Miscellany.

SWEETEST OF MEMORY'S BELLS.

Wild is the way through the woodland; but there are the sweet fields of clover,
The sighing, sad pines, and the jessamine vines, and the rill that leaps laughingly over.
The lilies that rim it—the shadows that dim it—and there, winding winsomely sweet,
Is the path that still leads to the old home through rivery ripples of wheat!

And hark! 'tis the song of the reapers, and I know by its jubilant ringing
There is gold in the gleam of the harvest and love in the hearts that are singing!
And still as of old to the ether its music mellifluous swells,
And the wind that sighs westward is swaying the sweetest of Memory's bells.

Let me pass through the wheat and the clover, O men and rose-maidens, who reap!
I, who come from the sound of the cities, like a child to its mother would creep;
For through long years of tears and of toiling, like harbor-bells over the foam
Your voices far winging and ringing were singing me—singing me home!

And here, from the pain and the pleasure—from the sorrow and singing, I flee
As the birds when the storm-winds are blowing, as the ships seek the haven from sea;
And I fancy the violets know me in gardens of beauty and bliss;
And do not the red roses owe me the peace of the prodigal's kiss?

The sun is still bright at the portal; there the love-light all radiant shines;
Heart! Heart! there's a face we remember in the tangle and bloom of the vines!
Far off the glad reapers are singing—far off in the rivery wheat,
And the arms of a mother are clinging, and the kiss of a mother is sweet!
—Ladies' Home Journal.

IN THE DARKROOM

"When you go into your darkroom to develop plates, always lock the door behind you to avoid interruptions." So saith the learned writer of "Instructions to Amateur Photographers," and it is a rule that has saved many negatives.

Of course it never occurred to the instructor of amateurs to add: "And always take a good look about you before shutting the door and sitting down in front of your ruby light." That admonition would be looked upon as outside the book, and no amateur would see in it sense or relevancy. Yet I never go into my darkroom now without letting in a flood of light that searches out every corner.

When I bought my camera and began to turn out foggy negatives, from which sickly, spectral prints came off, I had no decently appointed darkroom, using a small closet in my house for the purpose. Now, not being a socialist or a shoemaker, I like good air, and to sit in that stuffy hole in the wall for the better part of an hour at a time had the result of eating up some of my enthusiasm for dabbling in solutions of eikonogen, carbonate of soda and stinking ether. My ill-smelling lamp seemed to exhaust as much oxygen as my good pair of lungs, and I sometimes bore my negative out of the closet with such a pale face that, in spite of my triumphant air in exhibiting it to my wife, she declared I was surely ill and that she had always heard that photographers were short-lived. She did not like the smell of my chemicals, either, and declared they were a nuisance of the first order.

That was why I had my new and carefully ventilated darkroom built for me. It was a house all by itself and stood down in a little hollow, a good stone's throw from our dwelling. We were living in the country then, in a very pretty bit of woodland that had a wilderness of brown plain all about it.

My new darkroom was quite a spacious affair, and I gloried in its completeness of detail and handiness of the appointments. I used to spend a good deal of time in there, and, as I learned how much bromide to use and to hit upon the happy moment of taking a plate out of the developing bath, my progress was swift and sweet.

It so happened in the autumn that we went to the city for a month to live, leaving our country place shut up. I took my camera to town and exposed a dozen or so dry plates on a lot of marble statuary. Whenever, at odd times, I thought of these, I became feverish to know whether Ariadne had ever overtimed or whether Venus had been light-struck.

My wife smiled when I told her I intended to run down to "the ranch" to look after things a bit.

It was too diaphanous. When she saw me packing my plates she laughed. But she was indulgent and said good-by with her own little pleasantry about my not being so very deep after all.

Walking up to the house from the station I saw that the autumn winds had been making very free with the trees while we had been away, and the brown leaves strewed the gravel walk and were scurrying along on their thin edges like little hoops driven by children. A smoky haze lay over the wood and along the plain, and the hills beyond were deep in it. The low-lying sun was blood-red, and sent a sickly yellow glow over the place. Driving rather keenly, the wind set me a-shivering. I had never known "the ranch" when it showed so bleak and forbidding a face. Not caring to enter the vacant house, I strode quickly down the path into the hollow which lay darkly in the shadow, and, hurrying on to my little studio, I pulled out my keys before the door. Not finding the right key, it came to me of a sudden that I had left it in the lock inside on going to town, and turning the handle of the door I saw it had not been locked at all. This was really of little consequence, as "the ranch" was not near the road, and I had often boasted that a lock meant nothing there anyway, though in the darkroom it had probably saved a negative or two on occasion.

