Such a dear old home it was. Nestling down in an old-fashioned garden, with an orchard full of old rough, weather-beaten appletrees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient elms leaned reverently over it, like faithful guardians. The low red house with its broad wings made you think of a mother bird brooding over her well-filled nest. But the nestlings were all gone now—had wandered from the old home which seemed to them shabbier and more cramped every time they came back for a short visit.

Only mother clung to it closer and closer as the years went by. When the busy sons and fashionable daughters called it lonely and the grandchildren wandered all over its queer little nooks and corners, and remarked with open contempt upon the stiff old furniture and the tiny paned windows, the good old lady listened and said nothing, but her heart throbbed with pain as though she heard the maligning of some dear friend. "They don't know, of course," she thought, excusing them in her own gentle way. "Though to other eyes it may seem poor and old-fashioned, to me it can never be so, for it is the first and only home that I ever had." And after the sad, tender manner of the old, who only have a happy past and an empty present without a luring future here, she fell a-dreaming of bygone days, when her faithful John had brought her, a bride, to this dear old home, which seemed so grand and beautiful then. How could it ever seem lonely and humble to her when it was so rich in a thousand happy, blessed recollections? Had not that been John's favorite rosebush? Had not she and John planted that very mountain ash together? And could the rooms ever seem empty and cramped to her when every nook and corner spoke to her sometimes of the living or of the dead as eloquently as tongues could do?

Here is where she used to sit and watch the fire on winter evenings, rocking the cradle as she knit. This dark spot on the worn floor is where baby Mary had spilled the ink while she sat there writing to the soldier father far away where the battle raged on the long, dreary march. And here beside the old-fashioned table, on which still lay the well-thumbed Bible, she had knelt and prayed for twenty years with John—prayed for her little ones in tearful grief when he was gone—prayed for them when they one by one slipped from her arms into the cold world, and where she still nightly bent her stiff old knees to pray for them and theirs.

Mother only loved the old house better as the years rolled on, but when grim old age had slowly crept upon her it was decided in family council that she must make up her mind to come and live with one or the other of them, for it was altogether out of the question for her to remain in that gloomy old house alone. So, one sad day, Then their fears and grief grew greater and stronger. Mother was gone.

Perhaps she had gone home. The thought was sudden, and, too impatient to wait for trains not due for hours yet, they set off across the country in their carriage. As they drew near the old home they found news of the lost one. She had passed only about an hour before, plodding wearily along the familiar road, and, with lightened hearts, they hurried on. When they came to the leaning old gate, through the wet grass they could see a solitary pathway trodden by one who had first visited the low mound, with the tiny one beside it, and from there it led straight on to the house. So, with tearful eyes, and not ashamed of their tears, either, the party tiptoed like children up the low, rickety steps, through the hall and paused reverently at the door, with remorseful hearts that longed to tell the gentle old mother, as they were wont to do over some childish disobedience, that they "were sorry, mother."

The stillness of the old house grew oppressive while they stood uncertain and, though they listened, there was no faint footfall as of one going about after the fashion of one just getting home.

They softly pushed open the door of the old family sitting room, and there, with her old gray head bowed on the family Bible and a smile of joy and peace on her dear dead face, knelt mother, who had gone home to find rest and content with John already there.—San Francisco Post.

WITH HER OLD GRAY HEAD BOWED ON THE FAMILY BIBLE.

The Raising of Vanilla Beans.

"The greatest industry in our neighborhood," said Mancos Quedalia, of Papantla, Mexico, at the St. James, "is the cultivation of the vanilla bean."

"The cultivation of this plant differs from the general idea of agricultural care, for it consists entirely in cutting away forests to give it room to grow. The vines are naturally grown from cuttings, just as the grape vines, but they can also be grown from seeds, in which case it is much longer before they begin to bear. The vine is very hardy in its native element, and sometimes takes root, even if thrown carelessly on the ground, providing only that it has shade and moisture. It grows best in virgin soil where streams abound and where the soil has a slight intermixture of sand.

"After setting out the plants, if they thrive, they will begin to bear fruit in three or four years. The yield of beans increases each year after that until about the fifth, when it begins to dwindle. In about the tenth year there is little or no yield, and the plant is cut down. The vines yield, when they are in their greatest development, from 85 to 200 beans. The beans are not ripe until they become yellow, which occurs in January or February, but they are cut prematurely on account of the depredations of thieves, and on account of the great demand.

