COMPENSATION.

When Eve her paradise forsook,
She cast a swift despairing look
At Eden in its loveliness;
Then, conscious of her sad distress,
From heaven she stole a bit of sky
To beam forever in her eye.
A star that circled in a dance
She seized to radiate her glance;
A tiny rose that blossomed there
She plucked to make her cheeks as fair,
And snatched a trembling drop of dew
To purify her heart anew,
And so, amid all hopes and fears,
A bit of Eden woman wears.

STEIN'S GRANDMOTHER.

"WELL, sir," said Inspector Burleigh (of the Cardinal Investigation Department), to Mr. Stein, the well-known diamond merchant, "if you are nervous about the safety of your valuables, the best thing you can do is to act upon the following advice: As to the strong room at your office, keep on your watch chain a bunch of dummy keys for ornament so to speak, and deposit the true keys at your banker's every afternoon; put a good safe in your study at home, but any diamonds you may take to that house may be kept in a dummy champagne bottle in your cellar there; get a secret electric alarm-push designed and fixed in your private residence, and another at your office—both of them communicating with the nearest police station; and lastly, never, on any account, take a revolver about with you—or you're a dead man before you get it out further than the flap of your pocket."

Mr. Stein thanked the detective, and promised to act upon his advice in every particular.

The circumstances which gave rise to this conversation were these: Mr. Stein, a diamond merchant of high standing, was expecting the arrival of a large package of valuable cut gems from Amsterdam. He had been warned several times by friends, and even by the authorities at Scotland Yard, that his precaution against being robbed were absurdly inadequate. No man in his senses would allow it to become notorious that he often carried parcels of valuable gems on his person, and sometimes he merely locked them up in a trumpery little old-fashioned safe in the study of his villa at Norwood—a house standing alone in its own grounds, and at a considerable distance from the nearest police station—a home shared with him by no one but an old housekeeper.

Mr. Stein concluded, after a while, that these remonstrances were not altogether idle, and he therefore consulted the best authority upon the subject—namely Inspector Burleigh, whose advice opens this story.

"If you make a sound I'll shoot."

Such was the pleasent intimation that fell upon M. Stien's ears as he awoke one night from his beauty sleep.

It was a stormy winter night, and the rain beat spitefully upon the window panes. Mr. Stein might have shouted himself hoarse and no one could possibly have heard him. His housekeeper was absent, having been called to the sick-bed of a relative.

Mr. Stein tried to realize the situation, as quickly as his sleepy senses would permit. He could see very little around him, but he was soon aware that the voice was that of a masked man, leaning over him, revolver in hand. A second man was examining the room rapidly, by the aid of a bullseye lantern.

"We've got you fairly at last, eh, old Stein?"

"What do you want?" inquired the diamond merchant, nervously.

"What do we want? That's good! Now, look here, Stein, when you left your office this afternoon, you went to the postoffice at Holborn, and you asked for a registered packet and they handed you a fat parcel o' diamonds. You put 'em in your breast pocket and come straight home. You've not been out since; so the diamonds aren't far off. So much for your little business."

"How on earth," gasped Mr. Stein, "do you know all this?"

"That's our little business! And now, if you please, where's the diamonds?"

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Stein, "you have caught me cleverly. You insist on having my diamonds or my life. I have no particular wish to die yet, and resistance on my part I can see would be perfectly useless. I will agree to help you; that is to say, I will engage to put you in possession of the packet you are in search of, which is carefully hidden, and of anything else of value which you may require in my house—upon one condition."

"Well, what is it?"

"My condition is that you promise to give to me, and not to take away, a miniature; which is hanging in my safe? It is the portrait of my dear grandmother."

"Oh! is that all? You can keep the old lady. She'd only be in our way."

"Thank you. Then here is the key of the safe in my study; but you won't find anything there. Believe me, there is nothing in the safe, except the portrait of my grandmother."

"Now you are just coming along, Stein," said the burglar-in-chief. "We'll soon see what's in the safe. And, mind—first sign of any nonsense and I'll shoot—sure as my name is——"

Mr. Stein huddled on some clothes, and all three descended to the study. The safe was in front of them. The key was soon applied to the lock, and the safe was opened. As Mr. Stein had said, there was absolutely nothing whatever inside, except the miniature.

"I told you so!" said Mr. Stein, reproachfully.

