



SAN JUAN BARRACKS, WHERE THE U. S. TROOPS MAY SOON BE QUARTERED.
The view shows that interior or yard of the Spanish barracks in San Juan, Puerto Rico. The quarters have lately been remodelled and brought up to date in a Spanish way, and are probably comfortable. When the U. S. expedition lands in San Juan, and if the Spanish troops do not burn their barracks in evacuating, it is probable that the United States soldiers will have quarters within these walls.

Young Folks.

DOLLY'S LESSON.
Come here you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's G,
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and it stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is F,
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O, dolly!
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

THE JOKE ON MR. HAWK.

"There," mamma said fervently. "I do hope these little fluff balls will have a chance to grow up before a miserable hen hawk spies them out!" She set one little yellow chick after another down on the soft clover patch and brought out old Mother Biddy to take care of them. But the very best and carefullest Mother Biddy in the world can't always save her baby from that great, terrible, swooping thing that pounces down on it all in a flash!

Hen hawks had bothered poor mamma a great deal that season. First one little yellow brood and then another little brown brood had been sadly broken up, until only a few lonesome little fellows were putting on their feather coats out in the barnyard. This little brood was the last one hatched and the very, very choicest one. Mamma said every baby in it was worth quite a lot of money.

"There, scamper away, little chick-a-bids, and mind you keep your little weather-eyes out for swooping, pouncing things up in the air!" said she, and the minute you see one, run—run—run for Mother Biddy's feather bed!"

Then mamma went in and Tillie came out. She was raising chickens too, only hers didn't grow a bit or shed their cunning little yellow dresses for feather coats. Tillie's chickens were made with wire backbones and legs, and when you set them down on the clover patch, how they didn't scurry away!

Tillie set one down now. He was as big—or as little—and every bit as yellow and as fluffy as mamma's chickens and he looked like an own cousin without any "removes!" His first name was Fluffy and his last name, the family name was Duff.

"There, Fluffy Duff, you stay right straight here an' catch a angle worm for dinner," commanded Tillie's sweet little voice, "an' get 'quainted with mamma's chickies."

An hour or two afterward mamma heard a squawking and clucking and hurried to the door just in time to "shoo" a great hawk away from the clover patch. But before he went, though he was frightened nearly out of his wits, mamma "shoo-ed" so loud, he snatched up a tiny yellow thing and sailed away with it in his claws.

"There's one gone so soon!" groaned poor mamma, running out with Tillie at her heels.

"One, two three,—why, no, they're all here. Here's ten." Then mamma counted all over again. There were ten tiny yellow things left! "Oh, oh, it was Fluffy Duff—it was Fluffy Duff!" Tillie cried in horror. And it was 22 minutes by mamma's clock before she could see any joke in it at all. Then Tillie laughed. "It was a reg'lar joke on that hen hawk, mamma!" she said. "It served him 'sactly right, didn't it? An' I guess when he's eaten through Fluffy Duff's bones, he'll wish he hadn't!"

A WHISTLING LANGUAGE.

The probabilities are that very few people have heard of this curious language, which is in use by the shepherds of Teneriffe. It dates from a prehistoric period, although the first notice of it is made by a French traveler in 1455. By placing two or three fingers in the mouth, it is possible to make the whistle carry to a distance of about three miles, and in these lonely hills even to a much greater distance. The shepherds are enabled in this manner to carry on a conversation with their distant friends, and so prevent any feeling of loneliness.

It may sound curious and paradoxical, but the whistling is in Spanish, that is to say, the words represented by the whistling are of the Spanish language. Long practice and hereditary have produced extraordinary skill in the art, for their vocabulary is a lengthy one and embraces a code of signals which convey telegraphically what it is hard to express in the ordinary manner. The children, as well as the adults are adepts, and it is no unusual thing to find two sturdy urchins conversing across wide ravines and lofty peaks without seeing each other the whole time.

REMEMBER.

Bad associates and good manners never affiliate
A kindness should always be remembered, and a confidence sacredly kept.
Punctuality in keeping appointments is a cardinal virtue.
Young people should be prompt.
Tardiness is truant to the best interests of life.
Be careful of your speech as of your actions.
Be sure to pronounce correctly and enunciate distinctly, in a chest voice, avoiding shrill notes and nasal tones.