I went in and from pure force of habit turned the key, leaving it in the lock. Then I struck a match, found my lamp, lighted it and poured my chemicals out into my graduate and tray. Then, with the lamp covered and only the thin stream of red light coming dully forth, I opened a double-back and pulled out a plate. It was "Ariadne and the Panther," for which I hoped great things. As I put the plate into the developing tray and picked up my graduate to pour forth the developer I was startled by a rustling that seemed to come from the corner where I kept my printing stuff. It sounded like a movement of the stiff curtain that hung there, but it occurred to me that the strange sound could have come from a wind puff among the leaves outside. So I poured the developer upon the light yellow plate and began to rock the tray gently.

Nowhere, except probably on your wedding morning or on getting a wrapped copy of your first book, does the charm of expectancy get such a hold upon you as it does on watching for the image of an exposed object to appear upon a photographic plate.

On the yellow blank before me now came, softly and silently, the figure of the smooth-limbed Ariadne, sitting her panther with the majesty I had seen in the marble. But she was coming on rather too quickly because of overtiming, and I rapidly reached back for the bottle of bromide. As I measured off four crystal drops that fell splashing into the developer I heard a slight grating sound, as of a key being taken from a lock. Surely the charm of Ariadne must have been strong upon me, for the incident did not excite so much alarm as it did mere annoyance.

"Must have been in rather loose and just dropped out," was my illogical thought, but who can be logical concerning things external when snug in his own tight world of photography?

Ariadne came on beautifully, and I laid her in the water near my right hand to gain detail before fixing. Then I took out Venus and began to develop her. She came on well enough, and I dipped her into the water, too. Everything was going well, and I should have a fine set if this kept on. Being my first trial with such a hard lot of subjects, I was rather proud of myself.

Then my fingers groped for Ariadne, who was now ready for the fixing bath. But though I felt all about in the water my finger tips never touched the glass. It was a hard situation to sense, but Ariadne was gone.

I leaned back in my chair in a state bordering on utter collapse. Water doesn't melt solid glass, and an 8x10 negative doesn't get up and walk out of a tray. What in the name of the great Daguerre did this thing mean?

Looking at the trap in vague distress I saw a great black hand steal silently into the circle of the dim red light, grasp the Venus negative and as silently dart back into the thick, impenetrable gloom of the darkroom. I would have jumped up if I could, but the ugly circumstance weighed me down. Then I heard the negative strike the floor and shiver into little bits. This started me up. I grasped the cover of the red light and was about to lift it when the whole contrivance was wrenched from the table and the ruby glow was turned full upon my face. Behind it I could see nothing, but the handle at the bottom was clutched by that same black hand. The lamp was raised high and then it came, crashing against the floor, the light blotting out in the heavy darkness.

I sprang for the door, and, missing it, grasped something soft and slippery that slid from my grasp. It was like a clothed arm, but it was so cold and slimy that it seemed hardly human. At the same time a form full of burly strength knocked harshly against me, whether accidentally or not I could not tell. A slight mass of cold slime that reeked horribly came off the form and adhered to my face and the side of my neck. This was more than I could stand. My clogged throat opened and I yelled like a demon.

"Out of this! Out of this! whatever you are!"

Then was forced upon my mazed mind a peculiarity of the creature that I had not noted before. It did not speak, nor growl, nor utter any sound. It would have been a relief even to have heard it hiss; its silence was more awful than any sort of utterance.

Flattening my quick-moving hands along the side of the wall, I touched the door at last, and, feeling for the knob, I turned it and tugged at it like a young giant. But the door did not move and the key was gone. Of course that was what I had heard when beginning my work—that dropping out of the key. So down I dropped to feel for it all about the floor near the door, but to feel in vain.

I was locked up in the dark with a nameless creature, sinister and powerful, from whom there was no flight, for the darkroom had but one exit—the door. There was no window nor any hole, save the small ventilation traps, through which not even so much as a hand might be thrust.

