ONE OF THE HOME GUARD.

Never much on movin': One flower's as sweet to me
As any other flower in a garden's green could be.
May be gold in countries fur, but it's fur away to roam—
Ruther risk the riches in the old-time fields at home!

Money's mighty temptin' summer, spring or fall:
'Taint all we have to live fer, but mighty clost to all!
Fer all the world is brighter when the honey's in the comb;
But a feller's heart beats lighter in the valleys here at home.

I tries to be contented; I don't make no complaint,
An' I hold a feller's happy if he never knows he ain't!
He might find fortune somewhar else, an' build a shinin' dome—
But at last he'd come a-creepin' to the valleys here at home!

That's gold that earth don't give us; an' when a feller's eyes
Can find a twinklin' star or two in old, familiar skies,
An' one true heart to love him—he never wants to roam:
Thar's gold in many places, but—he's struck it rich at home!

THE LONELY HOUSE.

Wayfarers on the road which winds across the moorland until it reaches civilization in the shape of a populous seaport town seldom fail to notice a small deserted house which stands against a back-ground of wind-swept heather. The loneliness of location, even more than the forlornness of what remains of the building itself, attracts the attention of travelers. No voice, except the whisper of the breeze passing through purple tussocks and brown-flecked fern, will ever echo again in the cottage rooms. The rain falls from the empty windows like tears from sightless eyes. Now and then the cry of a wild bird breaks the stillness, or a small animal scurries through the open doorway and vanishes at the back of the dwelling.

Very early in the century the owner of the house had been hanged for sheep stealing, and for a considerable number of years after the untoward event no one had permanently occupied it, though in those days a strong door still swung on its hinges, and the roof was secure enough to keep out all but the most pitiless rain.

On an afternoon late in September some seventy-five years ago a solitary female figure made her way over the moorland from which the bloom of heather had vanished. The day was a wild one, and the moaning of the wind sounded strange, wistful, reproachful by turns as she struggled against it. Her path lay for a time in what seemed the deserted bed of a torrent, in which bowlders obstructed her feet, and the soil was soft under them as she slipped and strove and fought the gusts. She was a woman of slight and wiry figure, and at some distance it would have been difficult to determine to what state of life she belonged. Her dress was of homespun, neatly and plainly made, and a close hood, perhaps the best headgear for the weather, tightly fitted on her head.

An acute observer would have noticed that, though her boots were heavy and strong, she had a high, well-shaped instep. Her neck was slender, and there was something unusual in the poise of her head that gave an air of dignity to an otherwise ordinary aspect. Her features retained traces of beauty, but they were too colorless, and the lines were harsh. Perhaps it was more than mere physical exhaustion that sent an odd spasm of pain across her face, and contracted her mouth as she moved, gradually more and more slowly, up the rough track.

The rain was coming on faster, and swept in a waving silver sheet over the grimness of the moor. The woman's hands, covered by stout gloves, were by this time wet and cold, and her petticoat clung tightly round her, hampering her progress.

But she continued to advance at the same slow, even pace. She had come some nine miles, when she reached a more beaten road on the crest of the hill. A faint flicker of light from the wild sky, like a smile on a dying face, fell across the path, giving it a curious lilac coloring.

The woman stood still on the brow of the hill, a pathetic, isolated figure. She held her hand to her side, and panted heavily, wondering if it was her own bodily exhaustion or the sunset glare that made the dead heath look so red. Then she went onward, at last on a fairly smooth road, winding and curving in its course, until she came to a small house of gray stone. She hesitated, and the last glimmer from the hurrying clouds showed that she was deathly pale. Half mechanically, she tried to arrange the shawl that she wore on her shoulders, and pushed a wisp of wet hair behind either ear. Then she knocked at the cottage door. There was a slight movement within, but no answer, and the visitor spoke.

"It is I—Hester."

There was a stifled sound of surprise in the room and a man opened the door.

"My God! You!" he said.

The tired woman followed him into the room, and he carefully closed the door. She noticed, though she was so weary as to be almost incapable of clear vision, that there was barely any furniture. On a broken table was a bottle of whisky, a saucepan containing some milk, and in odd juxtaposition a few articles of silver. By the fire of logs sat a girl, and the flame shone vividly on her thick golden hair.

