The Newtown Bee

FRIDAY, SEPT. 13, 1895.

CIRCULATION.

JANUARY 1, 1882, ... 610
LAST WEEK, ... 2100

Mr Barker Abroad.

ACROSS EUROPE IN TWO DAYS.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

there. If, perchance, some of your fellow passengers happens to be a snorer, it is getting into rather close quarters; all you can do is to put yourself in the state of Paul and the crew of the grain ship who, stranded near the isle of Melita, "wished for the day." Things went very well in our section; with the exception of every half hour, with the regularity of a timepiece, rising to shake out a slumbering foot, the night wore smoothly on.

We were just settling down in good earnest, when a rap was made at every door and the announcement came that it was time to be searched—we had crossed the line into France, and this was the custom house station. We did not mind this at all; it had grown to be genuine fun by this time, we had been through it so much. Shall I ever forget that scene! Ninety sleepy passengers turned out long before the gray of the morning had begun to appear, all rubbing their eyes, all yawning, all pulling a heavy valise along, all thowing said valise upon a counter, and all shouting at the top of the voice: "Here, I've got no tobacco in this; mark me." The less of our good French the officials understood, the more loudly we shouted, till a band of fresh Comanches, right from the free air of their native home, could not have outshouted us. It was all a form. It made not much difference whether the valise was opened or not; the cabalistic character was written upon the outside of our alligator skin and we were allowed to pass on. And this was our very pleasant introduction into charming France!

When making my way back to the train I saw a gentleman, who at home is no distant neighbor of mine, examining very carefully three umbrellas and two canes tied together, which stood in a corner on the depot platform. "Too bad!" he murmured, "I'm afraid someone will leave these here." He made many inquiries, but, not finding the owner of the bundle, he passed on.

I MET HIM IN PARIS

the next evening. "Did you see me looking at those umbrellas standing in the corner," he asked, "at that place where we came into France?" "Yes," I replied, "did you not find the owner?" "Find him!" he shouted, "why I owned them myself, and I left them there." His wife was separated from him, being with some lady friends in the sleeping-car, which had been attached to the train at Turin. She had brought out the umbrellas thinking that all must change cars, in the melee of the custom-house had forgotten all about them. A very good friend of mine, a minister with a prodigious memory for statistics and cold facts, but with an absentmindedness truly remarkable about anything that might be in his hand, left three umbrellas, I think, in as many different places. Entering a restaurant in Gibraltar, he carried an expensive mackintosh in his hand. He threw it over the back of his chair, and, that he might the more surely remember his waterproof cloak when he came out, he repeated several times to himself, emphasizing each word with a rap upon the table: "My mackintosh is on the back of my chair; I must take it when I leave this place." My friend ate a square meal, thoroughly enjoyed it, paid the price at the desk and sauntered out, calmly chewing a toothpick, to view the rest of Gibraltar. The mackintosh reposed on the back of the chair where my friend left it, and was thought of no more till that evening, as, standing on deck, he was gazing at the crouching stone lion, the line so forcibly repeated in the eating-house came back like a shaft of lightning—my mackintosh! You remember that the children of Israel erected 12 memorial stones in the bed of the Jordan after their miraculous passage through the stream. There was no need for the "Frieslanders" to do that; their path was sufficiently traced by the umbrellas and small loose articles that were left behind.

At some hour in the early part of this night—in the darkness and we being no Frenchmen you can imagine that no clear idea of the topography of the country was gleaned—we felt such a sudden chilliness come over us that we were roused even from our downy beds. "Where are we?" we exclaimed. "Have our compartment cars been suddenly transformed into ice-boxes?" After much inquiry we learned from a sleepy passenger who had been over this way before that our train was about to pass through the famous Mount Cenis tunnel, in other words, we were to pierce to the heart of the Alps. This tunnel is one of the marvels of engineering skill that these last few decades have seen. In length it is excelled by only one tunnel in the world, that at the Pass of St Gothard. The Mount Cenis tunnel is 39,840 feet long, or seven and one half miles. If you wish to compare this with something that comes within the range of your own experience, you can recall that the great Hoosick tunnel on the Fitchburg road has a length of 25,080 feet, or four and three-quarter miles.

