

## MARY, KNITTING.

When Mary sits a-knitting  
Beside the cozy fire,  
Her bending face so happy  
With motherhood's desire,  
It makes the room seem holy,  
A consecrated place,  
With God's smile in the fire-light  
That flickers on her face.

The clicking of the needles,  
The crumble of the coals,  
Make such a quiet music  
For our two quiet souls!  
And when the little mother  
Spreads out the garments small,  
The look, the touch she gives it  
Like saintly blessings fall.

We sit until the twilight  
Her snowy weaving blurs,  
And in the creaking shutter  
A little night-wind stirs.  
Then Mary's face sinks lower  
Unto the little gown,  
Until she seems to kiss it  
Before she lays it down.

—Harper's Bazar.

## A FRIEND IN NEED.

They used to make fun of him at the office. He was a queer old fellow, with a solemn face and what we thought ridiculously polite ways. He would take off his hat when he came in and say:

"Good morning, gentlemen. I trust I see you all in good health this fine day."

And some of the boys would nod—and some wouldn't do anything; but I never could help standing up and bowing, perhaps because I knew that my mother would have said I ought to do it.

And, you see, it was gentlemanly of him, I said; and if he was a little creature, with a queer little wig, why, he looked something like a gentleman, too. I said so once to Merrivale, next desk to mine; but—well—I didn't try it again.

You see, Merrivale was up to everything, dressed elegantly, sneered at everything almost, and I'd come from a country town and he was a city man.

Nobody was down on "Old Dumps" as he was, especially after he made us that speech about our conduct to the ladies.

Dumps made the speech you know, and it was Merrivale who had said the lady only came in to look at him.

"The man who calls a blush to the cheek of a woman by look or tone must have forgotten his mother," said Old Dumps. "When that lady asked you a civil question she relied on her belief that you were a gentleman, Mr. Merrivale. When you answered her as you did and spoke to her as you did any one could read your insulting thoughts, Mr. Merrivale; and you did not even rise from your seat, sir. You proved that she was very much mistaken."

"Near to say that I am no gentleman?" said Merrivale.

"In this instance, sir," said Old Dumps, "you certainly have not conducted yourself as one should."

"Mr. Dumps is right this time," said I.

"Bah!" said Merrivale. "You're from the country."

"Thank heaven for it, then, my young friend," said Dumps, as he sat down.

After that Merrivale was never even half way civil to Dumps, and the boys followed Merrivale's lead. But I liked the old fellow. When we met in the street I'd take off my hat and shake hands and say some of those polite things that mother used to teach me to say. And I wrote of him to mother, and she said she was glad that her boy knew what was due to a good old gentleman.

Sometimes, when I lived at Hare-dale with my mother, I've seen the sky beautiful and bright and blue one hour and the next black with the clouds of a thunderstorm. Just that way my trouble came to me—an awful trouble—such as I could not have dreamed of.

I had written to my mother that I was doing well and liked my business, and would be down to see her Sunday, when I was sent for to go into the inner office; and there—I can't go through with it—I can't even remember details; but I was charged with being a thief.

You'd have to understand our particular business, as well as bookkeeping, to know how I was supposed to have done it; but they believed I had robbed them of \$500.

They urged me to confess. I was innocent, and I said so. Then they told me they did not wish to be hard on me. I was young. The city was a bad place for boys. They would be merciful and only dismiss me without recommendation. All I could say had no effect. They proved me guilty before they accused me, they said; and at last I staggered out into the office. The boys were getting ready to go home. I saw they knew what had happened.

"None of you believed this of me?" said I. "None of you who knew me?" And Merrivale said:

"Look here, Forrester; you're lucky to get off so."

And Grab said:

"I say, Forrester, don't talk too much; you'll give yourself away."

And what with shame and rage and grief, I could have died; when out of his dusty corner came Old Dumps, in his little snuff colored overcoat and held out his hand.

"Mr. Forrester," he said, "I've watched you ever since you've been here. I know what you are. You are incapable of a dishonest act, and what is more, I will prove it before I rest."

The man who respects others always respects himself. The man who honors his mother will do no dishonorable thing."

He took my hand in his arm, and, bowing to the others, walked out into the street with me. I heard Grab and

Stover and Carberry laugh, but Merrivale gave a furious look and stood, white to the lips, looking after us.

