

### THE SONG THAT WAS LOST.

There was a poet born who had deep in his heart a song;  
He sprang from the soil—he plowed the fields in spring;  
But he could not sing the words of the ancient bard—  
And ever he sang to himself the song that God gave him to sing!  
And he loved the mother who bore him, and as they toiled away  
He thought of the joy she would have to hear him sing his song some day.  
In secret moments of the night his heavenly song he wrote—  
Letter by letter, word by word, and, likewise, line by line;  
And he sang it unto the beasts of the field; he caught the song bird's note  
And held it fast, and in his eyes was the light that is divine—  
The song that he had been given to sing he poured from his heart, and then  
He ran to sing it to her whose love surpassed the praise of men.  
He sang the song—the song sublime that had burst from the depths of his heart;  
She dumbly heard him sing until the last note died away;  
"Ah, but," she sadly sighed, "it will bring you nothing in the mart,  
For men have little gold to give in trade for songs to-day!"  
He gazed into her face and saw but cold, sharp wrinkles there—  
His song became a sob—he turned, and plowed on in despair.  
—Cleveland Leader.

### THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

"TWO souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."  
Ralph Thorndyke was possessed of a dreamy, poetic nature, far beyond the ordinary. He owned a pretty photographic studio, and his business was congenial to his artistic temperament; there was so much in it to cultivate love of the beautiful.  
He had reached the age of 27, "heart whole and fancy free," or apparently so to his friends. To-day is his birthday, and he is thinking intently of a realistic dream of the night just passed. Just a year ago a vision came to him; a face not beautiful, but strong and earnest and sweet. She appeared to him in a portrait which he seemed to be looking at. The little brown hair was in natural waves over a smooth forehead, and the calm, steadfast eyes were of a deeper hue.  
Now, a year later, the same face had again appeared, and Ralph is thinking of the message that came to him. "Patience, one more year, and I will come to you." He finally awoke from his reverie and started for his studio; on the way he picked up a package from the sidewalk. Soon reaching his cozy little office, he opened it, to find two photographs by Sarony in a folding frame; one was a draped figure, the right hand raised to the forehead, the face profile, the other, ah! the same true brown eyes which haunted him for a year! The brown hair, with golden tints in the high lights; the fair complexion, deepening into a wistful rose pink on her rounded cheek. The photo was beautifully painted in water color, and life-like. The artist soon made copies of both pictures and took his plates into the dark-room to develop, with good results.  
Toward night a little urchin stuck his head in at the door and shouted: "Journal!"  
"Here, boy," said Ralph, "never mind the change," as he flung him a nickel. He read the news, then glanced at the advertisements. Under "Lost and Found" appeared the following:  
Lost—Two photos of lady, in a folding gold frame, between Wellington street and postoffice. Finder please send to D 570, The Journal.  
Ralph sent them to the address named, congratulating himself that he possessed such satisfactory copies, and resolved to enlarge the profile for himself. It was a labor of love, to work on it day by day, and a most beautiful work of art it was when finally finished. Time went on apace; another year, with its pleasures and trials, has passed.  
About 11 o'clock next day the electric bell rang "three rings," a signal that a subject was ready to be posed; it was the work of a moment to put the negative for exposure into the plate-holder.  
As Ralph walked toward the camera what he saw took his breath away. The vision of his dreams! The same womanly face, the graceful form!  
The pleasant voice of a well-known society woman broke in: "Allow me, Mr. Thorndyke, to present my friend, Miss Marion Beane, to you and your best effort in art." The artist bowed, expressing himself the best he could, with such a whirling brain as pleased to favor them.  
He posed her, then she went to the dressing-room to don another costume; her friend, Mrs. Claremont, chatted with Ralph, saying: "I'm so glad that you two have met to-day, Marion is so romantic; would you believe it? She is waiting for an ideal; she believes that every one possesses half a soul, that somewhere in the world the other half is waiting to be recognized and claimed; if the two halves join, then is the union perfect and two lives made happy, otherwise unhappiness and discord result from the ill-assorted union of two people."  
"Two years ago she went into a trance or sleep at midnight while at Newport, nearly frightening every one out of their wits. She came out of it, however, in a few hours; a year ago the same thing occurred at the same hour, while she was visiting me. She returned to her home the next morning and lost two photos of herself, made in New York. I advertised the loss and received them the next day." Marion's appearance at this time put a stop to further confidence, and Ralph had all he could do to control himself to be the artist.  
When the ladies were about to go he said: "I would like to have you ladies visit my sanctum sanctorum," to which they gave a glad assent.  
When they entered the door Marion gave a violent start, for, facing the entrance, was her own figure in life size; under the portrait the words, "Looking into the future." She blushed, then turned pale, and her eyes met Ralph's with something like recognition. Mrs. Claremont saw that there was something in the air and retired gracefully from the office with a remark about some errand that must be attended to immediately.  
Ralph advanced toward Marion, and, taking her hand, said: "I was the fortunate finder of your photos and have had this portrait for my daily companion a year. May I hope in the future to possess the original? We have in reality known each other two years and need not measure time in the conventional way; I feel that I possess your soul's mate. Is it not true?"  
Marion gave him a glance full of faith and trust, saying: "Even so, my heart is yours." It is needless to add that Marion never went into another trance. What could it be? Did her soul leave its earthly surroundings to seek its mate? She believes that it did, and found it, too.—Boston Post.

