A RAMBLE IN THE PAST

By Dorothy Tanner.

LONDON is crowded with history. I have taken a small bit of territory and dipped lightly into its past, just to show how interest gathers at every turn.

We will start from Whitehall, as it is near Westminster, and we shall feel at home.

Going back to the days when Cardinal Wolsey was enjoying pomp and pride, we may array ourselves in purple and fine linen and join the gay life at Whitehall, then called York Palace. Later, with the Tudors, let us attend banquet and ball. Never was one place the scene of greater festivity for a long period.

The scene shifts, and we see an anxious, excited throng awaiting the execution of Charles I. There in front of the banqueting house is the very spot where the scaffold stood.

Then followed days of sombre quietness in the palace with the Cromwells, only to have festivities doubly renewed with the restoration.

Many were the plans for rebuilding Whitehall, but none were completed except the plan for the banqueting house. This building is the link between past and present. Since the time of George I. it has been used as a chapel and there divine service is held every Sunday.

Passing along the historic street of Whitehall, where we now find the Horse Guards, government offices and other important buildings, we reach Charing Cross, and memory takes a backward look. Edward I. is erecting crosses to the memory of Queen Eleanor. Here stands one, and from it the place derives its name. During the Reformation the cross was destroyed and a statue of Charles I. took its place. Before Tyburn became popular as a place of execution, Charing Cross was the scene of such horrors.

About Charing Cross are many small streets of interest—Hartshorn Lane, where Ben Jonson passed the first few years of his life, and St. Martin's Court, where he was sent to school, are among the number.

As we enter the Strand let us remember that in the York and Lancaster period this was open country, with a few castles along the river bank. In the time of Henry VII. the castles were exchanged for more peaceful mansions, and when Edward VI. ruled, the number of mansions had increased on the south side, while a row of houses made great pretensions on the north. A few years later the Strand becomes a fashionable street where the ladies drive.

As we saunter along the street today, Northumberland avenue attracts our attention, and we recall the old palace which stood here more than two hundred and fifty years.

Continuing eastward, we pass Somerset House, and think of the original palace, where lived in turn the wives of James I., Charles I. and Charles II. If we enter the present building,

A MIGHTY PRETTY CREATURE.

which is used for government purposes, we may find on file in the wills and probate office the wills of Shakespeare, Newton and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

A little farther down the street—in imagination—we dance around the May-pole, perhaps in the company which Samuel Pepys saw when on his way to Westminster May 1, 1667. Remember? He says, "I met many milkmaids with their garlands on their pails dancing with a fiddler before them, and pretty Nellie Gwynne was standing at her lodging door in Drury Court in her smock sleeves and bodice looking at me." He thought her a "mighty pretty creature."

While at Drury Lane, let us remember its past. It takes its name from the family of Druries, and is described by Pope as a "place of residence for poor authors." As for Drury Lane theater we prefer it in Shakespeare's day. Think of it, with such names as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden and Garrick making its past famous.

Returning to the Strand, we hurry by the Royal Courts of Justice as altogether too modern for our purposes, merely recalling Butchers' Row, which was destroyed to give room for them—Butchers' Row, which suggests Kit Kat Club; and where, in 1605, might have been seen the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, with heads close together and fingers on lips.

At Fleet street we speak of Isaac Walton's near home, and Mrs. Salmon's wonderful waxwork exhibition in 1795 at 17 Fleet street—"it was a most convenient place for the coaches of quality to stand unmolested."

Passing the end of Chancery Lane—a street devoted to lawyers, law and lawful things—we are at St. Dunstans-in-the-West. As we look at it we remember the old church which stood in the same place, had the same name and possessed a great fascination in the two life-sized figures of savages that softly tapped the quarter hours with clubs. The clock and figures are now preserved in Regents Park.

Fetter Lane. At the corner stood Peele's Coffee House. At number 17 lived John Dryden—a tablet recalls him, "Born 1631, died 1700, Glorious John." We will leave Fleet Market, now Farrington Market, and pass on to Memorial Hall. Here, for eight centuries, stood Fleet street prison, which proved the next step to the Star Chamber, and the third step was the block, or stake.