"Taking the average for the last ten years the number of beans gathered in each year's crop has been above 15,000,000.

"As a rule the planters do not know how to cure the beans. This is a matter which requires much experience, and persons making a profession of it buy the beans from the planter and cure them themselves. Vanilla beans are also grown in subtropical climates, but they are much inferior to the Mexican product."—Washington Times.

Amusement for Hens.

There will be many days this winter when the fowls will have to be confined to the house and shed, so be sure to provide amusement for them in some shape, for "the devil finds some mischief still for idle hens to do." Idleness is the father and mother both of feather pulling and egg eating, besides allowing the fowls to get too fat, and that means loss of eggs altogether, or soft shells or apoplexy. A handful of grain among the litter, a cabbage hung up, or some sugar beets or turnips on the floor, will keep them busy. As satisfactory a plan as I ever tried was to rake the litter in a heap, scattering a handful or two of grain through it and let the fowls spread it again. This they would do several times in the course of a day. The same plan worked well in the brooding house with the chicks, when chaff was used for litter; it was fun for me as well as them.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Very Life.

Mr. Cahey—Y' lead me a cat and dog loife, y' do.

Mrs. Cahey—Ach, it's thot werry thing OI do. You layin' and loafin' aroun' th' house an' me workin' hard th' whole t' feed ye.—Harlem Life.

And Still He Slept Not.

Cumso—Have you tried anything for your insomnia, Cawker?

Cawker—Of course I have. I've tried all the infallible cures.—New York World.

Logic.

"Wasn't that dinner we just had great?"

"Elegant! I don't know when I have felt so uncomfortable."—Brooklyn Life.

The political problems of this year may be the chestnuts of '96.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

THINGS PERTAINING TO THE FARM AND HOME.

The Winter Season a Good Time to Rebuild Fences—Farmers Advised to Stick to the Farm—Procuring the Winter Fuel—Storing Potatoes.

Remake the Old Fence.

There are many farms bearing old rail fences that their owners have felt for years would be better torn down and rebuilt upon the same or other location, says Rural World. They have been built upon and added to until they contain at least enough good rails to construct a good straight fence. The undertaking is not a big one, and when it is finished the satisfaction of seeing the neat, newly constructed fence, in addition to the firewood, will repay the farmer for time and new wire. There is no more favorable time than just after the ground has frozen and before snow comes. A pair of bobsleighs can be used, even if there is no snow, when the site of the new fence is to be somewhere else than that of the present one. If the ground should be too much frozen to break the crust to set the stakes or posts, everything can be got in readiness to rebuild in the spring, and that will be found a great advantage when the building time comes. The sorting of the rails, cutting and sharpening stakes or preparing posts and sawing up the "done" fence timber into firewood, can all be finished in the slack season, and the putting up of the fence will be as nothing in the spring before seeding operations commence, when the ground will be so soft that the stakes can all be driven with a sledge hammer. If possible, do not put this work off. The commencement of such jobs that have stared one in the face for years, probably, is more than half the undertaking. The old snake fence is an eyesore and a harbor for rubbish and weeds, while the new straight one will save land and give the farm a tidy, prosperous appearance.

Stick to the Farm.

History proves that prosperity has always followed times of great depression, and history will repeat itself. No matter what comes, let us stick to the farm. We may work a few years for nothing, but what matters it so long as we retain in our possession the old farmhouse? We shall not always remain at the bottom of the wheel. In time, matters will adjust themselves. Then let us have a firmer determination than ever to know the details of our business, and make the coming year conspicuous for having made progress in reducing the cost of production, the curtailment of unnecessary expenses, and, above all, let us never forget that ours is one of the noblest callings given to men, and the little spot of ground we occupy is part of God's green earth, and let us manfully and hopefully till and care for it, that those who shall succeed us may point with pride to the work of our hands.—New York Tribune.

The Winter Fuel.

Every farmer who burns wood even partially for heating and cooking should, as early in the winter as possible, cut and pile enough wood to last a whole year. This will save many complaints during the summer, and be much easier done now than in warm weather. Besides, dry wood burns without the waste of heat, always lost in turning its sap into steam. When using green wood, chips and small limbs will dry out more quickly than will the body of the tree, especially if the small limbs are split.

Storing Potatoes.

