Scoundrels & Co.

By COULSON KERNAHAN

Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc.

Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"The chief's quite right in insisting upon everything being above board," I said, boldly. "We don't want any hole-and-corner business in a concern like this. We are all like so many mountaineers roped together on a mountain. If one of us makes a slip and the others aren't prepared to set their feet hard and meet the jerk when it comes, the chances are that the lot of us get pulled over the precipice. And mind you, friends, a rope round your body on a mountain is one thing, and a rope round your neck on a scaffold is another. I've sampled one, but I don't want to sample the other. So I think the chief is right in taking us into his confidence as he has done. We all hang by the one rope, so what I say is, 'Let us know where we're going.' Besides, in a concern like this, which claims before all things to be democratic, we don't want any one-man show. Here are we working to overthrow the autocrat or aristocrat wherever you find him, and you propose setting up one man who is to be our pope and lead us all blindfolded by the nose."

"Give us your hand, Number Seven," said Number Six, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder. "It's a good job you ain't a parson, for if I heard you preach a few times, I believe you'd convert me, and I'm damned if I could stand that. I'd no idea we'd got such an orator among us. Anyhow, he's convinced me; so go ahead, chief, and let's have the details in full."

Good humor being thus restored, Number Two continued his explanation.

"The thing is to be done in this way," he said. "Hubbock was once chef at the Ishmael club, and is still friendly with the steward and the other waiters. From one of them he has heard a little secret which is supposed to be known only to the secretary of the club and the committee. The Ishmaelites are very fond of having what I may call unrehearsed effects at the house-dinner evenings, and the member who is in the chair often springs a surprise upon the company by providing some unexpected feature for their entertainment. The secretary—a whimsical fellow—has hit upon an idea which he purposes to carry out on the occasion of the prince's visit. 'Good fellowship' being a sine qua non for election to the Ishmael, the prince of Wales, who is, as every one knows, the best of good fellows in the social sense, is naturally a prime favorite there. As you all know, the prince is only now recovering from a serious illness, and as his presence at the Ishmael will be his first public appearance after his convalescence, the Ishmaelites intend to give him an ovation. The speech of the evening will be, 'The health of our guest his royal highness the prince of Wales.' Well, the secretary has sent the ten-minute timekeeper to Switzerland to have the ordinary gong replaced by a musical box which shall play 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' The chairman, in proposing the prince's health, will purposely outstay his ten minutes. The gong will strike, but instead of merely sounding ten warning notes on the bell it will lead off with 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.' As soon as the members 'tumble' to it (for the affair is to be kept secret from all but two or three), the chairman will spring to his feet and take up the air, which will be sung, all standing, and ending up with 'three times three.' That's just the kind of thing to catch on with the Ishmaelites, and I shouldn't be surprised if it proved an immense success and pleased the prince into the bargain.

"Well, Hubbock has contrived—in virtue of his old connection with the club—to get engaged as an assistant chef for the occasion, and he also managed to get a peep at the address on the box that contained the gong, when it was sent off to Switzerland to have the inside mechanism taken out and replaced by a musical box. The address was that of a well-known instrument maker in Geneva to whom Hubbock has since paid a visit. Need I tell you why? It was to get a duplicate gong made—a duplicate, that is to say, so far as the ouside is concerned. But it isn't a duplicate inside, for instead of the musical box, Hubbock is getting an infernal machine made from a newly discovered explosive. It is an explosive so death-dealing and terrible that even the small quantity that can be packed away inside the gong will be sufficient to kill every one in its immediate vicinity, and, in fact, it is more than probable that it will kill every one in the room. Anyhow, the chairman, our old enemy Lord Cranthorpe, and the prince, who as the guest of the evening will sit on his right, will be as good as dead men. The joke of it is that it will be Lord Cranthorpe himself, who, by winding up the gong—according to the regulations of the club—when he gets upon his legs, will with his own hand put into motion the machinery which will give him and his guest, the prince, as well as a good many of the members, a bare ten minutes more of life. The secretary is no doubt chuckling to himself to think of the stir that his own ingenuity in preparing so pretty a little surprise is likely to make. I think that the surprise which we are preparing for his royal highness, as well as for his lordship and the other members of the club, is likely to make a bigger stir. That, however, we can discuss when the thing's fait accompli. I'm getting shy of counting my chickens before they're hatched, since that miserable jubilee fiasco. All the same, I think Hubbock's idea for adding to the evening's entertainment is very curious, and as he is willing and, in fact, anxious to undertake the business, I think that he should be allowed to consider his scheme as under our 'distinguished patronage,' as the placards put it, and to have our best wishes for his success. Anyhow, there's his programme, and as discussion is freely invited, I hope any of you who have anything to say will speak up."

