

DON CARLOS, the Spanish pretender, is one of the handsomest men in Europe. He is six feet tall and of splendid physique.

The shattered health and mental trouble of Lord Randolph Churchill will soon lead to the retirement from politics of that brilliant English statesman.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN has scrap books covering the history of the United States for the past thirty-eight years. He has been keeping his letters since he was fifteen, and everything of value has been saved.

The British war office is considering a proposition that all soldiers should be instructed in the elements of anatomy and physiology in order that they might be able immediately to stop the flow of blood from a leading artery.

MR. GLADSTONE is quite generally credited with having a thorough appreciation of his own genius. His wedding gift to Miss Tennant of a full set of the works of William E. Gladstone attests this fact anew.

Box elder trees are said to furnish a sap so closely resembling the sap of the maple that it can be used as a substitute, and experts can not detect the difference. Successful experiments have been made in Nebraska.

The British steamship Akaba the other day cleared at the Pensacola, Fla., custom house for London with a cargo of 2,021,000 superficial feet of lumber and timber. This is the largest cargo of its kind that has ever left a gulf port.

AS AN illustration of the enormous development of newspapers in the United States it is related that in 1880 the newspaper and press associations received only 28,000,000 words by telegraph, while last year they received by wire 1,800,000,000 words.

In Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota and Wisconsin a man may vote before he is a citizen, provided he has declared his intention of becoming one.

The unqualified success of Mr. Nathan Straus' experiments in behalf of New York's poor, particularly his pure and sterilized milk experiments, is already bearing fruit. A similar plan in behalf of the poor children of Philadelphia is now being worked out by Philadelphia philanthropists.

The rate of mortality of London has steadily decreased with the introduction and perfection of adequate means of disposing of the sewage of the city. At the end of the eighteenth century the annual average mortality was estimated at fifty per 1,000 and in 1892 it had dropped to 19.1 per 1,000.

A new brand of smokeless powder discovered by a Virginian and developed by a Mr. Leonard, has been proven by experiments made by government officials to be the superior of any yet discovered. A petition has been presented to the house asking for an appropriation to allow further tests.

The latest development in the milk business in London is to drive the cows around the route and have them milked in the presence of the customers. The customer is thus enabled to judge for himself of the healthy appearance of the animal, and is sure of the freshness of the milk. The practice is a common and ancient one in Egypt.

FISHERMEN at Wrightsville, Pa., on the Susquehanna, are talking of a novel swimming race between several kinds of fish. There is a great dispute as to which is the fastest swimmer, an eel, a black bass or a May sucker. They propose constructing a wooden trough 500 feet long, in shallow water, and then race the fish to decide the bet.

AN international fire congress is to be held at Antwerp on June 9, 10 and 11, and will be continued at Brussels on the three following days. Representative fire brigades from all countries will take part in the displays and contests. A British brigade has been formed of picked men from forty-five brigades. At a similar congress two years ago an American team took first prize.

A much bigger wheel than the great Ferris wheel, which revolved in the Midway and is to be set up in New York, is building at Earl's court, London. It is a 400-foot wheel, and will carry 2,000 people in fifty cars. Three restaurants will be built on platforms at varying heights on the supporting towers, and a big ball room will crown the towers at the axle.

AFTER January 1, 1895, no more days of grace will be allowed in New York state on notes, drafts, checks, acceptances, bills of exchange, bonds or other evidences of indebtedness made, drawn or accepted by any person or corporation, and no grace, according to the custom of merchants, will be allowed after that date unless there is a stipulation to the contrary. There is nothing left for the debtor to do but call at the captain's office and settle or let his obligation go to protest on the day the obligation matures.

It is not likely that we will soon talk to our English cousins by telephone across the Atlantic ocean. The trouble is, or at least one of the troubles is, that the cable to carry the wire must be quite a foot thick. It would be an enormously costly business, and a difficult one, to lay a cable of that size. To lay it in one piece would be out of the question; it would have to be spliced more than once. And, safely laid, there is no knowing that it would not prove a failure. It is likely that, for a while yet, the telegraph will do for us. A sub-marine telephone is not yet a long-felt want.