The two robbers cursed and swore. Bill took the maniature off the peg it occupied in the safe and put it in his pocket. Stein shouldn't have the portrait, he said, till he fulfilled his promise about the diamonds.

"I am quite ready to keep my promise," said Mr. Stein. "Follow me, and I will show you where the diamonds are."

Holding a candle before him, he led the way to the cellar. The cellar door was unlocked and they all entered.

"Don't see any diamonds here," complained the chief villain. "Out with them, Stein, and look smart about it!"

The merchant reached his hand out to the back of a bin and drew forth, apparently a magnum of Moet & Chandon's Imperial Sec.

"Here you are, gentlemen!" he said, unscrewing the neck of a false bottle and disclosing to their astonished gaze the packet of diamonds within. "Did I not promise?"

"Good business—eh Bill? Stein, my boy, you're a trump! Are all the other magnums here champagne or only diamonds?"

The merchant laughed. "There are no more diamonds," he said. "You can see for yourselves. But if you will bring up a magnum of champagne with you, we'll broach it to your good health."

The men agreed and they took glasses out of the pantry on their way up.

"Haven't you a friend in the garden outside?" inquired Mr. Stein, with a laugh. "Call him in; we may as well all drink together." And he opened the Moet and began pouring it out.

Bill went to the front door, and passed a signal to the accomplice watching without, who promptly joined the party and took his glass, as invited. All three wore masks; they were safe from the chance of recognition. The magnum of champagne was soon disposed of, and Mr. Stein generously offered to "stand another." The offer, however, was refused.

"No, Stein, my boy! That little game won't do! We like your fiz, but we like your diamonds better!"

"Besides, we've got to tie you up," interposed Bill.

"Tie me up! What for?"

"Just a little precaution, Stein only a bit o' rope around your wrists, and another bit around your ankles, and a handkercher over your mouth. We are sorry to inconvenience you, but business is business." And they proceeded accordingly.

Having tied and gagged the unfortunate diamond merchant, they bade him goodnight and wished him luck in future. They were on the point of departing when they observed that their victim was greatly distressed about something.

"Why, hang it all! if we weren't going to take off his grandmother, after all. Bill, you thief, put it back!"

Bill did so, and M. Stein's distress came to an end.

"Good-bye, Stein!" They waved to him and went out.

The diamond merchant lay quietly on the floor of his study and strained his ears. He heard the thieves open the hall-door gently and pass out. In another moment there was a cry and a scuffle.

Before a moment had elasped the three thieves were led back into the room, handcuffed, and in charge of a strong body of police.

The miniature of Mr. Stein's grandmother had hung on the switch of an electric bell. When removed it released the switch, and the alarm was instantly given in the police station, half a mile distant. Mr. Stein had successfully humored the thieves till the police surrounded the house. That was all!—The Argos.

HE FOUND THEM AT HOME.

Mistake Made by a Young Society Man in Making His Calls.

There is a young man in town who has come to the conclusion that society is a delusion and a snare. It came about in this wise: Just before Lent he was going to a ball, and starting at an early hour, he passed a house where he had long owed a call. The house looked dark, as if the family were all away or had retired. "Now," thought the young man, "is the time to make a call and get off easily, when there is no one at home." He rang the bell and was informed that the family was not at home. So he left his cards and went down the steps with the pleasing consciousness of having performed a duty.

A few weeks later, when more calls had accumulated on his hands, he started on foot for a ball which was to be given only a square from his apartments. It was ten o'clock and at a quarter past ten he had an engagement to meet the young lady whom he hoped to marry at the door of the dressing-room and escort her to the ball-room. On his way he passed another house which he had long owed a call. It looked dark and gloomy. "Happy thought!" The inspiration flashed across him to repeat his happy experience and acquit himself as easily of this call. He rang the bell, expecting to be told that the family were not at home. The door opened on a brilliantly lighted hall, in which stood the master of the house.

"Come in, my dear fellow, we have some unexpected guests whom you must meet." There was nothing for the unfortunate to do but to enter. He could not say that he had expected to find them out. The would-be fiancee was waiting, but these people were very swell and not to be offended.

Torn by agony the young man played a half hour and then departed, pleading sudden illness. He hurried to the hall to find his lady-love dancing with another man. And how she cuts him in the street and he thinks he has discovered that in society, as everywhere else, "it is a poor rule that doesn't work both way."—Washington Post.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN.

