



The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that only eleven per cent. of the American people are illiterate.

Vermont has but five "cities," Vergennes, Burlington, Rutland, Montpelier and Barre. The last two have just been created by special act of the Legislature.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad to the New York Sun that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The pension rolls probably reached their maximum length in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, observes the New York Mail and Express. They then contained the names of 969,544 persons, which total was 3532 greater than that of the previous June 30. It is interesting to know that at the end of the fiscal year there were on the rolls the names of nine widows and three daughters of soldiers of the Revolutionary War and of forty-five survivors of the War of 1812. The number of pending claims has decreased more than 90,000, while the number added to the rolls was 39,685 and the number dropped was 37,951. The figures confirm the belief already expressed that natural causes will soon perceptibly reduce the number of pensioners and that the maximum has been reached.

The Japanese have undoubtedly illustrated afresh the value of the sea power, writes Hon. H. A. Herbert, Secretary of the United States Navy, in the North American Review. This, of course, has been taught, time and time again, in lessons familiar to all. The most powerful factor in the downfall of Napoleon, one that operated all the time from 1805 to 1814, was the absolute control of the sea by his arch enemy, England. He was shut off from transportation by sea, compelled to rely on land communications, and there was no point in the circle of his conquests from the easternmost shores of Italy along the coasts of the Mediterranean to Gibraltar, and thence around the Atlantic and the Channel and the North Sea into the Baltic, where the English could not assail him. The genius of the great conqueror, and the wonderful impulse the revolution had given to his soldiery made him master of continental Europe, but he could not hold it. Wherever upon the sea there was a strategic point in his conquered territory there were English fleets, English diplomacy, and English allies, and these finally led first to the downfall at Paris and then to Waterloo. A more recent, possibly a more forceful, lesson is to be drawn from our own Civil War. The Union fleets blockaded the Confederacy and almost starved it to death. They shut it in from recruits and supplies and munitions of war. They cut it in two by their fleets on the Mississippi, and penetrated its vital along the lines of other navigable streams. They hovered around it, as England hovered around Napoleon and his satellites, and assailed it wherever it was weakest. When the true history of the conquest of the Confederacy is written it will undoubtedly appear that, in proportion to numbers engaged and expenses incurred, the navy of the United States was a far more efficient factor in the final result than even the field. Japan is illustrating the same lesson. By her command of the sea, she outnumbered the Chinese at Ping-Yang, and by the battle off the Yalu she seems now, at this writing, to have acquired such further dominion over the water as to justify her, in the opinion of her Emperor, in landing troops on Chinese soil and undertaking an invasion.

EVENING SONG.

Oh, I am thinking of the current of eeo water that is swinging,
The blossoms of the lillies in the rill,
And the mocking birds a-singing, ever sing-
ing, singing, singing,
In the bosket on the border of the hill.
I am dreaming of my mother's face, the
glory of my childhood,
And my father dear, so stalwart and so
strong,
And the little cabin home that he bullded in
the wildwood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.
Oh, the sky, I feel its wonder, and the sun, I
feel its splendor,
An insect-rich the waft down the dell,
While the lowing of the cattle sounds so far
away and tender,
And the bleating of the sheep along the
fell,
Long, long the way and weary that I've
wandered from my mother
And my father in the lowly cabin home;
Now I'm going back to see them, and our
lips to one another
Will be better than the honey in the comb.
Oh, mocking birds! flute louder in the
fringes of the wildwood,
I am dreaming, fast as dream can flow along,
Across the lonely desert to the Eden of my
childhood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.
—Maurice Thompson, in Independent.

THE RECTOR OF ORLESTONE

HE rector of Orlestone sat in his study gazing into the fire. He was alone; he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many he stgged to remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately; so passionately that honor and his plighted word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with a gentle girl he was engaged to marry. And then he had found out that his passion's queen had not the least intention of marrying him. As he looked in the fire this October evening he remembered so well how she had told him that on which he had staked his whole life's treasure could never be.

"I must marry a rich man," she had said, "for my poor father's sake," with tears and many kisses she had said it, and he, with kisses and the tears, the heart bleeds in solitude, had believed her.
It was many years now since he had left behind him the world that held her, and had accepted the rectory of Orlestone, with its miserable £150 a year. And still o' nights, when the curtains were drawn and the wind outside was wild in the laurels and cypresses, when the bare, thorny rose sprays tapped at the window like bony fingers, he sat by his fire and thought of the woman he had loved, and loved still. He had her portrait in the secret drawer of his shabby old writing desk—the one that had been his father's. And sometimes he would take out the portrait—the bright girlish face—and look at it, sigh, and yet with a half gladness that the knife was still sharp in the old wound.