"It's a very clever little arrangement," said Councillor Number Six, "and what I says is, here's my respects and best wishes to Mr. Hubbock, hoping as he'll go ahead and scoop the trick. What do my other two honorable colleagues say?"

"We say 'ditto,' too," I answered, speaking for myself and for "the silent councillor," to use the name by which I had dubbed the remaining member. "But if Mr. Hubbock and the chief will pardon me for saying so, there's a difficulty ahead which it won't do to overlook."

"What's that?" asked Number Two.

"This. Isn't it very likely after Hubbock has changed the gongs, that some member of the executive of the Ishmael will want to test the mechanism, if only to see that it is in working order? In that case the explosive would be a bit previous. We have no quarrel, I take it, with the members of the Ishmael club as Ishmaelites. In fact, I'm not sure that the members of this council are not exceptionally qualified for membership of a club so-called, and, indeed, it occurred to me while the chief was speaking, that the Ishmael club would be a very suitable name for the particular fraternity of which we who are present in this room have the honor of being members."

"You are quite right, my friend," said Number Two, with a laugh. "Hubbock and I both recognized that that would be a ticklish point. But Hubbock's idea is not to change the gongs until the last moment, when the table is laid and ready for the dinner. The Ishmael is a very free and easy place, and Hubbock is so well known there that he anticipates no difficulty in finding some excuse to effect the change. I think we may be content to leave it in his hands, since he is willing to undertake all responsibility."

No one demurring to this, Number Two announced that the next meeting of the council would be held in the same place, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the proposed outrage at the Ishmael club.

"I hope on that occasion," he said, genially, "that we shall be in a position to offer Councillor Hubbock our heartfelt congratulations at having succeeded in blowing his royal highness, the prince of Wales, and the Right Honorable Lord Cranthorpe, M. P., to blazes."

With which humane sentiment the meeting broke up.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ISHMAEL CLUB.

It was the night of the Ishmael club dinner to the prince of Wales, and though the rule by which members are permitted to introduce guests had on this occasion been suspended, the muster of Ishmaelites in their handsome trophy-hung dining room was so great that even a director of the London, Chatham & Dover Railroad company would have acknowledged that for once in his life he had met with a genuine case of overcrowding. So democratic

PROPOSING THE PRINCE'S HEALTH.

a gathering—notwithstanding the fact that the future king of England and emperor of India sat in the midst—is not often to be seen. At the Ishmael, brains and "good fellowship" are counted greater righteousness than "coin" or a coronet. Within its walls all men are equal. To a good fellow, the right hand of fellowship is readily extended. The "stick" will find himself as readily cold-shouldered, and the assumer of "side" may think himself lucky if he be allowed to depart unbaited. To see the Ishmaelites "trail" a sufferer from "swelled head" is to undergo inoculation against that fell malady. The author who has suddenly found a public and as suddenly lost himself, or the moneyed noboby, who has made a successful bid for a baronetage by placing his thousands at the disposal of his political party, would do well to air his new honors elsewhere than at the Ishmael. When such a man is known to be in the house, the word goes round, and to him these trusting children of nature come to be instructed in the secret of his greatness. They sit at his feet and drink in his words of wisdom as if hoping thereby one day to follow—be it ever so humbly—in his footsteps. They ask him artless questions about himself, and when he condescends to gratify their very natural desire to be informed upon so interesting a subject, they tell each other audibly what a great man he is, or sit listening with unconcealed wonder and admiration in their eyes. They beg to be allowed to present to him this or that friend or member who will esteem it a privilege to know so distinguished a person, and when their victim is most swollen—like a human wind-bag—with gratified vanity and a sense of his own importance, they unostentatiously produce the necessary pin, and what is left of him when they have done with him is scarcely worth the trouble of sweeping up, not to say of interment.

