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Wampum.

When Columbus discovered America he found the Indians carrying on trade from tribe to tribe with wampum. Anything that has value may be used as money. In ancient Syracuse and Britain tin was used as money, and we find that iron was so used at one time in Sparta, pieces of silk in China, cattle in Rome and Germany, leather among the Carthaginians, nails in Scotland, lead in Burmah, platinum in Russia, cubes of pressed tea in Tartary, slaves among the Anglo-Saxons, salt in Abyssinia, etc.

Wampum is from an Algonquin word meaning "white." The Indians have ever been fond of ornaments, particularly of beads. The used to make heads of seashells in the following way: A fragment of stone was with much care "worked down" to the size of a small nail, having one end quite pointed, and it was then fastened to a piece of cane or a reed. With this simple tool the Indian workman chipped off a bit of the inside of a conch shell, or a part of the shell of a hard clam, and rubbed it down to the size desired; this bit of shell he held in his hand, placed the sharp end of the stone against it, and turned the stone around and around until a hole was drilled entirely through the shell.

The shell beads thus tediously manufactured were called "wampum." These beads were either white or of a purple color—the last being valued much higher than the first. It was the very laborious way of making wampum that gave it value. The wampum was artistically strung upon hempen threads and used as necklaces, bracelets and rings; often it was woven into "belts" about three inches in width and two feet in length.

The wampum belt served many purposes; it was sent from tribe to tribe with solemn promises and messages, it was used in making peace, in asking for aid in time of war, for personal adornment, and also as a "circulating medium." The coast tribe Indians were the wampum-makers; the interior Indians spent their time hunting, and exchanged game of all kinds for the wampum made by the coast-tribes.

For a long time after white people had settled in the new world small coins were scarce and wampum was used as 'change.' Finally the "pale-faces" set up lathes by treadles for the purpose of making wampum quickly, and soon the Indian wampum-makers were, as we say nowadays, "out of a job."

Easily Explained.

After they had shaken hands the seedy one gave a few minutes to a close inspection of the one who looked prosperous.

"You must have struck it rich," said the seedy one at last.

"Not at all," replied the prosperous one. "My genius has been at last recognized. That's all."

"Of course, of course," returned the seedy one. "But what's the matter with my genius?"

The prosperous one shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly you don't know how to present it to the public," he suggested at last. "That was what stood in my way a long time."

"That may be it," admitted the seedy one. "How did you finally succeed?"

The prosperous hesitated for a minute, but finally consented to give his less fortunate comrade the benefit of his experience.

"You see, I have a young brother," he began.

"Yes."

"And he can't spell a little bit. He's not old enough to do much in that line, although he could write a little."

"I don't see what—"

"Because you won't wait for me to explain. I got desperate one day and gave him a lot of stories to copy that had been rejected so often and had travelled so far that they were worn out."

"But why should they be any better after being copied than they were when —"

"There's where you show your ignorance again. Didn't I tell you that he couldn't spell?"

"Yes; but—"

"And, as he is lazy, he had some one read the stories and wrote from dictation, so he had no chance to follow my spelling."

"But still I fail to—"

"Being in a hurry," continued the prosperous man, "I sent the whole batch away without looking them over, and every one of them was grabbed up as a new Scotch dialect story. I tell you it almost made my head swim. And now —"

"Well, what now?"

"Why, now," said the prosperous man, thoughtfully, "if I can only keep that brother of mine from learning to spell, I see no reason why we shouldn't both live in luxury as long as the fad lasts."

Are Banar as Wholesome?

The recent revival of that prolific topic of discussion, "Are bananas wholesome?" brings out again all the old and some new arguments. There is perhaps no subject upon which doctors so universally disagree as this. In the minds of some practitioners the banana is almost a poison to young children, from its indigestibility, while others regard it as a most valuable food. The same is true of the various mothers questioned. One has brought her children up on bananas," another avoids them "as I would strychnine," and so on. The consensus of opinion, however, seems to be that the fruit is a nutriment of high rank, and it is the exception when it is not found digestible, certainly if cooked. In a case known to the writer two delicate anaemic children have been brought round to vigorous health, the chief ingredient of their remedial diet being cooked bananas. The fruit is halved lengthwise with peeling, sprinkled lightly with sugar and put in the oven on a porcelain plate for fifteen minutes.

One of the Dispensary doctors—it would not be fair to name him—tells a good story on himself.

There was a dispute as to the disease of which a certain geutleman died whom he had attended. Several medical friends insisted that he had died of dropsy. None of them knew that the young doctor had attended him, and when he remarked that he knew what the man had died of, and insisted that everybody else was wrong, one of them said:

"How do you know so well what he died of? If you know so well, perhaps you can tell us."

"I know what he died of because I attended him," was the reply, and the cruel answer came in chorus: "That explains why he died."—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

Clover vs. Buckwheat for Soil Enrichment.

