

Saved from Ruin

I THINK you had better attempt no explanation, Mr. Halbon," the senior partner was saying to me, very quietly. "No," he went on, as I was on the point of interrupting him, "either to excuse or to incriminate yourself. For the sake of your father, who was one of the staunchest and best servants that firm ever possessed, and for the sake of his widow, Mr. Sampson and myself have determined to make his son every allowance. As the matter stands, there is a balance of \$97 unaccounted for, and you are the only person who can make it right. If the amount is—ahem!—replaced by this day fortnight, nothing more will be said. But if not—" "Then," went on Mr. Sampson, the junior partner, "the firm will require your services no longer, Mr. Halbon. Possibly, for the sake of those whom Mr. Marsh has mentioned, we shall not take any more stringent measures; but, of course, such a dismissal, without reason or references, would be ruin to you. We trust, therefore, that you will be able to rectify the mistake. Good afternoon."

Ruin! That was just the word for it all, and it rang in my ears with terrible significance as I left the presence of the two partners and took my seat at a desk in the office outside. For although they had not named the word, the terrible charge that was staring me in the face was embezzlement. They had discovered it all. Fool that I had been; alas! the duplicate of many. Not half a dozen years out of my teens, with a berth that many an older man might have envied, the under-cashier in the wealthy firm of Marsh & Sampson, of Silkminster, one of the largest houses in the Midlands.

Could I do it? I asked myself the question that night in the solitude of my lodgings. I had been invited out to spend the evening at the house of my fiancée. Alas! I dared not face her now. So I sat alone in an agony of anxious thought. Time after time I counted out my resources. The utmost I could scrape together was 24 shillings, and, look where I would, I could not see my way to laying my hand on more.

The game was up; that was evident. And out of the situation there grew the desire, stronger and stronger, to get away, anywhere from Silkminster—to London, perhaps—London, whither every fortune-hunter or fortune-closer turns his steps. At length a definite plan took possession of me. I had one article of value left, my bicycle, and I determined to ride it up to London, a distance of a hundred cold miles, so and sell it when I got there. More than that, I made my mind to start that very night. I was just in the mood for it. I wanted to do something, and here was the chance.

Hastily I packed a few things in my bicycle "hold-all," filled my lamp, knocked at my landlady's door, and said: "I am going for a long ride, Mrs. Smith—to see a friend. He'll be almost sure to ask me to stay the night, so don't expect me till to-morrow evening."

And in another minute I was bowling through the suburbs of Silkminster, until the houses became more and more scattered, the lamp-posts began to disappear, and at length I was out in the open country speeding away on the road that led to London.

Dullminster was now a good five miles behind me, and I had entered upon a stretch of road that was more than usually dreary and secluded. On my right was an open expanse of common, and on my left, on the top of an embankment, the main line of the Great West-Northern railway rattled some two or three miles parallel with the road, a hedge between me and the bottom of the embankment. The momentary flash of a warning red light on a signal-post as I began riding by the side of this embankment set my mind flowing in a new channel. The whole country had recently been aroused to the sense of a terrible danger. The most cold-blooded and dastardly attempts were being made on certain of our great trunk railways to wreck express trains. Some of these attempts were successful, and more than one accident was the result; some were discovered only just in time to prevent an appalling disaster; while others fortunately proved powerless to upset the magnificent engines and trains for which they were intended.

Engine drivers, one of the pluckiest class of men in the kingdom, grew nervous and distrustful. The foot-plate became a post that meant a terrible and sudden danger. Strong men clutched tremblingly at the regulator handle as they dashed away through the open country in the darkness of the night, and heaved a sigh of relief as they signed "off duty" at the journey's end. Many a man actually refused promotion point-blank because he feared to drive a night express. The matter was, in short, becoming serious, and more than one railway company offered a very large reward for the discovery and arrest of the train-wrecking fiend. All this flashed across me as I plodded along slowly now, for I was riding on rising ground, and my legs were beginning to give out a bit. I had ridden over 30 miles with only a few minutes' stop, and the nervous and physical strain was telling on me a little.