The traveler sat silent in the presence of the faithless husband whom she still loved with the whole strength of her soul and of the woman for whose sake he had deserted her. In spite of the languor that was beginning to overpower her, Hester Munro was conscious of a pang that stung her into new life as she realized the beauty of the girl by the fireplace.

This interloper had twenty years' advantage of her. Her cheeks were soft and round, her eyes brilliant, the curves of her figure showed health and vigor. The dress that she wore seemed only to accentuate her loveliness. It was that of an ordinary working woman, a short petticoat, a handkerchief tied in a knot on her breast, and another scarlet one round her golden head.

"Hester, you are soaked to the skin, and worn out," said the man, still standing, and watching his wife uneasily. He was tall and very handsome, though his face was worn, and his age was something under 40 years. As he spoke her gaze no longer rested on the fair face of the girl, but on his own. There was something half-maternal in the intense love which shone out of her eyes as she looked at him. It gave a beauty and softness to her tired eyes which touched and wounded him, callous as he was.

"They have got wind of where you are," said Hester; "and I knew of no other way to warn you—no other that was safe—but to come here alone. Do you remember, John—oh, yes, you do!—that day we crossed the moor and passed this house, and you said to me laughing, 'What a place for a man to hide from justice! It is so utterly lonely,' you said?"

Her face had grown ghastly. John Munro poured some milk into a cup and handed it to her and she drank it.

"But we are only here till to-morrow," he answered; "then we shall cross the hill and make our own way over the moor to the woods, reach the village, take the coach at the cross-roads, and get on to the coast."

Hester Munro shuddered. But knowing him as she did, his utter selfishness did not surprise her. She only tried to forget the neighborhood of his companion, and sat with eyes riveted on him.

"Ah! but you must start at once!" she cried. "The news of the forgery of your partner's name, and of his—his——" (here she cast a look of disdain on the young woman) "and of his wife's flight with you, is known all over the countryside by now! Why do you wait, John? Do you hear? Why do you wait a minute more?"

She rose, and leaning her hand on the broken table stood staring at him. He looked so strange in the rough clothes in which he, too, had disguised himself, so obviously masquerading, that her heart was wrung with a fresh agony.

"I have come so far, so far," she gasped quickly. "John, don't let it be just for nothing."

He was almost as pale as she was. "You are too good, and you are brave as a lion," he said, speaking very low. And over his face, worn with dissipation and anxiety, some trace of what he had been in his youth seemed to flit and die swiftly. Hester moved to the window and looked out. The moor was overhung with a black cloud-curtain, but far below, half down the crest by which she had climbed she saw three small points of light. She turned toward her husband and spoke calmly and slowly:

"They are coming."

He started and clenched his hands, and looked over his shoulder. Then, with agony in his voice, he strode to the fire and caught the hands of the girl who sat there in his own.

"Clarissa!" he cried, "they are on our track! What will become of us, of you, if they take me, my dear, my dear!"

He did not even look at his wife, although she clasped his arm with a grasp that hurt him.

"Tell her," she whispered, "to take off that dress, and to—to loosen her hair."

The terrified girl started to her feet, and trembling tore off the dark blue skirt, the linen kerchief that was over her slender shoulders and the scarlet one that half hid her hair. Then she pulled out some pins, and a golden shower fell over her. Hester Munro had discarded her own sodden tweed, her shawl and hood. They lay on the floor, and without addressing the younger women, she signed to her to put on these somber garments. Then she seized a knife that lay on the table.

"John," she said, still speaking in the measured voice of one untouched by emotion or fear, "cut off two thick locks of her hair."

He suddenly divined her meaning, and obeyed her with trembling swiftness. In a few seconds Hester stood before him, wearing a blue skirt and white kerchief—her dark hair hidden on either side by a twist of gold, and a red covering keeping the borrowed curls in place. He started, stung by something strange and noble in his wife's aspect that he had never before noticed. Her eyes wore the exalted expression of one in whom all craving for joy of earth has passed away. They rested on him with love shining in their depths, such as one disembodied spirit might bestow on another. But only for a moment. Then the mortal hunger of this lonely woman for his long-dead affection came back to her, and wrung her heart most bitterly.

She laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Kiss me, John, just once more."