Fleet street is an especially enlivening memory to us, as Dr. Samuel Johnson lived in and loved it. The most beautiful park about London could not equal it in his estimation; he knew every building the entire length of it—particularly the taverns and coffee houses.

Along Ludgate Hill, a short distance, is Old Bailey, through which we will wander. We see the black Newgate prison—the scene of untold wretchedness for so many years. Coming out at Newgate we are near what was Snow Hill. On the hill, you remember, was the coach-house where Squeers took up his abode when arranging for new pupils. Not far from here, past Holborn Circus, were Field Lane and Saffron Hill, where Bog told us to look for the pickpockets.

Hasten our steps along Holborn. A little to the north is Grays Inn. Here in the time of Edward IV. young gentlemen were taught all the learning required at court—including singing, dancing and music. Later it had clustered about it much of legal interest, and many illustrious men have been its members. Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was performed in the hall, and here Raleigh came frequently to enjoy friendly converse with Bacon.

Let us hurry through the once fashionable quarters of Great Queen street and Long Acre. You see a few good old mansions still, but must not stop—you are on your way to Coventry. Leigh Hunt tells us that in his day Coventry did not bear a good name—savoring too much of the gaming-table.

Here we are in Haymarket. Not in the hay-selling days from whence the name is derived, but nowadays when it forms a busy thoroughfare to Pall Mall. In the garret of a little shop in this street Addison wrote his "Campaign."

Pall Mall is so named because of a game Charles I. and his courtiers played before stone, brick and mortar caught sight of the place. It was then a charming walk to the park, with trees on both sides. Now it bristles with clubs.

Many long years ago, when fashion rejoiced in a huge ruff at the neck, there lived near here a man who catered to fashion by keeping for sale these ruffs which were called peckadils, or peccadillas. Articles of such importance were much talked about, and in due time the street was noted as the place to obtain them—hence the name Piccadilly.

Today the shops are enticing, but the street has also an historical interest. Charles II. had a hunting-ground here, and at number 149 Lord Byron once lived.

St. James churchyard has a memory—better known as Benjamin Stillingfleet, a man of letters, a great friend of Mrs. Montague and her coterie. This worthy friend always wore blue worsted stockings, and from them we obtain the term "blue stocking."

In Bond street our acquaintance, Lawrence Stern, wrote "Tristram Shandy." The neighborhood reminds us of Mrs. Inchbald, the author of the "Simple Story." We examine the street doors to see if we can detect the ones at which she "rapped and ran away" when she, Mrs. Whitfield and Mrs. Whitfield's son William walked out one Sunday evening in June.

Before entering Hyde Park let us saunter along Park Lane. It is gay with fashionably dressed people. As we approach the upper end we remember that this was formerly Tyburn Lane, and there at the northern end was the "Tyburn Tree," around which are clustered so many sad memories, where men, good, bad and indifferent, were hustled out of this life to the interest of a cruel, jostling, vulgar crowd. We should like to rest in Hyde Park and enjoy a little gayety with the occupants, perhaps pass beyond into the quiet of Kensington Gardens. But we may stay for only one canter over Rotten Row, and must go at once to Buckingham Palace.

There is said to be but one palace uglier in the world, and that is St. James. Here James I. enjoyed his Mulberry Garden, and, later, Dryden ate 'Mulberry' tarts. The palace has changed its name several times—each time for the better. We find Dr. Johnson frequenting it for the sake of the valuable books in the library. It is said King George III. gave commands that he should be informed when Johnson visited the palace, as he wished to surprise him. The commands were obeyed, and one day as Johnson sat reading some one announced "The King is present." Dr. Johnson was not at all embarrassed, and condescended to recommend the King's pleasant manner when he left.

Leaving the palace, a street bordered with a long row of elms looks cool and inviting; we enter without hesitation; 'tis Bird Cage Walk, and takes us to St. James Park. It is high noon; the palace can be seen through the grand old trees; we are within a short distance of our starting place, and you may find your way home alone.