The Cincinnati Street Railway Co., in order that their cars may climb the steep grade to Price Hill, have resorted to a novel plan at the junction of Glenway and Wilder avenues and again at Wilder and Warsaw avenues. At these two junctions the double track is merged into a single track and the single track describes a loop, around which every car, on down or up trip, must go. In describing this loop, the electric car actually runs down a grade in order to get up hill. Nothing more novel in the way of engineering has ever been attempted in Cincinnati, or probably any other city.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

The man who, when temptations found in hero's play,
Stands firm, unmoved, unshaken,
Is hero of the day.
He needs no blazoned banner
To tell of his deeds,
The world knows well his triumphs,
It crowns him all unthought.
There comes to each a moment
Somewhere along life's way,
When some supreme temptation
Confronts him in the fray,
A moment fraught so deeply
With either weal or woe,
That angels watch the conflict
While earthward bending low.
'Tis then the soul stands naked
Before the powers that be,
And bravely fights for honor,
Or sinks down helplessly,
But he who stands the testing,
And comes out from the fray
Unscathed, unharmed, unshaken,
Is hero of the day.
—Helle K. Towne, in Chicago Advance.

A MODERN TELL.

Story of a Daring Performance in a London Circus.

Of all the successful performers who stepped into the arena of Gallax's famous circus, none obtained such a degree of popular approval as did Signor Alfredo Bosco and his eight-year-old son Alfonso. Whether it was due to the cleverness of their feats, the daring skill displayed in the execution of them, or to a general attractive demeanor, certain it is that from the day of their first appearance down to the end of the tour Signor Bosco and his son were received with a genuine enthusiasm such as to firmly establish them in the favor of the audience. When, therefore, it became known that the last night of the season was to be devoted to the benefit of these popular performers, it was confidently predicted that the house would be a bumper. The proprietor, deeming it advisable on such an occasion, had some special novelty should be introduced into the programme, it was with no small degree of interest that the populace that morning found the walls placarded with flaming posters, in the reddest of red ink, announcing that on this, the last night of the season at Gallax's royal circus and hippodrome, specially set apart for the benefit of Signor Alfredo Bosco, that eminent and world-renowned performer would, for the first and only time, attempt a novel and dangerous feat, to-wit: William Tell's historic and never-to-be-forgotten exploit of shooting an apple placed upon the head of his own son, a pistol on the obsolete bow and arrow.

In private life Signor Alfredo Bosco's name was plain Alfredo Green, and he was as little of Italian extraction as anyone possessing the name of Green could well be. Distinguishing himself as a young man by marked and intrepid daring, he had found a field for his talents in the circus arena. Having married an opera singer, a son was born to him, but the act cost the young mother her life, to Alfredo's inexpressible grief. The child soon became the father's idol, his whole existence becoming wrapped up in that of the boy. It was for his sake that he worked doubly hard at his profession, on this belief that he denied himself most of the comforts of life, and for his benefit and in order that he might be ever near him that he heeded the lad in his own profession, never accepting an engagement unless the boy was included in it.

When, therefore, the proprietor of Gallax's suggested to him the performance of the feat alluded to, it may naturally be supposed that so fond a father hesitated before committing himself to it, and when, under strong representations, he finally consented it was with no little anxiety and concern. Not that he mistrusted his own powers, but the feat was a great one, and he was sure that the boy would be shot. One of his staple performances in the ring was to shoot with a pistol, while galloping on horseback, at a number of glass balls thrown promiscuously into the air, and so accomplished was he at this feat that he seldom missed one, and never two, out of the number. Therefore, it was not personal considerations that made him hesitate, but fear lest the lad, by some untoward movement, should jeopardize the action and endanger his own precious life. Nor was his anxiety decreased when, on the eventful day, he discovered that the boy was far from well.

"It's only a headache, father," the lad said, in response to his questioning, "I shall be better to-night!" And when night came the anxious father lunged round the child's neck, secure from observation, a little medicinal portrait of his mother, which he always wore when any feat of a specially dangerous nature was to be undertaken.