Celia Ringwood, the woman who loved him, the woman he should have married, had told him that time would dull it, and he was glad. He had given up ambition and friends and dreams, the old life and the old life's hopes to shut himself up alone with the daily plain duty—and his love memory. And if the memory had failed him, had grown dim, what would have been left of him? Celia Ringwood in her little lonely house in the market town, thought there might be much.
He came to see her once a week and talked about the parish. Once he had been used to talk of the other woman; he did not mean to be cruel; she had taken his confession of unfaithfulness so calmly, and so gently begged to be his friend, that he at once believed she had never cared for him. But such talk was over now. He had not spoken of her now for years. Celia began to think, almost to hope. Then she looked in the glass at her faded face, her pale hair, from which all youth's colors had gone; and she sighed a sigh that was half a shudder, put on her demure bonnet and cloak and went out through the rain to see a child who was ill, because that was her only case for her heartache.

Miss Celia Ringwood was washing up the breakfast things—not, as all genteel people in stories seem to do, in the parlor, but in a workmanlike manner in the back kitchen. She had just hung up the tea cloth to dry, when her heart stood still, and then began to beat violently. At thirty-eight one's heart can beat just as quickly as it can at eighteen, and much more plainly, if one bears a certain footstep on the threshold or a certain hand on the door-knocker.
"Good morning, James," she said

sedately. "This is an unusual and pleasant surprise." Some of the light still lingered on her face, but the rector did not observe it; his own thin face was slightly flushed, and his gray eyes were shining.
"May I come in?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She led him into the little parlor—spotlessly neat. Miss Celia instinctively turned the blind so that the sunshine should not fade the carpet, and said:
"You've always been such a true friend to me," he said nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.
"Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.
"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me there was nothing left in life but duty and the blessed faith in the life to come. But now—oh, Celia!—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her again to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.
"Yes, of course," he said simply.
Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountley is very rich. People will say—she might think—"
"You don't know Eva Mountley," he said, proudly.
Celia was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She held his thin hand a moment between her soft palms and looked at him wistfully.
"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Celia," he answered—and some faint subconscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—
"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little and took her hands away.
"An old maid must have something to spoil," she said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.
"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.
"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it's fair. I'm old, you see, and I have grown dull. It is rather like offering her the dry husk of—"

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."
"You are unjust," he said.
"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; and be sure you come in and tell me about it. You need not be afraid because your hair is gray. If she loved you—well, good-by."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone Miss Ringwood went up to her room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing table, among the prim wool mats and the little daily text-books, and looked again at herself in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, where a dimple still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."
Then she blushed at the two feminine thoughts, and the new color in her cheeks became her so that she turned away from the glass in confusion.

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old any one was if he loved them."
Then the pretty color faded quite away, and Miss Ringwood went slowly downstairs to cut out petticoats for the Dorcas meeting that afternoon.

For four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrows to her always; surely he would bring his joy, too. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that while yet it was in the postman's hands, for she had been watching at the window, and had to run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date and "Honored Madam"—"but master is very bad, and he says 'No doctors.' He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over you might persuade him for his good. Your obedient command, Emma Wellings."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."
The shortest way to the rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood

took it. She hurried on through the keen, sweet air, devoured by a burning anxiety that consumed all self-consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the rectory above the laurels and cypresses she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture.

The housekeeper opened the door.
"How is he?" Celia had to clear her throat twice before the words would come.
"But poorly," the woman answered. "He was out up at the hall Tuesday; and all day Wednesday walking the wet woods, as I well know by the state his boots was in. And then he coughs all night, he does, and the next morning he sends out his breakfast, and so it's gone on; and he won't let me send for the doctor—and—well, yes; p'raps it 'ud be better for you to see him at once."

Celia clenched her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realized for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked, indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm and he started and looked at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded at once. "He did not know who it was; he thought it was—some one else," she said to herself, but not bitterly.

"You are ill, and you never sent for me. And you never came as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.
"I could not," he spoke hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."
"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef tea and bread."
His brows contracted. "Now, Celia, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The griefed look in her eyes stopped him.
"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Celia, I went to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow. She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the parson about her pew, and sent for him as she sends for anything else she wants! She did not know me at first, and—when she did, I have thrown away life, and youth, and hope, and love, everything, everything, for the sake of a woman who never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James!" she said. She had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all our poor people; you still have them to live for."
"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone and it looks such a long way to the end."
"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.
"I don't know; I didn't realize before and that is why I shouldn't come to you. Oh, Celia, you don't know—I didn't know till just now—all that you've been to me all these years, and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at my side all these long, long years, for you did love me once, didn't you, Celia?" She was silent.