Germany and Railway Accidents.

A recent epidemic of railway accidents throughout Germany has created much alarm. Complaints are made that the authorities have either omitted to maintain the efficiency of the rolling stock or have not employed sufficient labor to cope with the ever-increasing traffic. These charges are officially denied. The Imperial Gazette published recently the following statistics of the accidents on the German railway system, Bavaria excluded, during the one month of July: Trains that left the lines at stations, 25; between stations, 10; collisions at stations, 17; between stations, 1; other accidents, 173; total, 226. The length of the railway system is about 22,300 miles, and the number of miles traversed during the month was about 14,366,220, making an average of one accident for every 110 miles of railway system and one for every 83,000 miles traversed. These accidents caused, in all, 60 deaths, and injuries to 154 people.

A man in Morgantown, W. Va., has engaged a lawyer to secure damages for the loss of passage money paid by Jonah when thrown overboard and cared for by the whale. He traces his ancestry to Jonah, and hopes to secure principal and interest.—New York Tribune.

IS A BIG ATTRACTION.

GIANT MAGNETS THAT LIFT TONS OF STEEL.

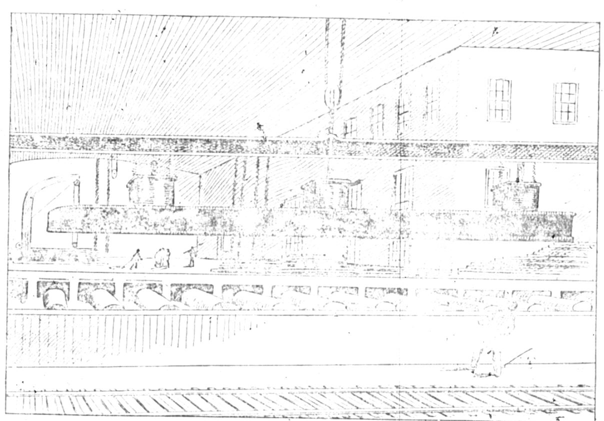
They Are Operated with Surprising Efficiency—Another Important Application of Electricity—Study of the Great Work.

THINK of a magnet that will lift five tons of red hot steel. Not only that, but a magnet that will pick up half a dozen huge steel plates and drop them, one at a time, with as great regularity as the farmer sows his corn. This is not what might be, but what actually is, and any one who cares to visit the plate mill of the Illinois steel company at Chicago can see this electric marvel performed hour by hour.

The magnets seem almost endowed with human intelligence, so cleverly, so quickly, so quietly do they conduct themselves. No machinery could be more regular, and certainly none more satisfactory. One almost thinks to himself that the very attraction of gravitation itself is hardly more wonderful than the lightness and swiftness with which these great pieces of magnetized steel pick up the steel plates that would require a derrick to hoist under any other circumstances. They pick them up as easily as you would take a penny from the table and place them in the desired spot just as easily as you would place that penny in your pocket.

The magnets in use at the plate mills are of the double pole type. The first one was designed for loading 4x4 inch billets from a pile in the stock yards upon cars for shipment. It was found, however, upon putting the magnet into use, that it did not operate on account of the billets being so thoroughly entangled in the pile. The magnets were then attached to a crane in the plate mill and used for handling plates as stated. As a matter of fact several other large concerns have followed the example of the steel company and with very satisfactory results.

Magnets for this work in connection with an electric traveling crane are specially well adapted for handling plates, as the connections to the magnets are placed on the bridge of the crane in the same manner as the connections for operating motors. After the magnet is placed on the plates to be lifted the electric connection is made by means of an ordinary switch placed



A GIANT ELECTRIC MAGNET.

in a convenient position in the operator's cage. The magnets are so designed that they are practically water proof and can be used for handling plates and other materials out of doors. The double pole magnets in use by the steel company can, as stated, handle with safety, five tons of metal, and for this only require about four amperes with a 240 volt current.