While there was any hope by way of the door, I had been more than commonly fearsome, but now my fright was more than mere alarm. It was a steady growth of terror—the kind of terror that makes the scalp feel prickly and the breath come hard. It was chill, palpitating fear of the kind that makes you turn sick and sets your shoulders twitching. And the chief of it was a pallid dread of something unspeakably uncouth and loathsome—actual contact with the thing in the darkroom. I believe I could have borne a stroke from any weapon it might have in hand better than a touch or close meeting with the body of the repulsive creature.

I crawled into the corner nearest the door and waited with strained ear. Presently I heard a low shuffling and then a patting along the wall and a scraping along the floor. He of the black hand was feeling for me; of that I was certain. My ear is good, and, judging by the location of the patting and scraping, as well as of another sound, like the dragging of some small, soft body upon the floor, I moved without noise around the edge, away from my pursuer. Though shaken and fevered, I kept out of that dread clutch.

It was nerve-straining work and the tension was something frightful, but I kept it up until I fell over a box and went sprawling right into the arms of the creature. My head fell upon its clammy shoulder, from which oozed the noisome moisture, and its wet and ill-smelling arms closed upon me, bringing to bear such force that I thought they would crush my breast-bone. At the same time there came out a low, throaty laugh—a laugh so uncouth and lacking in levity as to be positively harrowing.

There was fight in me yet, shaken and crushed as I was, and, getting one arm loose, I hammered with all my force upon the creature, striking where I judged its head should be. My blows slid off because of the slime that enveloped the face, but once I struck full hard upon a solid jaw, and before I could pull my hand back my thumb was bitten nearly in two. And then the hand of the creature—that great black hand that I had seen in the low red light—stole up to my throat, and, clutching it in mighty grasp, shut off my breath and made me grow dizzy and faint there in the darkroom. My own hands, flying about wildly, now struck an iron hat hook in the wall. Wrenching this hook off, I drove it so deeply into the hand at my throat that, breathing very hard, almost gasping in pain, the creature suddenly let go its hold upon me, and I was free.

Now I was furious—frenzied. I darted at my assailant with the hook in my hand, and presently I dealt a vicious blow full in the face.

The creature butted forward with a head so hard that when it struck me in the breast I thought my breath was gone. I fell over and it came upon me again, its blood falling on my face and its breath hot on my forehead.

Of a sudden there was a shock as of the solid earth bursting asunder, and I sped off into space and oblivion.

When next I knew the world the door of my darkroom was open and the morning sun was shining in upon the floor where I lay, with aching head and a searing of pain in my throat, while my bitten thumb fairly throbbed. My face, hands and clothes were nearly covered with blood, green slime and muddy ooze, and all about the studio the walls and floors were streaked and daubed with the same offensive mixture. In one place there was the plain imprint of five long fingers. I doubted not that it had been made by the great black hand that had clutched my throat in the darkness.

I crawled to the sink and washed myself and took a good drink, after which I made my way out of the darkroom into the house, where I changed my clothes and bandaged my thumb.

At my gate I saw two men on horseback.

"Seen anything of a big buck nigger going by here?" asked one of them. "He's got big hands and feet and is perfectly dumb. We tracked him down to the slough, where he probably waded across."

I stared hard at the men.

"Yes," I replied, "I've seen him, or at least I've seen his hand. Where is he from?"

"Napa insane asylum. Broke loose yesterday morning."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Little Girl's Adventure.

Probably no other 4-year-old child ever had so desperate an adventure, and survived it, as that which in July last befell little Emma Nelson, daughter of the postmaster of Susanville, Cal. That she should have survived it at all, to say nothing of coming through it in good health, and in entirely cheerful and hopeful spirits, is proof of remarkable bodily vigor and mental balance.

On the Fourth of July, while the celebration of Independence Day was in progress, little Emma, who is not yet 5 years old, wandered away from her father's house. Behind the town lies a mountain covered with wild woods, through which bears and mountain lions always roam. Into these woods, following a stream, little Emma wandered, and soon was completely lost. She did not lie down and cry, and give herself up to exposure and death; she seems to have had but one idea, and that was to keep walking until she found her papa.

She kept on marching around the mountain. Then she became aware that she was hungry. The woods about her were full of berries. She ate of them, and when night came found a comfortable place and lay down and slept.

