Around the Hearthstone.

THE STRANGE GUEST.

He brought a branch of olive—
This stranger guest of mine;
Could I deny him entrance,
Who bore the peaceful sign?
Ah, no! I bade him welcome,
I set him meat and wine;
But while he drank and feasted,
How laughed his eyes divine!

I took the branch of olive
(The soothest plant that grows),
And from the carven ceiling
I hung it with the rose.
"But why to me this token,
Who never lacked repose?
Why this to me," I questioned,
"Who know no feud nor foes?"

He smiled beneath the olive—
This strangest stranger guest.
A branch from off the thorn-tree
Had told his errand best;
For since my house he entered
There's ne'er a heart at rest.
To mock me with the olive!
But Love doth love his jest.

UNEXPECTED $10,000.

Willie Smith was 19—pretty, vivacious, ambitious, but just now the very much discouraged owner of the Smith plantation and its encumbrances. Two weeks before she had been summoned from her school at Staunton by the death of her grandfather, and, as there was no other relative, had entered at once into possession of the property. A few days after the funeral the owner of the mortgage had made an ostensible visit of condolence, but had so interpolated his expressions of sympathy with matters of practical significance that when he left Willie was for the first time aware that she was only the nominal owner of her plantation.

At first she was stunned, for she had already begun to make plans for the improvement and extension of the ancestral acres. The poor cabins of the negro tenants were to be replaced by new ones, neglected fields were to be again fenced and brought into cultivation, and better methods and better machinery were to be used. Her grandfather had been easy-going and impracticable, but she had supposed that her schooling and the house expenses had been met by the rents paid him by negro tenants. Now she knew that the mortgage had been gradually increased to meet the deficits.

This morning she was in the kitchen helping Aunt Chloe with the ironing, but her thoughts were busy with the formidable problems of the future. There were the expenses and the interest to be met, and, worst of all, there was $100 still due her school at Staunton. She could not see any possible way to pay it, for the season had been bad, and the renters, instead of paying what they owed, were beginning to clamor for advances on the next year's crops; and the creditor had delicately hinted that her grandfather had already raised the mortgage out of all proportion to its security. In anxious succession her mind went over her own accomplishments in search of something that would be money-producing. She was fond of scribbling, and was fairly good at drawing and music, and had won a school reputation as a linguist. But she was too honest and practical to overrate these accomplishments. They were good things to know, but would not help her at this crisis. No, she must struggle as best she could until the creditor foreclosed; then she would go out and seek a place among the wage earners.

"Heyer's yo' mail, Mis' Willie," called Uncle Tobe's voice through the open window, and a black hand was thrust in with a package of letters. She took them and glanced over the postmarks carelessly. Most of them were from school friends at Staunton. Several were circulars, and one was one from Leadville, Col. She selected this and examined it curiously. She had no correspondents in any part of the West.

Inside was a check and a short letter, with the printed address of a Leadville banking house. The letter read:

"Willie Smith, Talbottom, Ga.: We are requested to forward you the inclosed check for ten thousand dollars ($10,000). Please acknowledge receipt, and oblige, yours truly,

"WALDRON & CO."

She stared at it for a moment, then hurriedly examined the check. Yes, it was for $10,000, made in favor of Willie Smith. But, of course, it was a mistake. If she had any relatives in the world, they were so far removed as to have been overlooked, and certainly none of them was rich enough to send her $10,000.

Talbottom was a small, unprogressive town, whose straggling arms reached out drowsily to the line fence of the Smith plantation. Willie crossed two fields and went down a short lane, and was then in the principal street. There was but one bank, and its cashier was an old friend of her grandfather's. She went directly to him and explained her errand.

"I reckon it's all right, Willie," said the old man, after he had carefully examined the envelope and its contents. "It's directed to Willie Smith, Talbottom, and you're the only Willie Smith I know. And Waldron & Co. are all right. Our house has dealt with them. And I'm bound to say, my dear," putting down the papers and looking at her beamingly, "I'm plumb glad for this windfall. I can almost hear yo' grandfather chuckle in his grave."

"But it can't be mine," insisted Willie. "I don't even know that I have a relative in all the world."