EXHIBITIONS FOR 1898.

Toronto Industrial	Aug. 29 to Sept. 10.
Eastern, Sherbrooke	Sept. 5 to 10.
Metcalfe	Sept. 6 and 7.
Morrisburg	Sept. 6 to 8.
London Western	Sept. 8 to 17.
Quebec	Sept. 12 to 21.
Prescott, Vanleek Hill	Sept. 13 to 15.
Richmond	Sept. 13 to 15.
New Brunswick, St. John	Sept. 13 to 23.
Bay of Quinte, Belleville	Sept. 14, 15.
Northern, Walkerton	Sept. 14, 15.
Renfrew	Sept. 15, 16.
Bowmanville	Sept. 15, 16.
Ottawa Central	Sept. 16 to 24.
Brantford	Sept. 17 to 22.
Napanee	Sept. 20, 21.
Northern, Collingwood	Sept. 20 to 23.
Peninsular, Chatham	Sept. 20 to 22.
Prescott, Prescott	Sept. 20 to 22.
St. Thomas	Sept. 20 to 22.
Lanark, South Perth	Sept. 21 to 23.
Stratford	Sept. 22, 23.
Lindsay	Sept. 23 to 24.
Halifax	Sept. 22 to 29.

A LITTLE CHERUB.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I give what's in my savings-bank to that beggar man?
Mamma—You dear, sweet little cherub! Do you want to give away all of that money your uncle gave you?
There was over a dollar.
I spent some of it, mamma.
Did you? How much is there left?
There's a twenty-five cent piece left, but th' candy man said it was bad.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the Greatest Folks of the World.

Princess Olga of Wurtemberg, one of the richest heiresses in Europe, is engaged to Prince Max of Schaumburg-Lippe, whose elder brother married her twin sister, Princess Elsa, last year.

Siam's royal family, having brought bicycles with it from Europe, every noble in Siam is trying to ride a wheel. Great improvements in the roads of the country are looked for in consequence.

Count Munster, who was for ten years German Ambassador in London and is now German Ambassador in Paris, has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to the rank of German Ambassador.

A general committee is in process of formation among friends and admirers of the late Sir E. Burne-Jones to raise a fund for the purchase of some representative work by him to be presented to the British nation as a memorial.

Baron Henri de Rothschild, a cadet of the Paris branch of the famous financial family, has passed his final examination as doctor before a jury composed of Drs. Fournier, Budin, Poirier, and Natter. The young physician obtained the mark "Extremely good."

Mr. Alexander Whyte has been appointed scientific adviser to the Uganda administration. He was for many years attached to the staff of Sir Harry Johnston in Nyassaland, where he did much useful work as a collector. One of his first duties in Uganda will be the establishment of a botanic garden and a nursery for the cultivation of European vegetables and fruit.

Rear-Admiral Chateauminis and other officers of the French navy had a narrow escape recently on board the cruiser Entrecasteaux during steam trials. They were down in the boiler-room inspecting the working of the boilers, when a large jet of steam suddenly shot out from a cracked pipe, scalding four men and only just missing the Admiral and his staff. The trial was at once stopped.

The Duchess d'Uzes has passed a successful examination in France as a driver of auto-motors. She took her examiners, who were a state engineer and two experts appointed by the Prefect of Police, on her car through the Bois de Boulogne and around Paris. She drove at the regulation maximum of speed, which is sixteen kilometres, or about ten miles an hour.

Dr. Story, who has been appointed Principal of Glasgow University, was born in 1853, at Rosneath, Dumbartonshire, and educated at Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, and Heidelberg. From 1869 to 1888 he was minister of Rosneath—as his father had been before him—and in 1889 he became professor of church history, at Glasgow University. His appointment as Queen's Chaplain dates from 1886, when he also became Deputy Clerk of the General Assembly on the death of his friend the late Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews.