In the morning she woke and found more berries, and tramped on, still looking for papa, with perfect confidence that she should find him soon; but she wandered farther and farther into the woods—quite away from the men who were searching for her, and who could hardly imagine that she was capable of traveling so far, or of taking care of herself for a day in such a wilderness.

After a time she ceased to find enough sustenance in the berries, and it would possibly have gone hard with her if she had not come upon some "meat" in the woods. What this "meat" was the people afterward discovered; it was the body of a calf, killed and partially devoured by coyotes. How desperate the little girl's state had become was proved by her eating of this; though she had not in the least lost her courage.

She still wandered about, keeping for some time, however, within reach of this "meat." She did not find her papa, nor he her; and she wandered, indeed, for seven days on this dreary mountain, eating berries, drinking from the stream when thirsty, and scrupulously washing herself in it every morning, as if she had been at home—and always looking hopefully for papa.

On Sunday, the 12th day of July, days after she had been given up for lost, a man who was passing along the bank of the river, in the most dangerous part of the woods, heard some one call to him, "Hello, Mr. Dash!" He was startled, but turning, he saw sitting on some driftwood on the bank of the stream, the little girl, safe and well, and apparently quite unconcerned. He caught her up, and all he could say was:

"Why, Emma, where have you been?"

"I've been looking for papa," answered the child.

He took her home, and she told the story of her long wandering quite connectedly. She said that she knew she was lost, but that she thought she should soon find papa. In the seven days through which she had wandered she had made a nine-mile circle around the mountain. She had not seen a bear, a cougar, or a coyote, though the woods are full of them. Certainly it would not be hard to believe that a special providence guarded and fed the child in this long sojourn in a wilderness.

Two of a Kind.

A student at Williamstown College had been married a short time previous to entering the college, and was led to fear that this fact might debar him from enjoying some of the privileges of the institution. Accordingly, in a great state of perturbation he called to see President Hopkins. After some conversation the young man at last managed to stammer, with a crimson face, apropos of something entirely irrelevant: "I—I am a married man!" "Ah," said President Hopkins, smiling at him with great benignity, "so am I." And there the student's trouble ended.

Purpose of Life Preservers.

It is said that on account of their depth and coldness the waters of Lake Superior do not give up their dead. A recent traveler there asked the captain of a Lake Superior steamer why he carried life-preservers, the water being so cold that one could not long survive immersion. "Oh," was the nonchalant reply, "we carry the corks so that it will be easier to recover our bodies."

The Traveler's Tale.

Friend—It is quite easy to get a divorce in Dakota, isn't it?

Returned Traveler—Very easy. For instance, if a man accompanies his wife to the theater, goes out between the acts and fails to return before the curtain rises she can get a divorce on the ground of desertion.—New York World.

SOME QUEER TOURISTS.

They Go Abroad as Cattle and Return as Swells.

While hosts of people look over the passenger lists of the lucky ones who are able to go abroad and envy them way down in their hearts, there is a class of men who make frequent trips across the ocean which would hardly excite envy, excepting by reason of their peculiar privileges. This class is humorously called "cattle chambermaids," because of the fact that those who belong to it give their attention to the live cattle that are exported from this country to Europe. The men who do this are the riffraff of the world and when here find it difficult to earn more than enough to keep body and soul together. But when they are lucky enough to get one of these "chambermaid" jobs they feel like millionaires, for they get more money a day for the trip than they could get on shore in a week.

There are a number of Chicago stock yards men who do a large business exporting cattle, and they always have a gang of fellows around waiting for the first chance to go out with a cargo. The average time of these trips from Chicago to London is about fourteen days and the price paid the attendants is $30 in gold. The chambermaid is at no expense whatever. He is fed, but, oh, such feed. It is worse than that of the animals he looks after. There is always a gang boss and he it is who dispenses the "grub." Ordinarily this is boiled fat pork and bread, with only water to drink. The pork comes from the kitchen in a great pot or tub. The boss stabs a chunk of solid fat with the long handled fork, almost a pitchfork in fact, and hurls it at one of the "maids" with some choice specimens of billingsgate. It is caught much as a dog catches a chunk of meat in his mouth and no attention is paid to the liquid grease which flies in every direction. The fat pork is followed by a hunk of stale bread, and a drink of water finishes the repast.