Strictly speaking, no one should store potatoes in the house cellar. But as hundreds of thousands do every year, and will continue to do so, a word may not prove amiss. First, potatoes should be sorted while in the field. It saves the housewife much work, saves storage room and the work of extra handling. Potatoes for the cellar are best barreled, as they are then movable when the accidents of time bring frost or water. Above all, they should be kept dark. Canvas sacks make good curtains to set off a portion of the cellar, and also good covers for the barrels. Light will ruin the flavor, and half-light will cause them to sprout.

Best Food for Poultry.

The very best use of shrunken wheat, some of which will be found in every crop, is as food for poultry. The grain, being shrunken, is deficient in starch, but it has all the greater proportion of gluten, which is the chief element of the egg, while the outside husk, or bran, is rich in phosphate, which helps to make the eggshell. The poultry dealer can usually buy shrunken wheat at a lower price than the perfect grain, while for feeding fowl it is really better for being shrunken.—Germantown Telegraph.

Apples for Cows.

I do not think there is any better food for milch cows than ripe, sound apples. I am aware that the prevalent opinion is that apples have a tendency to make cows sick and dry them up. As confirmatory of this I have heard of numerous instances where cows have broken into orchards and eaten their fill of apples and have been made sick, and in a few instances have died as the result. I also knew a case where a man ate an unreasonable quantity of baked beans, and it killed him. Now, the one case no more proves that ripe apples are not good cow food than that baked beans are not good human food. The proper way to feed apples to cows is to have them ripe and sound. Green or rotten apples are not good food for anything. The cows should never be given a full feed of them at first or given them on an empty stomach. At the first the cow should have no more than two or three quarts once a day.—Rural New Yorker.

Working Butter.

The object of working butter is to rid it of the surplus moisture, to distribute the salt, and to unite the granules and give the butter consistency; and it should not have any more than will accomplish this. One of the advantages of salting in the churn and allowing the butter to stand until the salt is wholly dissolved is, that much working is not required, as the butter only requires to be worked until the color is uniform, or when the streaks caused by the salt disappear.

The Cow to the Acre Plan.

Can the dairy be made to pay? We believe it can, but it must be done on the cow to the acre plan—better and fewer cows, better and more feed to the acre, and cows better looked after. There are men making money to-day from their dairies. How are they doing it? Condensed dairying. As fast as cows are demonstrated not to be making a profit they go the way that all poor things should, and leave their food to the cow that hath from two to five talents already. It does not pay, nor did it ever, to feed a cow $20 worth of food to get $15 worth of milk, let alone her drying off soon after the county fair, let the time of year be what it may. Think this matter over. An acre of corn fodder, another of oats, and a third of mixed crops, will keep two cows a year. Can corn, oats and the like be as well sold as to a good cow, her produce sold, and the fertility returned to the farm?—Cor. Practical Farmer.

Some Good Ideas.

Judging from the enormous productiveness of our common field corn, if anyone should ask me what is best to grow to fill a silo, I would say the best thing to grow is corn. The second best is corn, and the third choice in the section would be corn. Like the cow, every part of it is useful, and it is a forage crop, the lazy man's crop, the ignorant man's friend. On hillside or valley it brings a profitable return. It will do well with half a chance, even on a hard seed-bed, or with roots torn and bleeding it is a great forager, and when nursed it responds with great possibilities. We have only half appreciated its wealth of helpfulness in the past. The silo and fodder machinery are giving a double value to it with a meaning of a large profit on our season's effort.—E. C.

Chestnuts.

The American chestnut has the sweetest kernel, but is smaller, and the trees must be some fifteen or more years from the seed before they bear. The European, or Spanish chestnut, has nuts nearly double the size of the American, but tamer in flavor. But the seed will bear at about ten years from the seed. The dwarf Chinquepin Chestnut will often bear the second or third year from seed, but the nuts are so small that they are not in general use. The Japan chestnut is a comparative dwarf, though a stronger grower than the American Chiquepin—but the nuts are as large as the European chestnut, with about the same taste. Like the Chinquepin, they bear early. But all the kinds bear early when grafted from bearing trees.—Meehan's Monthly.

The Advantages of Sheep.

They are profitable.

They weaken the soil least, and strengthen it most.

They are enemies of weeds.

The care they need is required when other farm operations are slack.

The amount of investment need not be large.

