RAISING SHEEP IN NEW ENGLAND.

So Reason Why There Should Not Be as Large Flocks Kept Now as Ever.

In 1867 the total number of sheep in the United States, according to the official reports of the department of agriculture, was 44,780,000; the number in New England was 1,230,000, or a little less than one fourth of the whole number. Maine led off with 326,000, Vermont was second with 279,000, New Hampshire third, with 192,000, Massachusetts fourth, 63,000, Connecticut, 39,000, 32,000, and Rhode Island sixth, 20,000.

Vermont was first in the list till 1877, when Maine surpassed it, and has maintained the supremacy ever since. In 1880 the census returns accredited Vermont with 1,036,000. In 1887, the number, according to the department of agriculture, was only 378,000. The total in New England in 1890 was 3,659,000; in 1887, 1,237,000. During the decade there was a gradual increase till 1881, when the number was 1,370,000. Since then it has been gradually diminishing.

The production of wool in 1840 was 8,141,000 pounds; in 1880, 6,052,000 pounds. Every state shows a great falling off in these forty years except Maine, which has steadily increased. Massachusetts fell from 942,000 pounds to 289,000, and Connecticut from 800,000 to 230,000.

The casual reader may infer from such statistics that New England agriculture is declining, that the farmers as a class are less prosperous and have fewer of the necessities, convenience or luxuries which make life desirable now than did the farmers of a previous generation. Nothing could be further from the truth, as is proven by comparing the home of the average farmer of today with the homes of those of earlier years.

Yet New England agriculture has not made the advance it should have made and which it has facilities for making. With all the increase in the production of fruits, garden vegetables and milk, there is still room for keeping up the product of wool to the highest point ever reached, and this without interfering materially with the production of most other crops. It is an old maxim, the more animals the more manure, and the more manure the more crops. We need animals to consume the coarser vegetation of the farm and convert it into money products, and fertilizers for growing other crops and maintaining the productive power of the soil. No state in New England need keep fewer sheep now than were ever kept, and there is no state which would not be richer for the large flocks of years ago.—New England Farmer.

An Eye to Business.

A merchant is one of our western towns is a prominent member of a church there, and in the absence of the pastor sometimes fills the pulpit. After returning from New York, where he had been selecting a stock of goods, he found that the minister had been suddenly called away. Here was his chance. Rushing into the pulpit after the congregation had assembled, and throwing his hat behind him, as he only could do it, he exclaimed, panting for breath:

"Brethren, you must excuse me for being late, but I have just returned from New York, where I have purchased one of the handsomest and best assorted stock of dry goods ever exhibited in this city, and which will be duly advertised in the daily papers. Let us pray!"—Hartford Times.

Self Identifying Offspring.

There is a negro woman living out in the country near Waynesboro who has great bless so to the naming of children. Instead of bestowing upon them the Biblical names so popular with the Afro-American citizen, she has developed a connoisseur from their physical peculiarities. For instance, one has very thick lips, and his name is Lip; another has very big feet, and he is called Foots; another is blessed with a pair of very bowed legs, and he is known as Crooks. She gives as a reason that she could not remember the ordinary names, but as they are, she has only to look at them and she knows what to call them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Greeting the New Moon in Fiji.

In Cobi, the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, the natives have a very curious method of greeting the new moon. On seeing the thin crescent rising above the hills they salute it with a prolonged "Ah!" at the same time quickly popping on their open mouths with their left hands, thus producing a rapid vibratory sound. An old chief when asked regarding the meaning and origin of this curious custom said: "We always look and hunt for the moon in the day, and when it comes we do as you see to show our pleasure at finding it again. We don't know the meaning of what we do, our fathers always did so."—St. Louis Republic.

Odors of Fungi.

Fungi are characterized by the most surprising varieties of odors. Some are provided by nature with such horrible smell as making the hearers ready to faint on approach. The offensive smell of one known as the "stinkhorn" has given rise to a superstition in parts of France where it grows that it is capable of producing cancer, so that the minds traits of the locality denote call it the "cancer," and when they find a specimen never it carefully over for some one should chance to touch it and be seized with that horrible disease.

Another species smell strong of onion, a third of apricot, a fourth of tallow, a fifth of putrid meat and a sixth of stalepetine. Wholesome mushrooms usually have an agreeable perfume, and the safest rule to follow in gathering them for the table is to nibble the stem of each one picked. If the taste is not pleasant throw the thing away.—Washington Star.

CURIOUS IN CHANGE OF CLOTHING.

Observations of a Physician Who Has Studied the Climate and Habits.

In so varying a climate as this many changes spring from changes of attire at different seasons and under varying conditions of heat and cold. In the summer and in the early autumn the danger is not very great, but in the first part of winter and in the first part of spring it is at its highest.