"Mr. Dumps," said I, "I thank you for your confidence in me. I deserve it—in this, at least; but it saves my heart from breaking under this disgrace. How shall I tell my mother?"

"Don't tell her yet," said he.

"Wait. Others shall think of you as I do soon."

Then he went on in silence. He took me to his own room, where he kept bachelor's hall. He made tea for me and served me with sliced potted beef and thin bread and butter.

And it was not until we had done tea that he said to me, very apologetically, after I had called him Mr. Dumps:

"Mr. Forrester, excuse me, but I am not named Dumps. That is the name by which the young men at the store consider it witty to call me. I confess I could not see the wit, but it rather hurt them than me. I saw by your manner that you had made a mistake. My name is Adams."

I was so much ashamed of having used the nickname, innocently as I did it, that I could have cried.

But my old friend comforted me. One day he came to me, flushed with triumph, and took both my hands and shook them hard, and said:

"My dear boy, it's all right. I'd watched before and had had a clew. Your character is cleared. The firm welcomes you back with regrets that they should have suspected you, and the real culprit is found. The real culprit is Merrivale, and Stover is his accomplice."

And so it really was. They had doctored my books and meddled with my profits.

I went back to my situation and I've got on well ever since; but there's more of my story. Think of my dear Old Dumps turning out to be my uncle—my mother's own brother—and neither of us guessing it.

Long ago other people had quarreled and so separated these two, who were always friends.

Think of the little man in the shabby wig and coat proving to be quite rich and going down into the country to live with his sister for the rest of his life.

In vacations and holidays I go to see them. They are happy together, and the little table is set with the old china, and there is potted beef and jelly, and I'm petted like a child. And in my uncle's room the miniature of the young lady hangs on the mantle-piece as it did in his lodgings.

And once he told me his sweet, sad story and I knew why the quaint, old man in the office had a more true and tender gallantry to women, and was a braver friend and more perfect gentleman than the young fops who grinned at him from the high stools between his desk and the window and gave him the nickname of Old Dumps.

## PENMAN'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

An Australian Addresses Envelopes With Both Hands at Same Time.

Wrapper writing is, it would seem, a popular way of earning a livelihood with the inmates of Rowton house, London, a six-penny hotel. Here is an amusing story of the perfection to which it may be brought by practice and a strong will.

"There is a tradition lingering among the elder brethren of the wrapper writing profession to the effect that once upon a time when the work was better paid than now, a young man from Australia turned up and ventured as a last resource into their sphere of labor. He spent his all and found himself stranded until funds should arrive from the antipodes. So on the suggestion of an acquaintance, he applied for a job at the world-famed firm of Schmidt & Co. On being duly installed and supplied with 500 envelopes and some pages from a directory he looked around and asked for a pen.

"But you have one already," said the young man in authority.

"I want two," said the Australian, and an obliging fellow scribe supplied his need. The scene which thereupon ensued baffles description, for the colonial, separating the pile of envelopes into two equal lots, began copying the addresses by writing simultaneously with both hands. So runs the legend, at least, and, furthermore it is averred that his rapidity was such as to put the 'sloggers' to shame. Fifty pens dropped from the nervous grasp of those who but a minute before had been writing against time and as if for dear life. A hundred eyes were fixed in astonishment on the unknown one. Presently the young overseer who superintended the labors of many old enough to be his grandfather rose and timidly said he would consult the governor." The latter arrived, and the situation being explained, the Australian was turned into a loose box all by himself and fed with another thousand or so of envelopes. At this rate he earned enough in two or three weeks to enable him to last out comfortably till his remittances arrived, then he went home and Schmidt's knew him no more. We asked the old gentleman who told us this yarn to fill his pipe and have another cup of tea, for we thought he deserved both."

## Cut off Her Hair to Buy Bread.

Recently an east London church worker, in her daily rounds of visitation, went to see a woman who was living in the deepest poverty. While they were engaged in conversation the door was suddenly flung open and a young girl rushed into the room, exclaiming, "They won't buy it, mother!" The visitor, turning around, noticed that the girl's head was closely shorn, and in her hands was an abundance of beautiful hair, which she had been unsuccessfully trying to sell in order to procure bread for her mother and herself.

# THE FARM GARDEN



## Don't Buy Show Birds.

Do not buy and pay high prices for show birds, particularly if they have been exhibited. The treatment they have had has not been favorable to egg production, and has been unfavorable for producing fertile eggs. They have been forced for size and form, and dosed to induce glossy plumage, until the feathers are worth more than the rest of the bird, excepting for a family dinner.

