INTENDED ASSASSINATION.

It was quite by chance that I happened to drop into that particular establishment. I had been spending a considerable part of the afternoon in the reference department of the British museum, in connection with some literary work I had at that time in hand, and was feeling somewhat exhausted after the labor entailed in poring over the numerous tomes I had found it necessary to consult for my purpose.

I stepped into the first cafe that I came across on leaving the museum, in order to obtain what I considered necessary.

The room in which I found myself was a dreary little apartment, dismally lighted, with none too cleanly a look about it, and at the time I entered was entirely devoid of customers. The cup of coffee that I got proved a capital one and I sipped it with relish.

Having in due course finished my little repast, I was about departing, when the attendant, who had, as I thought, more than once eyed me rather closely, placed a small card on the table in front of me and without any accompanying remark walked away.

It was about the size of a gentleman's visiting card, and peering at it in the uncertain light I saw inscribed in small characters upon its surface the words, arranged just as I place them:

LEAGUE OF THE LIFELESS MEN.
64 Delamore Street.
To-night, 8:30. "Progress."

The affair afforded matter for more than a little speculation on my way home, and, impelled by a growing desire to know what it meant, I resolved to visit Delamore street at the hour named, and try and find out.

I knew nothing of the "League of the Lifeless Men"—had, in reality, never heard the strange name before—but that fact only served to make my curiosity all the greater.

I happened to know the direction in which Delamore street lay, and therefore experienced no difficulty in finding my way there. It wanted five minutes to the time specified on the card when I arrived at No. 64, and not having quite made up my mind as to the precise line of action to adopt, I stepped aside for a moment to consider.

As I did so, a man, closely muffled, came up, and without appearing to notice me, gave three sharp raps on the door. In response to his summons a query was uttered from within, which I failed to catch.

The answer to it, however, did not escape me. It was the word "Progress," the same which figured in quotation marks at the bottom of the card inadvertently given me at the coffee shop, and this demonstrated to me the fact—which I had indeed before guessed for myself—that the word was simply a passport of admittance, for upon it being pronounced the portal immediately swung open and the stranger entered.

This decided me. Taking my cue from what I had witnessed, I, too, knocked three times, and uttering in reply to the challenge from within, the mystic word, was admitted without demur.

On entering I found myself in a kind of corridor, at the further end of which was a door opening on a room in which I straightway ventured.

At the moment of my appearance the chamber was quite empty, but the sound of approaching footsteps reaching my ear almost directly, I had only just time to conceal myself in the folds of one of the curtains, when several individuals entered and took their seats at the table. From my position it was impossible to see who they were or what they were like, but I listened intently in order to get some idea of them and their doings from their conversation.

In this I was only partly successful, for, speaking in low tones, the greater part of their utterances became inaudible to me, but what I did hear was sufficient to convince me that the "league of the lifeless men" was neither more nor less than a secret assassination society, and that the present meeting was one called for the purpose of reporting on the dastardly work that its members were in the habit of doing.

I GAVE THREE SHARP RAPS ON THE DOOR.

Each man's account of his doings was evidently listened to with brutal interest by his companions, and the substance of the various narrations, I took it, was being jotted down in a book kept for the purpose.

Although I could not catch anything like a connected account of what was said in these ghastly recitals, such expressions as "Unexpected attack!" "Desperate defense!" "Prolonged struggle!" were sufficient to make me understand the nature of the terrible details.

When apparently all the members of this atrocious league had rendered accounts of their atrocious stewardships, the blood well-nigh curdled in my veins on hearing the question coolly asked: "Who is next on the list?" for I knew that it meant one more life for these ruffians to take away.

"Col. Crawley, 21 Rubicon street, W." And the announcement of it was followed by the words: "To-morrow night at nine!"

The meeting subsequently breaking up and the members dispersing, I was enabled to make my own departure unobserved.

It was little I slept that night, the events of the evening keeping my brain far too actively employed to allow of any real rest, and it was a relief when daylight came and it was time to rise.

Col. Crawley was not a gentleman with whom I was acquainted, although his name was perfectly familiar to me: therefore when I sent in my card to No. 21 I dispatched with it a message that my business was of an urgent nature.

On being shown into a reception-room I was confronted by a young lady, whose bright eyes and handsome face were a pleasure to gaze upon. I asked to be allowed to speak with Col. Crawley.