But what care these fellows for the fare and the labor going over. They know there will be joy and pleasure when their destination is reached. Once landed in Liverpool or Southampton they are given their $30 in English gold, this so they will spend it in England, and a return ticket good for ninety days from date.

Then at once begins a season of riotous living. The first thing is a flashy suit of clothes and a walking stick and then off for London. The old hands know better than to "blow in" their money on expensive eating. They have become familiar with the "coffee palaces" to be found all over London, where they get an imperial quart of coffee for one penny and a "bun," equal in size to an average loaf of bread, and thus for two pennies they buy all they can possibly eat. On certain days, when they feel like luxuriating, they may perhaps spend threepence on some dainty like a dozen shrimp, but even with that extravagance indulged in every two or three days the $30 will not last a long time and give plenty of opportunity to soak themselves with "'alf and 'alf."

These chaps always stay until the money is about gone and then back they come to Chicago, where the glory of their London clothes soon becomes dimmed as they loaf around the cattle pens at the stock yards while waiting for another chance to act as chambermaids to a drove of cattle.—Chicago Chronicle.

He Remembered.

People who attempt to change the pronunciation of what they consider an undesirable name are apt to find their way beset with difficulty and trials.

"And so this is Jonas Hogg's wife?" said Uncle Sim Porter cordially, as he took a shawl, a heavy bag and three parasols from the newly arrived visitor and led the way out of the Cranby station to his comfortable old buggy. "Well, I'm glad enough to see you, ma'am. I never knew your husband much, but his brother William is about like a son to ma and me.

"William Hogg is a first-rate fellow, and when his folks wrote to ask if we'd take you to board till you got your stren'th back I says to ma, 'I reckon anybody that's connected with William Hogg and his folks will be welcomed by us!'"

"My husband is always called Mr. Hogg," said the traveler, languidly but firmly, as she prolonged the o as in oh.

"Is he, ma'am?" said Uncle Sim, without any trace of irritation at this reproof. "Well, I'll try to bear that in mind."

He certainly did bear it in mind, but his manner of introducing his boarder to the neighborhood caused a flush to rise to her face on several occasions.

"This is Mrs. Jonas Hogg," he would say, carefully lengthening the o and looking at the lady in question as if for approval, "wife of William Hogg's brother. You remember William Hogg, most likely? I've told Mrs. Hogg what a favorite he was with all the folks round here, and of course her husband, Mr. Jonas Hogg, being William Hogg's only brother, makes everybody feel almost as if they knew him, in spite of the name being pronounced different!"

The Turtle.

What a strange animal the turtle is! How strange that its skeleton should cover it, instead of being inside of it as ours is! It can draw all parts of its body into this box and shut it away from every one. Openings are left in the front and back of the box, through which it thrusts out its head, tail and legs.

There are two classes of turtles; land turtles and water turtles. The land turtles generally go by the name of tortoises. They are of more value than the others, as many beautiful articles are made from their shells, such as combs, handles for knives, and eye-glass rims.

It is supposed that tortoises live to a very old age. None of these animals like cold weather. The tortoise hides away under leaves and logs; some burrow down into loose, dry earth, where they sleep, until warm weather comes.

Green turtles, that live in the ocean, are considered very fine eating. Some of these green turtles are very large, weighing six or seven hundred pounds. Their heads are as large as the head of a man.

The present state of the tea-trade can't continue. Americans drink the worst tea in the world, and pay double for it.

Schilling's Best is the remedy.

Proof: the grocer gives your money back if you don't like it.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

How Plow Points Should Be Ground—Only Large Silos Are Profitable—Oil-Soaked Cobs Make Good Kindling—General Farm Matters.

About Plow Points.

Nearly all plows, whether riding or walking, are now made with large, almost square cut, points on the shear, and in consequence when the plow is new, roots adhere and double over the point, which gives a rocking motion to the plow and makes good work impossible. It is claimed that the point wears very fast, and that it soon becomes sufficiently rounded to allow everything of the kind to pass off, and while this is true I much prefer having a plow that will do good work from the beginning, than to wait for several weeks, and in plowing have to stop every now and again and clear the point of the plow, says a writer in Rural Life. There is no satisfaction in the use of such a plow, and if the manufacturer has failed to do his work in a proper manner the point should be rounded by file or grindstone before the plow is used. Sometimes it may be necessary to take the plow to the blacksmith shop and have the point made hot and cut, but the file or grind-stone is to be preferred if too much work is not required.