All that second day we were

SPEEDING THROUGH FRANCE.

I have often heard the European railways spoken of disparagingly in comparison with our own. There are certainly many conveniences in travel which we have here which have not yet been transported to the other side, especially in the matter of checking baggage and a lavatory where the dust and grime of travel can be removed. The Continental railways have not yet produced an "Empire State Express," averaging 52 miles per hour running time, but the speed of the trains on the main lines is good. We were whirled past clumps of houses, a group of factory buildings and vineyards without number. Now and then a stream would follow us for a long distance beside the track, turbulently dashing over its bed. In the early part of the day we caught many glimpses of snow-crowned ridges as the Alps were fading out of view; later in the day it was level land and slopes, with the neat village or larger town at unequal distances along the way. Barring the vineyards, I could easily imagine that I was riding through the old Bay State. And there is another thing that would be barred out, only this time the barring is in France; in America, almost anywhere you may go, you see as the conspicuous object whenever you approach the smallest hamlet the little white church with its Heaven-pointing spire. You miss this sight in Catholic France. In the times of the Reformation there were 2000 Protestant churches in France, and the hand of Providence seemed then beckoning to make it the leading Protestant nation in the world. Perhaps the pendulum of Time may yet swing backward far enough to let France see what she was destined to be before the signal from the bell tower of St Germain l'Auxerrois was given for the massacre of St Bartholomew.

At the many stations where our train halted for a moment or two through the day, and the doors of our compartments were thrown open to give us a breathing-spell and a stretch of our limbs upon the platform, we had the chance to get acquainted with Mr Rossi. Mr Rossi was in charge of our party now, and was to keep charge of us till we were safely embarked on our steamer at Antwerp. This conductor had been with the party ever since we left Gibraltar, I believe; that is, rumor had it that he had been with the party since then, though no one was any the wiser for his presence. He was called a conductor, though whom he was going to conduct or how he was to do it no one on the "Friesland" could decipher. He was seen at meal-time on the steamer and did his full share in patronizing the contents of the larder; he was proof against seasickness and was also proof against giving information of any sort.

HE WAS A SPHINX,

although, unlike the Egyptian variety, this sphinx was alive. He moved about silently in the crowd when we visited the Alhambra and other places of deep interest, but he was like the pillars and frescos we looked at—he uttered never a word. Many were our speculations as to the defect in his organs of speech and as to whether he had ever learned to talk. But now, going through France, Mr Rossi underwent, like the caterpillar, a thorough metamorphosis. He was as voluble as an auctioneer and even cracked many a good joke. Like the gourd that startled Jonah, his sudden development was remarkable; in a single morning we awoke and found him a famous guide. If any tourist wants to engage the service of a capable and efficient conductor, there is no one whom I would now more cheerfully and quickly recommend than this self-same Rossi of "Friesland" fame. I think that I have discovered the reason for his silence erstwhile and his subsequent loquacity: in the one case he was playing third or fourth fiddle to Mr Clark, he was only a lieutenant or subaltern; in the other case he was commander-in-chief and everybody bowed to his sway. "It is better to be first at Appia," said Cæsar, "than second at Rome."

At five o'clock that afternoon we were

IN THE BIG RAILROAD DEPOT

of Paris. There was the same old scurry for the omnibus, and, ensconced within its depths, a very small detachment of the once great "Friesland" party were rolled along the magnificent boulevards to Hotel de Terminus, where we were to be during our brief Paris sojourn. We hardly took time to register, so great was our hurry to be off and away to 1 Rue Auber, Mr Clark's Paris office, and get the last letter that would come to us from the dear home-land.—[Otis W. Barker, Newtown, Conn., September 5, 1895.

Around the Fireside.

SEPTEMBER

September waves his golden rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields,
A playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step:
The maples blush to greet him,
And gay coquetting sumac dons
Her velvet cloak to meet him.

—[Farm Journal.

HOW UNCLE SAM PRINTS HIS GREENBACKS.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BEE].