"Oh, you may freely tell your business to me," said the young lady, in response to my request; adding, in a charmingly artless tone, "papa allows me to transact almost all his affairs for him."

"What I have to say affects Col. Crawley so intimately," I answered, firmly, but with all necessary politeness, "that

"NOW TELL ME, MY DEAR SIR!"

it is most essential he should hear it himself."

Evidently impressed by my manner, the young lady left the room, and shortly afterward returned with an elderly gentleman, whom I rightly guessed to be Col. Crawley himself.

"My daughter tells me that you have something important to communicate," said the officer on his entry, motioning me back to the seat from which I had risen on his approach.

"Colonel," I said, as calmly as the seriousness of the case would allow, "it is my duty to tell you plainly, without mincing words, that your life is in danger!"

"My life in danger!" echoed the officer, with a tinge of derision in his tone. "Impossible! I have carried it unscathed through half a dozen campaigns, and it cannot be menaced now! Besides," he added, with a cheery laugh, "who cares for the life of a worn-out soldier?"

"I can tell you of one who does," whispered the young lady on his arm, looking lovingly into her father's face.

"Now tell me, my dear sir, what you mean," said the old gentleman, "for you seem terribly in earnest."

"Sir," I replied, "I happen to know that a conspiracy is on foot to take your life and that the assassins mean to make the attempt this very night. For some reason, of which I am quite in ignorance, you have incurred the hatred of a secret assassination society, and the members of it have decreed your doom. It is in order to warn you and prevent the execution of their foul designs that I have come here this afternoon."

I related the adventure which had formed the subject of my narrative, explaining everything in its minutest detail. As I proceeded I noticed the veteran's features gradually relaxing, and directly I had finished, to my intense chagrin, he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted several minutes.

"Excuse my rudeness," he said at the end of it, "but nobody enjoys a joke more than a soldier, and this is the best that I have heard for a long time. My dear sir," he went on, "you have stumbled across a monster mare's nest.

"The 'League of the Lifeless Men' is no more an assassination society than the Salvation Army or any other similar confederation. It is simply a social organization formed for the primary object of playing chess, and the only people its members are in the habit of slaughtering are the opponents against whom they happen to be pitted, for I give you my word, as an inveterate chess player, that they are the most skillful manipulators of the 'lifeless men' I have ever seen.

"They are now about to play a series of games with a kindred club to which I have the honor to belong, and a meeting is arranged for at my house this evening at nine, when I anticipate we shall get a decisive beating. Their headquarters are at 64 Delamore street, and the meeting at which you so romantically assisted was doubtless one called to report on their last tournament.

"Now that I have explained it all to you and you see there is no cause for alarm," concluded the colonel, good-humoredly, "I must insist that you do me the honor of staying to dinner with us and smoking a cigar with me afterward. The man who is anxious to save the life of a fellow-creature is entitled to know something of the person that life belongs to."

Stupid, however, as was the mistake into which I had fallen, I never regretted it, for acquaintanceship with Col. Crawley and his charming daughter led to an engagement which ultimately resulted in a happy marriage.—Tit-Bits.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ROADSIDE ORCHARDS.

Europe Has Many of Them Which Are a Source of Public Revenue.

Land is not yet so rare in this country that we are obliged to cultivate that along the borders of our highways, but the time is not far distant when conditions here in this respect will more nearly approximate those of other countries than they do at present, and we may then learn a lesson from the thrift of some of those "effete despotisms." In an article in La Nature (Paris, March 14), Emmanuel Ratouin tells how the roadsides in many parts of Germany have been made to yield a rich return to the state or to municipalities by being planted with fruit trees. We translate part of his article below:

"In foreign countries orchards of fruit trees along the roads have given the best results. In Wurtemburg, Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, the grand duchy of Luxemburg and in Austria the fruit tree roads have brought in important sums to the treasury. In Saxony the fruit tree budget is especially satisfactory, and the benefits realized by the state under this have been estimated at nearly 2,000,000 francs ($400,000) for the last fourteen years.

