

### A JINGLE OF JOY.

Ain't this life we're livin' blest?  
Honey in your month!  
Green corn in the winsome west,  
Melons in the south!

Oh, believers,  
Hear the bugle's call,  
Green corn in the summer time,  
Punkins in the fall!

Ain't this life we're livin' jest  
Brimmin' full o' joys?  
Fiddles goin' south an' west,  
Swing your swa'heart's, boys

Oh, believers,  
Hear the bugle's call,  
Melons in the summertime,  
Punkins in the fall.

-F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald

### THE GHOST'S EYES.

Mrs. Robert Livingstone was a woman of superb dignity. Yet any one of her city friends would scarcely have recognized her in the rather clumsy figure running and stumbling up the rough canon road that led from the lower bean field to the ranch house. Her black skirts were not held up, but allowed to trail a little and catch the fine dust and tar weed stain as she hurried on. Nothing of trifling importance could have forced Mary Livingstone thus far to forget her elegant self, even alone in a canon.

The fog was coming up from the sea and slowly closing in and deepening the shadows of the gorge. It was already late twilight, and the loneliness and gloom of the place tortured her over tense nerves. A little owl flew with a shrill scream over her head, and she screamed with it. A belated ground squirrel rustled in the underbrush by the bank, and she felt that all the terrors of the jungle were upon her.

A sharp turn in the trail brought her at last in view of the house and the welcome glimmer of a light gave her a little courage. She quickened her steps still more in her eagerness, forgetting that the canon stream crossed the road at the bend, and, missing the board, she stepped in ankle deep. Even this she scarcely noticed, but splashed on over the slippery stones. It was only when she reached the gate, breathless and disheveled, that she seemed to be able to think.

"I can't let Allen see me in this plight," she said to herself. "He would ask all manner of questions and not be put off, and I could not tell him that. Oh, no, no!" But just then a slight, youthful figure appeared at the veranda steps, standing on crutches.

"What makes you so awfully late, mother?" he called out to her. "I thought you never would get here," and the thin, complaining voice was even a little more impatient than usual. "Sing is on one of his worst rampages and is mad as hops because dinner is late. I was even afraid to ask him to light the lamp and I've been sitting out here in the dark for ages. If there's a dish left out there it won't be his fault. Listen to that!" and just then a tin pan seemed to go spinning across the kitchen.

"I am very sorry, my dear," said Mrs. Livingstone, quietly; "but I was detained by the engineer. He says the threshing engine is broken, and he must go to Seco Grande to-morrow for repairs. Some of the men were to be paid off, and I had their accounts to look over. I will be glad when your father gets home. Harvesting is too important a time for me to be left alone. Poor Allie. What a forlorn time you've had! Come in and we'll make up for it," and she preceded him into the dark little parlor.

Quickly lighting the lamp, she said: "Turn it up more, dear, after it has burned a little, and tell Sing to have dinner in five minutes. I'll be right out," and she hurried to her room, leaving her son wondering vaguely that his mother's hand should tremble as she held the match, and secretly wishing she had not left him to face the irate Sing alone.

Allen Livingstone was 17, but long accustomed to having every wind tempered for him, he was naturally timid and not a little spoiled. Mrs. Livingstone lavished upon him that yearning and tenderness that a hopelessly crippled child calls forth from a mother's pity. He was at once her idol and her sorrow and his slightest wish was law.

Dinner at the ranch house was even more quiet than usual that evening. Mrs. Livingstone appeared tired and preoccupied, while Allen fretted childishly over the rather warmed up flavor of things on the table.

The offending Chinese came and went in sullen routine. After the coffee, Mrs. Livingstone put her arm lovingly over her son's shoulders and they went out to the parlor thus.

"I have a lovely scheme, dearest," she said. "While father is away I think it would be nice for you to come over and sleep in your old room adjoining mine. It will be more sociable and we can play we are both young again. What do you think?"

"I don't mind it," said Allen, indifferently, lighting a delicate cigarette. The house was one of those primitive Spanish structures, built of adobe, one story and three sides facing an open square—very pleasant and artistic with the deep verandas, vine-covered and cool, and the little court always full of flowers and sunshine, but not so convenient and practical for everyday comforts as some more modern plans for homes. The main part of the house is taken up by the living rooms, leaving the sleeping rooms in the wings and far separated.