All the paper money used in the United States is now engraved and printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D. C. The plates, described in a former letter, from which the money is printed, are stored by the ton in an enormous vault on the ground floor of the building. Here, a short time before work hours begin, the printers form in line and receive from the custodian the plates they are to use for the day. The plates are numbered, and each man gives a receipt for his precious charge.

The presses, some two hundred in number, are all hand presses, and each requires the attendance of two persons—the printer and his assistant, usually a young lady, whose duty it is to place the sheet upon the plate for printing and then remove the same and examine it to see if the impression taken is perfect. The assistants receive $1.25 per day wages, which is deducted from the pay of the printer. They are appointed through the Civil Service Commission, and usually are placed under the charge of the printers and remain with the same ones who have instructed them in the duties of their trade.

The paper, in sheets large enough for four bills, comes from the Treasury Departments in bundles of one thousand sheets. When it arrives it is counted into packages of one hundred sheets each and thoroughly moistened so that it will absorb the ink.

The printer applies ink to the plate with a hand roller, wipes with a cloth, and then polishes it with the open palm of his hand. No satisfactory substitute has been discovered for the human hand for this finishing touch in preparing the plate for printing steel engravings, and for that reason fine work cannot be done on steam presses.

The design is cut down into the plate and the fine lines are filled with ink. Each plate has to be studied by itself, for the skill of the printer depends upon his knowledge of the proper way in which the particular plate should be rubbed. No two plates require the same treatment. When the plate is "polished off," the attendant places a sheet upon the table carrying the plate is passed beneath a roller under great pressure, and the ink in the lines adheres to the paper.

thrown aside, and for each press an allowance is made of one poor sheet out of every hundred. If the number spoiled exceeds this the printer is charged for the estimated cost of the paper and all the work put on it up to the time the injury is done. The backs are printed first, then after seasoning and remoistening the faces, then the numbers are applied, and finally the red seal is affixed and the bills are cut apart.

The printed sheets, good and bad, are turned in and counted. If a sheet is missing the printer has to pay the government the full face value of the four bills, no matter what the denomination. The sheets are counted some sixty times from beginning to end, and the system of work is so perfectly arranged that it is almost an unknown thing to find a mistake found anywhere.

A good printer prints about 900 sheets a day, though occasionally an extra rapid worker can turn off a thousand. The pay is by the day and depends upon work done. After deducting the wages of the assistant the printer has from $4 to $6 dollars per day left for his services. The printers are now entitled to a leave of absence for 30 days per year, the same as other government clerks, and during this time they receive the average amount earned for a certain period previous to taking their vacations.

FARMING IN HIGH LATITUDES.

A LETTER FROM DENMARK.

It is mid-harvest on both sides of the Sound, or, I should say, more than that on the island of Eunen, which is the most fertile part of this little kingdom; the part, too, where rents are highest, the farmers best off, and where almost the wheat north of the Duchies is raised. Of course the upper part of Jutland, consisting mostly of sand dunes, does not count at all: and one wonders why Hjerring and Frederikshavn managed to get get themselves set down there. Rye gains a foothold wherever cultivation is possible; it is now all in shocks, standing in the fields, and would have been stored in the barns but for the drenching rains which have prevailed in western Europe. Even then, some time is allowed to harden off before any of it is ground, and a country mill (wind power with auxiliary steam) which I saw at Hillerod in North Zeeland, yesterday, was still working on old stuff, which is in extremely short supply everywhere.

These said rains have played havoc with the barley crop (both here and in southern Sweden), and there will be more light grain produced than has been the case for years. "Best Danish" is very good barley indeed; most of Guiness' famous product comes from it, and the price makes a relatively high average in Mark Lane. But when these dashing rains come a few weeks before harvest, and level the fields, in many cases as with a roller, the costs of harvesting are increased, and the quality of the grain is unequal and disappointing. No people are more painstaking in respect to choice of seed than the Danes, and their government well fosters a distinguishing care in this respect. Then although the days are swelteringly hot from eleven to two o'clock, the nights already get keen, the stars shine out with great brilliancy, and early night frosts cannot be altogether unlooked for—all this preventing a kindly ripening. Where this cereal has been already cut, it is neatly sheaved (plenty of Wood's self-binding reapers are on larger farms) and carefully set up in shocks, with an inverted cap-sheaf to cast of the rain, and to keep all the rest snug and safe. Where extra care is taken—and I saw this on the smaller holdings in Skania—a long stake is placed upright, and a firm centre is thus obtained for all sorts of wind or weather.