INTERESTING INFORMATION REGARDING FARM WORK.

It Pays to Keep Bees—Sure Cure for Scab—Teaching Horses to Stand—A New Point in Feeding.

It Pays to Keep Bees.

This is my conclusion after a dozen years of experience, says a writer in the Ohio Farmer. I find that each year, as I get to understand them better, the profit increases. I first started with plain boxes and let them take care of themselves except to set small boxes on top for surplus. I attended to them when I got ready whether the honey season was passed or not, any day that I happened that way. Other people did the same and surely it must be all right. But experience taught me soon, that this plan was good as far as honey and profit were concerned. Thus I lost about three years in the old rut of planting without cultivation. The balance of the time since I have used the Simplicity hive, with movable frames, and find that to get profit one must have things in proper shape, and give the little occupants a chance.

The first thing to have is a rousing colony tne first of May boiling over with bees, in a nice, clean hive, with new combs all in first-class shape, and if the season is only an average one you are sure of 50 lb. honey, which at 20c. per lb. would be $10 besides winter supplies. So it is plain to be seen that it pays if properly managed. I should add, further, that such a colony will likely cast off a good swarm. The amount of honey to be expected must be based on the strength of the colony in the spring. A hive of bees, full to overflowing, will give 20 lbs. surplus easier than a weak colony can build up strong and gather sufficent food for winter during the summer months.

My average for five years has been about 25lbs. to the colony, good and bad together. The largest amount I have ever taken was 67lbs. net, but 50 lbs. often. I have the best strains of Italian the country can furnish, and find that they are superior to the blacks in the ratio of 2 to 3.

A sure receipt for profit is to see that weak swarms are built up early in the fall, before cold weather, by feeding granulated sugar, as it is cheaper than honey; but don't feed anything but the best; as poor feed is likely to give them the dysentery or make them unhealthy, and before cold weather sets in pack chaff well around the frames and lay a chaff cushion on top, and you will be in good shape, in ordinary seasons, in this locality, to show up a handsome profit next season.

"Ten Acres Enough."

That was the taking title of a book published some years ago, in which the author endeavored to show how, under high cultivation, ten acres could be made to yield a comfortable living for an average family. A good deal of ridicule has been cast at this and similar attempts to demonstrate the feasibility of making much of little in the cultivation of the soil. But the experiment has been tried, and, under favorable conditions, not found wanting. Men who, like the late Peter Henderson, have made a thorough study of the utilization of small areas know by practical experience that a great deal of money may be got out of ten or twelve acres of properly cultivated land.

It is said, however, that the conditions of market gardening have greatly changed since the Southern truck farmers began to flood our markets with early vegetables and fruits. This is true; but where our Northern market gardeners have had the wisdom to adopt their product to these changed conditions they have continued to make money, although perhaps not in so large amount.

The time will never come when vegetables and the more perishable fruits can be sent from a long distance, even in refrigerator cars or steamers, and arrive in as fresh and appetizing condition as those grown close at hand. Hence there will always be a demand for early fresh vegetables and small fruits from neighborhood gardens if they are invitingly presented to the customer. Every large town and city is a good mine for the market gardener who is "up betimes," and offers his fresh, wholesome-looking goods in neat and tasteful packages. Untidy packages repel the finest class of customers, but good taste will inevitably attract them.

A good illustration of this is afforded by the experience of the owner of a ten-acre tract of land at Andover, Mass., who found, very naturally, that general farming did not pay on so small an acre. He therefore determined to adapt himself to the situation by following a higher method. He planted one-half of his little farm to a great variety of small fruits, and devoted the remainder to the growth of vegetables. These he arranges so that for some seven months he obtains crops which can be either disposed of at good prices in the markets of Boston or the nearer city of Lawrence, or put up in various forms for sale to Boston customers during the winter. In the latter case the fruits and vegetables are carefully selected and as carefully preserved, pickled or put up as nearly as possible in a fresh state.

Last year besides the fresh fruits and vegetables sold, some ten thousand quart jars of produce were disposed off in this way. Nearly all the work was done in the family, thus saving much expense, and the income was about $3,500. Such a result can be obtained, of course, only by high culture, which implies forethought, skill, industry and good business capacity. But it shows what can be done on a small tract wisely managed.