### AN ANCIENT SENTENCE.

Bones of Anabaptists Again Hung to a Church Tower.

Not long ago a curious ceremony was performed as a finishing touch to the rebuilding of the Lambertus church, one of the finest examples of pure Gothic in Germany. The three "man-high" iron cages that have hung from the great tower since 1337 were hoisted up anew to a height of 325 feet, in order that the sentence of ancient bishop's court be carried out, which read: "And there, on the highest point in Munsterland, they shall hang for ever and ever, as a warning to evildoers from now on until judgment day."  
These cages were the prisons in which the world-renowned Anabaptists, John van Leyden, "King of the Universe," as he called himself; his chancellor, Krechting, and his governor and lord high executioner, Knippendolling, spent the last six months of their lives, and that served them, or what was left of them, for coffins after death.  
The cages thus installed at the top of the high tower are somewhat smaller than the originals, for when the latter were taken down about a year ago, to allow of the rebuilding of the tower,

### RECENT INVENTIONS.

Tobacco pipes can be thoroughly cleaned by a new device consisting of a pump to be attached to the bowl of the pipe to draw water in through the stem and forcibly discharge it to dislodge the impurities.  
The skin can be quickly removed from potatoes by a new cleaner formed of a tubular net of sharp cords having a number of knots on the inner surface, the tubers being placed in the net and shaken rapidly.  
A handy cup for eggs boiled in the shell has slots near the edge for the insertion of a tableknife to remove the top of the shell, the cup having a removable lining so as to hold eggs of different sizes.  
For use in curling the hair a newly designed instrument has the ends of the tongs flattened, to be heated and press the hair after it has been dampened and wound on curl papers or crimping pins.  
An Australian has designed a new diving dress in which steel rings are woven into the cloth or sewed between two thicknesses, for the purpose of resisting the pressure of the water at great depths.  
A German inventor has patented a clock for attachment to telephone instruments, which has levers to be set for the number of minutes' conversation desired, the connection with the other instrument being broken when the time expires.  
Shoe laces are to be made with a core of hemp or other strong cord inclosed in a loosely woven casing, the core extending into a tongue of coiled wire or soft brass at either end, thus forming a string which will not wear out easily.

### JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story that a New York Club Woman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a club woman tells about herself:  
"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler, who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H— was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional, and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family, and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H— had just left the breakfast table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:  
"Dr. H— is a handsome man, isn't he?"  
"Yes, ma'am. 'Deed an' he is, ma'am!" with gratifying enthusiasm.  
"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absent-minded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:  
"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H— ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"  
"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:  
"Heaven knows, ma'am!"—New York Sun.

### Prevention of Consumption.

Sir William Broadbent, who is one of the most eminent authorities on consumption in Great Britain, is prescribing fresh air as the best of preventives, day and night, summer and winter. He says everybody ought to sleep with the windows open and the bedroom ought to be as fresh in the morning as when it is entered at night. He believes that if we all slept with open windows the mortality from consumption would be reduced by one-half from this alone.

### Live's Days Ahead.

She—I can't understand why none of the neighbors have called on us. We've been here three months now and not a soul has come to welcome us to the neighborhood.

He—Oh, well, never mind. As soon as they find out that I'm a railroad man and can get passes for my friends they'll not permit you to get lonesome.

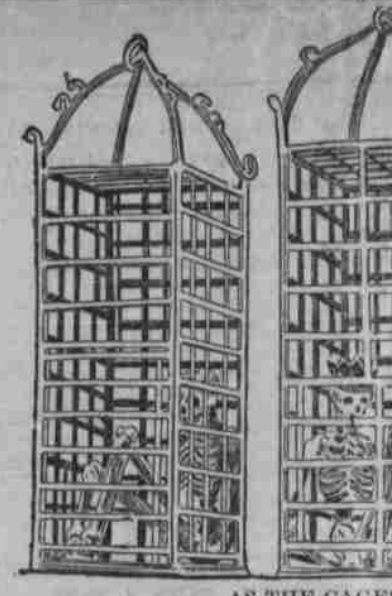
An Impression.  
"Are those people holding an investigation?" said the tourist.