One of the greatest difficulties that confronted the steel company when it first began to operate these magnets was the task of handling the plates one at a time. Of course, it was not desirable to pick up half a dozen plates with the magnet and throw them down in a heap somewhere. The system of handling plates required that one plate at a time be taken care of. There was no principle or precedent to go by in bringing about the desired result, and so it was left to a keen witted electrician to solve the problem, and he made a study of the matter.

It was not long after the introduction of electricity for this purpose before this operator became very expert in managing the switch. It came to him one day just what ought to be done to bring the magnet up to the one plate standard. So, after the magnet had been lowered on to the pile of plates, and several plates taken up, the operator pulled the switch out, thereby breaking the current for an instant. He found that by this operation one or two plates could be dropped off at each breaking of the current, the plates next to the magnet retaining sufficient magnetism to hold them to the steel of the magnet itself until the current was again switched on. This operation was repeated until only one plate remained attached to the magnet, and it was then an easy matter to deposit it in the desired location.

The concentric pole magnet, as one of these in use is termed, was especially designed for handling the hot plates and ingots of steel. In fact, there has been no difficulty whatever in handling a 6,000 or 8,000 pound ingot at a low red heat. This latter feature seems one of the most wonderful to those who visit the mill and see this marvelous accomplishment of electricity. We have all been taught that magnets attracted cold steel, but it is certainly a novelty to see one of these magnets lifting the red hot metal just as easily as it would that bar, which, if you placed your tongue on it on a frosty morning, would stick closer than a brother thereto.

As a labor saving apparatus, the huge magnets are beyond compare. They work swiftly and silently, and save an immense amount of time. In fact, the limit of their speed of action has never yet been discovered, because it has never been considered wise to test them to their fullest capacity, the ordinary every day rate of speed being considered sufficient to fulfill all requirements. Previous to the introduction of the magnet, the work which it accomplished required a far greater expenditure of time, both of men and machinery, and on no occasion was the work done so efficiently.

The effective use of electric magnets in this manner has been limited. But where the iron or steel is to be handled in such shape that it is possible to get a good contact, there is no doubt whatever that it is the most economical and rapid method of handling. A great many concerns have been afraid to put magnets into use on account of the apparent danger of dropping the material and thus endangering the men who might be at work. In years of experience the company supplying the magnets does not know of a single case where any one has been injured by the material dropping, and it firmly believes that it is the safest way possible of handling certain classes of iron and steel products. The magnets are so designed that it is impossible for the men who are placing them to receive a shock.

Electricians who have studied this matter say that this is the beginning of a new era in the appliance of electricity to mechanical purposes. Inventive genius is making it more and more possible every day to utilize this powerful factor, and at the same time place it beyond the power of persons who are working about it to receive even the slightest injury. When this fact has been thoroughly demonstrated it is believed that electricity will find fields of usefulness in directions that are seemingly barred to it at present.

HUMBUG IN THEOSOPHY.

Mme. Blavatsky Was Laughing in Her Sleeve.

It would seem natural that theosophy should come to us in the wake of spiritualism and that both should seek in the occultism of the far east the stimulus of mystery necessary to the propagation of the one and the rehabilitation of the other, says Self-Culture. But here we must be careful not to wrong the new gospel, for theosophists, we believe, are now anxious to disavow connection with spiritualism, though "to explore the hidden mysteries of nature and the latent powers of man" is one of the prominent aims of the brotherhood. The sibyl of the society we know, at any rate, dabbled largely in necromancy and spiritism and in her work, "Isis Unveiled," much space is given to divinations and to the laudation of the occult science of India and Egypt. Moreover, when Mme. Blavatsky accompanied Col. Olcottt to India, her sojourn there was marked by such an exercise of so-called supernatural powers as to lead the Psychical Research society of England to send out some of its trusted members to investigate the phenomena, an action fatal to the pretensions of the founder of theosophy. Moncure Conway has since also told us how the high priestess of the new religion was laughing in her sleeve while she was sending reports of these alleged miraculous occurrences to her devotees in England. It is disingenuous, therefore, in the adherents of theosophy to disclaim kinship with spiritualism. Is it not claimed for Mme. Blavatsky that she spent thirty years of her life in the study of the occult sciences and that in propagating her gospel she was the chosen medium of a mysterious brotherhood of adepts, called Mahatmas, who, in Thibet, had reached an incredible age through the practice of magical arts?