"In Wurtemberg the planting of forest trees along the roads has been entirely given up. A law has been passed applying to all fruit orchards and systematizing their working. The owner of the neighboring land takes charge of the orchard and the road officials see to their protection and care. This service is very well organized and does its work economically. It has been established under almost identical condition in the Palatinate and in Bavaria. In these localities each roadman has his corresponding 'sylvicultor.' Every facility is given to these agents for increasing their agricultural knowledge. They are placed under the surveillance of rural inspectors, who direct their labors. This special corps is recruited, in part, by competition. These 'road sylvicultors' pass an examination and follow courses of instruction. They sometimes are given the necessary funds to complete their studies.

"The course of study that is offered at Landschule, in Basse Riviere, has given the opportunity of enlisting men especially adapted for the care of trees. In Austria, Moravia and Bohemia the orchard roads, which are very numerous, are in general planted with plum trees. In these fertile plains there are orchards of considerable size along the borders of the roads. The trees are set about six meters (19 2-3 feet) apart; they are the object of exceptional care, and it is not rare to see, especially in the region of Hradisch, young apple trees covered with straw up to the middle of their trunks. The old apple trees are carefully cleaned and painted with whitewash to preserve them from moss and from fungoid growths. At Drosing, in Moravia, along the roads the acacia alternates with the cherry and the apple.

"In the Tyrol, where the culture of fruit trees is highly appreciated, the road orchards are numerous. It is not unusual to find in these regions, especially at Hoffgarten, orchards of 2,000 to 3,000 apple and pear trees. And not only are the carriage roads utilized thus, but the railway companies have fallen into line. Many of them have planted the edges of their embankments and the spaces left between their tracks and the neighboring properties.

"The efforts made by foreign nations in this matter of road orchards can scarcely be described without speaking of the grand duchy of Luxemburg, which is the chosen land of the fruit tree. The efforts made by the governments of the grand duchy to develop fruit culture are most interesting and remarkable. Nowhere have resources been better employed and encouragements better distributed. The state has established an agricultural service, which has for its special object the fostering of agricultural work and the direction and execution of most of such public work as the planting of fruit trees, drainage, irrigation, experiment stations, the establishment of roads, etc."—Literary Digest.

SHADED HIGHWAYS.

Trees Add Beauty and Comfort to Every Country Road.

During these hot summer days is when the traveler on a dusty, treeless highway sighs for "some boundless contiguity of shade," or at least for good roads bordered by trees whose sheltering boughs would offer some protection against the rays of the celestial scorcher, the sun.

Trees add more than beauty to a country highway, although that feature alone should be a sufficient incentive to insure their presence. But they are comforting, as well, and their shade helps to retain a degree of moisture that retards the making of dust.

The usual highway should be made beautiful and comfortable as well. Every negligent highway commissioner should be compelled to ride a wheel along a sun-blistered road, or, better yet, be harnessed to a load, as is the poor, dumb horse. This would bring him to a realization of the fact that a little shade along the road is a good and gracious thing.

Make the highway beautiful.—Good Roads.

Making the Cow Comfortable.

To give comfort to the cow and prevent the annoyance of her tail switching in your face or about your head while milking, make a big sack open at one end and one side. Before beginning milking draw it over the cow so that the closed end will hold her tail down between her legs. She may not like it at first, but when she finds there are no flies to brush off or to knock off with her head she will enjoy the innovation. When through take hold of the end or corner that is up near her horns and strip it off with one hand. It is ready then for the next cow to be milked. The blanket or sack may be made of any old sacking.

HOW TO KEEP APPLES.

Chief Requisite for Preservation Is a Uniform Low Temperature.

On the subject of keeping apples Mr. O. W. Hawden, of Worcester, Mass., in a recent address, said: "If apples are expected to keep well they must be picked from the trees and handled carefully. Barrels and boxes are found the most convenient packages for apples, but should be washed and thoroughly cleansed and dried before using; care should be taken that no nails protrude through the staves. The fruit should be carefully placed in the barrels and gently shaken and pressed into them as compactly as possible to prevent any motion of the fruit after the barrels are headed; each sort should be marked and placed where the temperature is low and uniform if possible. If apples are to be stored for winter or late keeping the sooner placed in a cool and uniform place the better. A fruit house or cellar made with a view for the purpose is best, but most growers usually have to resort to their cellars. The chief requisites for the preservation of fruit from October to May or June following are a uniform low temperature, which in autumn may be obtained by giving abundant ventilation on cool nights, to be closed when the atmosphere is warm. Fruits shoud be maintained or kept in as nearly as possible its condition when gathered. The gradual ripening process, or the fermentation of the juices premonitory to decay, should be checked and kept in a dormant condition. When maintained nearly at freezing point the mellowing or ripening process in the fruit nearly ceases. Fungi and mildew, the primary causes of decay, do not germinate under these circumstances; the best late keeping results are promoted thereby. The prices at which apples are sold differ very materially between October and June and are often as one to five; thus the growing price in the cellar is of fully as much importance as the growing fruit in the orchard."—Ice and Refrigeration.