"Well, they are supposed to be. But some of them behave as if they were trying to let go of it."—Washington Star.

### AN ODD CANNON.

The illustration shows the lines and style adopted by the architect. The structure is symmetrical and massive, but it is not ornate on any sense. The interior decorations are sculptor work for the greater part.

The old double-barreled cannon of the Mitchell Thunderbolts is now owned, says the Atlanta, Ga., Banner, by the city and is on the City Hall lot. Capt. Barnett has been instructed to have the cannon mounted at the head of the park, on College avenue, near the Confederate monument. There is a history of unique interest that goes along with this old cannon. It, in the first place, is the only double-barreled cannon in the world; in the next place it was invented with a peculiar idea in the mind of the inventor. It belonged to the Mitchell Thunderbolts, a company of old men organized here in 1863 purely for home defense. One of the company, John Gilleland, invented this cannon and had it cast at the Athens foundry.



AS THE CAGES NOW LOOK.

They were found to be in a dilapidated state, as rust had eaten away part of the framework. So new cages were constructed with the old material, and, of course, in strict imitation of their original form, and with all the paraphernalia that served to make the remaining days of the Anabaptists terrible.

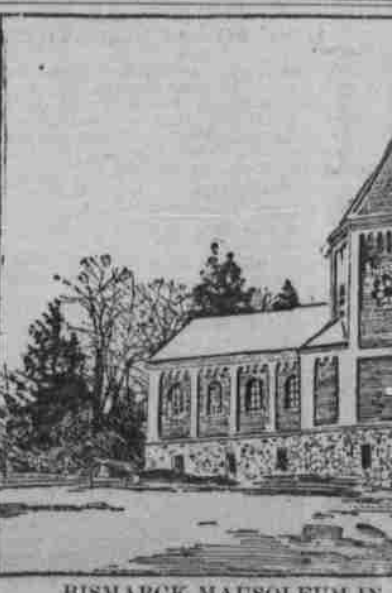
There were some skulls and fragments of bones in two cages, and instruments of torture in all of them. The bishop's court had decreed: "We give your flesh to the birds and your bones to the winds that rage above, so they may carry particles of your cursed bodies to all parts of the earth," but the winds had not finished their work a year ago. Two skulls were left, a broken and battered leg bone, and odd pieces of ribs and fingers, the latter having caught and being stuck fast in some of the crevices.

One of the skulls, large and massive, was in the king's cage, its identity being further vouched for by an iron crown fastened to the head by spikes. The other instruments of torture found in the cages—rusty daggers, big nails and pincers—were also found in a good state of preservation.

### BISMARCK'S MAUSOLEUM.

Finishing Touches to the Tomb in Which He Will Forever Sleep.

Work on the Bismarck mausoleum is nearing completion. The final touches are being put to the interior decorations.



BISMARCK MAUSOLEUM IN THE FOREST OF SAXONY.

tion, and the elaborate structure will soon be ready for the burial of the Iron Chancellor. The tomb has been erected under the trees of the Forest of Saxony, close to the old castle of Friedrichsruh. It stands in a grove of beech and oak trees, near the top of the Schneckenberg (Snail Mountain), which is in plain view from the castle grounds.

The mausoleum is severe in its architecture, Roman in style and in perfect harmony with its surroundings. The heavy foundations are constructed of large bowlders, taken from the adjoining woods. The upper structure, topped by a stately dome, is of grayish building stone. The entrance to the tomb is in the side next to the woods and furthest away from Friedrichsruh.

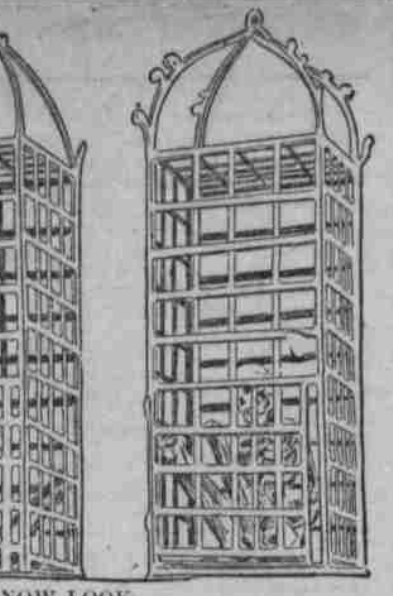
Stone steps lead from the entrance gates on one side to the spaces designed for the graves of the members of the Bismarck family, and on the other side to the chapel and the mausoleum proper, directly beneath the dome. It is there that the "True and trusted German servant of Kaiser Wilhelm I." is to be laid at rest next to his wife, whom he had survived. It was decided several weeks ago to conduct the final burial ceremonies of the dead prince on

### AN ODD CANNON.

April 1, if possible, that date being his birthday.