With the Ishmaelites the heir apparent had always been a prime favorite. Whatever their faults may be, they are at least not flunkeys, and his popularity with them is in no sense attributable to his exalted position, but to their regard for him as a man. If there is one man in all England who may be pardoned for allowing a flatterer to get the blind side of him, it is surely he whose every wish or whim it is the business of those about him to humor. Yet if there is one man in England who is absolutely inaccessible to flattery, it is the genial, generous, but keen-eyed prince. This the Ishmaelites know well, and they love him for it, just as they hail him prince of good fellows, and the best and most honest hater of sham and humbug in the country.

Hence the dinner which was being given in his honor was the most brilliant and at the same time the heartiest function that the club house has ever witnessed. Brains, pluck and good-fellowship—these are what the Ishmaelites most delight to honor; but being a British club, they put bravery before even brains, and at the high table that night sat wearers of the Victoria cross, leaders of forlorn hopes, admirals who had saved life as well as fought the enemy at sea, explorers, travelers and soldiers who with a handful of men had held an impossible position or not hesitated to face a thrice outnumbering foe.

Everything had gone without a hitch, and there was no denying that the function was a magnificent success. The prince, still pale from his recent illness, was, it was easy to see, both touched and gratified by the genuinely enthusiastic and affectionate greeting which had been accorded to him; and never had he looked more thoroughly at home than when hobnobbing with the Ishmaelites.

Dinner being finished, and the permission, "Brother Ishmaelites, you may smoke!" having gone forth and been received with the customary yell, the chairman rose in his place to make the speech of the evening, by proposing the prince's health. Another yell greeted the placing of the ten-minute bell before him, and yet another the setting of the machinery in motion. Then he began his speech. Nothing of the sort could have been happier, for there was not a false note throughout. He claimed for the prince only that illustrious personage's due; and yet he referred so sympathetically to his illness and paid so graceful a tribute to his qualities as a man, a sportsman and a good fellow, that the Ishmaelites interrupted him again and again with ringing cheers.

The announcement—the unexpected announcement—that the prince had that evening expressed his wish to become a member of the club and a Brother Ishmaelite, brought the enthusiasm to the culminating point; but the welcome words had scarcely passed the chairman's lips before the first stroke of the ten-minute gong was heard, and at the sound he held up the customary silencing hand and dropped back into his chair.

The rule of the club is that when the gong strikes, the speaker, whoever he may be, at once resumes his seat, and every one sits in silence until the ten strokes have sounded, when members are at liberty to give expression to their feelings, a privilege of which they avail themselves by yelling, howling and hurling epithets, and even match-boxes, cigar-ends, or anything else which may be handy, at the offender who has transgressed their time-honored ten-minutes rule.

Hence when Lord Cranthorpe relapsed into his seat there was a sudden hush while the members waited dutifully for the ten strokes to sound. Half a dozen seconds had not throbbed away before the Ishmaelites became aware that something out of the ordinary—but what they did not know—was happening. There was a flutter of repressed excitement. Then some one called out "Hush!" and the silence became electric. What was that sprinkling of bird-song music that percolated the smoke-hung atmosphere as if fairy hands were flinging the largest of tiny wafer-like silver coins for all to gather? "Hush!" some one said impatiently again. Expectation stood on tiptoe, as every ear was strained and every face became alert and expectant.

Note by note the thin thread of music rippled out. It was recognized, and a tremendous cheer set rattling the trophies on the wall as the chairman rose and with a wave of his hand above his head took up the strain. In another second every man was on his feet, and "God Bless the Prince of Wales" was being sung as it had never been sung before.

"With heart and voice awaken
Those minstrel strains of yore,
Till Britain's name and glory
Resound from shore to shore.
From all our ancient mountains,
And from our lovely vales,
O! let the prayer re-echo—
God bless the prince of Wales!"

The secretary's little unrehearsed effect was a huge success. Perhaps the prince's illness had left him somewhat weak and shaky, for as the hymn concluded with the most deafening "Three times three," and yet again "Three times three," that ever left human ears buzzing and human hearts thumping, the kindly eyes of that right royal prince of good fellows were suspiciously bright, and when in a few manly words he thanked his "brother Ishmaelites" for the greeting that had been accorded to him, there was just the ghost of a tremble in the voice that is generally so firm and strong.

[To Be Continued.]

In the Old Kent Road.

"Queer customs them Hamericans 'as," asserted 'Iggins the wagoner, musing over a copy of a New York paper that had been left in the tap-room by a tourist.

"'Ow's that? asked Gaffer 'Owland.

