

MISCELLANY.

LEFT ALONE.

It's the loneliest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay—
I don't call it living at all, at all—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, and it seems a year,
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wanting her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
Cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything
An' her not sittin' up there.

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawling into bed as still as a mouse—
Nobody saying good-night.

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushing my hair back, so;
Things a boy makes fun of before his
chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go
wrong—
She was always so safe and sure,
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up an' cure.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown
up,
An' old maid suitin' an' such.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray
house,
A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

I tell you the very loneliest thing
In this great big world to-day
Is a big boy of ten whose heart is broke
Cause his mother is gone away.
—Toronto Globe.

THE NEW RECRUIT.

D RAGGING one foot after the other, as if in pain, Nathan Plisbary reached the end of the main highway and was in sight of home. He shaded his eyes and looked across to the battlements. His but, was still the same dirty little structure in which he had seen so much happiness and sorrow. A child's laugh came from the bottom; then another.

Plisbary shook his head thoughtfully.

"They won't miss the old boy," he muttered. "Babies can't grow in mud-holes."

The little covered basket that he had been carrying on his arm was placed under the seasonable shade of a willow. Plisbary rummaged through his pockets in the bait. A shadow crossed his tanned face.

"Can't be that I don't lose it," he grumbled.

A moment later he smiled; then he lifted the basket cover and drew out a bit of folded paper. Plisbary spread it upon a bump of root.

"It's mighty good of the colonel," he muttered, "to give me this. Guess he must know something of squatters."

Plisbary folded the paper again and slipped it into one of his coat pockets. The basket was once more hanging on his arm, and the man moved along slowly. Soon his foot touched the narrow plank that went from the levee crest to the door of his hut.

"It ain't just went," he said half aloud, "but when a man's clean tired of languin' round he might as well clear out. You can't do nothin' for yoself and nobody else when you needs victuals."

Plisbary walked cautiously along the plank.

"Is any ladies and gent'men home?" the man cried out, knocking at the door.

"Yes, daddy." A boy in kilts had spoken. Behind him in the aperture was a black-haired girl, who would have been hidden had she not moved herself from right to left.

"It's a nice way you folks meet company," said Plisbary. "Next time I won't come to see you."

"Zeb, daddy," said the little girl, who skinned and said you was a big bogie man."

"That's mighty bad, my boy," remonstrated the man. "Reckon you'll be skinned when you grow up."

Plisbary sat in the only chair that graced the house. The children climbed on his knees.

"I got a whole lot of news for you," the man said at length. "It mightn't tickle you, Lady Emma, but Zeb will be glad to get away from these dig-ins."

Plisbary passed his fingers through his beard.

"Well, why don't you say somethin', Lady Emma?"

"Is you goin' to take us bye-bye, daddy?" The girl's eyes were moist with expectation.

"Yes, I done fixed for a new ma for you two."

Zeb sat in his place; then placed his arms about the man's neck.

"Is she like us other na, daddy?" the little fellow asked.

A tear stole down Plisbary's cheek.

"Yes," he answered, "cep'tin' she ain't the same. But she's very, very good, and lives in a big house with a garden."

"And we kin live with her, daddy?" inquired Lady Emma.

"Yes; she said she'd like you and give you a whole lot of nice things, and Zeb is goin' to come in for plenty of fun."

Plisbary placed the children on the floor; then opened the basket. Wrapped in a brown paper was a china doll.

"This is for you, Lady Emma," he said, giving it over to the eager little hands.

"There's somethin' for you, Zeb," he rolled a rubber ball to the boy.

"There!" he exclaimed, when he had fastened the last button at the neck. "You're as pretty a baby as a man could make." Lady Emma's face lit up.

The girl sat on the edge of the couch. "Come on, Mr. Zeb; no screwin' your head round so's I can't scrub you."

"Yes, daddy!" and Zeb turned up his face to be washed.

"You know, I must fix you two up nice," said Plisbary, as he covered a finger with the rag and ran it into one of the boy's ears. "Your new ma wants you clean, just like your other ma."