Only Large Silos Are Profitable.

The silo depends on entire exclusion of air for the preservation of its contents. It is filled with vegetable matter and carbonic acid gas, which, being heavier than air, excludes its entrance from above. But if there is any leak below through which the smallest particle of air can reach the ensilage, it will rot so far as the air extends. There is always more or less rot around the edges of silos and at the top. But this top loss is prevented by covering with some worthless material, which will rot and preserve the ensilage below. It is not practical generally to make a silo for less than four or five cows, as the waste of feed in the small silo will be too great proportionally.

Oil-Soaked Cobs for Kindling.

Much of the danger of using kerosene oil for kindling fires would be avoided if corn cobs were handy to be dipped into the oil and used for kindling. The cobs will hold more oil than will wood, and if dry sticks are piled over the soaked cobs they will quickly make a blaze, which is always needed on cold mornings to lift the volume of cold air that is always found in pipes and chimneys after the fire goes down. It is not best to dip more than one or two cobs into the oil. If all the kindling, especially that on top, is wet with oil, the fire will sometimes quickly burn off the oil, and then, without lifting the cold air, a dense volume of carbonic-acid gas will settle down into the stove, making the starting of a fire worse than it was in the beginning.

Keeping Hogs in Barnyards.

We once knew a farmer who would not keep hogs. He was prejudiced against pork as unhealthful and against the hog as being an especially uncleanly animal. It is true, as he used often to say, that no other farm stock will eat hay or other fodder that a hog has nosed over or has trampled upon. But that is itself no good reason for discarding the hog. One of his best uses is to keep in the barnyard, or rather in that part of it which has the manure pile. Of course, no other farm stock would be fed here. If cattle are fed grain of any kind, or if horses are fed whole oats, the hog will get much of his living from the grain passed whole in their excrement. In doing this he will add his own droppings both liquid and solid, to the pile, and thus convert it into much more effective manure than the farmer can get without the labor of turning over and composting the manure pile.—Exchange.

Spraying Grape Vines.

The advantage of spraying grape vines is not alone in preserving fruit from mildew and rot. Even when these are not present on vines unsprayed, a close examination of the leaves will show patches of brown, beginning early in the summer, and gradually spreading during the season. The ripening both of fruit and of this year's growth of wood depends on the vigor and healthfulness of the leaves during the growing season. Whatever injures the leaves must by so much delay the ripening of fruit and injure its quality. Now that the Bordeaux mixture applied early in the season is known to secure healthful foliage, there should be no neglect in applying it.

Late Fall Seeding with Timothy.

Wherever it is desired to permanently seed land for meadow or pasture timothy—and, in fact, all the grasses—will succeed better if sown in fall, even though late, rather than in spring; we have sown timothy seed up to the time the ground freezes up, and have had a better catch than could be got by spring seeding. There is some growth of timothy whenever an open spell of warm weather comes during the winter. If the ground is covered with deep snow the timothy roots will make some growth under it. The wheat sown late may winterkill, but the grass will not, even when exposed to frequent freezing and thawing. No doubt the tiny plant is thrown out to the surface, but it catches hold of the loose, wet soil again and grows as rapidly as ever when suitable weather comes. On the other hand, the spring-sown grass seed barely gets rooted before it is liable to be pinched by droughts, and that, too, before it has got deep enough root to withstand injury from this cause.

Keep an Account.

It is to be regretted that there are not more farmers who imitate the example of a farmer in Vermont who kept a close account of what it costs him to manufacture and sell butter. After considerable bookkeeping with respect to his dairy herd, he found that he made butter at a cost of 13½ cents a pound. How many farmers are there who have been making butter for years, who know with anything like reasonable accuracy what it costs to make it, or whether the manufacture has been any profit to them?

Changing from Green to Dry Feed.