"Blymy! 'Ere's a pusson hin Helmira puts hit in the pyper as 'ow 'e's bloomink 'appy 'cos good hold Dr. Pillers 'elped 'im to lose heighteen poun's."

"My heye! Hif anny hold pill-sharker was to myke me lose heighteen poun', or the 'alf o' that, it's me would be 'aulin' 'im hoff to the blessed courts hinstead o' mykin' hout hin the pypers 'as 'ow Hi was bustin' with joy."—Judge.

Proverbs Up to Date.

It takes a big man to eat crow gracefully.

Modesty is not so easily shocked as prudery.

The more knowing a man is, the less he knows.

It is not considered to a man's credit to merit success if he doesn't obtain it.

The heathen in his blindness uses a club, the civilized Christian a repeating rifle.

We shouldn't mind woman having the last word it she'd only get to it sooner.—Everybody's Magazine.

PINKEY GOT SPANKED.

Mrs. Mouse—Now, I'll just put these best jam-tarts onto the larder shelf to cool while I go and make the beds.

Pinkey—Pip-pip! Ma's safely upstairs, and those tarts are safely on the shelf, so with the help of a chair I can just manage to scramble up. (But alas! he could not scramble down, for the chair fell over, and Pinkey was landed.)

And when Mrs. Mouse came along she found him sitting on the shelf in the very act of eating a tartlet. (We will draw a veil over what followed.)—Boston Globe.

ENGLAND'S DEATH WARRANT

Not Always Carried Into Effect, But Serves as a Deterrent of Crime.

The present agitation in England to abolish the pronouncing of the death sentence in cases where it is patent that capital punishment will not follow will probably meet with the approval of most people who desire that the law should lose nothing of its dignity, and at the same time have nothing of unnecessary horror added, says St. James' Gazette. The lord chancellor pleads for the retention of the form, saying that the passing of the death sentence will act as a deterrent. James I. juggled with death sentences in this manner, and got himself rather badly disliked for it. Over the plot in which Raleigh, Cobham, Grey and others were implicated, he had the less puissant ones put to death and "very bloodily handled." Cobham's brother was beheaded "like a gentleman." The bishop of Chichester, with the blood of the latter still upon him, went then to Lord Cobham. Him the bishop exhorted to confession. Other prelates were similarly engaged with Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Grey. Meantime Markham, another of the conspirators, had been placed upon the scaffold and was about to bow his head to the ax, when the sheriff was called away by a Scotch hireling, and the prisoner left to contemplate the ax for an hour. Then he was led away and told to prepare for death at the end of a further two hours. Grey's turn was next. He prayed half an hour before the block, then raised himself to die—and was led away, the king sending word that the order of execution had been changed. So forth came Cobham, and, having made his last declaration, prepared to take farewell of the world, when the sheriff stayed the execution, and brought forth Markham and Grey, all three thinking that the other two had been executed. They were told, after having suffered the agony of all but death itself, that their lives would be spared. Raleigh's experience was similar. That was how they used to make death sentences act as "a deterrent" in the good old days. There would be danger for those who tried a repetition to-day.

Ambassador Was Plucky.

Sir Jerome Bowes, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to Ivan the Terrible, czar of Russia, in 1583, had an exciting time. Ivan had killed his own son a few years earlier in a fit of passion, and was no easy character to deal with. The czar saw fit to disparage the English queen, whom, he declared, "he did not reckon to be his fellow," there being those who were her betters. Bowes could not stand this sort of thing, and pluckily asserted that his princess was as great as any in Christendom. "What! As great as the emperor of Germany?" demanded Ivan. "Why," answered Bowes, with a fine assumption of scorn, "such is the greatness of the queen, my mistress, that the king, her father, had not long since the emperor in his pay in his wars against France." The czar was at first more furious than ever, but in time he took Bowes into his favor.

Spencer and Huxley.

Herbert Spencer, in his newly published autobiography, says of Prof. Huxley: "He was one of a circle in which tragedy was the topic, when my name came up in connection with some opinion or other; whereupon he remarked: 'Oh, Spencer's idea of a tragedy is a deduction killed by a fact.' On another occasion George Henry Lewes gave Huxley an opportunity. I had invited some half dozen leading men to meet an American friend at dinner. In the course of the evening a conversation arose about habits of composition. Lewes, one of the last, said: 'I never hesitate. I get up steam at once. In short, I boil at low temperatures.' 'But,' remarked Huxley, 'that implies a vacuum in the upper regions.'"