## How to Cultivate Artichokes.

Answering the inquirer who asks how to plant and cultivate artichokes, Farm, Field and Fireside gives an extract from a letter from a Missouri reader. He says: "I plant them in drills eighteen to twenty inches apart one way and two feet and six inches the other, and cultivate the same as potatoes. When the hogs root them out through the fall and winter, the ground should be plowed and harrowed in the spring and left alone, as there will be enough remain in the ground for seed. Should they be too thick, take a one-horse plow and plow up strips, leaving rows from twelve to sixteen inches wide."

## Pruning.

In pruning trees the branches removed should be sawed off close to the main trunk or limb, on which they grew. If a long stub is left the wound will not heal over, but remain open subject to the attack of disease germs, which, when they have once gained entrance, are sure sooner or later to produce "black heart," which may extend through the whole tree.

In cutting back small branches or "leading-in" the cut should be made just above a good strong bud so that no stub is left to die back and invite disease.

All large wounds should be painted over to prevent "checking" and to keep out germs while the healing process is going on. When smaller branches have been removed or cut back, it is well to spray the whole tree with Bordeaux mixture, which not only prevents germs from entering the wounds, but also checks their growth on other parts of the tree.—John W. Lloyd.

## Dehorning Cattle.

The saw was first used in dehorning and I always had an aversion to its use, but when the knife came I at once had my herd dehorned.

Then I commenced the use of chemicals on my calves to prevent horn growth, and for years have had no horns except in cattle we have bought or where we made a partial failure in stopping their growth.

With neither knife nor the use of chemicals can there be any charge of cruelty or causing suffering any more than clipping a lamb or pig's tail, which everybody believes is right.

I have never had any special trouble with horned cattle, but the dehorned ones are so much more peaceable that, especially in a new country where accommodations for stock are so limited and so much more crowding necessary, that I very much prefer the hornless ones, they housing together under the shed or drinking at the trough as closely as hogs.

I would strongly advise that no horns be allowed to grow.—J. M. Rice.

## Infectious Diseases Among Poultry.

Drs. Smith and Moore of the bureau of animal industry, Washington, D. C., have made important investigations on above subject. They find that "black head" in turkeys, diphtheria, cholera and roup in fowls are contagious. They also believe that so-called roup, influenza and sometimes cholera are different stages of the one disease—diphtheria. However this may be, it is stated that diphtheria is infectious, and it may be transmitted to children. Therefore, the great importance of separating all sick fowls and confining them to some outbuilding, keeping the children away. Doctoring sick fowls is very unprofitable business, and there is seldom any reason why the fowls should be sick, provided you have done your part. Your part is to keep the roost clean and free from lice. Give clean water daily. Fill up all low places where water is apt to collect and clear away all rubbish—burning it is the proper thing. Furnish good sharp grit for the fowls, and don't get the poultry so fat that the organs will be so clogged that they cannot perform their normal duties. Make the roost tight and dry and provide convenient dusting places. Make the fowls exercise by scratching in litter. In fact, this last point and clean, fresh water will go a long way toward keeping the fowls in good health. There is no kind of stock on the farm that is more healthy than fowls when they have proper care. Too many people try to crowd 100 fowls into a small house. This not only lessens the number of eggs, but is apt to breed disease as well. The fowls in the centre of a crowded perch will get too warm, and therefore colds will follow. A house twenty

by thirty feet is not a bit too large for 100 fowls. The proper way is to divide the fowls up into smaller flocks of say twelve to twenty fowls each, and separate them during cold weather at least.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## Pegging Down Plants.

An admirable way, according to Vick's Magazine, to grow most any of the hybrid perpetual roses is by pegging them down in the garden. Plants grown in this way furnish many more flowers than when raised in the regular way. The young shoots of each season's growth are pegged down in the fall by the use of small sticks placed often enough to keep the branches fastened solid. In laying the branches down, leave none nearer than eight or ten inches; after a bush has been pegged down for several years the space will become crowded, and then the old wood can be cut away to give room for the new branches. The new shoots should never be pegged down when in a growing condition, but when the wood has ripened off and become dormant in the fall is the proper time to do the work.

Should it happen, as it sometimes does, that some of the old wood must be left, because too few new shoots have grown to take its place, the old wood should be pushed back to two eyes or buds on each branch; the shoots will then start out in the spring, making new wood for blossoming.