He bent down and the cheek that his lips touched burnt like fire. Then he opened the door, leading through a smaller and dark room out on to the heath behind the house. The girl, trembling and awkward in her rain-soaked clothes, followed him. Hester Munro sank upon a rough log that did duty for a chair, at the fireside, and waited. They had been gone half an hour, she thought it must have been fully that, when heavy steps came to a standstill at the front door, and a loud knocking shook it. After one instant's hesitation, she undid the latch, and stood facing two constables carrying lanterns. A third was coming up the road which she had trodden that afternoon. Hester gazed at them unflinching, and the man nearest to her said to his companion:

"Well, we've caught one bird, Joe. It's her, sure enough, according to description—red handkerchief, yellow hair, and the rest."

His eyes rested meanwhile on the woman with an expression of half-surprise. She was much older than he had expected, and though distinctly handsome, had none of the dazzling loveliness that he had been prepared to see.

"You know why we are here, madam," he said curtly. "Your—your accomplice appears to be away. But, excuse me, I must search the inner room first." He went past the disdainful figure into the deserted little place, waving his lantern as he walked.

"Bolted, Joe," said he, laconically. Then he turned to Hester.

"It's of no use, ma'am, your prevaricating and defying of the law. In which direction has John Munro gone?"

The constable, who flattered himself on his acuteness, watched her sharply. "Of course she'll lie," he thought; "but I'll be even with her."

Hester's husband had known that she was a woman of strong affections, of sense and courage. But he had not been aware that she had in her the makings of a great actress. Quick as lightning she divined the thought of the man who questioned her. She pointed toward the back of the house in the direction John Munro had really taken. Then, as if by an uncontrollable impulse, she threw one look of agonizing intensity toward the bare slopes that faced the cottage over the moor. The constable smiled delightedly and whispered a word to his friend. The latter nodded.

"The safest way, after all, mate," said he, slowly, "is to search right round the 'ouse for the steps. The rain's well soaked the earth near the walls, and we can't mistake the tracks."

The woman felt a sense of suffocation. Then she thrust her fingers through the handkerchief on her chest and drew out a pistol.

"This is for the first man who goes prying around the house!" she said, with her head held high, and stretching out a hand that held the weapon. The second constable advanced.

"No play-acting, if you please, madam!" His words had hardly left his lips when a sharp report sounded through the room, and died away over the waste of dark land. Hester, who had never willingly pained a living creature, had not missed her aim. The man, shot through the shoulder, fell back with a curse and a groan. Then she grew so faint that it seemed to her it was in a dream that the other man seized her, and wrenched her arms and wrists while she struggled and fought like a wild animal in a cage. She thought that the beats of her heart kept on saying: "To gain time, gain time, gain more time for him!"

She was sure that they would soon break the bones of her arms, as she writhed and twisted herself with fast-ebbing strength. And the first constable never forgot how she looked as she fell backward at last, with her eyes fixed on his, and smiling so that she showed all her beautiful white teeth.

In that final struggle the handkerchief on her head was loosened, and two long golden strands of hair fell on the floor at his feet. He let go his hold and cried out in surprise. The woman, still with that odd triumphant smile on her lips, was utterly outwearied; she lurched, and fell, and an arm caught her as her head was about to strike the ground.

In a cold dawn, when the sea fog hung low, a traveler, wearing rough working clothes, and a young woman who looked ill and trembling, went wearily on board a sailing ship that was bound for Australia.

When the sun was higher, and the silver mist had lifted a little from the moor, a small group of men stood near the cottage in the midst of the silent expanse. One of them, in uniform, who lingered a little apart, slowly pushed open the door of the house and looked in. A rigid figure—that of a woman—lay on the floor. A rough log of wood had been placed under her head, and someone had thrown a cloak over her feet and skirt. But the face was uncovered. It was white and cold as marble, and had perhaps been praised for its beauty in days when she had been younger and happier. Even now, as one long golden streak fell upon it from the unshuttered window, the man fancied that it smiled.

Boiled to Death.

The last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia in 1890. The offender, who was found guilty of stealing State revenues, was put into a large cauldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed, as a warning among the provincial tax collectors.

Odd Clock Dial.

Playing cards are used in a newly designed clock dial, the number of spots indicating the hours, with the jack for eleven and the queen for twelve, the king being placed in the center.

SPONGE FISHING.

THE WAY THEY ARE SIGHTED AND BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE.