"Somebody yo' family has lost sight of," said the cashier genially. "Now, there's a man over in Jasper County got a fortune from a cousin he hasn't heard from in thirty years. I reckon this is something that way. It's likely yo' mother's cousin or somebody else. Anyhow, it's all right, and I'm willing to take the check. Will you have the money, or leave it on deposit?"

"I wish I felt more sure," hesitated Willie.

"Well, suppose I telegraph to Waldron & Co. Can you come in again this afternoon?"

"Yes."

When she returned in the afternoon the cashier handed her a slip of paper. It read:

"Merchants' Bank, Talbottom, Ga.—Gentlemen: Nothing to explain. We forwarded check to Willie Smith, Talbottom, as requested. If the party presenting it can be identified you may cash same with perfect safety. Yours,

"WALDRON & CO."

"So you see it is all right," said the cashier. "Now, you will please indorse the check."

Willie did so with a sudden feeling of exultation.

"How will you have it?" briskly.

"Suppose you give me $6,000. That will pay off the mortgage and make some necessary repairs. The rest I will deposit with you. And—and suppose you let me have a check book; it will be more convenient."

The next few hours were momentous ones in the young girl's life. The mortgage was paid, and visits were made to grocery and harwware and seed stores, and to painters and carpenters and stone masons; and before she went home a check was on its way to the principal of her school at Staunton.

In the morning men came out and made estimates, and they were followed by painters and carpenters and laborers, who began to repair the old family mansion, and to surround the neglected fields with substantial fences, and to build new cabins under the magnificent live oaks that grew along one side of the plantation.

Willie spent most of her time outdoors watching the work and making occasional suggestions. The new cabins were surrounded by generous truck patches, and when they were finished she was careful to rent them only to industrious, reliable negroes. In this she was greatly assisted by the cashier, who came out frequently to watch the progress of the work and whose advice was always valuable.

One day a brisk, prepossessing young man stepped into the Talbottom postoffice.

"Any letters here for Willie Smith?" he asked.

"No, she called after them not an hour ago."

"She?" curiously.

"Yes. Generally her man Tobe gets them, but she happened to be in town this morning. You're one of the men working out there, I suppose?"

"No, not exactly."

He left the postoffice and walked across the street to the bank.

"Has Willie Smith presented a check here for $10,000 recently?" he asked.

"Miss Willie Smith has," replied the cashier.

"I beg your pardon, I meant Miss Willie Smith. You see, out West, we get in the habit of dropping ceremony."

The old cashier looked at him thoughtfully.

"So you are a Westerner, are you?" he asked.

"I was, but expect to be a Southerner now," said the young man frankly. "My mother left this country nearly thirty years ago, but I have often heard her describe her old home. When I made my pile I concluded to come down here and look around; and if I liked the place to stay permanently."

The cashier's face cleared instantly. "Good!" he exclaimed. "You can't help liking such a grand country. All it lacks is money and energy. But what part of the West are you from?"

"Leadville, Col."

"Ah, I began to suspect it. You have been connected with the house of Waldron & Co., and called in to see if the check reached its destination all right." He came from behind the counter and took the young man's hand warmly. "I am right glad to see you, suh. Yo' house never sent out a better check than that in all its life. Miss Willie has paid off a mortgage on her plantation, and is making wonderful improvements, suh—wonderful! And do you know," lowering his voice, "if it hadn't been for that check I achally believe she'd been forced to go off and look for work—achally forced, suh."

"Indeed! That would have been too bad," said the young man, "but——"

"There's no but now," interrupted the cashier cheerfully. "Her future's as clear as a June sky. If I'd received the check myself I wouldn't have been half as much pleased. Miss Willie's a fine girl—a gem in a land that is full of jewels. You must excuse my enthusiasm, suh," apologetically, "but in a sort of way yo' house seems to have had a hand in the good fortune. But come into my private room and we'll talk over the country. You're to be one of us now, and maybe I can give you some points on buying a place. And I'll tell you about Miss Willie and her plans." Here a new thought seemed to strike him. "How'd you like to go out and see her yo'self?" he asked abruptly. "We close early, and I generally go that way for a walk. She'll be glad to see anyone from Waldron & Co."

"Nothing would please me better."