The man sighed. If the other mother was with him, he perhaps, would not be fussing with the children then—the old home would be bright with hope.

"I want a doll carriage, daddy, for my baby," said Lady Emma.

"Oh, you'll have a nice one," was the laughing answer.

"And I want a gun," demanded the boy.

"You'll get it, Zeb, and more'n that. You'll get a soft cap; then you might play shootin' Spingards. I'm through with you, Mr. Zeb."

The boy sat next to his sister. Plisbary looked at this and that box; he found nothing worth disturbing.

The plank wall close to the couch he pulled out the few trinkets that held a small photograph. He kissed it.

"Guess you'll watch over us, Belle," he muttered. "God ain't going to mind you wastin' a little time lookin' out for Emma, Zeb and me."

The photograph was lost in the man's inner coat pocket.

"I'm ready for you," he said, lifting the boy and girl from the couch.

"Daddy, give us the plinder candy!" urged Zeb.

"Not yet," the man had reached the door and turned the key. "If you have it now," he added, "you'll spill your clothes, Zeb."

"Yes, indeed," assured Lady Emma. Plisbary crouched low.

"Are you all right?" he asked when the door and turned the key. "If you have it now," he added, "you'll spill your clothes, Zeb."

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TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

When Fruit Should Be Picked—Value of Crude Petroleum How to Care for Meadows—Volunteer Grain Crops—Trapping a Poultry Thief.

When Fruit Should Be Picked.—All ripe fruit should be picked clean as pickers go down the tree. Pick carefully with thumb and forefinger, placing fruits in the basket, not a sack, one at a time to avoid bruising them.

Fruit should be picked with the stems on, as they keep longer, and if to be sold fresh they should always be gathered in baskets. To keep well, fruit must be picked when mature but not fully ripe. Fruit is mature and should be gathered when the stem separates readily at the joint with the branch. Never leave it on the tree too long, as there will be less of flavor and color, and it will be easily bruised and its keeping qualities injured by slight jars in handling.

In large orchards, picking should begin as soon as fruit in smallest portion changes color, then as work proceeds other fruit is maturing, and there will be less loss from overripe fruit. The nearer the market the riper the fruit should be when picked. Never pick green, decayed or soiled fruit. Immature fruit, unless for a distant market, should be permitted to ripen, and all diseased or rotting fruit removed and destroyed to prevent the spread of dangerous diseases. Never pick fruit when wet with rain, dew, or frost, as this will rot the fruit and make it unfit for market. To prevent this, and to partially restore the fresh appearance, place crates as soon as filled in a cool, moist, well-ventilated place, and to market. The flavor of the fruit will be improved, and some small fruits develop on the time of picking, being best when they are gathered just after the dew is off in the morning.—Orange Juice Farmer.

Crude Petroleum.—A great source of loss to dairymen, says the Farmers' Voice, is caused by the shrinkage of the milk flow during the hot months, no matter how well the cows are fed, due to the tormenting ticks of flies on the cows. To shield the cattle from such torment there is nothing better than crude petroleum just as it flows from the well. This can be bought for a few cents a gallon in almost any town, a barrel of it costing about \$2.

Make a thick pad of any old wooden cloth and pour oil on it until it is saturated. Then wring it until most of the oil is squeezed out, and rub the pad over the cows, which will drive away the ticks. In using this oil, be careful to use it on the neck, head, and between the legs. It is a good thing to use on the rusty plows or other implements, as machinery gets gummed with oil around the bearings, using the petroleum instead of oil for a little while will soften the gum so it will disappear. It is also good to use on wooden work to prevent cracking, and for many other purposes on the farm. Mixed with kerosene it makes a fine axle grease, or if a little tallow is added a better one.