The returns are quick and many.

They are the quietest and easiest handled of all farm stock.

Other farm products are made more largely from cash grains, while those from the sheep are made principally from pasture.

There is no other product of the farm that has fluctuated so slightly in value as good mutton.

By comparison wool costs nothing, for do not the horses and cow in shedding their coats waste what the sheep saves?

Value of Bran.

Wheat bran or shorts contain a little more flesh and milk forming matter and a little less fat than middlings. There is not much difference in the average feeding value per ton, but the shorts being more bulky is to be preferred to middlings for mixing with gluten and other heavy concentrated foods. Careful analyses and digestion tests made at the State Experiment Station have failed to note any material difference in the feeding value of selected winter wheat bran.—Massachusetts Plowman.

Killing White Grub Worms.

Meadow lands infested with white grubs should be plowed and thoroughly cultivated in the fall, then planted to some crop that requires thorough cultivation the next season. The fall cultivation will destroy many of the insects which are then in a very tender stage in little earthen cells in the ground, and the thorough and frequent cultivation of the following crop will soon discourage the grubs.—Rural New Yorker.

Poultry Yard.

Broilers shrink about a half pound each when dressed.

Ducks average ten dozen eggs in about seven months' laying.

Forty dressed ducklings are packed in a barrel for shipment.

Feed chickens frequently, but only what they will partake of with keen relish. Never surfeit them unless at the last feed in the evening, then they may be allowed to have about all they want.

Look to the chicken-house windows, for a draught is deadly. This question of proper distribution of air is an important one. Let the houses be open every sunny day. Keep them cosy, clean and comfortable, and the reward will surely follow.

The fowl's comb is an indicator of good or ill health, and can always be relied on. A full, bright red comb denotes health; a withered, faded or black comb is a sure sign that the fowl is sick. The hen that lays the most eggs in a year is always the one with the large, bright red comb.

European Study for Vocalists.

"For the average singer America offers most excellent teachers; she can find all she needs at home," writes Madame Melba in an article on "The Vocal Student" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "For operatic singers some foreign training is practically necessary so long as impresarios consider Europe their market, and retired artists make it their home. * * * But no girl," she adds, "unless she has money to throw away—I mean by this a large fortune to spend—should go abroad for vocal instruction until she has been passed upon, musically, by at least two or three artists—people who value the glory and fair name of their art, and the life, and perhaps the honor of the would-be singer too highly to advise her to enter upon a career of privation and hardship where there is for her, by Nature's fixed decree, no possibility of success. If possible, these artists should be strangers to the singers—people who will not be moved nor swayed by any personal interest, and will, therefore, speak only truth. But only those so passed upon, and those others who can afford to indulge a hobby, should ever go abroad for instruction."

Less than a Farthing.

The smallest coin now current in Europe, and the one having the least value, is the Greek lepton. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system, current money in all countries belonging to the Latin union. Some idea of this valueless little disc of copper may be gathered from the fact that the lepton is the one-hundredth part of a drachma. The Greek drachma usually passes for the same value that a franc piece does.

North Carolina the Early Bird.

It is claimed that North Carolina must henceforth hold the highest place in the production of early fruits for the Northern markets.

"PICK UP" FOR UNCLE SAM.

Millions of Dollars of Unclaimed Money in the Treasury.

There are millions upon millions of dollars in the treasury paid in from different sources which belong to citizens of the United States. To this wealth the postoffice department, through the money order office, contributes largely. A few years back the postmaster general deposited with the treasurer nearly $3,000,000, the money from uncashed orders which had accumulated since the office was started in 1863. At first no effort was made to restore this unclaimed money to its rightful owners, but the letters of advice, turned in as unpaid by the postmasters from all over the country were kept, in case a demand should be made for their payment. This money remained to the credit of the money order office, showing a large profit for the service. This policy was subsequently changed, and now the office endeavors to refund the money to the remitters by a draft drawn on the treasury. This rule obtains in case of money orders less than ten years old. Letters of advice older than this are destroyed.

Every year about 1 per cent. of the money orders issued are not cashed, leaving from $80,000 to $100,000 unclaimed, which is deposited in the treasury. There are many reasons to account for this large number of money orders not being cashed. In some instances orders are filed away with other papers and forgotten. More frequently the letter containing the order is lost or stolen, and the order never reaches the addressee. This is true of the orders made out to the large shops which do not receive the order or the accompanying letter containing orders for goods to be shipped, owing generally to the dishonesty of employes. There are cases, too, where men have used the money order office as a bank and have made out orders to themselves which, owing to sudden death or other cause, have never been claimed.