"Very well. You'll take dinner with me, and if I can be of any assistance in you' plans do not hesitate to use me. Now, there's the Calhoun plantation. Joins Miss Willie and just now can be had for a song. And, really, it's the best thing you can do in the whole country. But you haven't told me yo' name yet, suh!"

"Smith—er. Call me Hamilton Smith."

"A good name, suh—a good name. We have Smiths in every county in the South, but I tell them a good thing can not be too common. My mother was a Smith."

He led the way into his private room and motioned the young man to an easy chair by an open window. Then he settled himself in an easy chair and gave a glowing picture of the Calhoun plantation.

The young man said little, but on his face was an expression of mingled amusement and indecision. And this amused indecision remained with him and even appeared in his voice until they went out to the Calhoun plantation. But when they returned, late in the evening, it had wholly disappeared.

"Miss Willie is an exceptionally fine girl," he said, with suppressed enthusiasm, "and if I am not mistaken the community will yet be proud of her plantation. She seems to have the faculty of knowing just what she wants and just how to go about doing it. I could not have planned the improvements better myself. Miss Willie told me she wanted to plant trees along her bank of the river, which runs between the two plantations, and that it would be nice if the owner on the other side could be induced to do the same. Are you sure the place can be bought?" abruptly.

"The Calhoun place? Certainly, and for a song."

"Well, I want it. I suppose it's too late to get it to-night," regretfully; "but if you'll arrange for its purchase early in the morning, so that the papers can be made out before noon, I'll be infinitely obliged. And I'll make it worth your while."

"But you haven't seen the place yet?" expostulated the cashier in amazement.

"Yes, I have—across the river, you know. Besides, I'm willing to take your word for it. If you can have everything settled before noon I will go over after dinner and talk with Miss Willie about the shade trees. And, do you know," with animation, "I've been thinking that those bluffs above the live oak grove will be a fine place to throw a bridge across the river. I wonder if Miss Willie will like the idea."

The next day the good people of Talbottom were stirred to unwonted excitement by the news that an energetic stranger had bought the old Judge Calhoun plantation, and that unlimited improvements were contemplated. And, even while this report was being circulated from mouth to mouth, it was followed by rumors of lavish contracts and engagements made with the towns people of the town. Decidedly the stranger was no ordinary man.

And evidently Willie thought so, too, for she would flash covert, inquiring glances at him from under her long dark eyelashes, and sometimes would listen with almost bated breath, wondering what daring scheme would be proposed next. He was so different from any man she had ever met—so energetic and impulsive and chivalrous. She could not help liking him, and she could not withstand his impetuosity any more than the reeds of the river could withstand the current in springtime. She offered objections to the building of the bridge and he overruled them in a single impetuous speech. She did not like the idea of assuming all the expenses of improving the river, but did not dare expostulate for fear of the quizzical look which she knew would come into his merry eyes. Inside of a month she began to feel that he was as much at home on her plantation as he was on his own, but she could see no way to prevent it.

And, indeed, she did not want to. In the fall their engagement was definitely announced, and all Talbottom said it was the most suitable match of the year.

A few weeks before the marriage he carefully overhauled his papers. There were many letters addressed simply to Willie Smith; some were to Willie H. Smith, and a few to William Hamilton Smith. All of them were destroyed.

"It isn't well to keep papers," he soliloquized, as the last one was reduced to ashes. "Some folks see them."—New York Ledger.

CHECKING AN EPIDEMIC.

A Stage Manager Puts an End to the Played-Out Call for a Doctor.

"Your story about calling for a doctor in the circus," said a retired showman, "reminds me of the way we broke up a nuisance in a good-sized Pennsylvania town. I was on the road with a farce-comedy company, and we put in two weeks at the town in question, there being a big military encampment there and a county fair to boot. We drew good houses all through the engagement, and were booked for an early return. I don't think we had been there more than one night before the doctor nuisance began. There would come a hurried messenger from the box office to the stage manager with a request that he ask if Dr. Bolus, or whatever his name happened to be, was in the house, and if he was, to send him to the office at once. Of course, the stage manager couldn't very well refuse, and general attention was directed to the medical man, much to his satisfaction. We soon found out that the doctors who were so much in demand were very small medical fry, and there wasn't a doubt that they had had themselves called for in order to secure the consequent notoriety. Well, we stood it for a few nights, and then an idea occurred to me. I took a walk up the main street until I came to a certain sign hanging over the stairway. I went up to the office indicated and had a brief conversation with its inmate, ending it by handing him reserved seat tickets.