Queen Victoria and the Queen of Holland have accepted the Emperor William's invitation to send representatives to the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer at Jerusalem, at which most of the German Protestant sovereigns will be present. The Emperor and Empress will not use the railways in the Holy Land, as the Emperor will ride and the Empress will drive. The suite will consist of more than three hundred persons, a third of whom will dine at the Emperor's table. Their Majesties will use their own tents; while those for the suite will be sent by the Sultan from Constantinople.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

OUR UNKNOWN FARMS.

Few farmers know the farms they till. They can tell if they receive good crops or bad crops, whether the land is hard or easy to work, whether the soil be a retentive clay or a loose sandy loam, but this is not knowing the farm.

The great work of knowing the farm has just begun, even in case of the most progressive farmers. It will be a long time before the impulse reaches to the great mass of farmers, many of whom are willing to tread in the old paths and seek only for the old ways.

In every farm there are wonderful possibilities. Some of them that bear poor crops now do so for the reason that their owners have never discovered the true condition of affairs and could find a crop or crops that would do excellently. We look forward into the future.

When our science has reached a high stage in the years to come the manner of treatment of the farm will be far different from that of the present day. There will be a geography of the farm as much as of the nation. The map will be not only geographical but geological. The formations will be as carefully studied as any other part of the science. Knowing the composition of every part of the land it will be possible to find out the needs of each part and to apply the remedy.

The boys and girls want to and do get off the unknown farms. If they really knew the farms they would not be so anxious to forsake them. They would see in them not only the possibility but the certainty of a support and a return for all their labors. But the knowledge of the farm can not be obtained by force or by committing to memory some or many wise sayings. We must approach the earthworks of the enemy. We must first know geology, chemistry, botany, agrostics, hydraulics, and so forth.

These are studies that every farmer's sons and daughters can undertake. They will be found full of delight. With their advent will come a new life to the farm, and a new feeling of security to the worker. Nature is a bountiful mother if she but be known. We cannot be expected to know all nature, but we can know that part of all nature that is comprised in the little spot we call the farm. Whether we cultivate an unknown or a known farm is the difference between the muscle and the brain. The man that has an unknown farm farms by brute force. He that has a known farm farms by the power of his mind.

BEAUTIFYING FARM HOMES.

Let me, a farmer's wife, answer this question, "Does it pay to make attractive homes?" Yes, indeed, it does pay a thousandfold. In what kind of coin? In the best on earth; happiness and contentment for your wives and families. There is more or less monotony and tedious routine in life on the farm. But give us beautiful, attractive surroundings and their beauty will be a perpetual benediction to our lives. Tend to lessen corroding care and anxieties, be a sweet comfort for sorrow and rest and encourage us, body and soul.

No wise woman will stay all day indoors cooking, sewing, scrubbing and fretting. If the work must be done by your hands go out under the trees a few moments every hour. Listen to the sweetest music on earth, gather a few flowers for your belt and hair and a bouquet for the table and you will go back rested and refreshed. By all means have flowers and flowers. We all love them and in their care the children learn many a valuable lesson of industry, patience and refinement. Our men and children always bring me bouquets from field or roadside from the first violet to the goldenrod. It pleases me so much and shows not only their love for the beautiful but their loving thoughtfulness for another.

Have a croquet ground in the shade on the nice lawn and "all hands and the cook" play there together. You can't think how it will tickle the youngsters to beat you.

Of course you will have books and papers galore. All the best, purest, cleanest literature when you will all go to read and rest through the long noon.

Try this and see if it does not pay principal and large interest on your investment. How? Why by having your children steady, thoughtful and intelligent, and thinking there is no place on earth so sweet and attractive as home; in seeing them growing mentally and morally, cultured and refined, and knowing that your thought, care and labor has made all this possible.

We are wonderfully susceptible to the influence of beauty. Surround us with it, and we can no more help partaking of it than the chameleon on the leaf upon which it lies.

It's a long stride in the right direction to make our surroundings as attractive as possible. As a background for happiness there is nothing so fitting.

By having your homes concentrated bit of loveliness, remember the living example of thoughtful kindness, thrift and go-ahead-ness, you are to your children. The influence of such a home and surroundings are inestimable and in no place is it more needed than on the farm.—Jane.