Suddenly as I was riding thus slowly, I happened to glance upward at the railway embankment, and started violently at what I saw. There, outlined against the dim sky, was the figure of a man, now standing, now stooping downward, seemingly doing something to the metal rails. It was I who had been wrecking the train-wrecking fiend at work! Carefully I alighted from my machine, making up my mind the while how to act. The whole thing came as a flood of relief to me. If he were really placing something on the line he was a desperate fellow, and to attack him would be desperate—just the very thing for a man in my mood. And then there came across me another thought. The Great West-Northern had offered £100 reward. What if I should win it? If so, I was saved!

This idea gave me courage as I alighted on the low hedge and crawled stealthily up the embankment. At length my head came on a level with

RED ROCK CLINGS TO NAME.

Story of How Town Came by It and Its Sturdy Resolve Not to Change It.

"Up in Columbia county," said a man who spent the summer up the Hudson, to a New York Sun reporter, "is Red Rock, a small hamlet, 26 miles from Albany and near East Chatham and Creech Lake. Now, Red Rock isn't much of a place, but there is something interesting about it that I fancy all the world doesn't know. The present name is not the one it has always borne, and what its other name was I don't know. Whatever it was the people did not like it, and concluded they would change it. There was no particular reason why they should call it Red Rock, but that was determined upon, and so Red Rock it became. Then in the course of time strangers of an inquiring turn of mind began to ask why the place had such a name, and as no reason could be given, newcomers to the neighborhood began to want a name that meant something. This insistence grew so strong that the old residents began to look around for

A STORM IN THE TROPICS.

Impressive Memory of a Night in the Bight of Benin—Blinding Flashes of Lightning.

The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters, says J. Taylor Ward in the Atlantic. To the eastward, also, the signs were threatening. Night came on suddenly as it does in the tropics. Soon the darkness enveloped us, a palpable veil. A noise like the march of a mighty host was heard, which proved to be the approach of a tropical flood, heralded by drops as large as marbles. It churned the still waters into a phosphorescent foam which rendered the darkness only more oppressive. The rain came down as it can come only in the Bight of Benin. The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it. In half an hour the rain ceased, but it was as calm and ominous as ever.

GEORGE VON LEHR MEYER.

This gentleman, who has recently been appointed ambassador to Italy, is the Massachusetts member of the republican national committee, and has been speaker of the Massachusetts legislature. He was born on Beacon Hill, Boston, June 24, 1858, and graduated from Harvard in 1879. After three years in the Boston city government he entered the legislature, serving two terms, the last three as speaker of the house. Gov. Wolcott appointed him chairman of the Massachusetts board of Paris exposition managers, and last year he was elected member of the republican national committee. He has a considerable fortune.



GEORGE VON LEHR MEYER.

A HEALTHFUL FRUIT.

Medical Authorities Have a High Opinion of the Grape as a Regular Part of the Diet.

We have so many warnings against eating uncooked fruit that it is a relief to know that so palatable a fruit as the grape is prescribed as especially healthful and strengthening, says the National Stockman. Eaten with one to two pounds daily, they increase nutrition, promote secretion, improve the action of the liver, kidneys and bowels, and add to the health. The sugar of the grape requires no digestion, but is taken almost at once into the blood, where it renders up its force as required. Eaten moderately, with a suitable diet, they will not produce cathartic effects, but a more natural action of the bowels, so they are generally laxative. What more could one ask of a fruit than that it should be both luscious and health-giving? There is one word of warning, though, that we might offer: When the grapes are procured from any place other than from your own vines, they should be carefully washed before eaten, for the dust upon them not infrequently carries with it impure and unhealthy particles.

One who has experimented says that borax will preserve grapes in their natural state for many months, by packing them in layers with a liberal sprinkling of borax between. The fruit should be well selected, perfect and dry, and the borax must completely cover each layer. It can be used repeatedly for the same purpose, after being spread and thoroughly dried. This method is also recommended for the preservation of cherries, currants, blueberries, gooseberries, etc., none of which would be so desirable preserved in their natural state as grapes. Those who know by experience of the strengthening properties of grape juice will not allow any of the fruit to go to waste or be eaten by poultry. Diluted with water, sweetened and iced, it has no equal as a harvest drink.