"At least," he went on hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."
"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth, faded hair.
"You didn't mean—why, Celia, my dear, my dear!"

For her arms were round his neck, and her face against his, and for that one good minute the long years of sorrow seemed not too heavy a price.

"And now," said Miss Ringwood, lifting from his shoulder a face that had grown young and pretty again—"and now perhaps you will take the beef tea!"—Quiver.

The First Postage Stamp.
Parisian stamp collectors have been discussing the question whether the English stamp of 1840, called the Rowland Hill stamp, is really the oldest in existence, and the conclusion arrived at is opposed to this view. They claim that the first French stamp dates from nearly two centuries earlier, in 1653. In that year people used to buy at the Palais de Justice, in Paris, "billets de port paye," or carriage-paid tickets, with which the carriage of letters for any place within the capital could be prepaid. One of these tickets is said to be in the possession of M. Feuillet de Conches. It was used by Pellissier, the famous Minister and academician, on a letter addressed by him to Mlle. Scudery, the no less famous romance writer.—London News.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE DRAUGHT HORSE WANTED.

Horse buyers go from Europe and the United States and Canada to find a good Clyde or Shire weighing not under 1500 pounds from three to seven years old, good head, well-shaped neck set upon full shoulders, large girth or full heart, barrel round, and straight, heavy quarters, heavy bone—flat, wide and cordy; short in pasterns, hoofs good size, well shaped and kind, and a good walker.

For animals of this kind the demand is considerable. The prices paid range from \$150 to \$200 in the local markets, and to the first cost of animal must be added the expense of the trip and the cost of transportation. It would seem that our farmers might make money by raising such stock.—New York World.

INSECTS ON TREES IN WINTER.

A few winter days may be very profitably employed in thoroughly cleansing fruit and shade trees. The fruit and shade may thus be saved, and the appearance of the trees during the next summer will be improved. The aim should be in all cases to have clean, healthy, well-fed trees, as these are the least susceptible to insect attacks. Feeble or infested twigs or branches should always be cut out promptly as soon as noticed, and in all cases these should be burned to kill any larvae which they may contain. It will pay to scrub the bark of all kinds of trees each winter with a stiff brush and the suds of whaleoil or other soap, to remove harboring mosses, fungus growths, or other parasitic plant life and to kill the insects wintering in the crevices.—American Agriculturist.

A FUTURE FOR MUTTON.

There is no doubt that the mutton sheep has a great future before it. If, despite free trade and high rents, the English farmer can find money in the industry, the American, with his unrivaled natural and political advantages, ought to be able to do so. It is not true that the English sheep-raiser has any idea of going out of business. The number of sheep in that country has declined, owing to last year's great drought, but at this year's autumn sales at the sheep fairs high prices have prevailed. A Lincoln ram was sold for \$760, and nineteen others of the same breed averaged \$150 each. Another lot of twenty averaged \$140 each. At a Scotch ram sale one Border Leicester ram brought nearly \$600, and the two others \$500 each. The same breeder sold thirty-two rams at an average of over \$200.

To be able to pay these prices farmers must not only have made money heretofore, but they must be satisfied that there is still money to be made, and that it is to be obtained only by the use of the finest rams procurable. The importance of breeding only the best has been too much overlooked in America. We are only slowly realizing that it is quality rather than quantity that counts. While we may find that one good animal may cost more than scrubs, it will also bring considerably more when marketed, and meantime the greater expense of maintaining two animals must be set off against the original cost.—Colman's Rural World.

REMEDY FOR SHEEP TICKS.

This pernicious insect will soon spread through a flock, and every addition to it of purchased sheep should be quarantined, so to speak, with the greatest care, to free it from ticks. When these pests have once taken possession of a flock, no time should be lost in clearing the sheep of them before the winter. Cases have been known in which nearly all the spring lambs have been tormented and bled to death by ticks, for it may easily be that a hundred of them may be found on one animal, the quantity of blood thus lost, not counting the loss of vitality by the intolerable annoyance and pain of the bites by such a number, may well be imagined as beyond the endurance of a weak animal like a sheep. Doubtless this infestation is the cause of the flock not doing well, and the only remedy is to get rid of the pests immediately. A common method is to pour buttermilk along the back of the sheep, and carefully guide it down the flanks by the hand, so that it reaches every part of the skin. The kerosene emulsion is also an excellent remedy. It is made by dissolving soft or other soap in hot water and adding one-fourth the quantity of kerosene to it; the mixture is well shaken, and kept for use. When used, it is diluted with five times the quantity of water and well shaken, then used as mentioned for the buttermilk. Or the kerosene may be added to the buttermilk, one part to twenty, and the mixture applied as described after a thorough shaking.—New York Times.