All farmers recognize that sudden change in spring to green feed for stock, after being used to dry feed all winter, is unwise. But when the change is the reverse, the effect, though perhaps more injurious, is apt to pass unnoticed until loss of health compels attention. A rough, staring hide always shows that the animal is, or has been, constipated. It is not necessary to dose with physic to remedy this evil. That will purge the system violently, and be followed by equally violent reaction. Whenever green food is superseded by dry the change should be gradual. Cornstalks do this very nicely. When put up in the fall they are always more or less damp from their natural juices, which only slowly dry out during winter. The worst constipation is from timothy or other meadow grass hay. Clover is rather laxative than constipating. All animals fed mainly on meadow hay should have a small amount of linseed meal, or boiled whole flaxseed fed daily with a few oats. These will keep the bowels in good condition, and also give the animal a sleek, shining coat, which is the natural result of good health and good digestion.

Care of Farm Roadsides.

Much of the attractiveness of country scenery, and with it the farms and country places it includes, depends on having well-cared-for road-sides. This subject is getting more thought from farmers than it used to do. Because the roadsides do not have to be tilled it is often thought they are the fair receptacle of whatever stumps, stones or other material is unwelcome elsewhere. Whenever a farm has to be sold whose owner takes this view of things he is apt to discover his mistake. A row of maple trees far enough from the roadside fence to allow a path for walking or bicycling is a paying investment for any farmer to make. If he lives ten or fifteen years these trees may be tapped, and having plenty of sunlight they will yield more and better sap than he can get from trees of equal size in the woods.

What Grain Chaff Is For.

In its wild state the chaff of grain served a very important purpose in shielding it from too early sprouting, which with all kinds of grain would insure its destruction by the ensuing winter. If a head of wheat, rye or barley or of Indian corn is exposed to the weather all winter some of its grains will survive till spring or of the winter grains will fall out in time for the best seeding in fall. It is thus that these grains were perpetuated in the ages before man learned to cultivate and care for them. Even now heavily bearded grains are less likely to be injured by rotting in mow or stack if the straw and grain are wet. Often in threshing the straw will be rotted around the band, while the grain protected by its chaff is uninjured.

Home-Grown Beef.

Since the monopoly of the beef-shipping business by Chicago millionaires, it has been almost impossible for farmers to find home butchers willing to purchase their home-grown beef product. Yet steer or heifer beef fattened at home is better than beef brought by rail many miles, and kept for weeks, perhaps, on ice before it goes into the hands of the meat retailer

Color Blindness Increasing.

"Color blindness is on the increase," says a New York optical expert. "The causes of this defect in vision that may be otherwise perfect are not very well understood. It would seem that the use of tobacco had a good deal to do with it. I have examined a great many for color blindness, having on several occasions been employed by railroad companies to do so, and in every instance where the man examined was found to be color blind he was a user of tobacco. Women are seldom afflicted in this way, hence it must be caused by something that men do which women do not. What cases exist among women will be found to be inherited from male ancestors. I have never known a woman to be color blind whose father was free from the defect. I am a smoker, and my perceptions of color are unusually good, so that it is not impossible that a man may use tobacco without such an effect, but I believe a large proportion of the cases are caused by tobacco."

How to Meet Ill-Temper.

Ill-temper is a habit, and grows with every repetition, while it weakens with lack of exercise. In dealing with a child, it is now acknowledged by a thinking people that to remove the causes of fault, or to check it in the bud, is incomparably better than to antagonize it afterwards, for thus a good habit is formed and an evil one hindered. And what is thus true in child-nature is equally so in all human nature.

Sympathy, in its best sense, is a potent instrument in allaying this evil. If we did but realize the mental condition of the one we blame for giving way to anger or irritability or fretfulness, we should usually find more reason to soothe than to condemn.

At all events, most of us have proved the futility of criticism on this point; and the true appreciation which comes from a wise sympathy will suggest many far more potent methods.

Angels' Food.

The secret in making angels' food lies in the baking of it. Sift one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream tartar several times through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth, and to them add one cup and a half of sifted granulated sugar; mix carefully into this, stirring constantly, the sifted flour, and add one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Pour this batter into an ungreased pan and bake in a slow oven for forty-five minutes. When baked, turn the pan upside down on something that will admit of the air passing under it, and allow it to stand until the cake falls from the tin. Ice with white icing. Be careful in making this cake to have all the ingredients as light as possible.

She Was a Heroine.