It is difficult, however, to explain why such large sums remain unclaimed, for in case an order is lost a duplicate is easily obtained. Application is made by either the remitter, the payee or the office of payment, and a duplicate is issued with only the delay necessary to comply with the forms. A year ago the department made a ruling that duplicate money orders could not be issued in less than three months from the time when an application was filed, but this was found inconvenient, and this order was rescinded.

The Temptation.

"Whatever induced you to marry me, anyway, if I am so distasteful to you?" he asked, fiercely.

"I think it was the advertisements," he said.

"The what?"

"The advertisements. The household bargains, you know. I thought it would be so lovely to go to the department stores and buy ice picks for 9 cents, real 8-cent dippers for only 1 cent, and all that sort of thing. Of course, I had no use for that sort of stuff as long as I remained single."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Aimed at Chicago.

"Once, for all, girl," he hissed, "once for all, will you marry me?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll marry you, but I don't know about the once for all part of it. I guess you haven't lived here long enough to catch the spirit of our enterprising city."

And all was still, save the sound of the lake breeze and the moaning of a delegate who had been buncoed and was unable to get away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Making Sure.

"Dennis, did you mail that postal card I gave you?"

"Yis, sorr, an' o' tuk the liberty, sorr, of puttin' a 2-cint shtamp on it, sorr. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on th' cyard oi tought it molght be overweight, sorr."—Harper's Bazar.

Much Trouble.

Mrs. Musicus—Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully?

Miss Frankly—Yes; especially with the neighbors.—Standard.

TARIFF AND TAXES.

Whatever the new order of things may be in tariff and taxes, business is already better, and there are sure signs of its being rapidly improved. Infirmities and ailments are the tariff and taxes on physical strength. Lumbago is a complaint that taxes our best endurance. It cripples and unnits one for anything like active exertion. It is a sudden backache, but no matter how sudden, St. Jacobs Oil is quick and sure enough in its prompt cure to break it up and restore strength. In paying the taxes on our health the best currency is the best remedy for pain, and its prompt use the surest way of getting back to business.

Missionary Work Needed.

The State Grange and Farmers' Clubs of Michigan are opposed to any change in the road laws that will increase the immediate burdens of the taxpayer. As the farmer is the real beneficiary of the good roads movement, it would seem as if some missionary work was needed among the agriculturists at once.

TO PAY A PENALTY FOR DINING

Is rather hard, isn't it? Yet how many are compelled to do this after every meal. Dyspepsia, that inexorable persecutor, never ceases to torment of its own volition, and rarely yields to ordinary medication. But tranquility of the stomach is in store for those who pursue a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine corrective also remedies malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and nervousness.

A codfish recently caught off Flamborough Head, England, had inside it fifty-nine fish hooks.

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.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d ave., Chicago, Ill.

Three copies of the Bible, written on leaves of the fan palm, are in the British museum.

Schilling's Best tea—grocer gives your money back if you don't like it.

It's one thing to say money back, and another thing to do money back.

We say it, and your grocer does it: and we pay him.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

HAD A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

Thought There Were Burglars, but a Lawn Mower Solved the Mystery.

"Yes," said the man with the blonde mustache, "that was a terrible experience I had that night."

"And was it really burglars?" asked one of the young women with a shudder, and she looked over her shoulder with a glance of terror, as though she expected to see behind her a ruffianly-looking fellow, with a black mask on his face and a cocked revolver in his hand.

"I'll tell you all about it," replied the man with a blonde mustache. It was evident that he understood his business and did not intend to give away the denouement (that's French, you know, for "snap") until he could do it in true dramatic fashion.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said. "Everything was as still as death, or I suppose it must have been, for I was sleeping like a log, when I was suddenly aroused by a peculiar rumbling sound. It was like the noise of an approaching carriage. It grew louder and louder until I knew it was close at hand.

"It suddenly occurred to me that it was burglars, and that they had come in a wagon, the better to get away in a hurry in case of a chase by the police and for convenience in carrying off their plunder.

"I leaped up on end in bed and sat there listening and—yes, trembling, for the situation was not pleasant."