It had been a trying time for Mrs. Livingstone, when her husband had insisted that Allen should give up his little bedroom next to theirs, which he had always occupied, and go across the court. The boy was no longer a baby, he said, and he had always needed that room for his own private use. He wanted a place for his desk and books and the big safe which held the family valuables and often considerable sums of gold and silver, as he preferred to pay his men in coin rather than by check in the usual way.

But his wife had never been reconciled to having her delicate child out of the sound of her voice at night, and many a time had she stolen out in the darkness to listen at his window to see that her darling was sleeping well, and to indulge in a long moment of adoring worship, as she strained her eyes to see the pale face on the pillow. "I will go around the veranda now, dear," she said, as Allen smoked, "and bring you things for the night. The couch is very comfortable, and it will be lovely to have you back."

The chill air struck her unpleasantly as she opened the door. She shuddered a little and drew her shawl closer.

"What a fog!" she exclaimed. "The beans will be again delayed. It's worse than the conflict of hay-making and showers in New England."

Coming out of her son's room a few moments later, with her arms full of his clothing she was startled by a slight noise across the court. It seemed like some heavy thing dropping with less sound than its weight would suggest. In the misty darkness she could see nothing.

Mary Livingstone was known far and near as a woman of unbounded courage and self reliance. During her husband's frequent business trips to San Francisco she stayed and ruled the little kingdom like a queen. Not a man on the ranch but was glad when Mrs. Livingstone was boss. The house in the canon was her castle, where she and Allen, with the faithful Sing, abode in security which none dared to molest. If anyone had told her a week ago that this night she would be a haunted creature, trembling and unstrung, tormented by an evil presentiment and dreading she knew not what, she would have laughed the prophet to scorn.

The parlor door had been left a little ajar, and she pushed through it and on to her own apartment.

"Please shut the door, Allie. My hands are full. I'll be ready for you soon."

Drawing the shades, she set resolutely to work about making her son's room comfortable for the night. She dared not think, or she felt that she would scream from sheer nervousness.

The dainty silver toilet articles, which were his pride, she arranged on the broad desk, and soon had the low lounging couch transformed into an inviting bed, with even a hot water bag tucked in at the foot. She took from her closet herself his little toy like night lamp, which had been one of his childish idols, and lighted it, and, after one or two little final touches here and there, she called him.

"It's time small boys were asleep. Lock the front door, dear, and come. I have such a funny story to read to you."

Allen hobbled in, a slight frown on his delicate face at being babyed, and surveyed the little room.

"It's as cold as a barn here," he said. "What makes it so cold? I don't want to go to bed yet."

"Oh, yes, you do. It's getting late. You'll soon be nice and comfortable in your old nest. You will find it warmed."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's nothing else to do," he complained. "Where's the story?"

"I'll begin it right now, while you're getting ready," and Mrs. Livingstone settled herself by her lamp to read.

In less than half an hour she quietly peeped in to find her boy fast asleep. She wanted to stoop and kiss the white forehead, but she denied herself lest she waken him.

Nearly closing the door she walked restlessly about her room a few moments, aimlessly touching this and looking at that.

She took her account book out of the drugged dress she had worn down the canon and looked it over a little, soon putting it aside. She tried to read, but the words followed each other under her eyes in an unknown tongue. She took up her Bible, and even that seemed to hold no word of peace.

Something as people in great peril go over their past life, she fell to thinking of hers, but she was soon brought back face to face with the present. The thought that she was struggling so to keep in abeyance at last seemed to break its bounds and fill her soul with an irresistible fascination; she dwelt upon it and did not try to put it aside.

Three nights ago, at midnight, she had awakened suddenly, being conscious of a noxious presence near, and slowly there had grown to her two dark, glittering eyes close to her own, which held her gaze with terrible intensity. The evening in the canon had been there before her all the way, and she had almost succumbed to their terror. For the first time she had noticed that the brows and corners of the eyes had been slightly upturned, like the Mongolians. What did it all mean? The end was not yet. What would it be? These thoughts seemed to enthrall her.

It was nearly 11 o'clock. Would it come to-night? Outside, the night was so deathly still, and so

lonely. Why didn't the wind blow! Anything that would break the spell upon her.

She turned the light down, and threw herself wearily on the bed as she was.

With the first stroke of the clock at midnight she woke from a troubled sleep. In a moment she became distinctly conscious of a smoky odor, the unmistakable scent of a Chinese's clothing. A slight noise on the floor caused her to sit up quickly. A man's head and shoulders were slowly emerging from under the bed. One sickening moment she wavered, then sprang out upon him, holding him down for an instant; but he turned, and there glared up at her those same eyes—the fiend like eyes of her vision, and the man was Sing.