Some Curious Facts About the Marine Product Which Are Not Generally Known—They Are Found in All the Seas of the World.

The sponges of commerce and the dried specimens of other species are not the actual animals, but merely their skeletons, or framework. That which constitutes their vital parts is removed in preparing them for market.

Sponges do not have the power of motion possessed by most animals; they are nearly always attached to submerged objects. Since it is impossible for them to go in search of food, they can grow only in places where there is plenty of food such as they require.

They are more active in fresh than in still water, and die in a short time if exposed to the air. The surface of a living sponge is covered with minute pores, through which water is imbibed, carrying with it both the air and the organic particles necessary for the support of life.

Sponges are distributed through all seas, and are classified, chiefly, according to the structure of the skeleton. The Mediterranean and Red Seas are the sponging-grounds of the Old World; the grounds of the New World are the Bahamas, Southern and West-Indies.

The best sponge of commerce is found in the Mediterranean, and is known as Turkey, or Smyrna, sponge. It is obtained by divers, who go clad in armor when diving.

Sponges are usually obtained by fishing for them. When a sponge vessel arrives at the fishing grounds in the Bahamas, it is anchored, and then crew immediately get ready for work. The sponge fisher's outfit consists of a small boat called a "dingey," a long hook and a water-glass. The sponge hook is a three-pronged iron fork attached to the end of a very long pole; the water-glass is simply a wooden water bucket with a bottom of common window glass.

To use it, the glass bottom is thrust into the water, the fisherman puts the bail around his neck and then buries his head deep in the bucket to exclude the light. There are always two men to each dingey; one to act as "sculler" and the other as "hooker." While the sculler propels the dingey along very slowly, the hooker, in a kneeling position, keeps his head in the water. When a good sponge is sighted, the hooker gives a signal and the dingey stops.

Together the sculler and hooker thrust the sponge-hook down through the water and run it under the sponge; the roots are thus pulled loose from the rocks, and soon the game is in the dingey. Thus the work goes on until a boatload is obtained, and then they are taken ashore and placed in crawls to be cured. The crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush or stakes into the sand just out of the water, or where it is very shallow.

The Other Man's Move.

Dr. Zukertort, the celebrated chess player, was walking in the street one day, when an idea struck him with regard to a certain chess opening, and he began carefully to think it out with a view to playing it in his next game with the equally well known player, Mr. Steinitz. Lost in thought, he stood at the corner of a street for a long time, until a policeman, suspecting him, went up and told him to move on.

"Beg pardon," replied the little doctor, absently, without looking up, "It's your move!"

A Superstitious Man.

An American millionaire who has a palace at Venice is more superstitious than his countrymen usually are. On Thanksgiving Day he invited a party of friends, including a Roman prince, one of the Queen of Italy's maids of honor, and various sprigs of the Italian aristocracy. The Roman prince, however, failed him at the last moment, and the host refused to sit down to dinner on finding that the company consisted of thirteen persons. He made various fruitless attempts to secure another guest, and at last, in despair, he announced that he intended to follow the customs of the Arabs, who always wait upon their guests, and eat their own dinners by themselves afterward. The meal proved a great success.

Try This With Your Diamond.

An expert in gems has lately called attention to a property in the diamond which has not hitheto been fully appreciated. A diamond is mentioned that became phosphorescent simply by the heat of the hand, absorbing light on being held near a candle and emitted light on being briskly rubbed. This property is an important one, as it will help the non-expert to distinguish between the true diamond and other hard stones.

All Kinds of Food.

Some one has estimated that twenty-two acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh, while that amount of land sown with wheat will feed forty-two persons; sowed to oats, eighty-eight; to potatoes, Indian corn, or rice, 176 persons; and planted with the bread-fruit tree, over 6,000 people could be fed.

Keeps Pencil in Pocket.

Pencils can be securely held in an ordinary pocket by a handy new device formed of a wire clip to grip the edge of the flap at one side, with a loop to receive the pencil.

Machinery vs. Laborers.

An engineer declares that 50,000 people now do the work with the aid of machinery which needed 16,000,000 persons to do a few years ago.

TURKISH PEASANT WISDOM

Curious Proverbs That Embody Mohammedan Philosophy.