THE CABBAGE WORM.

Paris Green Can Be Used to Advantage in Destroying Them.

The most common cabbage caterpillar is the larval form of the white butterfly, so often seen about the plants depositing its eggs. Aside from this larva there are several others which attack the cabbage plant, being the larvae of several species of butterflies and moths. But while there are several species of caterpillars on the plants, yet the habits of all are very similar, so that the same remedies are applicable to all.

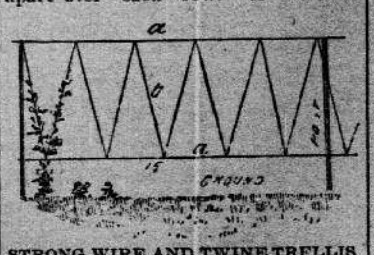
Just as soon as the worms are noticed on the plants, paris green, either dry or mixed with water, should be applied. In this case it is perhaps best to make the application in a dry form by means of any of the many ways for making the application. A common flour sack will do for this purpose, if nothing better is at hand, although nothing equals the champion powder gun for the application of any dry powders. When applied to the cabbage, the paris green should be diluted with about 20 parts of flour, the effectiveness of the application depending not so much upon the amount used as the evenness of the distribution. The paris green, however, should not be applied to the plants after they have formed heads, but pyrethrum or insect powder should then be used instead.

But the question is often asked: "Will not the paris green poison the plants and render them unfit for use?" But the cabbage grows from within out, and there is no danger from the use of paris green, provided it is not applied after the heads are formed. By the time the outer leaves are taken off and the cabbage is ready for the table, there is left no trace of arsenic.—H. E. Weed, in Journal of Agriculture.

AN EXCELLENT TRELLIS.

Splendid Thing for Growers of Pole and Lima Beans.

I have two rows 75 feet long and 3½ feet apart. Strong cedar stakes or posts six to seven feet long are set 15 feet apart over each row. A wire is



STRONG WIRE AND TWINE TRELLIS.

stretched ten inches from the ground and stapled at each post; another wire is stapled to the top of the posts. Binder or wool twine is then fastened to top of an end post, unrolled and passed under the bottom wire, up over the top wire and down again as illustrated. Bean runners readily find the strings and soon reach the top, when an occasional turn over and under the wire horizontally will keep them out of the way. The wire is easily taken off and the parts removed, and the strings should be serviceable two seasons. I leave them standing until spring, when the vines become dry, very brittle and are easily broken from the twine. Experiment has convinced me nothing is gained by pinching the ends of the vines; much is gained by a rich soil, with frequent and thorough cultivation.—Albert H. Briggs, in Farm and Home.

Nut Cake.

Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two beaten eggs, a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one pint of mixed nuts, blanched and chopped; flavor with vanilla. Put in a buttered tin and bake in a moderate oven.—Good Housekeeping.

Good Roads Politics.

Don't vote for a man who is satisfied to stand on a muddy platform.

A STUDY OF ANGER.

Based on Over Two Thousand Answers to a Circular of Inquiry.

President Hall, of the Clark summer school at Worcester, has given a number of striking lectures, but none more so than that on anger, which was delivered the other day. The address is based on the 2,184 answers to a circular inquiry which was sent out two years ago. These indicate that extreme violent anger is of more frequent occurrence than might be supposed. More interesting than this, however, are some of the conclusions based on the reports. Thus Dr. Hall says:

"In children sometimes the hair bristles, actually stands up as in animals. The mouth is affected, the teeth are shown, the lips are bitten, the tongue ran out (a curious, unexplained symptom). In 14 per cent. of children they spit, a very animal trait. Very often they turn about and spit, perhaps from the superstition that the act will revenge. They spit as though the poisoning instinct was left in the psychic system, as Darwin ascribes it. The neck muscles contract. Children bite themselves or others or a stick, the last to restrain their anger. I remember talking to a murderer at Louisville just previous to his execution. He said had he had his stick with him to bite, as was his custom, he never would have committed the crime. Then there is a desire to scratch, a type of the feline instinct. Man has lost his claws, but the instinct to use them remains."