"In the beginning of winter the light summer clothing is worn, unremarkably, too long," says a well known physician. "Then comes a sudden fall of temperature, and the body, only half protected, is robbed, as by a violent shock, of its heat. Its minute vessels are thrown paralyzed, reaction, fever and congestion of the lungs ensued, and the commencement of a cough which lasts through the winter, is of an asthma in those who are disposed to asthma, or of consumption in those who are tainted with that malady, or of cough in the child is the result. During the winter it is the practice to adapt the dress to the weather, and to be always rather well provided with extra warm clothes than the contrary, so that in this, the most inclement period, the risk is less than it is at the periods when the warm and cold seasons are on the turn.

"With advance of spring the dangers increase. A few bright days in March make winter clothing feel heavy and uncomfortable. The warm under flannel is left off or is replaced by a cotton garment, and the overcoat or woolen shawl or wrap is thrown aside. Suddenly there comes a rapid fall in the temperature and a biting east wind. The penalty is the infliction of recurrent disease in those who have been recovering from winter illness, and the prostration of many who throughout the winter have held on free of all disease other than that sense of a deficient vital power which the long trust of winter cold inflicts even on the most robust.

"The error in dress during the summer is chiefly that of wearing dark clothes. The impression that is felt in tropical weather from carrying black garments, which so readily absorb the heat, is most severe. Women who find themselves obliged to wear heavy crape mourning in order to indicate late bereavement are subjected during the summer heat to serious headache and severe exhaustion.

"The same errors are often made in different seasons of the year in respect to bed clothes as in respect to ordinary everyday clothes, and with the same results. Weight of bed clothes is constantly mistaken for warmth, and the chest is loaded with layers of heavy material when a coverlet of one-fourth the weight would insure double the warmth and leave the respiration unembarrassed."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

Napoleon as a Scientist.

The zest in the class of mechanics of the Institute made vacant by the flight of Carnot was filled in 1797 by the election of a young artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, just returned from his Italian campaign covered with glory. The first consul paid much favorable attention to the Institute, and it sometimes to this day very much as it left his hands in the new constitution which he gave it in 1806.

He exhibited his admiration for the pure sciences and his dislike to the speculative sciences, philosophy and ethics by the expansion of the convention's first class and the entire suppression of the second class, thus creating four classes. Between physicists of mathematiques, in league at its bitterest frontiers, histoire et literature ancienne, and beaux arts. It was Louis XVIII who, in 1816, restored the old names of the academies to the four classes of Napoleon.—W. C. Colnall, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

Statesmen with Their Hats On.

The American who goes to parliament house is surprised to see the commons and lords sitting with their hats on. The hat worn is invariably the "chimney" or "tall" hat. An English M. P. in anything but a high hat would create a great sensation. Our English friends have some very queer customs handed down to them through the ages. For instance, when a member comes into parliament he carries his hat in his hand, but on sitting down he puts it upon his head. If a member wishes to speak he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand; if he wants to make a long speech he puts his hat on the bench, though he does not remove it till he has been recognized by the speaker. But if he wishes simply to make a motion or ask a question he keeps his hat on his head.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

A Cumulative Proxies Story.

A farmer finds some honey in the shape of a rock, fills a jar with it, and takes it to a grocer. With it is being weighed a drop falls to the ground and is swallowed up by the grocer's wound. Thereupon the huntsman's dog rushes upon the wound and kills it. The grocer throws a stone at the dog and kills him. The huntsman draws his sword and cuts off the grocer's arm, which falls he is shot down by the infuriated arch of the bazar.

The governor of the town, informed of the fact, sent messengers to arrest the murderer. When the guard arrived, troops were dispatched to the scene of the conflict, whereupon the homeopath subject themselves up in the risk, which lasted three days and three nights, with the result that 73,000 (?) men were slain. All the through a drop of honey.—Notes and Queries.

The number three runs all through the story of the Bible. There are three theological virtues—faith, hope and charity. The triangle is of the utmost importance in mathematics. In every epitaphs there are three parts. That three is a lucky number is a common saying. Franklin says that three persons are as bad as a fire. In our great national game the rule is "three strikes and out."—Chicago Herald.

Lovers' Suicides.

As a matter of fact, lovers not long since a student and lover committed suicide in the most approved dramatic manner, leaving a note behind saying he would rather die than go away, and adding, "Myrt, you are the cause of my death." In New York city a young man and woman had the bad taste to kill themselves at a popular hotel by inhaling gas. They left a note saying not much of anything else than "We love each other." They desired to be buried in one grave. This request was granted, the undertaker himself bearing the expenses of the interment. This was so remarkable a case of true love that he thought he could afford to do it.