"That evening, immediately after the first act and before any messenger from the box office had a chance to arrive, I stepped out in front of the curtain and held up my hand. Then in my gravest tones I asked:

"'Is Dr. Chizziold in the house?'

"Immediately a very tall colored man, with a bushy white head and huge silver-mounted spectacles, arose in the audience and said:

"'Heah I is, sah.'

"The audience tittered, but I kept my gravity.

"'You are wanted at the box office at once, doctor, in a case which requires your immediate professional attention.'

"As the aged darkey ducked to me and hobbled from the room, the audience broke into a wild roar.

"Perhaps you will understand the cause of their merriment when I add that the old man was a corn doctor, and probably the best-known eccentric character in town.

"Well, there were no more doctors called from that stage during our engagement."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Man and the Snake.

The reputed fascination of the serpent's eye is the motive of a story in Mr. Ambrose Bierce's volume of tales entitled "In the Midst of Life." Mr. Brayton was the guest of a friend, an eminent zoologist, whose specialty, of which he had a fine collection, was snakes. Stretched upon a sofa in his own room, Mr. Brayton glanced from the book he was carelessly scanning while awaiting the summons to dinner, and saw, in the shadow under his bed, two small points of light about an inch apart. He gave them no special thought and resumed his reading.

In a few minutes he gave an involuntary start, and stared into the obscurity under the bed. His gaze disclosed the coils of a large serpent; the points of light were its eyes, but were no longer merely luminous points; they looked into his own with a malign significance. Brayton was a brave man, but this seemed an occasion when discretion was the better part of valor. He would beat a retreat and backward, so as not to disturb the reptile; but instead of the movement his will had shaped, his right foot was placed in advance of his left.

The snake did not move, but its eyes seemed to become larger and more luminous. There were strange noises in Brayton's ears as, with reluctant steps, he could not refrain from drawing nearer the bed. Suddenly something struck him a hard blow upon the face. He had fallen to the floor.

The zoologist, startled by a terrific scream from above, rushed to his friend's room. There lay Brayton, senseless. As he bent over him he glanced under the bed.

"How did this thing get here?" he exclaimed, and pulling out the snake, flung it to the center of the room, where it lay without motion.

It was a stuffed snake; its eyes were two shoebuttons.

The Season.

"To be sure," assented the wolf, cordially, "I am glad of the cool weather. I never could do much in a crash suit. There is nothing like the conventional sheep's clothing, after all."—Detroit Tribune.

Didn't Need It.

"Help! Help!" cried the man who was being robbed.

"Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."—Tid-Bits.

The Particular Thing.

She—Was there any particular thing about the town which struck you?

He—Yes; a bicycle.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Lord probably forgives every thing else sooner than the discontent of a woman whose husband is good to her.

MUSIC OF ST. PETER'S.

The Choir Sings It at Sight Without Rehearsal.

Opposite the Chapel of the Sacrament is the Chapel of the Choir. St. Peter's is a cathedral, and is managed by a chapter of canons, each of whom has his seat in the choir, and his vote in the disposal of the cathedral's income, which is considerable. The chapter maintains the choir of St. Peter's, a body of musicians quite independent of the so-called "Pope's choir," which is properly termed the "choir of the Sistine Chapel," and which is paid by the Pope.

No musical instruments are ever used in the Sistine. In the choir, on the contrary, there are two large organs. The one on the west side is employed on all ordinary occasions; it is over two hundred years old, and is tuned about two whole tones below the modern pitch. It is so worn out that an organ-builder is in attendance during every service to make repairs at a moment's notice. The bellows leak, the stops stick, some notes have a chronic tendency to "cypher," and the pedal "trackers" unhook themselves unexpectedly. But the canons would certainly not think of building a new organ.