THE DECLINE OF PROFANITY

Gentle Slang of the Present Has Supplanted the Swear Words of Old Times.

Many purists bewail the prevalence of slang in the spoken language of the period. Has it never occurred to them that in the vast majority of instances slang is relatively soft and harmless, that it is seldom profane, and that what common speech has suffered from interjections of slang and cant phrases has been more than counteracted by the disuse of hard old Anglo-Saxon swear words? Thus, says the Savannah News, the language is really the gainer, and usage is making much of the slang good English. Take any good dictionary lately from the press, and it will be found to contain literally hundreds of words that were considered slang and not to be spoken in polite conversation a dozen, or 25 or 50 years ago. Likewise, take any standard novel of three, four or five generations ago, which reflects the customs and people of its period, and it will be found that some of the leading characters in it were given to politely damning various parts of themselves, and about everything else on the slightest provocation, in any company whatsoever.

In the days of Sheridan it was considered good form for the gallant gentleman to consign himself to perdition, piecemeal or as a whole, while paying tribute to the charms of the ladies with whom he was conversing. The rotund and benevolent Mr. Pickwick himself was not averse to using a judicious oath while in the most charming society. Thackeray, in person and in his novels, let drop swear words occasionally that would not now be tolerated in a gentleman's parlor. There was a famous and brilliant lawyer of Charleston, who flourished not long before the outbreak of the civil war, who swore plausibly, artistically and easily in polite company, and told risque stories in the most select circles; and he was accounted among the most delightful company to be found within the broad expanse of the country. In the "good old days" of long ago it was regarded as a gentleman's privilege to swear, and if his oaths were nicely chosen no offense was felt. It is not so now. Not that profanity is obsolete, but it is pretty nearly so in polite society. It is principally indulged in by uncultured persons, or by the tipsy. Occasionally the gentleman may let slip an oath, under provocation, but in such instances he is careful to note that there is no woman within earshot. The "d—" at the dinner table or in the drawing-room is unknown in these modern and better days. Men have a higher and finer respect for women, for themselves and for the language than in former times.

MAN'S LOVE OF NATURE.

When Wearied with Intellectual Pursuits He Turns to Her for Rest.

The more man has become engaged in the conflicts of civilization, in intellectual disappointment, the more he has felt the uselessness of knowledge, the more he has turned to certain expressions of art as an escape. He has addressed poems to nature, has painted landscapes more and more, has shown in every way that such an escape was a dream. I do not mean, writes John La Farge, in McClure's, that such records of art have begun late, only that the more complex forms, especially such as those that paintings give, are more evident to us. Art has existed from the very beginning, even before the first man stuttered out his naming of the animals and expressed their character by the sound of their name. The dances of savages, as we call them, that is to say, of people of earlier forms of civilization, invented before the arts of design, record in a poetic way what they do, and the seasons of such doing, and even the appearance of nature—the storm, the rain, the clouds blowing across the sky, the lashing of the sea against the shore. In Fiji they have a dance where the women spread out their arms like the wave lines of the surf, and the children, springing up behind them, represent the foam of the wave crests. From these beginnings, we know that tragedy and comedy, as we call them, have grown. Then, as all these disappear in fact, they are recorded in the art of painting. And as a man more and more leaves behind him a life of out of doors, in so much does he desire to admire it.

Longest Stone Arch.

Up to a year ago the Cabin John aqueduct bridge, near this city, says the Washington Star, was the longest clear span masonry bridge in the world, with a length of arch of 220 feet, but since then two German bridges have been built which surpass it in length. The first one was built at Luxemburg, Germany, over the River Petrusse, and its arch span surpasses that of the Cabin John span by 55½ feet. This summer a bridge at Plauen, Saxony, will be completed, which has the remarkable span of 295.2 feet, thus taking rank as the largest clear-span masonry bridge in the world, a title which the Cabin John bridge held for many years.

Different.

Wife—My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog.

Husband—Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time.

"But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your bull terrier."

Husband (wildly)—Where's my gun?—London Tit-Bits.

Rev. Fiddle—How did you happen to be arrested for stealing?

McNabb—It was de doctor's fault. He told me to take iron, an' I took a stove.—Boston Globe.

FOR UNTRAINED NURSES.

There Are Certain Details of Caring for the Sick Which Should Be Memorized.