Umbrellas in England.

In England of course the umbrella is much more in necessary evidence than with us, and a part of house-furnishing absolutely and constantly required. Yet, it always strikes the American mind as odd to see how many umbrellas are given as wedding presents. Every British bride has any number among her gifts.—New York Post.

The farther a man can look into the future the fewer creditors he sees.

BUTTONS MADE OF MILK.

A Factory in Holland Engaged in Their Manufacture.

For a long time buttons and other articles for which bone is generally used have been made from congealed blood, purchased at the slaughter houses, and treated with some substance that hardens it to the sufficient consistency, says the Philadelphia Times. The same articles can be made from milk by a process invented by an Englishman. The milk used is skimmilk. The process of turning this liquid into butttons, pool balls, combs, backs of hair brushes and similar articles consists of mixing it with a substance, the ingredients of which are a secret of the inventor, and compressing it. At the end of three days the substance is as solid as celluloid and is ready to be cut and shaped in any way the manufacturer wishes. At present a factory in Holland is engaged in fashioning the hardened milk into various articles, buttons being the chief. The buttons made in this peculiar way differ very little in appearance from ordinary bone buttons. They are a creamy white in appearance, but can be colored black or red or any other color by simply mixing the coloring matter with the milk before the hardening process begins. They are said to possess advantages over the bone and celluloid article in being less brittle and less liable to chip. For combs the milk substance has been found to be especially well adapted, as it is smooth and delicate to the touch, and derives from its creamy origin a glossy surface. In the same way it is a good substitute for ivory in billiard and pool balls.

EUROPEAN HOUSEKEEPING.

A Thrift and Economy Absolutely Unknown to Us.

To an American, accustomed to the loose methods and wasteful habits of her country and people, there are few things more interesting and genuinely amazing than the thrift, the economies, the ways of European households, says Lippincott's. Mrs. C., we will say, has taken a furnished house in London. She considers herself a good manager at home. She is determined not to be cheated abroad. She gets up in the morning and, finding the day chilly, she decides to order coal and kindling. She gives an order accordingly that makes her coal merchant lout low and smile with brown-sugared sweetness, while her cook stares, and, if she be an honest woman, cries out: "All that, mem? Where ever shall we put 'em? What ever shall we do with 'em?" She fears that she has made a mistake, having plenty of American cleverness and adaptability. She rescinds half the order. The tradesman's face is a study now. His expression changes wonderfully, and so does his manner. The barometer has stood at "servile" and "obsequious." It drops to "civil disgust" toward her, while he flings a look of hatred at cook as he leaves the room, which interpreted means: "You fool! You miserable marplot! What do you get by being so idiotic as to have a conscience? Why didn't you let her give a big order and steal nobly and get your commission?" But Mrs. C. does not understand it at all.

BITS OF HUMOR.

Edwina—"Don't you think short skirts make a woman look shorter?" Ethel—"Yes; but they make the men look longer."—Typographical Journal.

"Is the boss in?" he asked of the bookkeeper. "Which one do you wish to see?" replied the bookkeeper, "the office boy or the typewriter?"—Life.

She—"Our minister does not jump at conclusions." He—"I should say not. I never knew him to reach a conclusion in less than an hour."—Brooklyn Life.

Bondley—"How did Wall street get its name? There is no wall there." Stockstand—"Yes, there is. I went to it about a month after I began to speculate."—Up-to-Date.

She felt his breath upon her cheek. "Sir!" she protested, "you are going too far!" That was what his breath would indicate; but according to the cyclometer their tandem had covered but a paltry 481 miles since they started.—Detroit Journal.