A CURIOUS MINERAL.

Considerable Attention Attracted to Moldavite Among Geologists of Austria and Bohemia.

A curious mineral called moldavite, or bontleinstein, has attracted considerable attention among the geologists in Austria and Bohemia. The mineral is in glassy ovals from an inch to an inch and a half long, and is characterized by various markings, which look somewhat like finger impressions, while others form a network of fur-

PUZZLED ABOUT DESCENT.

Problem That Is Distracting an English Student of Genealogy—A Subtle Fallacy.

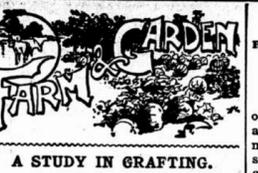
Here is a little genealogical problem which perhaps some of the readers can solve. A man writes to the Liverpool Post saying: "I have, like

AN EXAMPLE OF CHICAGO'S SHAME.



Under this title the Chicago Tribune prints the picture here reproduced. It was taken by a newspaper artist a few days ago, and shows a garbage box in the court between the city hall and county building. The four urinals are searching the mass of garbage and debris for cigar stumps, which they sell to manufacturers of cheap cigarettes. It is not only an eloquent commentary on the poverty prevailing among the wait classes in Chicago, but likewise an irrefutable argument that Chicago is one of the dirtiest cities in the world. Consumers of cigarettes can also draw a wholesome lesson from it.

the rest of human beings, two parents. They in turn had each two. These four grandparents had each two, and so on. Now, if we take on an average four generations to a century, 23 generations have passed away since the time of William the Conqueror, and by the simple process of multiplying two by itself 23 times I find that at the date of the Norman conquest I must have had 8,589,934,582 ancestors of that generation. But this is eight or nine times the total population of the globe at the present day, and must be fully 30 or 40 times the total number of human beings living in the eleventh century, so that there must be a fallacy in my calculation somewhere. Can anybody tell me," he asks, "what the fallacy is?"



A STUDY IN GRAFTING.

Appearance of an Apple Tree, Two Years Set, That Has Been Grafted in the Center.

In top-working apple trees the method pursued is either to bud or graft them. The illustration shows a tree, two years set, which has been



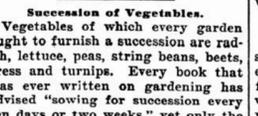
TREE GRAFTED IN CENTER.

grafted in the center. Two small shoots may be seen coming up which are the result of one season's growth. This will form the head of the future tree. If started low enough the rest of the branches will be cut off and these shoots allowed to branch out at the proper height, but if the tree has been grafted four or five feet high one or two of the larger branches which show at the left will be grafted. Two years are usually required to work over trees of this size.—Orange Judd Farmer.

ENLARGING A BARN.

New York Farmer Describes a Plan That Is Better Than Shoving Out the End and Side.

The plan generally followed in enlarging a barn is to shove out the end and side, and to cover with a flat tin roof connected with the former building at the plate. This gives floor room and some room for hay and grain, but there is nearly always a scarcity of mow room, and this style



ENLARGING A DAIRY BARN.

of enlargement does not permit of storing away much hay under the low roof. It is depth and height which compacts hay and vastly increase the capacity of the barn.

A few years ago I had occasion to enlarge my barn, which was 26 by 40 feet, with a double-pitch roof. I wanted more room for both stalls and fodder. I added 14 feet to the width, thus making the barn 40 by 40 feet, but instead of putting on a shed roof I lowered one side of the shingle roof and sliding it onto the new plate, raised it to the same pitch as before, and then connected the two sections with a nearly flat tin roof, forming an end view like the one shown in the illustration. The dotted line indicates the former shape of the barn. I have never been able to raise enough to fill this barn. There seems to be no end to its capacity, for the addition is practically in the center and is 40 by 24 feet. The expense of the alteration was \$184.—American Agriculturist.

PROFIT IN CALVES.

Rules for Taking Care of Winter-Born Animals That Have Always Brought Good Luck.