Now, for be it from us to make light of lovers' sorrows. In all extremes, there is probably no human suffering quite so fortunate as a disappointment in love, and none that leaves so deep a scar. But for the kind of lovers who become desperate enough to kill themselves there is one sure cure even then suicide, and that is—matrimony. The young man in the first instance killed himself because he could not get "Myrt." If he had got her, calmness would have settled down into so even a run that he would have always felt ashamed of himself whenever he thought of his temporary insanity. Marriage is a happy estate, divinely ordained, but it becomes most fitfully pleasant to the desperate lover who expects his desperation to last.

In the case of the young couple at the hotel, there was no reason why they should not have committed matrimony instead of suicide. They were poor, but two who were at the desperate stage of love in which they found themselves ought not to have minded a little thing like that. Everybody in America who is willing to work can get a good living after a little waiting and trouble.

Suppose the youth and maiden had decided to be thus sensible and considerate? We know one of a young man, a college student, who had to be set up all night with because his classmates feared he would shoot himself. He had quarrelled with his best girl. Well, they kept him from getting out of the world, and he married his best girl. He became a lawyer, and in time the hot-headed, most grasping, practical person that the profession and practice of law could have made of a saint. The willowy blonde girl became stout and unsympathetic, and is fond of fried onions. If there is anything either could not understand it would be a case of desperate love. They are cured. So if you are at the point of suicide for love, don't do it. Wait.

What Different Races Die Of.

Negroes are carried off rapidly by pneumonia. On the other hand they are exempt from yellow fever, which is so fatal to white people, and they suffer from malaria much less than the white races. A doctor who has occupied a post where patients of all nations were brought to him for treatment mentions some curious facts about the natives of east Africa. They are Mohammedans, therefore fatalists. If a slight ailment attacks them they do not offer to be cured, and frequently die where a white man would not even take to his bed. They reason that if it is the will of Allah to take them out of the world, well and good—out of the world they go, medicine or no medicine. On the contrary, if Allah wills that they are to recover, what is the use of medicine? They will get well anyhow. The strange part of it is that here is one race of mankind who do not cling to life in the least. They believe directly in the Mohammedan paradise. Their lot in life is a hard one, and in case they die they will be transported to happy fields and an existence of eternal bliss. So death has no terrors for them, and life here no particular attraction. Those ignorant negroes might well teach a lesson to many civilized white Christians in their implicit faith in what they profess.

Talk about fatalism and will power in the matter of life or death is strikingly exemplified again in the case of the Maoris. A Maori gets the impression that he is to die. An omen or something that happens fixes this impression in his mind. He calmly resigns himself, even telling his family that he has so many days more to live. Then he will get ready, and "die up to time" exactly.

A deficient water supply is one thing that has kept Mexico behind the United States in progress and prosperity. Only for deficient water supply Australia would be ahead of the United States in population and power, and would probably be an independent government. It is the deficient water supply that keeps some of our most fertile lands from being settled and some of our richest mines from being developed. Supplying this gigantic lack will be the most great work of science and civilization. Many things apparently as difficult as irrigating all these arid lands have already been accomplished by mechanical science, and undoubtedly it will be equal to this undertaking too. The millennium shall come.

In former ages, when men were more at the mercy of the elements than they now are, the great masses of population were found in warm countries. They created in the lands where they lived little shelter and little clothing, while the cold northern countries were thinly populated.

Annual Revenue.

King Joseph, in one of his letters, tells his imperial brother of France that the people of Naples have begun to love their new sovereign and that they hate the old queen. To this Napoleon replies in crushing advising his brother not to believe any of the sentiments called by courtiers as reports popular than or dislikes for particular individuals. They are usually mere passing expressions of feeling upon which it is quite unsafe to depend. "What," he adds, "one nation really hates is another nation." We fear that there is a profound truth in this saying. National hatreds are never eliminated, though they are sometimes temporarily concealed by the personal popularity which a popular man or woman may gain in a foreign country.—Saturday Review.

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The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained as a family medicine is simply wonderful. It is recognized everywhere as the leading preparation for this season, and no other article is in current demand. Begin to use the one which does accomplish results. Any druggist will recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla but insist on having what you call for. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself the most popular spring medicine, because it does all that is claimed for it. It eradicates those poisonous germs or humors in the blood which are generated by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, and which, if not expelled, cause much suffering during the season of change from winter to spring. Nothing else can be so universally taken by young and old, rich and poor, with such good results. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds who have been all run down, who have had no appetite, who have felt that they must have something to take hold of and help them through the season. It is the best blood purifier and strengthener for all people at this season.

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