Should they ever do so, and tune the instrument to the modern pitch, the consternation of the singers would be great; for the music is all written for the existing organ, and could not be performed two notes higher, not to mention the confusion that would arise where all the music is sung at sight. This is a fact not generally known, but worthy of notice. The music sung in St. Peter's, and, indeed, in most Roman churches, is never rehearsed or practiced. The music itself is entirely in manuscript, and is the property of the choirmaster, or, as is the case in St. Peter's, of the chapter, and there is no copyright in it beyond this fact of actual possession, protected by the simple plan of never allowing any musician to have his part in his hands except while he is actually performing it.

In the course of a year the same piece may be sung several times, and the old choristers may become acquainted with a good deal of the music in this way, but never otherwise. Mozart is reported to have learned Allegri's Miserere by ear, and to have written it down from memory. The other famous Misereres, which are now published, were pirated in a similar way. The choirmaster of that day was very unpopular. Some of the leading singers who had sung the Misereres during many years in succession, and had thus learned their several parts, met and put together what they knew into a whole, which was at once published, to the no small annoyance and discomfiture of their enemy. But much good music is quite beyond the reach of the public—Palestrina's best motets, airs by Alessandro Stradella, the famous hymn of Raimondi, in short, a great musical library, an archivio, as the Romans call such a collection, all of which is practically lost to the world.

It is wonderful that under such circumstances the choir of St. Peter's should obtain even such creditable results. At a moment's notice an organist and about a hundred singers are called upon to execute a florid piece of music which many of them have never seen or heard; the accompaniment is played at sight from a mere figured bass, on a tumble-down instrument two hundred years old, and the singers, both the soloists and the chorus, sing from thumbed bits of manuscript parts written in old-fashioned characters on paper often green with age. No one has ever denied the extraordinary musical facility of Italians, but if the general musical world knew how Italian church music is performed it would be very much astonished.

It is no wonder that such music is sometimes bad. But sometimes it is very good; for there are splendid voices among the singers and the Maestro Renzi, the chief organist, is a man of real talent as well as of amazing facility. His modernizing influence is counterbalanced by that of the old choirmaster, Maestro Meluzzi, a first-rate musician, who would not for his life change a hair of the old-fashioned traditions. Yet there are moments, on certain days, when the effect of the great old organ, with the rich voices blending in some good harmony, is very solemn and stirring. The outward persuasive force of religion lies largely in its music, and the religions that have no songs make few proselytes.—Century

Former Slave Market.

On benches so placed as to command a good view were the buyers, coarse-looking Turks, whose calm, searching gaze seemed to take in every detail. The merchant conducting the sale stood before them, talking and gesticulating with great vehemence. He turned to one of the pens, which was filled with young Circassian women, most of whom were very handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, in an attitude of listless despondency, their white garments flowing around them, and as they gazed up at me with their sad, dark eyes, I felt painfully how they must envy the free and happy stranger who came to look on them in their infamy and misery.

The slave trader came forward, followed by a phlegmatic-looking Turk, and, seizing one of the women by the arm, forced her to stand up before this man, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He proceeded to inspect her, very much in the same manner as he might have examined a horse or a dog, and his decision was unfavorable; he turned with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave merchant, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate girl, who sank down trembling among her companions in activity. This scene was as much as we could stand, and we left the place hurriedly at once; it is well, indeed, that such sights can be witnessed no more, at least in Europe.

Lion-Hunting an Ancient Sport.

To hunt the lion was kingly sport from the earliest times, and the Egyptian monuments show that all kinds of hunting, as well as fowling, was followed for pleasure.

Pawning Idols in China.

It is quite a common thing in Shanghai for needy natives to pawn their idols in order to buy food.

Married Men and Rings.

The latest suggestion made in the columns of a London paper is that married men should wear wedding rings.

Your grocer will sell you *Schilling's Best* tea, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

He is our agent to this extent; and we want no better business.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

Best Method of Preserving Fodder Corn—How to Relieve Choked Cattle—Late Maturing Potatoes Are Most Productive.

Preserving Corn Fodder.