"Say, Jimmy, you must excoose me. Tillie Jukes said you was whistling at de alley door las' evenin', but I didn't hear nothin'." "What wuz de matter wid yer lis'ners?" "Say, don't you notice I'm wearin' me hair in de Cleo style?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

X, who has not a reputation for scrupulous cleanliness, arrived the other day at the chateau of ——, and some jokers had the curiosity to examine his valise, where they observed the absence of hair brush or tooth brush. "How is that," said a guest to him, "you have not brought a toothbrush." "Oh, no," answered X. "But then I expected to stay only four days."—Le Figaro.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

While the Dance Goes On—Frost and Skates Harmonize With Bad Actors—Points on Liveried Repartee—Floating Paragraphs.

While the Dance Goes On.

FROM the light-circled hall, through the dazzling throng,
Hand in hand we had noiselessly gone;
And hushed were the echoes of dance and of song,
As we stood on the terrace alone.

No sound, save the splash of the fountain, was heard,
Which murmur'd its lullaby there
To the leaves of the jessamine, languidly stirr'd
By the kiss of the love-laden air.

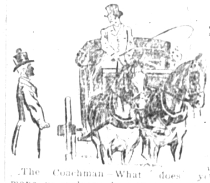
The moonbeams fell with a light caress,
And played, with a tender grace,
On the quivering sheen of her snowy dress
And the calm of her exquisite face.

In silence I watched, as the waters fell
With a musical murmuring sound;
Not daring, not dreaming to loosen the spell,
Or profane the enchanted ground.

She stood like a creature of heavenly birth,
With a mission of love to fulfill—
A spirit removed from the sorrows of earth,
And above all mortal ill.

As I gazed on her, faintly she whispered my name
And said low, while my breath came thick:
"I have eaten too much of fowl a la creme,
And I think, I am going to be sick."
—Judge.

Liveried Repartee.



The Coachman—What does yez mane, ye spalpeen, by tellin' th' butler me Biddy was "hot stuff?"

The Footman—Faith, yer Biddy's the cook, now aint she?

Not the Right Man.

"We ought to get Brown on the stump," said the campaign manager.

"Wouldn't do at all," returned the chairman of the finance committee.

"I guess you never heard him speak," asserted the manager.

"I've heard him dozens of times," replied the chairman.

"Then you must admit that he is a good orator."

"I never heard a finer, but you mustn't forget that we have put up a 'machine' candidate in a municipal campaign on a platform involving national issues."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Well, Brown is a fine orator, but a poor liar, and you know what kind of a campaign this will have to be."

On second thought they engaged a man whose conscience was on a par with his oratory, which was poor.—Chicago Post.

But That Was Cycles Ago.

"I have been thinking," observed Brutus, as he slowly kept time by kicking his sandal heel against the dry goods box on which he was sitting, "what an elegant bicycle path that Appian Way would make."

"But you seem to forget," sneeringly replied Cassius, "that bicycles haven't been invented yet."

That was too true. Brutus was in advance of his time, and drawing his toga about him, the noblest Roman of them all relapsed into his customary pessimistic brooding on Caesar's ambition.—Truth.

Summer Pessimism.

"There is no such thing on earth as retributive justice."

"Why do you say so?"

"The person who leaves flypaper on a chair is never the one who sits down on it."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was On to Her.

Wife—"Why, Reginald, these trousers have no pockets in them!"

Husband—"I know. I expect to save enough by not having them to pay for the whole suit."—Judge.

Not That Kind.

"Say, Bill, didn't you say that matches were made in heaven?"

"Why yes."

"Well, yer can't fool me on the smell of this one."—Life.

Harmonizing.

Hamlet—This is an awful frost, what shall we do?

Omelet—Go and get a skate on, of course.

More Deceit.

Mrs. Gaddington—"I don't like her at all, dear. She is a deceitful woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you."

Mrs. Bubbington—"She did? How?"

Mrs. Gaddington—"Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you!"—Puck.

Well Bred Stock.