The Turkish peasants in their own country have plenty of homely wit. Thus they say:

"For the team ox there is no knife," meaning that the poor, hard-working peasant is too poor to be persecuted.

The profound and submissive piety of the Turk shows in such sayings as "It may be six or it may be seven, but it will be what number Allah ordains," and again, "When Allah gives he doth not ask whose son thou art." Of a like character is the saying, "The head that bends is never cut off."

Of course the poor, beaten donkey is the hero of a whole list of proverbs. "The donkey is little," it is said, "yet he leads camels." "They invited the donkey to a wedding," says another maxim, "and he said, 'Is it wood or water than is wanted.'"

Of religious proverbs Koranic literature is as full as Christian. "Do what is kind and good," says one, "and cast it into the sea; if the fish do not recognize it the Creator will."

Worldly prudence, however, inspires such maxims as these: "The wound by the hand heals; the wound by the tongue is incurable;" "Out of the tripe seller's caldron cometh no silk brocade;" "Don't always expect the peppery part of the stew;" "They who handle money will lick their fingers"—which is more true of Turkey than of other places, probably. "The father gave a vineyard to the son, but the son never gave a bunch of grapes to the father," is a sermon of ingratitude. Short, pithy proverbs are: "A man should only listen with one of his ears," and "there is no friend to a man like his mother."

The Coy Coyote.

"Speaking about smart animals," said the real estate man, "I want to go on record as saying that there is no animal that can hold a candle to the coyote for smoothness. When I first went out to western Kansas I had an ambition to kill enough coyotes to make a lap robe to send back to my friends in the east. I tramped all over that country with a gun, but I never could get nearer than within a mile of a coyote. I used to drive out in my buggy and hide the gun under the seat, but it didn't make any difference. Not a coyote ever got near enough so that he could have been reached with anything short of a long-range cannon.

"One day I started out in a hurry and forgot my gun. I hadn't gone a mile from town before I ran onto a group of four coyotes. The critters didn't even take the trouble to lope off out of sight. They just walked off two or three rods from the road and sat down, and looked at me and yawned. It made me hot to see their infernal impudence, and I made a dive as if I were going to get the gun out from under the seat. I thought sure I would scare them away. Well, maybe they wouldn't believe it, but those cussed coyotes never moved. They just sat up there and actually grinned. They said just as plain as if they had used the words: 'Oh, you needn't try to run any bluff on us! We are strictly onto our job.' How they knew I hadn't the gun I don't know, but I have had great respect for the sense of a coyote ever since."

Settled an Old Grudge.

An old man-of-war's man took a seat in a passenger car one day, attracting considerable attention by his dress and manner. An indiscreet neighbor ventured the question, "In the navy, eh?"

The sailor nodded affirmatively.

"Well," went on the other man, "I am not exactly in the navy myself; I am a contractor—that is, I furnish cheese to the navy."

"Oh, you are, are ye?" said the sailor. "You are just the chap I've been looking for," and accordingly he knocked the aspirant for naval honors over the car seat, and added as he looked around, "now show me the son-of-a-gun that furnishes the butter."

Flesh Food and Vegetarianism.

Some one has estimated that twenty-two acres of land is needed to sustain a man on flesh, while that amount of land sown with wheat will feed forty-two persons; sowed to oats, eighty-eight; to potatoes, Indian corn or rice, 176 persons, and planted with the bread-fruit tree over 6,000 people would be fed.

Might Mention the Fact.

"Suppose I should call you any hard names," asked the literary chap from the East, who was down in Mexico, studying human nature, "what would you do?"

"Oh, kinder mention the fact to the coroner the first time I met him," carelessly replied the gringo.

Bury the Dead in the House.

In certain parts of Africa it is considered a mark of disrespect to bury out-of-doors at all. Only slaves are treated in such unceremonious fashion. The honored dead are buried under the floor of the house.

Age Rewarded.

A law of New Zealand awards a pension of $100 annually to every respectable person who has attained the age of sixty-five, and has resided twenty years in the colony.

Handy Device.

A handy device for hanging clothes is formed of a ring to be screwed to the top of a post to support a number of arms, which are dropped into a hole in the end of the post when not in use.

Philippine Cigars.

The yearly output of cigars from the Philippines is 440,000,000.

COCOANUTS IN CUBA.

THEY GROW RAPIDLY AND ENTIRELY WITHOUT CULTIVATION.