Happily the clover crop, on which they so greatly depend (for there is not ground enough to spare for permanent grass or pasture) was well got; and the second crop is all that can be desired, rich, luscious, and a good living indeed, for the animals that appear to be all doing well upon it. Tethered every creature is that gets the advantage of so great a mouthful; "waste not, want not," is the motto everywhere, and even the horses get used to this way of having their living provided. An eyable thing it is to look on a row of a score of red cows, all fastened in line and cropping just the portion of ground assigned to them. They are educated to it from calfhood, and are spared the waste of vital force that roaming about entails; the portion allotted is fresh, sweet, and the animals seem to have sense enough never to soil it, but to fall back as the rope allows, on the previously grazed portion. Still, when the weather is thundery, and the gadfly busy, it is no agreeable sight to notice some of the cows rushing round, as on a circus course, but with tail aloft and other symptoms of discomfort. I have seen sheep also grazing thus as they are most generally fastened in pairs the rope being forked within a few feet of its extremity. The economy in fences is apparent but I need not add that the system is best adapted for good full crops and would be far less suitable for a poor region. Milk or rather its products still forms one of the staple articles of Danish export, and the butter in particular, holds a good place in the London markets, no pains being spared to give uniformity of yield, fineness of finish, and great speed in placing fresh on the consumer's breakfast table.

I have said that the Danish government gives a helping hand to the farmer in every way possible. The country is to be well represented at the International Congress of Agriculture, which is to be held at Brussels from the 8th to the 16th of September. The work of the congress will be divided into 12 sections, comprising agricultural education, agricultural science, agricultural associations, including co-operation, legislation and administration, the monetary situation, production of animals, veterinary medicine, vegetable production, economic forestry, pisciculture and agricultural industries,

Socially, there is much to be noted here. In proportion to her population, Denmark is richer than any other country in Europe, with the sole exception of England. Proportionally, the circulation of newspapers is larger than in any other country in Europe. Her peasant class is among the best educated in the world. More than 150,000 of her agricultural laborers own houses and land, and only about 35,000 of them do not own land. In 1892, Denmark imported

tries. Denmark was exporting most of her swine to Germany when that country prohibited the importation of foreign swine. The Danes at once built co-opertive curing establishments, and in these half of the pigs reared in the country are "cured" and exported to England in the shape of bacon. Denmark now supplies about one-fifth of the bacon imported by England, not to mention more than 100,000 pigs, and as an exporter of bacon is second only to the United States. Her yearly export of cattle is about 100,000 head. Last year she sent 160,000,000 eggs to England. When corn fell below a profitable price, the Danish agriculturist promptly changed his whole system, and instead of planting unprofitable crops as they still do in some parts of England, threw much of his energies into dairy farming, and made it pay. There are, comparatively speaking, no poor in Denmark. I mention these facts merely to show that the Danes are industrious, thrifty and energetic, and that they always rise to an emergency, and that the obstacle placed in their way, the more determined they are to overcome it.

Some quaint old customs still abide in this part of Scandinavia. The Yule-sheaf is put by unthreshed at every farm-house, and on Christmas eve it is hung out on a high pole near the farmer's door, for the famishing birds to make their Jul-afton. If the Yule-sheaf were not seen there, the people would believe the farmer would have a bad season; they would think him a hard man, and not like to help him. And how do they manage for the beasts; They, too, get double food for their Christmas.—[T. Bowick, Copenhagen, August 14, in Country Gentleman.

THE BUTTER OUTLOOK.

Just what the future has in store for buttermakers is a question hard to answer. At present the consumptive demand is much less than the supply, and great quantities of butter are being held on the farms and at the factories, or going into cold storage in the cities. As stock get on to short pasture in the fall and go into winter quarters the make will be much less than now, and butter will begin to come out of cold storage as soon as prices advance enough to pay the cost of holding and a good profit besides. But there are more cows in the country than a few years ago, and winter dairying is greatly on the increase in some sections. Both of these conditions put more fresh butter on the market during the fall and winter months, so that there is a less demand and lower prices than formerly for held stock.