In answer to an enquiry as to the relative value of the above plants coupled with a mention of the difficulty of securing a catch of clover, Prof. W. A. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, makes the following reply in the Breeder's Gazette. He says:

Quite generally our correspondent should hold to red clover, which is much superior to buchwheat for improving the fertility of poor lands. The best nurse crop to secure a catch of clover with is the rye plant. Clover will catch with rye when it will fail with wheat, oats or barley.

I wish our correspondent would try sowing clover seed by running a drain drill lightly over the rye field in the spring to distribute the clover seed. Set the teeth so that they will deposit the seed about half an inch or more under the surface, but not so deep as to prevent the clover from coming up. Sown in this way with rye, I think you will succeed quite generally in getting a catch, and after clover has been used one or two times on the farm marked improvement will follow. I know of sandy Wisconsin farms that have been made of permanent high value and excellent fertility through carefully bringing in the clover plant, which gave uncertain catches at first but improved with each year's effort. Clover will surely grow on the lands inquired about, under good farming, though there may be an occasional back-set.

It is now settled that clover roots get nitrogen from the air and give this over to the soil, thus increasing its fertility in the most expensive element sold in commercial fertilizers. On these sandy lands I should not, as a rule, plow clover under but having grown a crop would feed it to farm stock and apply the manure to the land. Even the stubble and roots left in the the clover field after the removal of the hay leaves the ground richer in nitrogen than before the clover was grown. Occasionally clover may be turned over to advantage, in which case I advise that it be allowed to grow up, die down and then be turned over in fall or spring, preferably in fall, unless the soil blows away too badly when left bare in winter. Clover may be plowed in August and the field sown in rye in September, clover being sown again on the rye in spring time.

The buckwheat plant does not get nitrogen from the air and so is not nearly so good as the clover plant. However, buckwheat furnishes vegetable matter, and this is important in sandy soils. In some cases, therefore, it may pay to sow buckwheat, though this should never be done where clover can be obtained. I should count on a clover crop as worth two or three times as much as buckwheat for turning under. In some cases barnyard manure is of course better than either if it can be applied in considerable quantities.

Barley as a Stock Food.

A Butler Co., O., farmer writes as follows:

"I have 300 bushels of barley that I cannot get more than twenty cents a bushel for. It is sound but a little discolored as we had frequent rains about harvest time. I think I will have it and corn ground, half and half, and then add equal bulk of bran or bran and middlings, and feed to pigs, cows and horses. I will also feed corn-fodder, clover and some ear corn to cows and horses and ear corn to pigs and brood sows. Can I do anything better with it? I have thought it might pay better to grind barley fine and mix with bran and middlings, equal parts, and feed it to my shoats and sows when they go on to clover in April or May."

Our correspondent is certainly wise in feeding barley to his stock instead of selling out at $8 per ton—almost giving it away. The discoloration spoken of will not probably injure it 1 per cent. for feeding purposes.

Occasionally we hear the charge advanced that barley is poisonous to farm stock. I cannot think where such a charge originated unless with brewers and grain buyers who wish to create a fear in the minds of farmers growing this grain so that they would not dare feed barley but be forced always to sell it to dealers.

If any reader of the Gazette hears the charge that barley is poisonous to stock let him ask the one making the statement to tell him what food is commonly used in England and North Europe for feeding fattening farm stock, especially? Let him further inquire what food the Arab gives his horse and on what grain horses are commonly maintained, on the Pacific Coast in this country

Barley is an excellent stock food. On the coast it is crushed between rollers instead of being ground, in which case the grains are flattened by this process into disks, just as a lead bullet if we strike it with a hammer. These flattened, crushed grains seem more palatable to the horse and do not tend to form a pasty, thicky mass with the saliva in the mouth.

Probably the highest use for barley is to finish off fattening hogs, for it is said to give the flesh a firm consistency while leaving it tender and with the best of flavors. It will also prove an excellent feed in the way proposed by our correspondent.—Prof. W. A. Henry in Breeder's Gazette.

"Actors are Made, not Born."

J. E. Dodson does not believe that actors are always born. "In my opinion," he says, "they are mostly made. Hard work and plenty of it—that forms the alternative route to the yet undiscovered royal road to success. My training was long and arduous. When a boy I dabbled in amateur theatricals, and after I had given up reading for the law I first faced the foot lights as a full fledged professional. That was at the Prince's theater in Manchester, England, and while fulfilling stock engagements there and elsewhere I supported such actors as Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, Jefferson, Phelps, Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson and Toole. The stock system was then at its best, and I can tell you I played during a week in those days as many parts as the average actor on tour now plays in a couple of years. I don't regret it, though, for it gives one a range of work and an insight now almost wholly denied to those who have entered the profession under the conditions imperative to the touring system.

Absent-minded professor, who had disrobed himself in his chamber:

"Donnerwetter! There was something I was to do. What was it now?"

He reflects for about half an hour.

"Ah, I have it. I intended to go to bed."—Fliegende Blaetter.

ERRATIC GEOGRAPHY.

Mountains and Lakes Found on the Map, But Nowhere Else.