It appears from the record that the chief cause of anger is illness; then comes weariness, then hunger, then extremes of heat or cold. As to degrees of anger, Dr. Hall said: "Seventy men and boys and 26 girls and women are subject to wild anger out of 322 persons reported. Only 26 were blind mad. Of those who want to kill, the men far exceed the women. Then, again, the quick of anger are more than twice as numerous as the slow. The duration of the outbreak is about the same in both sexes."

Here are portions of one or two characteristic replies to this circular letter:

A woman writes that a slum boy in a mission struck her in the face. "I had a new experience. I wanted to trample him, and rend and slaughter him. I believe I should have killed him had I had a weapon. I generally control myself, and only make a few withering remarks. But once I was so angry that I slapped my brother, and his look of surprise made me break into wild laughter, yet the anger was not gone." A Cambridge boy of 18 wrote: "When very mad I used to shut my eyes and go at the object of my wrath for all I was worth, and then I would feel weak and tired. There are some people I long to maul unmercifully; also, cats, for which I have a most particular hate. The boy I am maddest of all at has separated me and my best girl, probably forever. I am laying for him, and am ready to hang for it."

In closing his lecture, Dr. Hall said that physiology and Christ are diametrically opposed, for one says anger is a good thing; the other says: "Turn the other cheek also." At the very end he said: "Psychologists should carefully investigate anger in all its forms, and pedagogy should give it a sphere, that it may be turned into the path of honor. There must be codes for the regulation of this passion as long as there are differences among mankind. There have always been courts and codes and rules of honor, without which anger would be unbridled."—Hartford Times.

CURED HER LOVE.

Parson's Advice to Ride a Wheel Was Adopted with Glowing Results.

Ministers are sometimes bewildered by the confidences of members of their flock. Some of them are particular as to the callers they receive in the study or vestry. A well-known preacher of the true doctrine makes it a rule to see no member of the fair sex in the vestry unless the object of the call shall be stated beforehand.

One day, however, when he had preached a very eloquent sermon, a sad-eyed lady member of his congregation forced her way into his house on the plea of urgent business, and, in spite of his most discouraging manner, insisted on informing him, with tears and sobs, that she had fallen hopelessly in love with a certain gentleman of her acquaintance, and that she did not know what would become of her in life unless he could be persuaded to return her affection.

The reverend gentleman rose impatiently, and exclaimed that he should advise the lady to buy a bicycle and go out for a long ride every day until she was cured. The damsel went away weeping, and saying that, alas! he did not understand that her love fever was incurable! The clergyman thought no more about the interview, which he had looked upon as being one of the disagreeable details of his profession; but a month later, as he was walking along the street, he met a pretty, blooming, bright-eyed girl, who stopped him, and exclaimed, with enthusiasm:

"I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your excellent advice; I have acquired a bicycle, and go long rides every day, and now I have no time to think of Mr. ——, and don't care for him at all."—N. Y. Mercury.

A Historical Fact.

Teacher—What celebrated event occurred at Plymouth Rock?

Tommy—I know.

"Well, let us hear you tell the class what it was. Nobody else seems to know."

"They started a new breed of chickens there."—Cleveland Leader.

—The Arabic used in the Koran differs as much from the Arabic used in ordinary conversation and intercourse in the east as the Latin differs from the Italian. The Koran Arabic is that of the literary classes; the colloquial Arabic that of the common people.

—The engine of an express train consumes 12 gallons of water for each mile traveled.

NO MORE CUTTING OFF OF LIMBS

Embalming Substituted for Amputation the Latest in Surgery.