Care of Meadows.—Many meadows and pastures are destroyed by bad management. The farmer is in too great a hurry to realize from his investment, and does not give the grass an opportunity to become fully established, cattle being turned in to trample the field at a season when the ground is wet, or graze it closely when the land may be in need of rain. Then grass is seeded in the fall it starts off well in spring and makes rapid growth, offering a stock-attempt for the use of stock, but it will be found better to allow the grass to grow and mow it once for hay, so as to induce it to thicken and stand, but to have the grass or cropped close by cattle and sheep the first year is to do it more injury than can be regained during the life of the meadow or pasture. The first year's management is very important, and the rule to follow is to allow the grass to grow and mow it once for hay, so as to induce it to thicken and stand, but to have the grass or cropped close by cattle and sheep the first year is to do it more injury than can be regained during the life of the meadow or pasture.

Volunteer Grain Crops.—One of the evidences of the wastefulness of grain crops in old-time harvesting operations is found in the fact that when the country was new, and the growth of grain from scattered seed left on the ground was quite a usual thing, the following year. Sometimes, in California, these "volunteer" crops, as they were called, were larger than the one for which seed was sown. But this plan, besides being exhausting, developed all insect enemies and fungous diseases, so that the crop was abandoned. The Hawaiian ty in which seed was easily prevented from propagating in all northern latitudes by not sowing it early enough to let the leaf get before the first frost. But there is always some grain scattered in harvest, and this comes up and offers the Hessian fly a place for depositing her eggs early in the fall, raising one brood then that will live through the winter and attack the wheat in the spring.

Trapping a Poultry Thief.—An electrical engineer, who resides in West Philadelphia, devises his spare time to the enjoyment of raising pure-bred poultry. Thieves troubled him, notwithstanding he kept a large watchdog. He concluded to apply his electrical knowledge, and called to his aid the second-hand of a neighboring church, with whom he was well acquainted. Wires were arranged to sound alarms in the owner's house, but in one week the henhouse was again robbed. Investigation showed the wires had been cut before the thief entered the chicken house. Then the sexton helped him set a steel trap, but the thief was not caught in the next raid. His next idea was to try a snap shot camera, with a flash light, the sexton, being called in to work alone for two days to complete his ingenious arrangement. Finally all was completed, and when the henhouse door was opened a combination of wires ignited the flash light and exposed the plate in the camera. Evidently the flash frightened away the thief. On developing the plate, the engineer nearly fainted when the well-known features of his friend, the sexton, appeared. The sexton made a full confession of all the robberies and in order to avoid arrest promised to settle all claims.

Importance of Appearance.—Too many farmers are absolutely indifferent to the appearance of things about their premises and on their farms. This habit of neglect not only subjects all this to the imputation by passers-by of being poor and unsuccessful farmers, a thing which would harm a farmer who naturally resents; but it does them actual injury. When the master on the farm is careless and slovenly in his habits, leaving tools and implements lying around, and taking no pains to keep things neat and tidy in appearance, it gives a wrong idea of his success as a farmer. The result naturally is absolute indifference on the part of everybody else to both the appearance and the value of property and the appearance of the place. So it will not stamp such a man in the public estimate as poor and shiftless, but it actually goes a long way toward making him so. No man can succeed these times on the farm or in any other business who does not practice economy. Industry and orderliness. And of one thing there can not be a particle of doubt; the comfort and pleasure of living on such a farm is infinitely greater than that on a place kept in a slovenly and ramshackle sort of way.—Tri-State Farm.

Premature Grape Harvesting.—It sometimes happens that where a strong frost of last year's vintage has been used as a layer that the buds from it when they come through the soil will show buds and blossoms for fruit. These buds should be picked off, as they will retard the development of the plant, and the fruit being so close to the ground will be eaten by chickens as fast as it ripens. It is a rather curious fact, however, that this fruit close to the ground will, if the soil be dry, be earlier than that on the vine. This is due to the fact that the fruit is low from the descent of cold from the upper atmosphere, and therefore the fruit near the ground is kept much warmer at night than that farther up the vine. But at the very top, the fruit gets so cold that it is not so early to ripen. There is no gain in letting a grape vine bear the year it is set out, nor more than a single bunch the second year. Two years after the vine is planted it may be allowed to bear six or twelve bunches, but no more than two bunches to each shoot that is permitted to grow.