A report from the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station says for two years past experiments were conducted to determine the best method of preserving the corn plant for winter use. Four methods were tried. First, whole ensilage was made by running the newly cut corn through a cutter, reducing it to one-half inch lengths, then putting into the silo. Second, the ears were husked, cribbed, dried, ground, cob and all, and fed in connection with the stalks, which had been previously cut and made into ensilage; this was called stover ensilage and meal. Third, the fodder was preserved in large shocks, and before feeding was run through a cutter, ears and all, and cut into one-half inch lengths. Fourth, the corn was husked from the fodder, ground with the cob and fed with the stover, after it had been run through the cutter as needed from time to time.

Samples from the material preserved by the different methods were carefully analyzed, and the fodder was fed to a herd of fourteen milch cows. It was found that each of the methods preserved about four-fifths of the dry matter harvested, the loss from each being practically the same in quality and in character. The fodders kept in the shock lost more and more dry dry matter as the winter progressed. The ears in the silo during the last test lost more of their food value than those preserved in any other way, this being the reserve of a previous test. The relative cost of placing the same amount of dry matter in the manger was greatly in favor of whole ensilage. Time and money spent in husking and grinding the ears were wasted, as better results were obtained when the ears were left on the stalk. The ensilages were relished much better by the cows and they do better upon them.—Farm News.

Relieving Choked Cattle.

"I have never known my method of relieving choked cattle," says a writer in an English farm paper, "to fail in giving instant relief. I cut a stick about four feet long and one-half an inch through at the large end, with prongs like fork tines about one inch long at the small end. The stick wants to be straight and smooth. I generally cut a small gray birch. Then wind the prongs with yarn until well covered and sew over and through this a piece of cotton cloth, making a ball some inches in diameter securely fastened to the small end of the stick. Grease the ball well with lard, insert in the animal's throat, and push it down the length of the stick if need be, or until the substance is forced into the stomach. Then withdraw the stick and the creature will be relieved. I have been called in the night to go four miles to relieve an animal that had choked for hours. I relieved her in two minutes after the stick was ready, so that she commenced eating immediately. Two or three men had tried every way they knew for hours without success. The creature was choked with a potato."

Late Maturing Potatoes.

Most of the very large growers of potatoes plant mainly of the late-maturing varieties. There is a good deal of loss in marketing early varieties, especially those dug while their skin is still tender, and is broken by being rubbed against. In hot weather such potatoes rot easily, and though the price is higher there is not so great profit as for the more productive later crop that can usually be marketed without injury. Early potatoes do not generally produce heavily. Hot, dry weather shortens the crop, while with late potatoes planted late much of the growth of the tubers is made after the heated term has passed.

Keep Flour from Taint.

Flour should be kept with the greatest care, (as it takes on the odor of things about it, and becomes tainted almost as easily as do milk and butter. As it also becomes heavy and moldy in a damp place, it should be kept where weather changes will not affect it. The lightness and dryness of the flour, of course, has a great deal to do with the superior quality of the bread and cake made from it. When flour is bought by the barrel, a patented convenience that consists of a swinging shelf that raises the barrel a few inches from the floor, so that the air may circulate freely about it, is liked by housekeepers who have space for it.

Salt Destroys Seeds.

Wherever salt is sown so that it comes in contact with germinating seeds it will rot and destroy them. The first germ of seeds is very tender, and as it starts out the seed gives out some moisture which dissolves the salt. The effect of very small quantities of salt is to decompose vegetation of all kinds. A large amount might pickle it and prevent decomposition. But either small or large, it is destructive of the germs of vegetable life. But if there is a great deal of rainfall the salt is dissipated, and so mixed with surrounding soil that little injury to the seed is produced.

An Impromptu Filter.

An impromptu filter will be found convenient. Buy 5 cents' worth of powdered charcoal; put it in a piece of flannel, together with some small stones—fine pebbles are best—and tie it to the spigot. The water running through this will be quite clear. Be sure you have coarse flannel, as the charcoal sifts through muslin. If it runs too slowly put something under the spigot and let it run while you are doing something else and dip it out afterward. The increased clearness of the water will repay you.

The Strawberry Patch.

The family strawberry patch is not usually large, and can therefore be given the best of attention. Rake the beds and clear off all the refuse, or burn the beds over. Then sprinkle fine bonemeal and muriate of potash over the rows, or use well-rotted manure that is free from litter, covering the beds with straw or salt hay, and placing cornstalks or brush on the hay. Early in spring remove the mulch and sprinkle nitrate of soda over the rows before the plants begin to grow.