Among a party of young men and women who were taking an evening's ramble the other day near the village of Clandy, in County Derry, was a young man from Belfast who had come to marry a Derry girl, one of the party. In crossing the River Faughan by a wooden bridge he missed his footing and fell into twenty feet of water. In vain the distracted girl besought the men around her to rescue him, but no one was willing to court an almost certain death. As he rose to the surface for the third and last time she leaped into the river herself, and, clutching her now exhausted lover with one hand, swam with great difficulty to the river side, where willing hands received them both.

Happy Days that Are Gone.

Barbers in the early days of the Christian era were not permitted to talk while shaving a patron. Indeed, silence was so much appreciated by persons while under the barber's hands that mutes were preferred for this service.

The Speed of Blood.

It has been calculated that, assuming the heart beats 69 times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 270 yards in a minute, or seven miles an hour, 168 miles a day, and 61,320 miles a year.

The Richest Actor.

M. Coquelin, whose fortune is estimated at $1,000,000 has the reputation of being the richest actor in the world.

A FOOLISH FEAR.

There are thousands who have looked forward to the return of cold, frosty weather with dread, knowing that it brings to them their old chronic attacks of rheumatism. Why should any one bear it in winter or summer when it is so well known what will cure it and make it stay cured. St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate through stiffness and soreness to the center of rheumatic pains and aches in their worst forms and will subdue them. In the coldest or hottest climate it does its work of cure regardless of how long one may have suffered. Why then so foolish a fear? What can be cured should be endured only so long as it takes to get a bottle.

A newly-patented lawn mower has knives, worked on the same principle as mowing machine knives, hung between the wheels of the mower.

"Most Unique," Indeed.

Chief of Police Keefe has in his possession probably the most unique weapon ever seen in the city of Jacksonville. It is a combination double-barreled pistol and bowie, and was used in Missouri by a "Regulator" when that State was going through the throes of the pro and anti slavery discussion.

The blade of the bowie is about twelve inches long, and protrudes from a hilt between two small pistol barrels, each about six inches long. The hilt and the hammers are one and the same. When the hilt is cocked into position, two triggers, concealed in the stock, come forth, and then the weapon is ready for business, with both barrels and twelve inches of cold steel.

A number of men, it is said, belonging to one organization in Missouri, were armed with these weapons, which were secured direct from Paris. This one in particular seems to be almost new.—Florida Times-Union.

Mortar.

The use of brick-dust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement is now recommended on the best engineering authority, experiments made with mixtures of brick dust and quicklime showing that blocks of one-half inch in thickness, after immersion in water for four months, bore without crushing, crumbling or splitting, a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch. The use of brick-dust mixed with lime and sand is said to be generally and successfully practiced in the Spanish dominions, and is stated to be in all respects superior to the best cement in the construction of culverts, drains, tanks, or cisterns.

Trying to Cheer Him.

"There is one thing I have made up my mind to," said Willy Wishington.

"Really?" answered Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. I shall never be a man of one idea."

"Oh, don't say that. You are still too young to be discouraged."—Washington Star.

A German paper contains the following advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes sent to him free of charge."—Fliegende Blaetter.

MIND READING.

You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer of dyspeptic relieved by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the weak and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

The brain of an idiot contains much less phosphorous than that of a person of average mental powers.

Curiously Composed.

"Your honor," said a lawyer in a recent trial in England, "the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And therefore, your honor, it falls to the ground by its own weight."—Exchange.

Jinks—The greatest man to treasure a grudge is my barber. The other day an enemy of his died and he was called to shave the corpse. Minks—What did he do? Jinks—He cut him dead.—New York Press.

"Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their method of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer. There is hardly any food-product which may be so extensively used in the household in combination with other foods as cocoa and chocolate; but here again we urge the importance of purity and nutrient value, and these important points, we feel sure, may be relied upon in Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

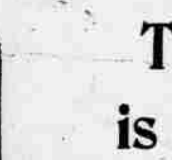
With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful effects in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

This school is located at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D. It is accredited at the State and Stanford Universities, and is one of the best of its kind. Twelfth term begins January 4, 1897.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

Daniel Campbell and his wife, of Walton county, Florida, are said to be respectively 117 and 118 years old.



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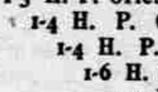

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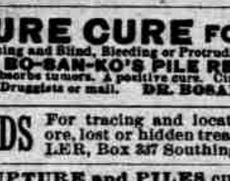

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