Those who conduct winter dairying on a truly profitable scale always have a portion of their herd coming new milk early in the winter months. What should be done with the resulting calves that come to us in this inclement season of the year? It is not wise to kill them for their skins, which will hardly pay for the labor expended in removing the hides; neither is it expedient to attempt to raise them neglectfully. The writer has universally had "good luck" with winter-born calves by adhering to the following general plan:

Male calves not intended for raising, either as steers or bulls, I have profitably converted into veal. There is never a time when a good veal calf will not sell readily for cash or its equivalent. Do not, however, let them suckle the cows, nor feed them on whole milk. This way of making veal is never truly profitable to a dairyman. Feed on skimmed milk with the addition of cooked corn meal or oatmeal. If the skimmed milk is fed warm the animals will relish it better and fatten enough faster to amply pay for the trouble involved.

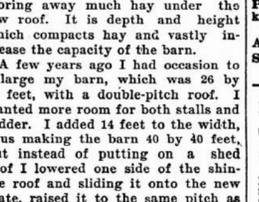
The place in which they are housed will have much to do with a successful result. This should always be apart from the milk cows and where the latter cannot see or hear them. The calves' quarters should be extra warm, as the young creatures cannot stand the same degree of cold that more mature cattle can. A too cold apartment is one reason why many make a failure with winter-born calves. Provide bed-dig liberally and feed liberally and regularly.

Choice heifer calves not designed for fattening but for raising into future cows, should be kept separate from their veal brothers and sisters, with of course less oleaginous and more nutritious food provided. One's aim should be to keep them in a thrifty, growing condition, which, by right management, can be as readily accomplished in winter as in summer. Calves so reared, when warm weather comes will be in a position to go onto grass and develop into fine thrifty yearlings.—Ohio Farmer.

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STRIppINGS RICH IN FAT.

The Farmer's Advocate (Canada) says: There is a marked difference in the quality of milk first drawn from the cow, as compared with that which comes away towards the finish, was clearly shown by an experiment carried out some time ago by a well-known dairy expert. This gentleman found that while the average per cent. of butter fat in the first half pint of milk withdrawn from a cow worked out to only 1.32 per cent., the butter fat in the strippings, or the last half pint, amounted to over nine per cent. There was hardly any difference in the percentage of the other solids present in the last drawn milk.

When Drying Off a Cow.

In drying off a cow, the animal should be put upon rather dry food and the quantity of milk withdrawn at each meal should be gradually lessened—in other words, a little milk should always be left behind in the udder. After a few days only as much should be withdrawn as is found necessary in order to relieve the animal of an uncomfortable pressure of the milk glands. In addition to this the cow should be given about half an ounce of powdered alum in drinking water twice daily, and the udder should be rubbed with an ointment consisting of one drachm of Belladonna extract, to an ounce of lard.—Rural World.

To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of



Mrs. Carrie Bellville.

weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my household work. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

The letters pour in. Yes, simply pour in upon us in our daily mail, in a flood which is surprising. It seems as if every person in the United States had a physical trouble and knew "5 DROPS" would make the cure.

Everybody suffering from ill health has the inclination to write for a bottle of "5 DROPS."

Our enormous mail is the wonder of the age. We are flooded—simply flooded each morning with letters containing \$1.00 for a bottle of "5 DROPS." The wondrous cure for the following diseases: Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Headaches, Gout, Dropsy, Backache, Asthma, Hay

fever, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuritic Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, LaGrippe, Malaria, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness and kindred diseases.

Write us in haste and stop your suffering. Agents wanted.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 160 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

UNION MADE

If you have been paying \$5.00 for shoes, you can get a pair of W. L. Douglas shoes for \$3.50. Within a day of getting "5 DROPS" and using it, your disease begins to disappear. Thousands of men and women, who see their suffering friends on every side gladly relieved of their suffering, write us in haste. Hundreds of testimonials from grateful correspondents reach us daily.

To enable all sufferers to test this wonderful remedy, we will send free a trial bottle on receipt of two 2-cent stamps to pay for postage. Large bottles of 30 doses \$1.00, sent prepaid by mail or express.

"5 DROPS" is a preventive as well as a curative, for the following diseases: Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Gout, Dropsy, Backache, Asthma, Hay

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Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Slicker with rubber lining. Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—\$10.00. Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—\$12.00. Write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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