The reason for this pegging down process is this: The rose bush has a latent bud at every joint of the plant, which is only waiting for a good chance to grow and produce blossoms; planted in the ordinary way only those at the top of the bush have much of a chance to develop, but when laid down every one of the latent buds will stand an equal chance with every other in the distribution of the sap, moisture and sunshine and few of them will fail to grow and bloom. A bed of roses grown in this way presents a grand appearance, as the surface of the soil is nearly hidden by the foliage, above which the lovely roses are growing thickly. These bushes need enriching often, as they are being forced so hard, and a good dressing of well-rotted stable manure is almost a necessity every fall. Some of the shoots that have become covered with earth will rot, especially if the branch becomes partially broken or hurt in layering. Nature, in her effort to heal the place, will callous it over and then roots are quite likely to form.

## Weak Colonies.

Many colonies will be reduced down very weak from coming through the winter. It is very desirable to save every colony that is in a healthy condition and that have good queens. We can very materially help out such colonies by giving them some attention at the right time and in the right manner. A weak colony will always do better in a small space, and this can be arranged by fitting a board down in the hive, one on each side of just the number of combs the bees can occupy, thus contracting the space, with these division boards.

Weak colonies may thus be tucked up in small quarters, and surrounded thoroughly with warm protection so as to confine as much heat as possible, and in this shape, with good food at their disposal, it is surprising to see how rapidly they will build up and need more territory to accommodate their increase of business.

Strong colonies may be drawn up to strengthen weak ones, and this is very frequently done at almost all seasons of the year. It is done by taking a frame of brood bees, or brood without bees, from a strong colony and giving it to a weak one. It has been found, however, that to do this in early spring proves more of a detriment generally than to allow the strong ones to keep what they have. In building up in spring a strong colony will rear more brood alone than both colonies if the brood is divided, the one being a weak colony.

It is only by good management that we can get weak colonies built up strong by the time the honey season is on, for if they are not strong at this time, it will be at the expense of the honey crop that they will reach their fullest capacity.

A good, fertile queen is capable of producing enough bees in a very short period to make an immense colony of bees, but she is altogether governed in this respect by the number of bees in the hive, and she lays only the number of eggs that the bees are capable of taking care of. She occupies just the amount of brood combs that the bees cover well, and in this she does not venture too close to the outside line, and as the number of bees increase and more space on the combs is occupied, she extends her territory in laying eggs.

A queen bee is capable of laying 3000 eggs in a single day under the most favorable circumstances, so that if 35,000 bees are a good colony she could produce it in twelve or fifteen days, if it were not the case that she is governed by being thus limited.—A. H. Duff.

A caual thirty yards wide and five yards deep would not carry off one-fifth of all the water that runs through the water-pipes and sewers of Berlin, or one-ninth of that of London.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical; curly hairs are elliptical or flat.

A new kind of rubber plant has been discovered in the Congo region. The sap that becomes congealed into rubber is contained in its roots.

The new Allegheny observatory has been presented with a complete electrical equipment, including generators, motors, and other apparatus, by George Westinghouse, Jr., the electrical engineer of Pittsburgh.

During the year 1895 as many as 22,407 French soldiers were admitted to military hospitals for influenza. About 90,000 were treated without admission, and 484 deaths were attributed to this cause.

The death rate in England and Wales in 1897 did not exceed 17.4 per 1000, which, with the exception of the unprecedentedly low rates (16.6 and 17.1) in 1894 and 1896, was lower than the rate in any previous year on record.

In October and November, 1894, a number of Clark cells, used as standards of electromotive force, were made in accordance with the specifications of the British board of trade by a Mr. Cooper, who has since tested them at regular intervals to determine their accuracy and permanency. At first the cells were found to be correct to one part in 7000, but as time passed their electromotive force fell until at the end of three years and a half the cells showed a mean error of about one part in 700.

On a small grass-plot in the city of Worcester, England, is settled a remarkable colony that seems to be quite new to the locality—a brand of highly phosphorescent earthworms. This annelid, according to J. Lloyd-Bozward in nature is round, pellucid, about two inches in length, and apparently without segmentation. It is entirely luminous. The phosphorescence, which is under control, has the bright greenish color of the glow-worm's light, and when in glow its secretion is luminous, making a luminous trail. At night stamping on the ground or slight pressure causes the creatures to come to the surface and light up.