GRAFTING PLUMS ON PEACH TREES.

Plum-growing is not by any means as perfect in this country as it might be, and we still have much to learn in regard to raising these fruits. The establishment of the Japanese plum trees in this country, says an Eastern exchange, has given a big impetus to the work, but there are many failures in plum-growing. In spite of all our knowledge concerning the trees and fruits, we must make some further experiments to attain anything like success. Many plum orchards thrive well until nearly the fruiting season. Then the trees, when the extra drain of bearing fruits is imposed upon them, begin to weaken, and show signs of defects. The grafted trees show binding and splitting at the junction of the bud and stock, and various plum diseases develop. The bark in places dies and rots off, and in time this decay penetrates to the heart of the tree. The best stock for grafting choice buds on has been a matter of grave concern for some time. The Myrobalan group of stocks was for some time proclaimed as best; then the Marianna stocks succeeded them in popularity. Both native and Japan plums have been grafted on stocks of these two groups. But with some of our newer choice plums, better results are obtained by root-grafting on the peach. One year peach seedlings root-grafted with choice plum stock will invariably produce plum trees that, in a few years, will be self-supporting on their own roots. In this union all suckers must be kept down. Some plums show such a tendency to send up suckers that they cannot be successfully root-grafted on the peach, such as the Wild Goose and Chickasaw plums. The stocks that will show no tendency to send up suckers will grow in popularity, and will in time be the ideal ones for commercial orchards. At present we have no ideal plum stocks.

TO SAVE MOISTURE.

When the days are warm and dry there is constant loss of moisture by evaporation. This evaporation occurs, not only from the plants, which give off moisture, but also from the surface of the ground. It has been estimated that over two-thirds of a pound of water per square foot is lost from the soil during dry weather. When the top surface is loosened it becomes a covering of dirt, and lessens the loss of moisture. The importance of preventing the escape of moisture may be shown by the fact that in order to produce one ton of hay on one acre 480 tons of water are used, equal to nearly four inches of rainfall. To save moisture first plough the land to a depth that may be permitted without throwing the subsoil to the surface, allow no weeds, and keep the surface soil always loose and fine.

A PERMANENT STRAWBERRY BED.

On many farms the strawberry bed has been allowed to run wild and form a complete sod. As a rule it is best to plow under such a bed and make a new one, but sometimes this is the only available spot for the purpose and with proper management no crop of berries need be lost. At any time after the bearing season in over and before the ground freezes in the fall, secure a good one-horse breaking plow that will turn a narrow furrow, eight inches being sufficient. Have the cutter well sharpened and then set stakes where you want your rows of strawberries, and plow the ground between the rows, throwing the earth away from the rows. Be careful to keep your furrows straight and plow to within about three inches of the stakes. Now begin on the opposite side and do the same and a block of strawberry plants six inches wide will be left standing for each row.

A QUEER HOUSE.

Singular Building Erected in England by Sir Thomas Tresham.

The most peculiar house in the United Kingdom is a small triangular building erected about 300 years ago at Rushton, in Northamptonshire, by Sir Thomas Tresham, a fervent Roman Catholic, who is supposed to have wished by his design to typify the Trinity.

The house is all three, each of its three sides being exactly 33 feet 4 inches—that is, 33-1/3 feet in length. There are three stories, each has three windows on each of the three sides, and each of the windows in two of the three stories is in the shape of a trefoil—the three-leaved shamrock. The panes of glass are all triangles, or three-sided. In each of the other windows there are twelve panes of glass, in three fours. There are three gables on each side rising from the eaves; and from the centre, where their roofs meet, rises a three-sided chimney, surmounted by a three-sided pyramid, terminating in a large trefoil. The smoke escapes from this chimney by three round holes on each of the three sides. On the top of each gable is a three-sided pyramid covered with a trefoil. The building is almost covered with inscriptions and carvings. Three Latin inscriptions, one on each of the three sides, have thirty-three letters in each. Three angels on each side bear shields. Over the door is a Latin inscription of three words, meaning "There are three that bear record." Inside the house each corner is cut off from each of the three main rooms, so that on each floor there are three three-sided apartments. The house is not inhabited.