A new and simple mode of treatment has been introduced in France by which, it is claimed, a large proportion of injured limbs now usually amputated can be saved. The method, which is due to Dr. Reclus, was recently described before the French congress of surgery, and is thus explained:

"Whatever the extent or gravity of the lesions, he (Dr. Reclus) never, under any circumstances, amputates the injured limb, but merely wraps it in antiseptic substances by a veritable embalming process, leaving nature to separate the dead from the living tissues. This method of treatment possesses the double advantage of being much less fatal than surgical exaeresis, and of preserving for the use of the patient, if not the entire limb, at any rate a much larger part than would be left after amputation. He advocates this very conservative treatment on account of the excellent effects of hot water, which he uses freely. After the skin has been shaved and cleansed from all fatty substances by ether, etc., in the usual way, a jet of hot water 60 to 62 degrees C. (140 to 144 degrees), but not higher, is made to irrigate all the injured surfaces and to penetrate into all the hollows and under all the detached parts of the wound, without exception. This is the only way of removing all clots and to wash away all foreign bodies, together with the micro-organisms they may contain. The advantages of hot water at this high temperature are threefold: First, hot water at this temperature is antiseptic, heat greatly increases the potency of antiseptic substances; second, it is hemostatic (that is, staunches the flow of blood); third, it helps to compensate for the loss of heat resulting from the bleeding, and especially from the traumatic shock. After the 'embalming' process and the dead tissue has been separated from the living, the surgeon has nothing to do except to divide the bone at a suitable spot. According to Reclus the results attained are remarkable."—Philadelphia Press.

FEW DO ALL THE CHARITY.

Number Who Give Anything to the Poor Is Limited.

I was told many years ago by a person of great experience, whose name would carry great weight if I were free to give it, that the number of persons who ever do anything for anybody always remains about the same. "They shift their gifts and their efforts," she said, "but they do not increase. Most people never give anything or work for anybody."

I think that, making a little allowance, this lady's experience taught her a profound truth. A great many people do nothing for nobody, partly because they are too poor and too hard worked; partly because they mean to spend everything—and not too much, either, they say—upon themselves.

As for those who give or work for other people, there are many classes. Some do so coldly, as a religious duty, without being impelled in the least by the desire to help those who want help. I knew a man once who gave away conscientiously, but reluctantly, a whole tenth part of his large income as a religious duty.

Some families inherit altruistic traditions; some persons seem born with an irresistible desire to learn and to understand the lives of other people. Now, when this instinct does not lead to the writing of novels it leads to works of charity.

Some people give in order to get rid of disagreeable objects, as one tosses a penny to an organ grinder.

I have sometimes thought that things would be made easier if we had a secret bureau at which people could put down their names for what they could afford, apart from giving doles to poor relations and checks to hospital Sunday. There would, of course, be a board of directors. Let us think it over.—London Queen.

Facts About Cholera.

The explanation of the German cholera epidemic of 1893, given by Dr. Barry, is conclusive as to the danger of water contamination. The outbreak in Hamburg, notwithstanding the new filtered water supply there, was at first decidedly startling, but the officials soon found that owing to a settlement of some masonry connected with a conduit conveying the water from the filter beds to the pumping station unfiltered Elbe water had got access to the supply. Dr. Barry arrives at four definite conclusions: 1. That cholera diffusion invariably follows lines of human intercourse. 2. That increased steam communication by land and water, especially between central Asia and Europe, has led to a rapidity in the diffusion of cholera hitherto unprecedented. 3. That cholera in its progress by way of river traffic has fastened on more centers of population than when its diffusion has taken place overland. 4. That all "explosions" of cholera have been found, on investigation, to have been referable to specifically polluted water supplies.—London News.

From a City Point of View.

She was from the city, where the lawns are well watered and well kept, and was on a visit to the country, where the grass is mostly hay, and very dry and dusty even for hay.

"Papa," she said, thoughtfully, "the people never try to water the grass out here, do they?"

"Of course not," he replied. "It would be too much of a task."

"They leave it all to God to look after, don't they?" she persisted.

He nodded his head, and for a few minutes she was lost in thought.

"Papa," she said finally, as if she had solved a great problem, "don't you think God ought to get an automatic sprinkler?"—Chicago Post.

—Bikes—"So you saw a ghost? Did he say anything to you?" Sikes—"Yes, but I couldn't understand him." Bikes "Why?" Sikes—"Because I never studied the dead languages."—N. Y. Herald.