She grappled with him in superhuman strength, how many desperate, struggling moments she never knew. It seemed an eternity. Not a word was uttered. She saw that his superior strength must gain in the end. He constantly tried to reach for a knife, which evidently was caught in some way, for he failed to get it in his hand.

At last, Allen heard the noise and appeared at the door, almost fainting with fright.

His mother spelled out to him: "G-e-t t-h-e a-x q-u-i-c-k," then added: "Go to bed, child."

The boy had presence of mind to go around, as there were many locked doors in the way through the house.

The Chinese, afraid of some outside assistance, began to beg: "Me catche money—me no kill. You gib key—me no kill. You no gib, me allee same killee you, killee Allie, too. You gib key."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing, and in an incredibly short time for him, Allen came in, panting and dragging the gleaming ax.

The fiend saw it and became like a madman. He shrieked and bit at the strong white wrists that held him like a vise. He foamed at the mouth in his fit of rage and fear.

"Allen," she said, "get the trunk rope in the closet—be quick."

After an almost hopeless struggle and a little weak help from her son, she managed to tie one hand, then both together, and had Allen make the other end fast to the bedstead.

The rope was old, and if it gave way they were lost, for it was the only thing of the kind available. Her knees were still on his chest.

"Allen," she commanded, "go from this room and shut your door tight after you."

He was almost stupefied, but obeyed blindly. In another instant he heard an awful blow and a short shuffling round, then a long moment of silence, but he dared not go in again.

Presently his mother appeared holding her wounded hand. She looked to him in the dim light like an old woman. Her face was ashen and drawn, and her dark hair had turned almost snow white. He looked at her mutely.

"My dear," she said, slowly. "God knows it was the only way. He gave me the power to save us, or you and I, Allen, would this moment have been in the traitor's place."

She gave an involuntary shudder, but turned and locked the door on the ghastly scene.

Taking some antiseptic solution she bathed her hand thoroughly and bound it with some of Allen's handkerchiefs. She then sipped a small glass of whisky and water and lay down beside her son. So the long night wore away.

There have been few changes in Seco Valley. The lima beans grow on the broad, sunny lowlands, are harvested and grow again. The canon brook still sings its love song to the blossoming hillsides. The owls and mocking birds, the squirrels and the lizards, live as before, but the vines run rampant over the broad piazzas of the ranch house in Seco Canon. Only a few complaining doves have their home in the low garret.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingstone returned to live in New York their friends welcomed them with open arms. It was hinted that, not being to the manor born, Mr. Livingstone had not covered himself with glory or lined his purse with gold in his ranching scheme; but it was the change in Mrs. Livingstone that excited the most comment. The snowy hair, the restless, hunted expression and absent manner spoke of some stupendous change from her old self.

To only one trusted friend did she confide the mystery of her life. Every night at 12 o'clock there appeared to her two fierce, hard eyes, which would not turn till she was nearly beside herself with horror.

Character Reading From Teeth.

Character reading from handwriting, from shoes, and from the face, has now been succeeded by a character reading from the teeth. A dentist asserts that a careful study of teeth will reveal the fact that they invariably indicate, according to their shape and setting, the temperament of their possessors. One has only to note the teeth of one's friends and relatives to verify his observations on pointed, projecting, short, square, tangled, even and pearly dentures. Those that are long and narrow, we are assured denote vanity; those that are long and projecting, indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the possession of small, white separated teeth, and inconstancy is revealed by overlapping teeth.

Vinegar is mentioned in the Egyptian records as a medicine in the tenth century, B. C.

### WAR AGAINST INSECTS. Secretary Morton Talks About the Work of His Department.

The compilation by Professor Pantton, of the Ontario Agricultural College, of the figures concerning the annual loss from the work of destructive insects was discussed by Secretary Morton, of the Agricultural Department. He said:

These figures are mostly drawn from American sources and mainly from publications of the United States Department of Agriculture, and they serve a good purpose in directing attention to the necessity for active work on the part of economic entomology, but in one way they are somewhat misleading. The losses to individual farmers, and occasionally to the agricultural population of a more or less restricted portion of the country, are frequently very great, summed up in dollars and cents, yet the actual money loss to the agriculturists of the country at large is by no means expressed by these same figures, for the simple reason that the loss of a portion of the crop means an increased price for the remainder. We may express the loss from insects in terms of bushels of produce, but in turning it into money value this factor of increased price must not be overlooked.