"Oh, it must have been horrid!" exclaimed the young lady who had spoken before. "I know I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

"I sat listening and listening," continued the man with the blonde mustache, "but not a sound did I hear. All was still as the grave."

"I wish he would not talk about graves," murmured the young lady aforesaid; "it is ghastly enough without that."

"All was still as it could be," resumed the story teller, intuitively changing his simile, for he had not apparently heard what was said. "All was still as it could be, but all of a sudden my ears were pierced by a sharp click."

"And so it was burglars, and they must have been right in your room, too," remarked the young chap with the big-headed cane. "Did they kill you? No, of course they didn't do that; but did they—what did they do, anyway?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the young lady with the fluffy hair. "Oh, dear! It makes me crawl all over. I can see it all; one of the horrid creatures was outside with the horse and wagon and the other, the biggest and most ferocious one, had got into the house with a billy or jimmy or one of those awful things they give pet names to, and there he was standing over you with a pistol in his hand, and——"

"Not exactly," broke in the man with the blonde mustache. "After a little I began to understand the situation."

"And you leaped out of bed and laid the miscreant dead at your feet?" suggested the girl who had aspirations for the stage.

"No, why should I?" replied Blonde Mustache, "or, indeed, how could I? When I heard a second click I got onto the racket. It was Urliburd's confounded lawnmower. He is the greatest fellow you ever saw for getting up hours before daylight and pushing that beastly lawnmower of his all over his place."

"And so it wasn't burglars after all?" murmured the young lady who a while ago had felt herself unequal to hearing the story.

Another young lady expressed the opinion that it was "real mean," and, take it all around, Blonde Mustache would better have kept his yarn to himself.—Boston Transcript.

Pride's Penalty.

Quite recently, into a railway carriage at Oldham, stepped a young man—fresh from school evidently, and wearing his first watch.

The very many proud glances which he cast on the gold chain raised a smile on the faces of his fellow passengers.

Apparently by accident, though mischief might have been at the bottom of it, the subject of watches was brought on the carpet.

"Ah!" sighed an old farmer, giving the watch back to the young man, who had handed it round for the inspection of the company, "that theer watch 'minds me o' my own son."

"How's that?" asked several passengers.

"Why, I gave 'im a watch when 'e wur 15 year owd, and it wur th' ruin of 'im."

Being asked for an explanation, the farmer continued:

"Afore I gave it 'im, 'e wur the straightest built lad for miles round; but 'e 'adn't 'ad that watch above four months afore 'e growed 'umpbacked wi' lookin' at the chain so much."—Tid-Bits.

"Mulberry Bend."

As to the moral status of the streets west and north of Chinatown, I need scarcely do more than mention that these are Mulberry, Baxter and Bayard, and that within a stone's throw of Mott street is the notorious "Mulberry Bend," for many years past the hiding-place of criminals, and the last and lowest resort of the abandoned and vicious of both sexes. The tales of "Mulberry Bend" that until recently assailed the ears of the missionary are absolutely unrelatable, and to be comprehended only by one used to the sight and knowledge of the lives of criminals and outcasts of the lowest possible character. Within the last few years the police have driven out the worst dives of the region, but the evil effects of those once-abounding evils are still to be seen there, and unfortunately tell sadly upon the Italians who have filled up the quarter.—Century.

Thread-Making Mice.

A Scotchman has invented a thread-spinning apparatus, and is said to have trained two mice to work it. The mechanical principle of the contrivance is a small mill which is operated by the paws of the mice. They can each wind on and off from 100 to 120 pieces of thread per day, and to do this they must supply a motor power by which a course of ten and a half miles could be traversed. It is asserted that the mice perform this task every day without apparent fatigue, and that a halfpenny worth of flour furnishes them food enough for five weeks. During that time the little animals have spun about 3,850 threads a yard and a half in length.

To Raise the Roman Vessels.

Italian engineers have found that the two Roman vessels discovered in the Lake of Nemi can be raised without too great difficulty, and the Government has taken measures to have this done soon.

Friend—I understand that you advised Mrs. Jones-Brown to go abroad. Doctor—Yes; it won't do her any harm, and it will relieve me for a few months.—Puck.

A Happy Couple.

'Squire Moore and His Estimable Wife Interest a Reporter.

From Tribune, Greeley, Colorado.