Delicious Flavor of the Milk Drunk Where the Nut Grows—Altogether Different From Those That Come North—Excellent For Invalids.

Next to bananas the most important product of eastern Cuba is cocoanuts. The trees grow rapidly, without cultivation, and every man's field is fringed with them.

The Cuban process of extracting oil from the cocoanut resembles that by which Texans make oil from cotton-seed. The cake of solid residue is fed to the pigs—about the only live stock ever successfully raised in eastern Cuba—and the shells are used for fuel in the sugar factories. So far the oil has been locally employed only as a lubricator for sugar-making machinery—a wicked waste of valuable material, it seems to those who are familiar with the splendid possibilities of the product.

The saying goes that a cocoanut tree bears a nut for every day in the year. In time of peace one might buy a dozen nuts for a 20-cent coin anywhere in the rural districts of Cuba, and he who has never tasted the milk from one freshly gathered can have no idea what is meant by "a draught fit for the gods." In their proper state, however, the nuts are not brown and hard, as you see them in northern markets; they look like enormous pale-green apples, slightly elongated, for each still wears its Robin Hood jacket, which is removed before shipment. Being still "alive," as they say on the island, its shell is soft and easily cut with the machete, or long-bladed knife, which every countryman carries, or your own pocket knife may answer the purpose. Make a hole in one end of the nut about the size of a half dollar, and out gushes the milk like a living spring, not by any means such sour stuff as you have seen come out of the cocoanuts at home white as chalk and thick as buttermilk.

The trouble is that the cocoanuts of commerce are gathered before they are ripe and entirely spoiled in transit. The fluid shut up within it should have no suggestion of milk, but be colorless as water, with a slight sparkle like that from some clear mountain spring, except for a slightly sweet and most delicious flavor; and if freshly picked in the early morning, after the nut has been swinging all night in the cool breezes, the liquid is almost ice cold. Where cocoanuts grow you never see inside of their shells any of that hard, white layer which northeners grate and desiccate (one might as well say desecrate), for in its best estate the nut has no such substance, only a creamy white film inside of it, hardly thicker than your thumb nail, which is scraped off with a spoon when eaten. Before drinking the juice the tenderfoot generally pours it out into [illegible] than that which Nature [illegible]; but the sophisticated epicure tilts the cocoanut at just the right angle to let the milk trickle gently down his throat—and, like the older toper we have heard of, he wishes his throat were a mile long.

There is nothing in the wide world more nourishing or fattening, more health-restoring and youth-preserving. Emaciated invalids are recommended to begin on the juice of half a dozen nuts a day, the dose to be increased according to the patient's inclination. And the invalid is yet to be discovered who does not develop a taste for it so rapidly that in a week's time half a dozen nuts at a single sitting will hardly satisfy him. Each full-grown nut contains nearly a pint of this true "fountain of youth"—the same, perhaps, which the old Conquistadores sought vainly far and wide, expecting to find it gushing out of the earth in some sequestered spot, instead of hanging, green and beautiful, everywhere overhead.

Largest Map in the World.

This is the ordnance survey map of England, containing more that 108,000 sheets and costing in preparation £200,000 a year for twenty years. The scale varies from ten feet to one-tenth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that maps having a scale of twenty-five inches "show every hedge, fence, wall, building, and even every isolated tree in the country. The plans show not only the exact shape of every building, but every porch, area, doorstep, lamppost, railing and fire plug."

It Would Seem So.

"You will observe," said the professor, "the higher the altitude attained the colder the temperature becomes."

"But isn't it warmer up in the mountains?" asked the youth at the foot of the class.

"Certainly not," said the professor. "Why do you think it would be warmer there?"

"I thought the atmosphere was heated by the mountain ranges," answered the youngster.

Source of the Gulf Stream.

Recent investigations have shown that the principal source of the Gulf Stream is not the Florida Channel, but the region between and beside the islands of the West Indies. At Binioni the volume of this warm water is sixty times as great as the combined volume of all the rivers in the world at their mouths.

Man a Ruminant.

There is no doubt some degree of pleasure in eating a good meal, but the chief delight comes in talking about it afterwards. In a way, man as well as the bovine, is a ruminating animal.

The World's Breweries.

Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to [illegible] in the world 26,000 are in Germany.