Sure Cure for Scab.

A prominent sheep raiser, S. H. Todd, of Ohio, says to take 50 pounds of tobacco stems that you can get at a cigar factory, and steep them in 100 gallons of water until the strength is all out of the stems. Then take 25 gallons of the tobacco liquid and put in 25 pounds of sulphur and boil, not simmer it, for one-half hour. Take three-fourths of a gallon of crude carbolic acid, and four gallons of soft soap and heat it up till it will be of the consistency of an egg prepared for use. Mix all together and then have a vat of 16 inches wide and deep enough so that the fluid will cover the back of the sheep when standing.

Let the sheep remain in the fluid 90 seconds, then immerse the head entirely under the water and let the sheep out upon a platform to drain. Have the platform so that the liquid will run back into the vat, and have the fluid above blood heat. In 10 days after the first dip use the same process again. If the sheep are bad, use one gallon of carbolic acid to five gallons of soft soap. This treatment won't kill the sheep, but I am positive it will clean out the scab. As soon after dipping as possible, turn the sheep into the yard and stable that the premises may be saturated from the drippings of the sheep. If I had sheep that had the scab badly, I would fix them a warm place, shear, feed liberally with grain to keep up vitality, and in a few weeks after shearing I would dip them. You must be thorough, and if the scab has become fairly seated nothing weaker than this will do the work. I cured 400 that were badly infected. I would dip the third time before turning to grass. I have given this as a preparation to kill scab, but it is a good general dip.

Teaching Horses to Stand.

An old horseman gives the following as his method of training horses to stand without being tied: After young horses have once become entirely bridle-wise, I first endeavor to teach them the meaning of every word I say to them. This is not a difficult matter, provided too many words are not used at once. The first step is to adopt some word at the sound of which they are to understand that they must stop. Words that are easy to speak, and which can be made emphatic, should be chosen, such as "ho," "whoa," etc., and every time the word is used the horse to which it is spoken should be made to obey fully. Carlessness in regard to this matter will do more to undo what has been taught than anything else. When a horse fully understands the meaning of the word which you use when you wish him to stop and stand still, the greater part of the work is accomplished. He then can be trusted with safety while you leave him a short time. To take no risk, and to make the work more effective, it is a good plan for two to get into the vehicle to which a horse is hitched, and, having stopped after a short drive, one should get out and leave him for a short distance. Should the horse then start, the one in the vehicle can draw the lines suddenly and thus prevent his getting away. There will be no trouble in teaching any horse with an ordinary amount of good sense to stand as long as you desire without being hitched, if a little judgment and patience are used in attempting it.

A New Point in Feeding.

Mr. Appleton, breeder and owner of the famous Jersey cow, Eurotissima, in his address before the New York farmers, calls attention to one rule in forcing cows that may be of service in all feeding for profit and that is, that the roughness of grass must be fed after the cow has eaten all the rich ground feed she will take, says the American Dairyman. The object is to get as much rich butter-making food in her as she can assimilate. This can best be accomplished with a well composed ration which relegates hay and grass to the rear, by feeding the ration first and all she will eat of it, then topping off with the other. The fact is that hay and grass are losing their grip, so to speak, with the scientific feeder. While it is not practical to do away entirely with the roughness of the farm, yet it is best to keep it down as much as poossible consistent with the well being of the cow. It seems to be more useful in helping digestion than in any intrinsic merit of its own. While grass is probably the best single feed for milk making, it certainly is not so good as a well composed ration, except it may be for a few days in the summer time, when the rains and temperature seem to combine to bring the grass to perfection, but this is an exceedingly limited time.

Short Items.

The best mulch we have ever tried in a young orchard is three inches of well pulverized soil. It beats six inches of straw, and does not harbor a host of insects.

Every horse that is expected to work on the farm during the spring and summer should have a collar and set of harness properly fitted to it. This will lessen the risk of galled shoulders.

Keep down the weeds in your strawberry patch with the hoe in the rows; between, with the cultivator. Clean cultivation pays here. Strawberries can be carried through a long drought, where with mulching they would die.

Let the farmers' wives and daughters study the science of poultry raising if the farmer himself has not the time or inclination to attend to it. We know that in the greater number of cases the farmer's wife does not need this suggestion, for she has learned the value to the household of the poultry yard.

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