Selection of Crops to Raise.—There is much time and money lost by farmers because they do not know those varieties of grains and grasses adapted to the climate. Plants with a dry climate, the best suited to a dry climate, while those with a wet climate are most desirable for a damp air. For this reason those living in a dry climate should grow corn, grass, etc., with thick leaves. Seed corn should be selected in a dry climate, and those living on an ear of corn should select those with thick leaves. On such an ear the silks from the kernels on the tip of the ear are so slow in maturing that there is no pollen to fertilize them. Select ears that show, by being well filled at the tip, that the silks mature close together, not more than three or four days apart.—American Agriculturist.

Sweet Corn.—Sweet corn, which is usually supposed to be beyond artificial means of control as to ripening, is very susceptible to treatment, but with less difference than wheat, for instance. It is, however, always matured, and the mass of pollen on the tassels is ready to fall and fertilize the silk. If the plant is well watered at this period by a blow struck with the hand or a stick, the pollen will be shaken down, the pollen will be shaken down, and the silks will be fertilized. As a result, the ears ripen earlier than they would otherwise—a difference of the average of three to four days.—Rural World.

To Hasten Maturity of Garden.—The period of maturity of early garden truck can be hastened by twelve days by inclosing the garden tract with a wire fence on which is stretched cheesecloth or any other coarse muslin or calico. This protects the plants from the wind and damps down the moisture fully 12 degrees over that of the open, and this has the effect quite naturally of forcing growth. Black calico for this purpose would be even more effective than the white muslin.—Indiana Farmer.

Remedy for San Jose Scale.—San Jose scale is getting to be taken generally. If all remedies are to be taken as true, Prof. James W. Torrey, of the agricultural experiment station at Tucson, Ariz., has given out this formula for destroying the pest upon deciduous trees: Kerosene, 20 pounds; caustic soda (70 per cent), 10 pounds; fish oil, three pints; water, sufficient to make 100 gallons. This preparation is to be applied with a sprayer a number of times during the summer.

Conveniences in Harvest.—Many farmers go with heavy buckets to attach lines to the horses' bits, when a whole minute every time it is used. It is always important to both harness and harness quickly. It saves time for the team as well as for the man attending, and this time is worth more in a week than the day season than the slight cost of making the change.

A Pseudonym.—A lady who told me a secret so badly that she took one without a recommendation, or even an introduction, happened one day to look into a book which belonged to the girl, and immediately thereafter wrote to her with some unkindness expressed in her face.

"Is this your book, Susie?" she asked.

"How is this, then? When you came you told me your name was Susie Stokes, but here your book is the name 'Bridget Lafferty.'"

"It's all right, ma'am," said the girl. "That's my mondy-plum!"

Two Entries Enough.—A New York bride, who began keeping accounts soon after her marriage, made the following entries in her account book: Jan. 2—Received from Bertie, \$88. Jan. 7—Spent it all!

A girl is interested in fine weather from a picnic point of view, but after she has been married awhile, it is from a crops and washday standpoint that she looks at the sky.

Some people believe that after a young man passes sixteen, he is put to work, and not sent to a duke school.

When Hot

Don't sweat and fret, but keep cool and take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is good for the kidneys and if you follow it, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a first-class medicine, because it is so good for the stomach, so coming to the blood, so helpful to the whole body. Make no mistake, but get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure Liver Bile, cure to take, easy to operate.

God Save the Queen! is sung in 20 languages.
Hail the ships in the world are British. The best of them can be converted into ships of war in 48 hours.

The British own the largest part of North America, that is, Canada. They own one-fourth of the railways in the United States of America. The total value of the United Kingdom is now said to be \$50,000,000,000. Added to this, several thousand millions are invested out of the home country.

They have a million soldiers in India. Some of them have been brought to Malta.

Its subjects can travel entirely round the world without leaving the British empire.

There are 400,000,000 people in the British empire.