In these days of trained nurses less attention is paid to the training of the daughters of the household in the care of the sick than in old-fashioned times, when trained nurses were unknown and hired nurses never resorted to except in extreme cases. Yet every woman ought to have at least some knowledge of sick room lore to enable her to meet emergencies when a trained nurse cannot be found, and those who understand little about nursing the sick should attend lectures on the subject whenever possible, says the New York Tribune.

Cleanliness and method are, of course, the first essentials of nursing. The room must be systematically cared for, yet in such a manner as not to disturb the patient. Complete ventilation is a necessity. In winter an open fire should, if possible, be kept burning in the sick room, as this is the most wholesome way of heating a room and also ventilating it thoroughly. The sick room should be kept at an even temperature. Sixty-five or 70 seventy degrees is the correct one in most cases; but the physician should be consulted in this matter, as in some forms of disease a higher and in others a lower temperature is required.

Towels and bed linen to be used by the sick should in winter be warmed and aired thoroughly after they are taken out of the linen closet.

In cases of infectious disease it is important to have a disinfecting fluid to use in cleaning china, clothing, bedding and other articles for the sick room. All articles to be laundered should be wrung out in this fluid and then flung out of the window before being carried through the house. Nothing used in the room should be hung out of doors on a clothesline unless it has first been disinfected. If everything is disinfected before it is taken from the room the contagion can be kept from the rest of the house. A sheet wrung out in a weak solution of carbolic acid or some other disinfectant and hung just outside the door of the room will do much to prevent the escape of infected dust. A cap that completely covers the hair should be worn by the woman who cares for a person with a contagious disease, and her gowns should be of light material and simply made, so that they can be easily disinfected and put through the washtub once or twice a week.

THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

When She Is Animated and Bright Is the Time It Is Most Apparent.

When is a woman most charming? That is a question that takes a good deal of answering. It is a question I am trying to answer from one year's end to another, writes a correspondent, and on which I would put in the following words for the American Queen readers: A woman is most charming when she is tender and sympathetic. She may dazzle when she is merry, but when she is gentle and full of sympathy she enhances a man's heart. When her voice takes a softened tone and her eyes look words that her lips hesitate to speak, then, if she only knew her power, it would be a bad time for the world at large, for she could do what she chose, only she never does know it. Probably woman charms most when she is unconscious of it. The very unconsciousness is a part of the charm.

A woman is most charming when she is animated and bright. A tear may prove pity, but it is a smile that commands admiration. But she must not be forever sparkling. She must have her sober moments, if only to throw into high relief the moments when she is gay.

A woman is most charming when she is good natured. Bad temper never charmed. Good temper is an attraction even in a plain woman. When a woman has that in addition to her qualities, when she is natural in her manners, unconscious, animated, tender, and gentle, then indeed is she charming to all the world.

Sometimes a woman possesses a quality known as fascination, which no one has ever yet been able to define—a quality outside of and beyond all these attractions, and independent of them to the ordinary eye. But even without this fascination, a very good substitute may be formed from the qualities just counted up, and many a woman can cultivate these graces and make herself charming in the eyes of all who know her.

Lemon Fritters.

Four eggs, one-half pound flour, one-fourth pound powdered sugar. Beat the yolks very light, add the flour and enough sweet milk (about one gill) to make a stiff batter. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with the sugar; add the juice of one lemon and some of the grated peel, and beat all together. When ready to cook, beat the whites well into the batter. Fry in smoking lard. Drop the batter in by spoonfuls, putting in enough to fill the vessel without crowding. They will brown very quickly, and must be turned. Do not let them brown too much. Dust them with sugar.—Ohio Farmer.

Macedoine of Vegetables.

One pound each of turnips, carrots and onions, one stalk of celery and one beet. Boil until tender but not broken, drain and cut into small dice. Make a sauce with one ounce each of butter and flour, half a pint of milk, a little seasoning, a sprinkle of sugar, and lastly stir in the beaten yolk of an egg. Remove as soon as hot. Place sippets of hot toast round the vegetables, pour over the sauce and serve.—Country Gentleman.

Omelet with Bacon.

Heat two tablespoonfuls of bacon fat in the chafing dish, beat three eggs a little, add a little pepper, no salt, and three tablespoonfuls of hot water; turn into the hot fat and begin to pick up the thickened part toward the center; when quite thickened, roll it over to one side; let it color slightly; turn it out on a hot platter and garnish with cooked, crisp bacon.—Good Literature.