Trees in Tilled Fields.

A few years ago we wrote on the expensiveness of keeping scattered trees left for shade in pastures in fields that every few years had to be broken up and used for tilled crops. The grass may or may not be injured under the tree, according to its variety and habit of growth. But wherever the field was planted with either corn or potatoes the blighting effects of the tree sapping the soil of moisture were to be seen as far either way as its roots extended. At the time our views met much severe criticism from those who regarded the trees as objects of beauty, and to be spared, whatever they cost to the farmer. But the loss from plowing, wasting seed, and labor in cultivating crops under trees and getting nothing in return has convinced most who a few years ago were critical that they were backing a luxury that not one farmer in ten can afford. Keep the trees if you wish in land that is to be always in grass, but if it is to be plowed and cultivated, clear them out so that all the labor applied may have its fullest effect.—American Cultivator.

Plowing and Reseeding.

Within the past few years there have been more than usual complaints of grass and clover seeds not "catching" well, and of "running out" after an apparently good seeding had been secured. Drought, or hard freezing in winter, are commonly given as reasons for these grass failures. But in many cases we suspect that this does not explain the whole difficulty. As vegetable matter in the soil decreases it is much more injured by drought than it is while the soil retained its virgin fertility. Our climate is not a moist one, like that of England, and our winter cold is much more severe. We cannot expect permanent grass either for pasture or meadow. To plow and reseed every second or third year seems to be a necessity of good farming in our Northern States. Nor is this necessity any real hardship. The first year or two after seeding the crop is always better than after, and then, too, there is the best sward to plow under. English turf may keep thickening as the years pass by, but our grass lands are sure to grow thin. The longer the replowing is delayed, the more difficult it is likely to be to get a good catch with the new seeding.—Ex.

Keep Live Stock in Good Condition.

It is the best and safest plan to put all the live stock on winter rations in good time and before they become really hungry and lose flesh by the want of nutriment in the food gathered from the fields. As soon as a frost has taken the starch out of the herbage and lessened its ability to nourish an animal the main supply of food should be given from the winter stores. To fall off now is to keep out of condition all the winter. It is quite possible to stall-feed an animal with success in the winter, but the consumption of food will be considerably increased over and above what would be required at any other season. It is an old saying that an animal well summered is half wintered. It is perfectly true, for once the system is in a thrifty condition it is more easily kept so than it can be recovered from a lowered state of health and vigor. Thus just now it should be the effort to prevent any falling off in the condition and put all the stock into winter quarters in as fine a state of health as is possible.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Odds and Ends.

An easy way to remove spots of paint from glass is to make a strong solution of soda in hot water and wash the glass with a flannel dipped in this.

Tumblers that have been used for milk should never be put into hot water until they have first been rinsed in cold water. The heat drives the milk in and gives a cloudy appearance to the glass, which cannot be removed.

Clothing that has become spotted and whose color has been destroyed by acids may have the color restored by applying ammonia and afterward chloroform.

Occasionally your pet canary bird should be fed with a hard-boiled egg, chopped fine and mixed with cracker crumbs, giving it not more than a thimbleful of the mixture at a time.

Farm Notes.

There is no charm in slipshod farming, none in weedy fields, fences, fence corners or barns, or with buildings in a general state of disorder.

Low-grade fertilizers cost less by the ton, but cost a great deal more if measured by the benefit derived. If compelled to buy fertilizers at all buy good ones. If you are not posted you can find neighbors who are.

The fall is the time to ditch and till the land for drainage, as the work can be then done at less cost than at any other period of the year. Lands in the West that have been tilled have gained sufficiently in one year, by the increased yield per acre, to more than pay the cost of drainage. Every year that wet land is left undrained is a loss or just so much time that could be gained by drainage.

An orchardist says: Peach trees will not bear choice fruit when growing in sod. In fact, there are few fruit trees that will not produce better fruit and more of it if the grass is prevented from growing near them. Fruit trees in poultry yards, where the ground is kept constantly bare of all vegetation, usually bear excellent fruit. Of course, some allowance must be made for the fertilizing benefits received from the droppings of the fowls.