It is said that the queen would have to live another 70 years to enable her to see all of them pass before her, night and day, for all that time.—Chicago News.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-PAISE.
A powder to be shaken into the shoe. At once your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, Allen's Foot-Paise. It cools the feet, makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and various spots. Believes every ailment of the feet and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package, Roy, New York.

Brakes by discovered the earliest records of illustrated comic literature in a papyrus of the twenty-second dynasty recently found at Tonnah.

FITS Permanently Cured. No other nervousness. Nervousness, Epilepsy, St. Vitus's Dance, and all other fits, cured by Dr. J. H. KELLY, M.D., 303 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

Professor Leist, of Moscow, claims to have discovered a terrestrial magnetic pole at Katchevskaya, a village in the government of Kursk in Russia.

BOW'S THIST
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by any other medicine. Write to J. C. FENNEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We have discovered a new and effective cure for Catarrh of the Bladder, and it is now being sold by all druggists and chemists. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by J. H. KELLY, M.D., 303 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

During the last year, 1,591 persons underwent the Pasteur treatment for rabies at Paris.

Two bottles of Tissue Cure for Consumption. Write to J. H. KELLY, M.D., 303 North Third Street, Philadelphia.

Used by Ancient Workmen.
A two years' study of Gizeh has convinced Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stoneworkers of 4,000 years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what had been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramidal builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of today, were set with jewels (probably corundum) and the straight saws were made of iron and even little tools had saw teeth. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in hard granite gave no indication of wear of the tool while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock, and even revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. The true call to the method of making the tools nothing is known.

The Spanish steamer Panama, one of the first of the enemy's vessels captured after war was declared, has been refitted for use as a transport.

Governor Lowndes, of Maryland, has announced that the state will present a sword of honor to Commodore Schley, who is a native of Frederick county.

During the naval battle at Santiago, in which Cervera's fleet was destroyed, the Oregon alone fired 1,776 shells. The destruction caused by the shot was fearful.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of the year.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.
What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MR. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. My menstruation was irregular and too profuse, and was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption.

After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued to use your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine.

Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deep Water, Mo.

Letters like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
Cures where all else fails. Cures Cough, Spitting Blood, Weakness, and all other ailments of the Lungs. Sold by all druggists.

HOBBSON AS A ROMEO.

Hero of the Merrimack Was Once Tried for Hugging a Girl.

Stories of Lieut. Hobson are now in order, and the following one is related by a lady in the city who attended school with the hero of the hour when he was a pupil at Marion, Ala., in the eighties. Marion, like most college towns, had two flourishing schools, one for each sex—the Judson secondary for the girls and the Marion Military Institute for their brothers. The last named was where young Hobson attended. These schools were largely patronized by the States surrounding Alabama, and the students bristled in the college buildings, where a strict surveillance was kept over them, and anything like a flirtation between the boys and girls was prohibited in the most rigid manner.

Once a month, however, the literary society of the military school held an open session at the church, to which the girls were invited, and to which they came under the chaperonage of their teachers. They formed in a long line in pairs, and with two teachers in front and two in the rear, they filed from the Judson grounds across the square to the church, which stood back in the yard, and on each side of the serpentine pathway leading to the door were rows of elm trees. The boys were accustomed at the close of the open meetings to rush from the church and stand on each side of the walk against the elm trees and wait for the girls as they filed past them on their way back to the academy.

One evening, after one of these entertainments, and just as the procession had started from the church, there was a glowing sermon heard coming from the center of the line, where the usual confusion was found to prevail. The lady teachers from both ends hurried forward to see what could be the trouble. The spectators of the procession and the girls who had been waiting for the boys, all hurried forward and dismounted what had happened. One of the prettiest girls of the school was in tears, and declared that "Dick" Hobson had rushed out from the line of boys and hugged her. That was a very serious accusation indeed, and shortly after the teachers of the Judson school and several of the pupils were asked to appear against Richard P. Hobson, who was to be tried by court-martial.