Among the many good people residing in Greeley, Colorado, 'Squire Moore and his amiable wife are the best known and the most respected. This happy couple were born in West Riding, of York, England, in 1820. In 1848 they emigrated to this country and settled in Derby, Conn., where they resided for a number of years. While there Mr. Moore, who was highly respected by his neighbors, was elected a member of the state legislature in 1867.

A reporter called on them recently and was received cordially and in response to his inquiries, Mrs. Moore said: "For four years I was miserable, hardly a week passed during that time but what I suffered from extreme lassitude. The least exertion fatigued me. At times when I was sewing or reading, I would be troubled with tingling sensations, like the pricking of pins in hands, feet, arms and legs. Occasionally I would suffer from profuse perspiration, the water fairly running from my face and hands. Then for days it would seem impossible for me to enjoy a minute of warmth. I would sit in a rocking chair alongside a roaring fire in the stove wrapped up in blankets, yet while my face would be scrorched, the rest of my body would be chilled.

"Finally, despite my opposition, my husband called in a physician, who attributed my ailment to rheumatism and prescribed for that complaint. A day or two afterwards he changed his opinion, saying I was attacked with la grippe; also changed his medicine, but to no purpose. I was going from bad to worse. The tingling sensations were resumed. At times I would be incapable of doing anything with my hands and my husband was fearful that I was suffering from partial paralysis.

"One evening, while reading the New York Triubne, he read to me a statement of a wonderful cure perfected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He and I had at times read similar testimonials describing the great powers and virtue of these pills. But this night in particular, I was impressed with what he read and told him it wouldn't do any harm to try a box. The next morning he purchased a box of the Pink Pills and I commenced taking them according to directions, three times a day. Within a week I felt better, and when I had finished that box I asked my husband to get me another and he laughingly complied, saying, 'conceit is as bad as consumption, but even if you think they are doing you some good there is a great relief experienced." After that he purchased for me about a dozen more boxes, and for nearly two years I continued taking them. The result was I regained my strength, the tingling in arms and legs, hands and feet ceased and the frequent sweats which I had been subject to left me. In all truth, I am forced to state that the Pink Pills made a new woman of me. That is," she laughingly remarked, "as new as you can make a woman who is now in her 76th year." And in truth, Mrs. Moore's closing remarks are well founded, for she is as hale and healthy looking as any woman could be who has lived her great age.

(Signed) ANNA MOORE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a notary public, this 23d day of May, 1896.

My commission expires May 14th, 1900.

Milton A. Lyons, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Water in Wood.

It has commonly been estimated that green wood, when cut down, contains about 45 per cent of its weight in moisture, but in the forests of central Europe wood cut down in winter is said to hold more than 40 per cent of water at the end of the following summer. Kept for several years in a dry place, wood retains from 15 to 20 per cent of water, while that which has been thoroughly desiccated will, when exposed to air under ordinary circumstances, absorb 5 per cent of water in the first three days, and will continue to absorb it until it reaches from 14 to 16 per cent as a normal standard—the amount fluctuating above and below this standard according to the state of the atmosphere. It has been found that, by exposing green wood to a temperature of 212 degrees, F., the loss of weight equaled 45 per cent; and, further, on exposing small prisms of wood one-half inch square and eight inches long, cut out of billets that had been stored for two years, to the action of superheated steam for two hours, their loss of weight was found to be from 15 to 45 per cent, according to the temperature of the steam.

The Drama at the Vatican.

Theatricals in the vatican! The announcement, though strange, is true. Pope Leo has hitherto allowed no theatrical representations to be given within the walls of the vatican. He has, however, lately made one exception. The historic Swiss guards from the canton of Valais, who, in their yellow and crimson uniforms, are on sentinel and escort duty within the palace, suffer, it seems, from homesickness and ennui. To these human weaknesses the pope has made the concession of allowing short amateur pieces with orchestral accompaniment to be acted during the coming winter. The entertainments are to take place in the small private theater within the Belvedere gardens. The performance is to consist of harp and violin music, monologues and short pieces in French. So here is one more link between church and stage.

The Turtle.

Formerly the turtle was taken by means of harpoons or spears; but this process injured the creature. It is now taken in nets or captured upon the beach. Certain fishermen prefer to dive and take the animal by hand, but when the reptile is powerful this is not accomplished without some difficulty.

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