In harvesting, as well as in storage, potatoes should be exposed to light as little as possible, says Farmers' Bulletin No. 35 of the United States Department of Agriculture. In storing potatoes a low temperature is required. The potato tuber is uninjured by a temperature of 33 degrees F., and one authority gives the freezing temperature of potatoes 30.2 degrees F. Warmth favors sprouting, which injures potatoes, both for planting and eating.

Untold Lies.

The art of telling a lie by telling the truth, but less than the whole of it, is cultivated by some people; and when their trick of concealment is by some chance found out, they are never quite believed afterward.

A person of this type was once relating certain circumstances to an acquaintance, who appeared, perhaps, a trifle incredulous.

"What!" exclaimed the narrator; "do you suspect what I tell you?"

"Oh, no," answered the other; "but I suspect what you don't tell me!"

The remark was an apt one, and ought to have been a warning to the speaker. But inasmuch as this person was grown to years of discretion, and still kept back a part of the truth, it is doubtful if any experience could teach him to be really truthful. There is a great deal of untruthfulness latent somewhere in human nature, and unless one is "brought up to tell the truth," and taught in childhood to abhor a lie in any shape, there is very little hope that such a person will become outspoken and candid.

The gas engine, which in Europe has now supplanted the steam engine for moderate power, is being used in France for ships. A new gasboat on the Havre-Rouen-Paris line is 100 feet long, with seven feet draught, and attains a speed of seven knots. The gas is stored in steel tubes under a pressure of ninety-five atmospheres. The engine is a two-cylinder one and is of forty-horse power.

Not Used to Luxuries.

The peculiar sorrows of a Pennsylvania colored man are thus set forth by the Record of Philadelphia:

A tall and heavy-footed colored man limped painfully into a large shoe store in Phoenixville one day recently, and began to complain to the proprietor that he had been swindled. "Dese hyar shoes," he said, "suhtinly is de wu'st I ebah see. Dey jes' natchelly got me all tied up in knots."

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired the proprietor.

The colored man scratched his pate for a minute, and said, "Fo' de Lawd, I doan' know. Hit sho'ly seem laik somebody done cast a spell on dem. Fust dey feels all right, an' den de nex' day dey hu'ts mos' dreffui."

The dealer took a look at one of the shoes; then he began laughing. "You're not used to wearing shoes, are you?" he asked.

"Well, boss," was the reply, "I doan' weah dem much, da's a fack."

"Well, the trouble is, you've got them on the wrong feet."

"No, sah! No, sah!" cried the negro, "dey ain' nuffin' wrong wif mah feet."

The dealer explained the difference between right and left, and the customer went away happy.

Progressive Civilization.

A lady recently took into her service a Chinaman, and began to Christianize him. Shortly afterward some silver spoons were missing. Then she taught him the Apostles' Creed, and it was discovered that a valuable piece of plate had been stolen. His benefactress, loath to suspect her new convert, started in to teach him the Ten Commandments. By the time he was able to repeat the First Commandment, the scamp stole her watch. Then the philanthropic lady's son rebelled. "Mother," he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake, don't teach that pig-tailed scalawag any more, or by the time you've got him to the Tenth Commandment he will have stolen the house and taken the cellar along with it!"

The human race is but a contest of dollars.

CLIMATE AND COMFORT.

Either way, whether we are to have a prolonged winter of extreme cold or a mild one, through the dampness and chill neuralgia will find its victims, and a great many imprudent people will find neuralgia. In either case, when it does come, with its racking torture, let's look about for the best that can be done. We need not go far. The reputation of St. Jacobs Oil as a certain cure for neuralgia has gone before it, and it is an established fact that it cures surely, soothes and restores the troubled nerves. To enjoy, therefore, a comfortable winter, whether it is cold or mild, bear in mind that for this complaint one should have the great remedy for pain ready for use. It is by putting off that the ailment grows worse, and the worst cases grow less as soon as it is used.

Bricks of glass are now manufactured in Silesia. They are cheap and more durable than mud bricks.

FALSE WITNESSES.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for ma'aria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Chicago university has just received a gift of property worth $500,000 to be used for a new biological station.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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