### AN ODD CANNON.

The illustration shows the lines and style adopted by the architect. The structure is symmetrical and massive, but it is not ornate on any sense. The interior decorations are sculptor work for the greater part.



The idea of Mr. Gilleland was one of considerable ingenuity. A fifty-foot chain with the ends attached to two cannon balls was the charge, and the idea of the inventor was that, when the cannon balls came out of the muzzle of the cannon, they would have a tendency to diverge, draw the chain taut and mow down an entire company.

The company took the cannon out into the country near Athens one day to test it. It was properly charged, and was touched off with great ceremony. One of the balls got out a little ahead of the other, and then the mischief was to pay. It had a kind of circular motion, and plowed up a quarter of an acre of ground, the members of the company in the meantime being hit by the flying chain.

The old cannon was never used after that except at an occasional Democratic jubilee, when charges of powder would be fired. About five years ago the old cannon disappeared, and not until a few days ago did our people know where it was. Last week it turned up in a junk shop, but it was promptly purchased by the city. Mr. Noumyer, who owned the cannon, had been offered \$50 for it, but when he learned that it was a rare old relic and our people wanted to keep it he promptly turned down the offer and swapped it to the city for an old bell.

### Where the Shah Sits.

The Shah of Persia owns the most valuable arm chair in the world. It is



### Manure for Orchards.

So much mischief can be done by applying manures of the wrong kind in orchards, says the Agriculturist, that I doubt if we do not lose more by manuring than by neglecting to manure. Fruit trees do not require at any time barnyard manures, or their equivalent. What they require is a supply of inorganic food. You can do no better for apple trees than to supply them with coal ashes in which there is a liberal admixture of wood ashes. The coal ashes loosen the soil; the wood ashes furnish the fertilizer. If you can get a supply of old mortar you have just the thing you need. A mixture of lime and salt, when so mixed as to leave no free salt, is excellent for all fruit trees. All such manures should be applied as a top-dressing. A peach or plum orchard needs nothing better than swamp muck or earth from the woods, with a slight addition of phosphate and potash.

If barnyard manure is applied at any time, it should be thoroughly decomposed and applied as a top-dressing. Such manure, if placed about the roots, when planting a pear or apple tree, will kill it. Grapes, of course, want phosphates and potash. They will also respond to a free application of liquid manures during their periods of rest, both in winter and in midsummer. All the tall growing berries, of the bramble sort, will use a large amount of organic manure. But be careful about dressing your raspberries with rank undecomposed barnyard manure. The probability is at any time you will develop a fungoid disease that you cannot easily master. If you use barnyard manure in raspberries it should be thoroughly comminuted with the soil as a compost. In fact, I prefer to compost every manure before it is placed on my gardens. Equally important as the manure is the mulching of our fruit trees and bushes of all sorts.

### Covering a Wagon Seat.

Procure flannel, either black, blue or green, two dozen buttons for the top of cushion, and the same number for the bottom, black oilcloth for lining the "fall," a spool of stout linen thread, and a long darning needle at least five inches in length. Using the worn "fall" as a pattern, cut the flannel three-fourths inch wider all around. Bind the edges of the flannel over the oilcloth, basting firmly with firm silk thread, stitch the two together, the line of stitching being very near the edge of the bound-over flannel.

For the seat cut a narrow strip of oilcloth—buckram is better if you have it—for use as stiffening. Lay narrow tucks in the flannel, both lengthwise and crosswise, stitching them in. This forms squares, and the lines of tucks should be very regular and about four inches apart. Cover the bottom of the seat with oilcloth, cutting it of the desired size. Cut the tacked flannel three-fourths inch larger, and stitch as for the "fall," with the stiffening in place along three edges. Slip this cover over the "fall" or "spring" foundation and fasten the end firmly.

Place a stout twine in your long needle, to it fasten one of the larger buttons, put the needle through the covered cushion at a corner of one square, draw down into the cushion as far as possible, pressing the button with some wooden object from the upper side to force it into the yielding material of the foundation, tie a slip knot in your thread at the lower side, put on the small button, and cutting the thread three inches from the cushion, wind the end between the button last added and the cushion around the eye of the button. The tension will hold it if drawn tight enough through the cushion. At the four corners of each square place buttons.—Orange Judd Farmer.