It soon became evident that expectations would be realized, and that the canvas of Gallax's monster tent would that night cover an audience out of all former precedent. Long before the doors were opened the entrance was besieged by crowds eager to obtain the best seats, and an hour before the time of commencement the place was filled to its utmost capacity. Well might all concerned view the scene with satisfaction.

The performance comprised all the feats that invariably find a place in the programme of a circus, the big event being reserved for the conclusion of the entertainment. Everything went off well, and the delighted audience applauded all that came before it, wisely determining not to miss the other good things in the menu for the sake of an especial d'ish. The graceful evolutions of the lady performers, the equestrian feats of the gentlemen riders, the daring somersaults, the quibbles and quips of the funny clowns, all came in for their due share of praise.

At length the piece de resistance was reached, and amid the enraptured cheers of the audience Bosco came forward, leading by the hand his little son. As soon as the applause had subsided, the professor motioned the lad to his place. An apple was then brought and ostentatiously placed by an attendant upon the child's head, and then, under the glare of a powerful light, the unusual paleness of the boy's pretty face was plainly discernible—especially to the eager eyes of the anxious father. With an outward coolness, in strong contrast to the beatings of a tender heart within, the performer loaded his pistol and raised it toward the breathless excitement of the audience.

A pull of the trigger, a sharp click, and a murmur of disappointment, told

that the weapon had missed fire. Nothing daunted, and still with an apparent perfect calmness, every movement being eagerly watched by the audience, Bosco reloaded the pistol and again raised it. There was a sharp click, followed by a loud report, and in another second the child stepped forward, holding the shattered apple in his hands. The suspended breath of the audience returned and broke out into a deafening shout.

"Bravo! bravo!" came from a thousand throats simultaneously, and a thousand pairs of hands met in approval.

"Encore! Do it again!" rose above the din, and the idea catching hold developed into a loud roar: "Do it again!"

Bosco seemed pleased and pained at once. He hesitated. "Do it again!" and the shout assumed a peremptory tone. Some one threw a half-crown into the ring; it was followed by another, and soon a shower of silver lay at the performer's feet. How could he resist? He motioned to the boy, and a second apple was brought and placed in position. The lad's excessively pale face attracted general attention now, but a few sympathetic voices raised in protest were howled down by the impetuous demand: "Do it again!"

Bosco showed some traces of excitement as he reloaded his weapon, and the operation seemed to occupy a longer time. Could it be that his nerve was falling him, or was it the sight of the boy's face that filled him with dread? Again he raised the weapon amid increased excitement and fired. The shot was again true, and for the second time the lad brought forward the shattered apple.

Amid the applause that followed, Bosco took the hand of his son and was about to retire when once more the unreasonable shout was raised: "Do it again! Do it the third time!" The performer declined.

The shouts grew louder and more determined. "Again, again!" resounded through the place, until it seemed that a mad infatuation had seized upon the people and they were thirsting for a tragic end. "Again! Again!" rose the shout, each time uttered in a more angry tone. It was flung from gallery to pit; the amphitheatre caught it up and threw it back again, until the whole house rang with the tumultuous demand.

Bosco declined, until on a personal appeal from the proprietor, who feared the growing storm, he reluctantly yielded.

When it was seen that he had given way, a wild shout of triumph rent the air, almost inhuman in its ferocity. Is it thus that audiences play with their favorites?

For the third time an apple was placed in position and the glaring light again thrown on. How terribly pale were those features now! Bosco's head visibly trembled as he loaded the deadly weapon. The few tender hearts in the vast multitude sickened at the sight.

Making a tremendous effort to recover his self-possession, Bosco raised the weapon and took aim. There was again a sharp click, a loud report, and the boy fell heavily to the ground.

"My God, what have I done! What have I done!" exclaimed the performer, in an agony of grief, and he rushed from the ring. A few attendants lifted the lad's prostrate form and conveyed it to an inner tent, while a murmur of skin to remorse escaped the vast crowd.

