred pounds for milk, and the best one eighty-one cents per hundred pounds. In October last, at this same creamery, the poorest milk brought ninety-two cents, and the best \$1.56 per hundred pounds. Does this not show that it pays the milk producer to keep good cows, feed well, and produce a fine quality of milk.—American Dairyman.

NITRATE OF SODA FOR TOMATOES.

Three years' experiments with nitrate of soda by E. B. Voorhees, of the New Jersey Station (S. B. 1892), show that for tomatoes nitrate of soda alone is superior to either barnyard manure or mineral fertilizers, but is less effective than the complete manure. On and previously liberally fertilized with phosphoric acid and potash, nitrate of soda used alone, in small quantities, gave the best and most profitable results. With the small quantity of 160 pounds of nitrate per acre, the second application was advantageous, but 320 pounds per acre was most effective. The soils used were a sandy loam in Southern New Jersey, in a section largely devoted to raising tomatoes for the early market, and a clay loam in Northern New Jersey. The maximum yields of tomatoes seem to depend upon a full supply of immediately available nitrogen, but as phosphoric acid and potash are also needed, the farmer should know the capacity of his soil for the crop in order to economically use commercial manure.—American Agriculturist.

THE SHEEP TAPEWORM.

Sheep are infected by a species of tapeworm which exists in the brain, but in its larva stage only. The mature worm inhabits the dog, and it is due to the presence of the dog that sheep become infected. Indeed, both animals are necessary to the existence of this parasite, which is known as *Cœnurus cerebrales*, and also as *Hydatos cerebrales*, because it is enclosed in a watery bladder which is found in the sheep's brain just under the skull. This creature has several heads, each of which is armed with a circle of hooks by which it is attached to the cerebellum of the brain, and a sucking disk, by which it draws in its nutriment. As it increases in size it causes pressure on the brain, the result of which is a disturbance of the nervous functions and the irregular movements of the animal, which are well known to indicate the existence of the parasite in the sheep. The sheep tugs around on one side or the other as either side of the brain may be affected by the injury, or if the centre of the brain is affected the sheep raises its head and stumbles forward.

The sheep take in the eggs of the tapeworm that are discharged by the dogs on the grass, and these being swallowed are hatched in the sheep's stomach. The young worms then penetrate the tissues into the veins, by which they find their way to the capillaries of the brain, where they lodge and grow to their intermediate stage, often attaining a size of two inches, including the bladder and its liquid contents. Some veterinarians who have had sufficient experience are able by the symptoms above mentioned to locate the bladder, and either puncture them, and so destroy the worm, when the bladder becomes absorbed without injury, or they open the skull by trepanning and remove the intruder. When a sheep thus diseased dies, which is the most frequent result, and the carcass is left to the dogs, the immature worms are swallowed, and mature in the dog, to be voided from time to time in the usual segments, that are filled with eggs, and these are picked up by the sheep. Those under two years old are most subject to the parasite.—New York Times.

LITTLE PLAGUES.

It is a singular fact that the most formidable enemies of man are among the smallest of created things. A devastating storm extending over half a continent, a furious cyclone, an earthquake, seem more terrible than the work of an almost microscopic insect: yet the actual amount of injury done by any of these gigantic forces is often of very slight account compared with the damage wrought by one or more of the "infinitely little," but innumerable, hosts that do their fatal work unheeded and unseen.

Consider, for example, what vast mischief has been done by the Hessian fly, the cinch bug, the army worm, cutworm and other pests of the field and orchard. And sometimes the utmost efforts of man are utterly without avail to stay the ravages of these tiny invaders. They march across his fields of waving grain like "an army with banners" and leave a waste behind. It is, in fact, the most serious of all agricultural problems which is presented by these insect foes. Fight them how we will they "come up smiling," every year seems to plague the farmer's soul and deplete his pocket.

It is calculated that the Colorado beetle has cost the farmers of this country hundreds of millions of dollars since it began its eastward march. The cinch bug has frequently robbed the Western farmers of \$50,000,000 in a single year by its destructive work in the wheat and corn fields. The depredations of the wheat weevil have sometimes reached similar proportions, and for a series of years absolutely prevented the growing of wheat in the fertile Genesee Valley, so long famous for the superior quality of its wheat product. The imported cabbage worm has caused the loss of millions of dollars' worth of that important vegetable in a single year.