### Growing Spinach.

To grow spinach successfully the work of preparing the ground should begin in autumn after the fall crop of vegetables has been harvested. Work into the soil thoroughly an ample supply of well-rotted manure, then level the ground off smoothly as possible and sow the seed in shallow drills from twelve to sixteen inches apart. Sow the seed sparingly, for it has been found that thick seeding does not pay. This done, cover it only about half an inch deep, and in conclusion firm the ground by treading down each row with the feet. It is well to get the seed in early in November, for then the plants will have a chance to come up and be thinned out before real winter weather arrives. When the ground is slightly frozen a moderate mulch of litter of leaves may be placed over the plants. In this way an early crop of spinach may be gathered—so early, in fact, that it will be entirely out of the way by the time the ground is ready for other crops.—Farm and Field.

### Millet as a Feed for Poultry.

Millet has not been regarded as favorably by poultrymen as it deserves as a food for poultry. It is said to be equal, if not superior, to any other

grain as a ration for all kinds of poultry. It is more fattening than wheat and should be carefully fed, and a very good way to avoid danger from it is to feed it unthreshed. This will afford the fowls exercise while they are scratching it out of the straw. No exclusive diet will give as good results as a more diversified one, because hens will relish a change, but there is no reason why millet will not fill the bill as a grain ration fully as well as any other. The seed is very small, and in searching after it they will get some exercise, and picking it up will serve as a means of occupying their time.—Homestead.

### Ventilating the Cellar.

A great mistake, says Medical Classics, is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that of a very little warmer. The warmer the air the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily the cooler the air the more the moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day the entering air being in motion appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unwholesome; it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box.

### Nut-Bearing Trees.

All the nut-growing trees do best when planted where they are to stand permanently, and all must be planted in the fall, as once the nuts become thoroughly dried their vitality is destroyed and they refuse to germinate. The nuts should be planted only two or three inches deep in order that the frost may get to them and break open the shell.

Among all the nut trees none makes so quick a return as the chestnut when planted where conditions are favorable. The American chestnut is as good and sweet as any from any country, but the size of the nuts do not compare with the Japanese varieties.

The best way to secure Japanese chestnut trees is to plant native chestnuts and afterward graft Japanese scions on them. A similar plan was followed with a chestnut grove in New Jersey. The native trees were cut down and allowed to sprout up, and these sprouts were grafted with scions from Japanese chestnut trees. In ten years each one of these grafts was yielding a crop which brought from \$5 to \$7 to the tree, and this yield will increase every year for twenty or thirty years, when the yield from one tree will be as much as \$30.

Walnuts, hickory nuts or pecans are easily grown, the first two in the North and the last in the South. Walnut trees come into bearing in a few years where they are cultivated, and in course of time produce lumber of the most valuable kind.

### To Pollinate Strawberries.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker says that in raising strawberries to assist in securing pollination, either for fruit for consumption or for the seed, swish an evergreen bush back and forth, just touching the plants lightly, doing this every day while in bloom. The most favorable time is at midday, beneath a clear sky, and when the plants are free from excess of moisture. Avoid drenching the foliage with water when the plants are in bloom, if satisfactory pollination is desired.

### The Sunflower.

The sunflower is a native of North America, but it is more largely cultivated in foreign countries than in the United States. In Russia the seeds are to some extent parched and eaten in this country. Sunflower seed weighs about thirty pounds to the bushel. The plant has been utilized in malarial districts as a protection against fevers.

### Poultry Notes.

Drinking water often spreads disease. Fowls with colds or roup should not be allowed to drink with the others.

Common fowls can be greatly improved in size and vigor by selecting the best, and setting only eggs from the best layers.

Turkeys should not be confined while fattening. If they are fed plenty of corn and soft feed three times a day they will keep quiet enough and put on flesh very fast.

White corn is liked better than yellow by many turkey growers, who think it gives a clear white color to the flesh. Some wheat, barley and buckwheat should be given also.

The various oat feeds on the market are much praised by some poultry feeders. They at least afford a change from the everlasting shorts and cornmeal, of which the hens get very tired.

Fowls like turnips either boiled or raw, and this root should be used freely throughout the winter. The hens will make a better use than any other farm animals of the surplus turnips and potatoes.

Too many people resist that if a dozen hens will give a good profit, another dozen in the same coop will double the profit. One must resolutely keep down the number, so that there will be no crowding.