A painful suspense followed, during which the band struck up a lively tune, but it sounded like a funeral march.

"The boy! the boy! What about the boy?" the audience shouted. They were human again now. At length the manager appeared. He told them the lad had been ill all day and had taken part in the performance at a great risk. The mental strain was too much for him, however, and as the last shot was fired his strength gave way and he swooned. "But he is not hurt," the manager concluded, "and as soon as the fainting fit is over he shall be presented to you. See, here he comes!" and as he spoke Bosco emerged from the tent, leading by the hand his little son, displaying the remnants of the third apple.

Such a shout arose as has never since been heard under the canvas of Gallax's monster tent, and when Bosco raised the boy in his arms and kissed him affectionately on both cheeks the cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" could have been heard for miles around.

Alfredo Bosco has never told how his very fainting fit of Alfonso's saved the lad's life, for he and he only knew that his aim was defective, and that the shot struck the apple just as the swooning boy was falling to the ground. William Tell's historic and never-to-be-forgotten feat no longer forms an item in Signor Alfredo Bosco's extensive repertoire.—London Tidbits.

Readers for Cigarettes. "Literature and tobacco go together in Key West," said a citizen of that tight little island. "Every cigar factory has its regularly employed reader, who comes to work with the rest of the people in the morning and reads to them all day."

"Who pays the reader?" "The work people. A small amount is deducted for this purpose from the wages of each employe. The plan is adopted by the manufacturers as an economical expedient. It keeps the workers from talking, and so prevents interruption of their labor."

"But why should not the work people roll cigars and talk at the same time?" "Because they cannot talk without gesticulating. That wouldn't do at all, you see. Besides, the reader, by engaging the attention of the hands, prevents quarrels among them."—Washington Star.

—Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived. For example, a madman has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually. Had the madman turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.—Dr. Johnson.

FARM AND GARDEN.

POINTS ABOUT POTATOES.

Different Varieties and How They May Be Readily Distinguished.

To the majority of people there are only two classes of potatoes, the good and the poor. Farmers recognize four principal classes, but with the experts who make a study of their development the classes go far beyond such a simple division, while the number of varieties is something overwhelming to a novice in potato lore. At the Columbian fair the New York potato exhibit alone contained two hundred and fifty varieties.

Experiments which are now being carried on to increase the quantity of starch in the potato have met with great success. In Europe the Germans stand at the head in potato culture, but

the French are pushing forward rapidly, so that the potato display at the recent Paris agricultural show was considered the most notable exhibit.

In America attention has been directed rather to the production of new varieties than to improvement by selection within a variety. These new varieties are produced every year, and when one is grown that has some quality which makes it superior to preceding sorts, it is sure to find a foothold with potato growers and so takes its place as a market variety in the class to which it belongs.

Most of these varieties are the product of careful crossing of the best sorts and the gradual development of the resulting seedlings. When one is produced that possesses such characteristics as to separate it from all its predecessors, it becomes the founder of a new class. Each variety derived from it, and resembling it more or less, is given a name to distinguish it from other varieties, but all belong to the same class, so that while growers recognize both variety and class, dealers acknowledge class only.

The four principal classes are the Burbank, Hebron, Rose and Peerless, the three first being for fall and winter use and the last for spring use.

The Burbank class includes all white kidney-shaped potatoes, the leading varieties at this time being "Morning Star," "White Star," "Handy," "White Flower," "Dutton's Seedling," etc.

The Hebron class includes all flesh-colored or pink and white mottled potatoes, the principal varieties being "White Elephant," "June Eating," "Gen. Garfield," "Albino," etc.

The Rose class includes all red potatoes, but is subdivided into three important sections. The first, or Ohio division, is made up of all red or rose-colored potatoes, that are short and cylindrical in form, as "Early Electric," "Early Market," "New Zealand," "Everett's Six Weeks," etc.

The second division of the Rose class resembles in shape the Burbank, but the color is red instead of white. The present prominent varieties are "Summit," "Pearl of Savoy," "New York Central" and "Paris Rose."