What Became of It.

"You told me you had an original idea in your novel."

"I had," was the reply; "but the publisher discovered it in the proof sheets and made me take it out."—Washington Star.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

PLANTING THE FARM YARD.

How to Make Home Grounds Attractive and a Source of Never Ending Pleasure.

This is the time of year when those persons who wish to make improvements in their home surroundings have the matter most in their minds. It is a suitable time for looking into the future and making plans. The carefully considered preparation of plans is much more important than most people imagine. One of the greatest reasons why the home grounds on farms and in suburban neighborhoods are so unattractive is that the work is not planned. Enough money is spent in many cases—sometimes much more than is necessary. It is always best to decide in advance, as far as possible, what the arrangement of the grounds is to be, to put

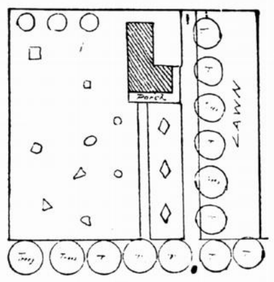


FIG. 1.

TYPICAL FARMYARD ARRANGEMENT.

this down on paper, and to follow the plan through a series of years. We strongly recommend this undertaking to anyone who is seriously inclined to secure a good result.

In a great many places one sees farmyards upon which a considerable amount of work has been spent, but which are highly unattractive by reason of the fact that the materials are all jumbled into an unintelligible mess. Each shrub, each rose bush, and each flower bed has a separate history. Their different origins and different intentions show on their faces. They have no sympathy with one another. They are not striving together to make one harmonious composition, but each one is looking out for itself. They come from different places. The red rose was brought from the old home

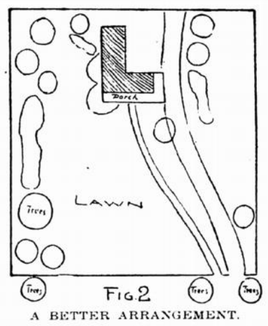


FIG. 2

A BETTER ARRANGEMENT.

where mother used to have a garden. The althea was bought in a nursery at the time father visited at Geneva. The forsythia was a layer donated by a kind-hearted neighbor who has a large clump in her yard. The climbing rose (Baltimore Belle) was left by a fruit-tree agent in payment for his dinner. Each one of these separate articles when it came was stuck into the ground wherever there was a convenient opening.

This outline is the history of at least three-fourths of the farmyards which one sees. The general result is fairly well represented in figure 1. Here there are two rows of trees at right angles to one another, which are fine and shady and form the chief features of the place. However, they shade the house too much, allowing no outlook in any direction. There are some formal flower beds cut into the lawn just where the best grass ought to be. The walks and drives are stiff and straight. The shrubs stand about singly and at a distance from one another, as if they were afraid to associate with their neighbors. What little lawn there is, is on the other side of the road and behind the row of trees. It is useful only as a croquet ground. It is more than likely that in some spring there will be wires attached along the tree trunks, and the lawn will be used for a yard for penning up calves.

In figure 2 we have a rough sketch of the same piece of ground and the same house. The arrangement of materials on the grounds, however, follows a more agreeable plan. The roads and walks are gracefully curved—perhaps too much so; but at any rate they turn aside and leave room for a much larger stretch of grass on the left of the house. The trees are placed in scattered groups and the shrubbery is arranged in heavy masses. Almost anyone can see that the latter arrangement is preferable even in this cold pen and ink sketch. Could the two places be compared, with the trees, shrubs and flower beds all complete, the difference would be much more striking.—Country Gentleman.

Roads Getting Into Politics.

The contest for nomination to congress between Capt. Hobson, the hero of the attempt to bottle up Cervera's fleet at Santiago, and Representative Bankhead, of Alabama, has attracted wide attention. But it is not generally known that the question of national aid to road improvement was one of the leading issues in the campaign. Capt. Hobson strongly opposed the measure as undemocratic and unconstitutional, while he talked in favor of great appropriations for the navy. Mr. Bankhead, on the other hand, argued that to aid the states in improving their roads would be a better and wiser use of the national revenues. This argument took with the voters, and Mr. Bankhead won the nomination.

WEEDS ARE BAD ENEMIES.