If there be any one proposition in relation to which well-informed opinion is at one, it is that well bred stock will afford a profit when no other kind will, and that when prices are so good that the growing of almost any kind is remunerative, well bred animals are so much more profitable as to make it very unwise to grow any other kind, says Northwestern Farmer. This fact is well recognized in the swine industry and very few animals go to market now from the swine belt that do not have a god proportion of good blood which gives them form and early maturing quality. In the cattle business, however, the principle, although almost unanimously admitted, is not so unanimously observed. A great many cattle are produced from matings that should never have been made, and especially is it true that sires are used that should have been shipped to the fat steer market. This is very unwise. It is a waste of feed, of care, of the use of land, and of the labor that must be expended in the growing of cattle of any kind. With well bred cattle, calves intended for beef can be liberally fed from birth, whether they be steers or heifer calves, and they should never know the stunting that is occasioned by roughing it through on insufficient feed and with insufficient care. Such cattle attain a marketable age early and when they reach it will have both the size and finish to insure the best prices that are going. If, however, they are stunted at any time, no future care can fully regain for them what they have lost. In this respect, however, they are no different from scrubs, for a stunted scrub cannot regain its best estate either. With steers of little or no breeding, a good deal longer maintenance is required, for they will not fatten until they have matured; and they do not mature until they have attained considerable age. There was good reason in the old days why steers were kept until four or five years of age; they did not mature until then, and until they did mature no smoothness or finish could be given, and at an earlier age they would go forward coarse and rawboned, and only command the inferior prices which stuff of that kind brought. The market now demands younger cattle, but the younger cattle that it wants is of the kind that matures when young. The demand does not mean scrubs crowded and shipped at an early age. With cattle in which the breeding has received attention and which has been liberally fed from calfhood, the weights of 1,400 or 1,500 can be made at an early age and the style and finish will sell the animal for a good price, as compared with the top of the market, but scrub cattle can be neither fattened nor finished early, and hence they cannot be turned quick, and must be maintained if they are to receive any fattening and finish worth speaking of for nearly twice as long as well-bred animals.

Habits of the House Fly.

That we may know the least about what we commonly see is well illustrated in the life history of the house fly. They are always with us, but we know very little of their comings in and goings out. The University of Minnesota has recently issued a paper on the subject—not telling us all we would like to know, but still adding considerably to the little we have. It is not certain that it is a real native of America, or whether it came as a stow-away in some early vessel from the old world. They were very active in Minnesota during the month of August. Between 6 p. m. and 8 a. m. next day one fly had laid 120 eggs. This was August 12; on August 14 the eggs were hatched, and minute fly maggots were crawling about. The eggs usually hatch in about twenty-four hours after being laid. The fly usually deposits its eggs in manure. The maggots moult twice. The larva is full grown in six days, when it becomes a pupa, and, in five or six days, emerges from its case a full grown fly. Each female fly is capable of laying 1,000 eggs in a season; a few of the stronger live through the winter as flies, and start the brood next season. Many die in the fall from parasite fungus, and may be seen fast to the window glass.—Meehan's Monthly.

Animals in Japan.

Holstein-Friesian breeders who have sold cattle for export to Japan will be interested to learn that Japan is a land without the domestic animals, says the Holstein-Friesian Register. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows; the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but a few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigners. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting except by foreigners. There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular, bears of an enormous size.

Small Flocks.—No matter how many fowls are kept they should not be in flocks of more than ten or twelve, and about forty is a very convenient number for one to take good care of. The health of the fowls and the profits of the owner depend on the dryness and cleanliness of the premises as well as on the quality and quantity of the food given to the fowls. The cleanliness does not apply simply to the droppings under the roosts, but to the sides of the rooms, which should be white-washed; to the glass of the windows, which should be bright and clean to admit the sun, and the floors, which should be raked over often and kept free from feathers and other foul matter which may accumulate if left.—Ex.

Indexes of Good Farming.—We judge of a farmer by his farm, and of a farm by what we see in passing it, says a contemporary. If all is neat and tidy, fences and outbuildings, as well as dwelling house in good repair, if tools, wagons and machinery are housed and painted, and animals sleek and contented, we are satisfied that the owner is a good farmer and is prosperous.—Ex.

It takes more than beauty to run a kitchen.