The third section of the Rose class includes all the other shapes and sizes of red potatoes, such as "Dakota Seedling," "Dakota Red," "Ideal," "Magpie Murphy," etc.

The shape of all potatoes of the fourth or Peerless class is round or oval. As this description is somewhat

misleading they are better defined as large, flat potatoes, being much broader and longer than they are thick. Potatoes of the Peerless class are not generally marketed until spring on account of their superior keeping qualities. The prominent varieties are "Rural Bush," red; "Rural New Yorker," No. 2, white, and "Blue Victor," dark bluish purple in color.

The best all-round white potato is the "Rural New Yorker," No. 2. It is prolific, vigorous and of excellent quality, while most of the tubers are of a medium and merchantable size.

Why Stock Farming Pays.

It pays to keep stock even when it is low in price. We all know that stock growing keeps our farms in better heart than grain growing; that by steadily growing grain and selling it our farms gradually run down, while with stock growing we can keep them up to a high state of fertility. It is for just the reason here shown. The farmer who sells a ton of wheat worth \$7.20 or \$7.35 sells \$7.75 worth of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, while the farmer who sells a ton of wheat worth \$8.00 or \$10.00 sells only \$8.45 worth of fertility.—Farmers' Voice.

Among the Poultry.

Feeding too much corn will produce apoplexy.

It is a good plan to put sitting hens on the nest in the evening.

The best bread lays a great many eggs does not produce the best table fowls.

High feeding and excessive fat will cause even a naturally non-sitting hen to sit.

Crowded hens cannot do as well in egg production as hens that are not crowded can.

CHICKEN meat is the equal of any meat that comes on the table, and it costs less to produce it than it does to produce either pork, beef or mutton.

For turkey raising, says a writer in Farm and Home, I set a hen on 13 eggs; they all hatched and lived by feeding hard boiled eggs and light bread crumbs the first two weeks; then cracked wheat. They were kept perfectly dry.

The Pulse of a Horse.

In horses the pulse at rest beats forty times a minute. It may be felt wherever a big artery crosses a bone. It is generally felt in the horse where it crosses over the bone of the lower jaw in front of its curved position, or in the body ridge above the eye. Any material variation of the pulse from the above may be considered as a sign of disease. If rapid, hard and full, it is an indication of high fever or inflammation; if rapid, small and weak, low fever, loss of blood or weakness. If slow, the possibilities point to brain disease, and if irregular, to heart-trouble. This is one of the principal and sure tests of the health of an animal.—Rural World.

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FOR TYING FLEECES.

A Device by Means of Which Wool Is Easily Prepared for Market.

The illustration represents one of the most common devices for tying wool. It is made of three boards, each 1 inch thick and 1 foot wide. The middle board is cut into three pieces, the ends being fastened to the middle piece by the hinges A, A, A. This allows the ends E, E, to be raised to a vertical position. The side boards are fastened by the hinges B, to the center piece H, which allows them to be turned up making a trough-shaped box. At C, C, C, are flat, steel, strap springs which sink into the wool like the spring in an umbrella handle. After the sides of the box have been turned up the ends E, E, are also raised until they press past the springs which hold them in position. At D, D, D, make shallow V-shaped grooves $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1-inch wide to hold the twine in place while the fleeces is being folded. Make the number of grooves equal to the number of strings with which the fleeces is to be tied.

Drop all the leaves making a flat surface. Place the twine in the grooves and spread the fleeces over it with the cut side down. Turn in the outer

edges of the fleeces and raise the side leaves to the proper position, fastening them together with a hard-wood hook, as shown in Fig. 2. Raise the end levers E, E, until they pass the springs C, C, C. This will fold in the ends of the fleeces neatly and hold everything in place until tied. When this box is closed the fleeces will have to occupy one cubic foot of space. If the fleeces are large it may be necessary to increase the dimensions of this box. Wool twine is about the size of a common lead pencil, and should always be used for tying the fleeces when it can be obtained. It is neither small nor harsh enough to injure the fiber when drawn tightly. It is probably not so expensive as other twines.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Timely Hints About Increasing the Value of the Wool.