Among the anomalous results that geographical exploration is constantly calling to the front is the annihilation of "landmarks" which have been considered to be firmly established. Less than three years ago it was discovered that Mount Iseran, a peak of the Graian Alps, which figured on all detailed maps of the Alpine regions with the very respectable elevation of upward of 13,000 feet, had no existence in fact, and the assumed mountain has since been consigned to oblivion. A somewhat less complete effacement was announced in the early part of the past year in the removal of 7000 feet from the height of Mount Brown in British America—generally credited with an altitude of 16,000 feet in place of the 9000 feet, which is now given to it by Professor Coleman—a condition somewhat similar to the experience of Mount Hood, in Oregon, which, when being gradually reduced from its presumed height of 16,000 to 11,000 feet, brought out the facetious remark that with a few years more of grace the mountain would be a hole in the ground. It is not alone the miner explorer, however, who is responsible for the perpetuation of great errors of observation. Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, the second great basin of the Nile, stated that from his position on the lake no boundaries of it could be traced southward to the limits of vision; whereas Stanley and others have since shown that not only did the lake terminate within a few miles of where Baker stood, but that its southern shore was actually bounded by high mountains.

G. Scott Elliot, in his recently published work, "A Naturalist in Mid-Africa," in turn corrects Stanley's errors with the no insignificant statement that "Mount Gordon Bennett, Mackinaw Peak and Mount Lamson are not mountains, but quite insignificant hills, if they had any existence at all." He also said: "I spent much time and trouble in trying to discover where on earth the enormous fresh-water sea, discovered and christened the Alexander Nyanza by Mr. Stanley, could possibly be. This, of course, it is now clear, had no existence whatever." And finally, as the latest negative contribution to geographical knowledge, we have in the Jackson-Harmsworth report from Franz-Josef land (recently brought to London by the vessel of the expedition, the Windward), the assurance that not a trace of the so-called Peterman Land of Lieutenant Bayer could be discovered, and that even Lichy Land was merely a disjointed archipelagic mass of entirely inconsiderable extent.

The Life of a Clam.

The clam's body is completely enshrouded in the mantle, except for two openings, through one of which the foot can be pushed out. The other is for the siphon, or what is commonly known as the "neck" of the clam. In some respects the clam may be a little better off than we are, for he has a little brain in his foot and also a gland for secreting strong fibres. With this he spins a byssus by which he can attach himself to whatever he likes. He does not even have to search for his food, but waits for it to come to him. Me makes a furrow in the mud or sand, attaching himself to the bottom of the byssus. Then he thrusts his syphon up through the mud and water until it reaches the surface. The siphon is made up of two tubes, the water flowing in through one and out the other.

When the inflowing current, laden with minute plants and animals, reaches the gill chamber, some of these are sifted out and retained for food while the water and waste matter flow through the other tube.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them the mother clams discharge the eggs, which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is this: When the eggs are set free in the water they soon hatch, and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which to attach themselves. They live for a time on the mucus of the fish, and then drop off, sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious semi-parasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.—Appleton's Monthly.

Puget Sound Flax.

Every fresh test of the quality of Puget Sound flax results in confirming the claim that it is the equal of any in the world and far superior to most. The progress in establishment of its production as a steady and permanent industry is nevertheless very slow. The Federal Government has given aid in securing experiments in culture, and it is not probable that further appropriations can be had except to maintain the station. An effort will be made to persuade the State Legislature to extend financial aid, but the outlook for it is not promising.

The success of flax production will depend chiefly upon the enterprise and perseverance of a few farmers who will pay attention to the requirements of good flax, and will unite to purchase the inexpensive machinery necessary to turn the farm product into mercantile flax This they can ship abroad to the manufacturers and insure a fair profit on their investmen.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Worst River on Earth.

"The scourge of China," is what they call the Yang-tse-Kiang River. During the last 200 years its floods have fourteen times forced the massive dams of the central provinces and each time covered its banks with thousands of human corpses. In 1883 its inundation ravaged the province of Hu-Pae to an extent which can be retrieved only by the labors of many successive generations. Another terrible flood occurred a few years since, which spread its havoc over an area of 350,000 square miles in the most densely popoulated districts of China. The loss of life on that occasion has been estimated at 750,000, even after deducting the hundreds of thousands that succumbed to the subsequent famine or those slain by marrauders and hunger-crazed cannibals

Penolo ical

They broke the news to the convict as gently as possible, but he was nevertheless quite overcome.

"Pardon?" he shrieked, "surely you jest. You shock me. Pardon? For me? After I have been habituated to every luxury? It will kill me. Mercy! I implore you, mercy!"

But there was no mercy. The will of the law was inexorable..—Detroit Tribune.

The Cruel Truth Forced Home.

"Ah, Henry," she sighed, "it is very kind of you to tell me that I am still beautiful and that I look as youthful as I did ten years ago, but you are wrong. I have had proof of it."

"Why, my darling, what do you mean?" he asked.

"To-day when I got aboard the car," she bitterly replied, "not a solitary man offered to give me his seat."

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