A prominent New York butter commission man writes that nearly all the available room in cold storage buildings was either filled or spoken for by the first of July. He also says "the present indications are for a very large make of butter this season, and where it is all going to and at what prices is a debatable question." Certainly the outlook for high prices at any time during the next year or two is not a good one. But we may look for fair if not high prices. Sometime ago we called attention to the fact in these pages of the decreased manufacture and consumption of oleo and butterine, and the place of these products is being filled by genuine butter as it should be. Last winter several states passed new laws or strengthened their old ones restricting or prohibiting the sale of imitation butter products, and every day the oleo makers find their markets growing smaller. This, in itself, is a hopeful sign to buttermakers, and it will probably be some time before good butter overstocks the market.—[The Practical Dairyman.

Fairfield County Chat.

WARREN.

FARM AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs Francis H. Carter of Toledo, O., after giving another entertainment to the satisfaction of a large number present and able to judge of its artistic character, has left town, going on Thursday last.

The young people who spent the week at the seashore had a most delightful week for their outing.

There was another baptising at the south end of Lake Waramaug on Thursday afternoon and it is stated that the tent is to go to Washington for a week.

Mrs Orlando Swift and daughter, Evie, came to town on Tuesday last. Their presence was welcomed and though many months residents of Hartford, it still seemed home to them here.

The farmers have nearly finished gathering their potato crop.

The cold mornings have revealed in low places frost as a forerunner of what is likely soon to be more general and blasting to the vividness and grandeur the forests and fields now display. Travel now is in many places a journey through an extended flower garden.

The ground is very dry and a passing team along the street leaves a cloud of dust behind, as well as being enveloped in the same. One extreme follows another, so in a little while the dust will be laid and formed into mud.

The visitors at Lake Waramaug have begun their exodus and a few weeks will suffice to close the outing season at this famous resort.

MORRIS.

The auction of the personal property of Lucius Monson on Tuesday, the 3d, was a perfect bonanza to the seekers after antiques, and those who attended had an opportunity of seeing and a slight chance of getting some fine specimens of rare furniture as cabinets, chests of drawers, etc., also fine old china, linen and other furnishings, all showing the choicest care which had been taken in their preservation. Mr Monson's mind and bodily health have become so much impaired by advancing years that since the death of his wife, last spring, he has had a home and kindly care in the family of his neighbor, Calvert Randall. We understand the homestead is for sale, which is a snug little place of 20 acres, with good buildings. We hope some first class man seeing this will bestir himself and get this place. We can make room for several such men in town and don't want any others.

be greatly missed in the neighborhood and town. Like Dorcas of old she was full of good works and alms deeds, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or favor, even to a little child.

EAST MORRIS.

The Mountain County Pomona, held at Plymouth, September 4, drew together many patrons from nearly all of the Granges near and the address of welcome at the lecturer's hour in the church, given by Rev Charles Smith, was very happily received and was given by him in a very delightful manner. Our worthy chaplain, Rev Mr Hawley, gave a fine response, which started the hour with success. The fine essays, recitations, and the speech so kindly made by our worthy state overseer all helped to make the day an event to be remembered in the future. The day was a charming one and Morris Grange sent many patrons to enjoy it.

William E. Mulligan, professor of music in New York, and family are at Wakeman cottage; also Mrs Cramp and daughter of Chicago.

The W. C. T. U. are getting in their many reports, before the convention of the state takes place, as it this year comes the first week in October. Our motto being "For God and home and native land" we ought as white ribboners to work for the downtrodden, the drunkard, and for all who need our help.

Mrs S. A. Kell, of Pomona, Cal., had the bad luck to sprain her ankle. "I tried several liniments," she says "but was not cured until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. That remedy cured me and I take pleasure in recommending it and testifying to its efficacy." This medicine is also of great value for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the chest, pleurisy and all deep-seated and muscular pains. For sale by E. F. Hawley, Newtown, and S. C. Bull, Sandy Hook, Conn.