Sheep shearing is now in progress in different parts of the country, and the following, taken from an exchange, will be read with interest:

The best authorities on wool are the buyers themselves. I have sold my lots of wool for nearly a lifetime, to the same factory, but I have learned that what they want is wool clear of burrs and hayseed and other trash. They claim that unequal feeding, reducing the flesh of the sheep, makes an uneven strength of fiber and uneven cloth as well, injurious to manufacture. They want the fleeces delivered unbroken that it may be sorted by experts to suit the fineness of the cloth. I try to please purchasers and conform to their will, not mine. Yet the sheep are better for this.

I make platforms for the shearers of large useless doors, which are better than fixtures or elastic planks which aid the sheep to tangle the wool in turning over. The tags are cut off before the fleeces, and thus its fracture is avoided. In consequence, I get about three cents per pound more than careless breeders, and that three cents is clear profit. When the coat is off, it is spread on the doors and done up in three layers, rolled closely together and tied once with strong twine. This is better than two ties, which may loosen the wool in crowding it into the sacks for transportation, the approach to a ball being best. That nothing may be wasted, the tags are given away or washed on the shears and put into separate bags and labeled. The tags are then worth as much as the full fleeces.

Every sensible man takes care of his small savings. They are pure profits, and generally make the rich in all lands. Trash and burrs break the continuity of the wool and allow cold and rain to injure the sheep which are clothed with wool by nature because they are sensitive to climatic changes.

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THOSE who could not eat cake, hot biscuit, bread and pastry because of indigestion have found that by raising them with Royal Baking Powder they are enabled to eat them with perfect comfort.

Royal Baking Powder is composed of chemically pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, and is an actual preventive of dyspepsia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

TALKER—"Prof. Garner says that monkeys do not actually converse, but confine themselves to single remarks on matters of importance." Think—"Dear me! How man has degenerated."—N. Y. Weekly.

"This sea-serpent story will have to be put down; it's too big for any place on this coast." "Let me see; I must have given you the one that is intended for Chicago."

"Travellers seem fond of good books." "Mercy, yes! He never borrows any but those with the most expensive bindings."—Inter Ocean.

It may seem paradoxical, but to be accorded a warm reception and to be roasted are entirely different things.—Philadelphia Record.

We do not like to be lied about. But most of us probably lie more about ourselves than anybody else ever does.—Boston Transcript.

When your experience is not so wide as your observation, how do you piece out the former?—Rural New Yorker.

There is much tenderness in the seemingly cruel world—but the butcher rarely finds it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Horrors

Of indigestion, when it takes a long lease of the stomach, are unsurpassed by any described by the most sensational writer of ghost stories. Unlike this latter kind, they are real and not imaginary. Heartburn, wind on the stomach, head palpitation, extreme nervousness are only a few of them. Dismiss this unwelcome tenant with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which banishes also malaria, constipation and biliousness.

Women's clubs seem to be growing. The broomstick used to be large enough.—Philadelphia Record.

She—"Mamma wanted to know, last night whether she did not hear you kiss me." He—"What did you say?" She—"I said yes, but it was against my will; she asked what was, and I replied, her hearing it."—Brooklyn Life.

MAY BE MORE—"Have you seen Jack this evening? He's just back from Europe, and he has a dash of the old spirit in him." "Yes, I saw him—and I think he has about a quart of the old spirit in him."—Truth.

We will never know all the possibilities of argument until one lawyer is allowed to appear on both sides of the same case.

Who works hard at a soft job?—Rural New Yorker.

A "Giles' old age" never follows a supple youth.—Young Men's Era.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when blue.—Texas Siftings.

As a rule carcases is a bolsterous demand for liver medicine.—Galveston News.

The track shun engines de-railled.—Rural New Yorker.

It is reported that the Yale students are about to petition for optional prayers and compulsory baseball.—Life.

CARRIE—"I notice