## How Fast Do You Write?

Seeking for information, certain questions were asked of an expert whose profit lies, as a manufacturer, in producing one of the most popular self-feeding pens on the market. This authority said that "a dip of ink ought to write 100 words. That in an hour about thirty drops of ink were used, and that in 60 minutes the pen traveled some eighth of a mile. It all depended on the idiosyncrasy of the writers."

In order to test this a number of "habitual and hardened" scribes were asked to take one dip only of ink and they were to work off their copy in their usual elegant or slovenly manner. As far as averages went, the result was disheartening. One man wrote 144 words with the one dip and another 14, and the characters of the 144-word man were much more legible than those of the 14-word man. There was a lady—a graceful contributor to journalism—and in her Italian hand she wrote eight words to the dip, and the faster she produced copy the less words she wrote to the single dip.

It is the measurement of the writing—one-eighth of a mile to the hour—which is curious, and to think it possible that there may be industrious scribes who write every day of their lives more than a mile of copy. We wheel faster, we cover a mile in a trotting sulky more speedily, or we play a finer game of billiards now than ever, because the machines, or the track or the table and the balls are better constructed. With improved pens, ink, inksstands and paper, do we write any more speedily than in ye olden time? The probability is that we are faster in our writing, the mechanical impediments having been diminished; yet the penman, even with the typewriter, never kept pace with the rapidity of his thoughts.—New York Times.

## Pineapple Fiber Fabrics.

The leaf of the pineapple has a fiber which is destined to take a prominent place among the constituents of textile fabrics, according to statements made in the report of the United States department of agriculture. The report shows that both the wild and the cultivated plants of this description yield fiber which when spun surpasses in point of strength, fineness and luster those obtained from flax. Summarizing its value, mention is made of its usefulness as a substitute for silk, and as a material for mixing with wool or cotton—useful, too, for cordage, sewing silk or twist, laces, etc. In China it is used in fabrics for clothing for agriculturists; it is in request in India as material for stringing necklaces, and is the substance of the well known pine cloth of the Philippine Islands. It is remarkably durable, unaffected by immersion in water, is white, soft, silky, flexible and long in staple. Samples cleaned, without washing, when twisted to the size of binding twine, have shown a breakage strain of 150 pounds.—Pathfinder.

## War into Africa.

"Your wife is somewhat strong-minded, isn't she, Littlejohn?" "Strong-minded? A furniture peddler came here yesterday and in five minutes' talk she sold him some polish she had made herself."—Detroit Free Press.

## Sacrifice Which Paid.

"So that absconding cashier got away by sacrificing his beard, did he?"

"Yes," said the detective, "I missed him by a close shave."—Indianapolis Journal.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A doctor says that the growth of children takes place entirely while they are asleep.

Send free, Klondike Map From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardiner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Only eight per cent. of Russia's enormous population can read and write.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

France pays in pensions every year 70,000,000 francs.

## Hip Disease

Terrible Results of a Fall—How Health Was Restored.

"I was injured by a fall and began to have pains in my knees, and one of my limbs cramped and pained me severely. Physicians decided that I had a severe case of hip disease. I was taken to a hospital and underwent an operation but a cure was not effected. I had seven running sores on one limb. At last I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and improved from the first bottle. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and I am to-day in perfect health." JOHN C. BOYLE, 45 Water Street, Ware, Mass.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$3. Get only Hood's.

**Hood's Pills** are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Consuelo S. Spaniel.

A tradition exists in the ducal house of Marlborough that a tiny spaniel followed the founder of the family through the battle of Blenheim, unharmed, and on its return the Duchess adopted it as her special pet, and to honor the tradition each succeeding Duchess has had presented to her, on assuming the title, a little "Blenheim."

It is said that the first present given by the young Duke to his bride after their homecoming was one of these spaniels.

On the return of the first Duke from the famous battle of Blenheim, in 1704, Queen Anne gave him in recognition of his great victory over the French the large tract of land on which the palace now stands, and since that time each year the Duke sends to Windsor Castle, as a kind of rent, a little flag on which is embroidered a French fleur-de-lis. This is hung in one of the halls of the castle.—New York World.

Divers in the British navy before being passed as proficient in their craft have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour and twenty fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

## THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORR, No. 806 Findlay St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhoea. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTS. NYNUN-21.

## Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress.  $\frac{1}{2}$  the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee Looks like Coffee