CULTIVATION OF THE ARTICHOKE.

The common American, although often erroneously called Jerusalem artichoke, is not raised from seed, but from the tubers, these being planted whole or cut into pieces, as frequently practised with potatoes. As the tubers are very hardy, they may be planted in the fall or early spring, and for the first season the cultivation should be

the same as with potatoes. It will require from six to eight bushels of tubers to plant an acre. The longer tubers may be cut up into three or four pieces, dropping them in drills every fifteen to twenty inches. The rows or drills should be almost four feet apart to admit of cultivation with horse and cultivator during the summer. There should be no cutting down of the stalks nor pasturing, as this would check the growth of tubers. Late in the fall turn in the hogs, and they will soon discover the tubers, but will not eat the leaves and stalks. It is a good plan to have a movable fence in order to prevent the hogs from running all over the field, digging a few tubers here and there, and not taking them out clean as they go. On rich soil artichokes yield enormously, and one acre will fatten twenty-five or thirty hogs, with a few bushels of corn to harden up their flesh at the close of the season. In localities where the ground does not freeze hard in winter, a field of artichokes will be found most excellent food for pigs and swine that are to be kept over as stock animals. The artichokes will not spread

into adjoining fields, and if you give the hogs a chance at them you will not need to resort to other means for killing out the plants. The tubers can usually be obtained at seed stores if orders are sent in early or during the winter months.—New York Sun.

CONSTRUCTION OF A PIT.
From a lady skilled in floriculture, writes M. W. Early to Home and Farm, I have obtained the following reliable directions for the construction of a pit. "Having successfully tested the virtue and economy of having a pit, says she, 'I would suggest to others the advisability of trying the same. No one need be appalled by a fear of any very great expense. I venture to say that the sum of \$15 will secure a good pit, provided a few necessary precautions are taken in the structure. Six feet is amply deep. Choose a warm, sunny spot as little shaded by trees as possible, on the southern side of the lot. Begin by laying off the ground, nine feet by fourteen. These dimensions will furnish a pit large enough to hold more flowers than one person can attend to out of a pit, and leave room for any vegetable which you

may wish to start either by slip or seed earlier than a cold frame or hot bed would enable you to do. Indeed, there is no safer and more convenient plan for having early tomato plants than to raise them in a pit. They are far more forward than any you attempt to raise in the house, and it is a great saving of trouble to have them in the pit."
After the pit is dug it is a good plan to dig a little hole or well, three feet deep and three feet square, to hold the water which rises after rains or snows, and which is apt to produce mould or mildew in the flowers, especially those on the lower tiers. This hole being dry, the next thing is the frame or woodwork, and this requires about a day's work from a carpenter. The frame should be three or four feet above ground at the back, and should have a slope of at least two feet from top to bottom. Be very careful to have the planks tight and close. Have a double casing of the frame made after the four posts are secured to the corners and a frame nailed to the outside. An inside casing will give a neater finish to the job and keep out any little cold which might force its way in. It is an excellent plan to fill up the casing with saw dust. Be very careful to see that the frame for the sashes of glass is as tight a fit as possible.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Go into winter quarters with as many young bees as possible.
Most garden vegetables are gross feeders, for whom the soil can hardly be made too rich.
To know what to do and to do it in time, after the hive is selected, is to succeed in beekeeping.
Florida truckers whose crops were destroyed by the storms are turning their attention to planting strawberries.
Opening a furrow so as to drain off water into the nearest ditch will save many plants being thrown out by the frost.
Lettnoe plants in the greenhouse should now be making good growth. Prevent the appearance of green fly by the free use of tobacco dust while the plants are yet small.
It is said that the colors in dried flowers may be preserved by pressing the plants between paper previously saturated with a one per cent. oxalic acid solution and then dried.
It is said that if cabbages are put close together, with the roots deep in the ground, and a furrow of earth turned over them, they will keep better than when the heads are turned down.
A mess of cooked turnips given once a day is said to be excellent in increasing the growth of young animals. The turnips are not very nutritious, but they are appetizing and form a change from the usual dry food.