And so it comes to pass that the farmer's life is one of continual warfare to protect his crops against these little foes. He must be diligent in fighting them. He cannot "beat the breast of idleness," when they appear on the scene, or he will

have no bread of any sort another year. Now it is possible for any one farmer to do much single handed in battling insect enemies of the multitudinous sort that "come in like a flood" and come suddenly. A solitary Dutchman could have accomplished nothing in attempting to shut out the sea; but when all Holland took hold of the work, the proud waves of old ocean were stayed. It is by co-operation that the ravages of man's insect enemies will be terminated or substantially lessened, if at all.

Take, for a familiar example, the current worm. In some localities, where this wholesome fruit was formerly grown in large quantities, it has been practically given up on account of the ravages of the worm. Yet this pest is suppressed with very little trouble by the prompt application of white hellebore. The trouble has been that while one person would do his duty in suppressing the worms on his own bushes, his next-door neighbor would abandon his to the tender mercies of the worms, which were left to breed in peace for another season's foray on both plantations. If every curant grower in a given locality would do his whole duty for a season or two—or three, perhaps, to make sure—the plague would be suppressed for a long period.

The same co-operative effort would accomplish great things with many other insect pests. Sometimes it is essential for the State to undertake the work, as in the case of black knot on cherry and plum trees and the gypsy moth in Massachusetts. But much might be accomplished by combined private enterprise, and it ought to be possible to awaken in every agricultural community a public spirit which would make itself effective for the suppression, so far as possible, of all the "little plagues" that seriously menace the farmer's prosperity.—New York Mail and Express.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Among the best aster are Comet, Queen of the Market and the Diamond.

There is a big demand for Newtown pippin, both at home and in the English market.

Professor Deman protests against calling the pomelo "grape fruit," inasmuch as it bears no resemblance to the grape.

Absolute cleanliness is a surer preventive of chicken cholera than all the medicines that have ever been invented.

The Erie, Early Cluster and Kittingany blackberries bring big figures in the New York market on account of their large size.

It is told in American Gardening that persistent spraying will keep the red spider, which flourishes in a dry atmosphere, in check.

The careful driver, who properly values his horse's feet, always uses the dirt road in summer time in preference to the hard tar-pike.

Grape vines may be trimmed any time during the season of rest, that is, when the foliage is off. Some prune in the fall, some in the early spring.

A well bred colt should double its weight within forty days after foaling. If it does not do this it probably is not receiving sufficient nourishment.

If you want to try an experiment next season, see how much you can make a single acre produce by expending brains, labor and fertilizer upon it without stint!

The great point to be observed in the construction of the silo is that it shall be built so that it will admit no air at any point below the surface of the silage.

It is a fact that well-bred animals are kept in good condition most easily, fatten more rapidly, and hence are the most economically fed. These are the points that make them of value.

While kerosene is an irritant, crude petroleum makes a good liniment. It will kill every louse it touches. Use kerosene on the roosts and in the nest and petroleum on the chicks.

It is better financing to pay well for the service of a good sire, than to accept that of a poor one free. But because they follow the penny-wise policy, some farmers always have poor stock.

As land increases in value, better culture and better stock are required in order to earn a satisfactory interest. Unless you keep up in these particulars you will find that "farming don't pay."

If you find it difficult to keep your ferns alive, try sponging the leaves twice a day with tepid water, and keeping the saucers under the pots continually filled with water of the same temperature.

In certain sections alfalfa is the greatest of all fodder plants, unless it be Indian corn. We should be learning its climatic adaptability and methods of handling it more rapidly than we are.

One of the best methods of counteracting the ravages of the potato beetle is to give the plants such a vigorous start, by heavy manuring and good cultivation, that they can keep ahead of the bug.

Many farmers delay cutting their hay until late, believing that early cutting means less in amount of crop. But late cut hay always has dry and woody stems, which are largely wasted in feeding.

If your sheep are rubbing their backs against every convenient tree or post it is evidence that they are troubled with scab-biters. Treat them to a dip as soon as possible. It will be most effective if given just after shearing.

By feeding crops at home a double profit is secured, one in growing the crop and one in feeding the stock. The measure will more than pay for the labor of feeding, and the stock can be marketed on the hoof with no expense to handling and hauling.

When chicks drop their wings and die without any apparent cause it is usually the result of breeding from pullets, unless the chicks are being chilled or insufficiently brooded, or by being kept in damp quarters, either of which would produce roup and consequent deaths.

You can't tell how much money a man has in his pocketbook by the size of the straw around it.—Ram's Horn.

How to Store Table Sugar.

Silversmiths now counsel their patrons to keep fine table sugar in Canton tin rather than in wood. The explanation is that the wooden saucers bibulous commonly employed for this purpose are treated, in the course of their production, with sulphur and enough of the latter clings to the funnel to tarnish the metal when it is kept in saucers bins.—Boston Transcript.

THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE.

IMPENDING ANNUAL CEREMONY OF THE MOHAMMEDAN WORLD.

Hordes of Pilgrims on Their Way to the Holy City—Scenes of Desolation and Death.

THE pilgrimage to Mecca which occurs every year in the holy month which the Mohammedan call Ramadan is, from a religious as well as a sanitary point of view, one of the problems with which the civilized world will eventually have to deal. Every year it adds new fuel to the fanaticism that seeks by the conquest of the interior of the African continent to maintain the slave trade, and it is a means of infection by which is disseminated that most deadly of epidemic scourges, the cholera. The faithful in all parts of the Mohammedan world sustain it, and the two principal Muslim rulers—the Khedive of Egypt and the Sultan of Turkey—lend it countenance in order to maintain their authority over their subjects and their moral supremacy among the followers of the prophet in general. The Khedive sends annually, with imposing ceremony, a consecrated carpet, and the Sultan a quantity of valuable presents, accompanied by a magnificent cortege.

Access to the holy city is easier than in former times. Mecca is sixty-five miles from Jeddah on the Red Sea, and is most easily approached by this route. The Mohammedans of Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Tripoli and the north of Egypt go to Jeddah by steamer when they can afford it, or find their way to the Red Sea by caravan. Those from the coast of the Sahara, from the Sudan, or the interior of Africa follow generally the caravan routes to Suakim, Massowah or other ports on the western shore of the Red Sea, whence they cross to Jeddah in dhows. The Mohammedans from India come by the French, English or German steamers that connect Europe with the far East, bringing the germs of the cholera in their filthy garments. There are four other principal routes besides that of Jeddah, which are entirely overland. These lead from Yemen in Southwestern Arabia, from Nejd on the Persian Gulf, from Persia and from the north of Syria. The Persian route passes to the north of Damascus and past south through Palestine into Arabia, where the caravan has the protection of several subordinated tribes. To this caravan are generally joined the Kurds, Turks, Albanians and Syrians. The Yemen caravan sets out from the city of Sana.

The pilgrims of means travel with camels or horses and go well provided for the journey, but there are always with the caravans a great number of persons in such a state of destitution that they are obliged to live entirely by alms given by their fellow travelers with more or less willingness while their own stores last. These poor wretches are the most fanatic believers. Even under the most favorable circumstances their bones strew the desert for the entire length of the route. An unbeliever who had the audacity to unite himself to a caravan would be detected and assassinated long before reaching Mecca, unless like Burton, he were thoroughly acquainted with the language of some Mohammedan country and with Mohammedan customs and religious rites. When the multitudes brought by all these caravans have converged at Mecca, a city badly provisioned, whose water, naturally bad, is polluted by the presence of such filthy hordes subjected to no sanitary regulations, where the heat during the Ramadan month is always intolerable, the misery is indescribable and the mortality excessive even in the most temperate healthy years. When the cholera prevails Mecca is simply a charnel-house, and what passes is only known to the Christian world by the chance reports of more intelligent pilgrims which find their way into the European papers.

When all the rites and ceremonies exacted of every faithful pilgrim have been conscientiously performed at the holy city those who have not succumbed to heat, fatigue or disease turn their faces homeward, carrying with them usually the germs of some disagreeable or dangerous disease, and invariably in their hearts a more ferocious hatred of the infidel. In Persia this fanaticism finds vent in revolts directed against the Shah, who is accused of being too favorable to the Christians, in Turkey in a general opposition to foreign influence, in Algeria in threatened insurrection against the authority of the French, in the Sudan in the maintenance of the slave trade. It is on this traffic that Christianity and Mohammedanism will finally have to join issue. It is only Mohammedanism that maintains slavery. Its stronghold are in Morocco and Arabia, to supply whose harem Tipu Tib and other traders of Arab descent, or natives converted by the Mohammedan invasion, make their razzias and decimate the African tribes.

This question of interest renders the problems arising from the relations of Christianity to the followers of Mohammed much more difficult of solution. The Mecca pilgrimage bids fair to play its part this year as usual in spreading the cholera, which has appeared in India and Central Asia.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How to Store Table Sugar.

Silversmiths now counsel their patrons to keep fine table sugar in Canton tin rather than in wood. The explanation is that the wooden saucers bibulous commonly employed for this purpose are treated, in the course of their production, with sulphur and enough of the latter clings to the funnel to tarnish the metal when it is kept in saucers bins.—Boston Transcript.

"I felt so cheap during the ceremony, confessed the bride to her dearest friend.

"Why, my dear?" "Because you gave me away."—Detroit Free Press.