To Get Rid of Them Requires Hard Work from Beginning to End of the Season.

A North Dakota man who thinks weeds the worst enemy to be met with in the production of a garden writes the Farm, Stock and Home that they must be fought early, late and all the time. The best time to kill them is before they appear above ground. If the garden is large a good harrow is the best of weed killers. Corn and potatoes can be harrowed once a week from the time they are planted until four inches high. If the garden is small the iron hand rake and wheel hoe are indispensable. Plow all the garden ground as soon as you are ready to plant the first early vegetables; then once a week sur the unplanted ground, about an inch deep, with hoe or rake, and thus destroy the weeds while young and tender. It must be remembered that the secret of a good garden is constant and careful cultivation.

Last summer was a very trying one, no rain falling for over 60 days, so that most field crops were a failure; yet my garden was a good one; but the cultivator was kept going right along, and the weeds were kept down, so when at last the rain did come all vegetables made phenomenal growth. Cabbage especially delights in constant cultivation, the surface of the soil should be stirred at least once a week, and if twice a week it's all the better. Stir it even if not a weed is in sight, and the surface is fine and dry as ashes. It is impossible to keep weeds out of a garden here, the strong winter winds bringing seeds along with the drifting snow, even if none are allowed to mature on the premises, so that by spring the cleanest kept garden is well seeded to weeds, and we must fight them from the start.

TREE PLANTING IN BLOCKS.

Important Facts Clearly Established by Recent Scientific Tests in Horticulture.

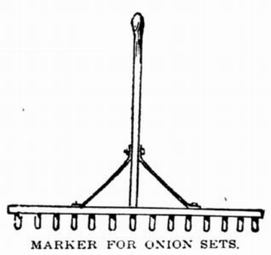
It is not advisable to plant any one variety of apples, pears or plums in blocks, even of a hundred, unless there are other varieties on all sides of the block. Within comparatively recent years it has been discovered that many of our varieties of the above mentioned fruit are largely infertile to their own pollen, some more so than others. This kind of planting has caused many a good orchard to be infertile, without the owner even suspecting the true cause.

It was first found that plums required to be cross-pollenized to insure a harvest. Then some one discovered that the Keifer pear was a very uncertain quantity without some other varieties near it. The investigation was continued, with the result that several other varieties of pears were found to be in need of cross-fertilization. At last the scientists made some elaborate experiments to determine to what extent the apple came under the same laws as to pollenation. To the surprise of almost everyone, it was proved that very few of our varieties of apples do as well fertilized by their own pollen, as by the pollen of another variety, and some of the varieties are found to be almost sterile when fertilized by the pollen of that variety. It is, therefore, best to so set out apple, plum and pear trees that the pollen of one variety may be used on another variety. This will greatly increase the probability of a crop.—Farmer's Review.

PLANTING OF ONION SETS.

A Method That Enables One to Accomplish a Great Deal in a Short Space of Time.

The ground having been prepared, lay off rows with marker. Have ready an implement as illustrated, consisting of teat-shaped pins of hard wood, four inches apart, inserted in a strip one



MARKER FOR ONION SETS.

and a half inches thick, two and a half inches broad and four feet long, to which a well-braced handle is attached. The teeth should project about three inches. Lay on marked row, pressing slightly with the foot. In each hole thus made, deposit an onion set. Then run rake that is attached to wheel-hoe down row and the work is completed. This insures rapid and effective work, enabling one to accomplish twice as much in a given time as by the usual method.—H. B. Mitchell, in Farm and Home.

Transplanting in the Night.

In Nature there is a practical article of general interest on the transplanting of plants in full foliage in the night, written by Prof. Maumene, and gives the result of some experiments of M. Roualt. It is customary to transplant deciduous trees in the fall or winter. Roualt has found that trees may be transplanted in full foliage in May or June, with little or no injury, provided the process is carried on at night. This has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of some of the most prominent horticulturists of France.

Ensilage Milk and Butter.

Experts declare that milk made from ensilage has all the qualities of milk and butter made out of green grass. This is saying much in favor of ensilage as a feed. One butter-buyer describes the flavor resulting from the feeding of good ensilage as a fine grassy flavor such as is desired by the users of fancy butter. We hope that our experimenters will give us more on this subject, as the matter of good and cheap feed for the dairy cow and the cow of the farmer is one of great importance at this time.—Farmers' Review.

DEFECTIVE PAGE