The expenditure of \$3 an acre, following the latest methods ascertained by the entomologists, will keep the orchard healthy. The work of the division of entomology during the last few months on the cotton boll weevil in Southern Texas will result next year in the saving of many thousands of dollars to cotton planters in that section, if the recommendations are followed.

These instances are new and are simply examples of saving work which is going on from year to year. It is probable that in the aggregate they result in the saving of even greater sums than do the much rarer but more striking instances, such as the introduction by the Department of the Australian lady bird into California, by which the entire citrus industry of that State was saved from destruction.

Not a small item in the total value to be accredited to the entomological work of the Department is the exposure of "fake" remedies. Only the present season the entomologist has shown that a tree inoculating company in the New England States, which claimed to be able to inoculate trees against the ravages of leaf feeding insects, had been basing its claims upon the disguised application of a method which was proved to be totally inefficacious fifty years ago.

Incidentally, and, although not pertaining strictly to agricultural interests, I might mention that the application of a remedy against mosquitoes, first practically used by our Mr. Howard and recommended in his publication during the past year or two, has resulted, in two instances at least, in rendering habitable large sections near Long Island Sound, and in so greatly increasing the value of real estate that the owners have made large sums of money as a direct result.

### Music By the Ton.

It requires more force to sound a note gently on the piano than to lift the lid of a kettle. A German composer has figured that the minimum pressure of the finger, playing pianissimo, is equal to 110 grammes—a quarter of a pound. Few kettle lids weigh more than two ounces.

The German's calculations are easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound they may then be weighed and these figures will be found to be true.

If the pianist is playing fortissimo a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on. A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it, as if upon a piano keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger.

Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons. Wagner has not yet been calculated along these lines.

### A Preventive of Scalping.

A San Francisco (Cal.) photographer claims to have completed a device by which every railroad ticket may be made to bear the photograph of the original purchaser, as a preventive of scalping. The whole process of taking the picture, developing the negative, and printing the portrait on a portion of the ticket can be done, he says, while the purchaser is paying for his ticket, or in one minute at the longest. The apparatus is elaborate, but the inventor thinks that it is infallible, and that railway companies ought to be willing to pay a good price for a perfect method of preventing scalping by making tickets nontransferable.

Utah, including the improvements made by the Mormons, is worth \$24,775,379.

### THE LARGEST TELESCOPE.

#### A Remarkable Lens Made by an American Firm.

The Clarks have accomplished what has long been regarded as an impossible thing and one which no European manufacturer of lenses could be induced to attempt. This is the making of a perfect lens of more than three feet across the face. No one but the American manufacturer ever thought of exceeding the twenty-six inch lenses which are in use at several observatories on both continents, one at the Naval Observatory at Washington, through which Mr. Hall discovered the long-sought satellites of Mars and many double stars. The highest power was supposed to be reached when the Lick telescope in California was put up with a thirty-six inch lens. The difficulties to be met in the production of a perfectly clear lens of great size are so many that European observers who have wanted anything above twenty-six inch lenses have had to take to the reflecting telescope, which has a concave mirror. It requires, of course, a much larger reflecting telescope to get the same amount of light and the same magnitude of objects.

The making of this 4 1/2 inch lens is regarded as the crowning work of Mr. Alvah Clark's life. It is probably no larger lens will ever be made. Under existing conditions a larger telescope than the Yerkes—the telescope of the Chicago University Observatory, for which the lens is made—would be of no great value. To increase the magnifying power is at the same time to increase the obstructions to clear vision. When the object is magnified the atmospheric agitation is increased to such a degree that distinctness is virtually sacrificed when the object glass is larger than 4 1/2 inches. It is doubtful if the Yerkes will be any more useful than the Lick. Some day it may be possible to remove the obstacles to clearness in the case of a powerful lens, though the only reason for suggesting it is that Professor Tyndall was able to construct a glass by which the blue of the atmosphere was dissipated in looking through a deep space.

If the Yerkes glass answers expectations it will enable an experienced observer to catch occasional glimpses of the Mars canals, which, though drawn so firmly on the Vatican maps, are vague and wavering and almost imaginary through any glass. They can be seen at all only by the trained observer. The great telescope will be most useful in the study of double stars, which is now a matter of special interest to many observers.

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### MAY BE KING OF ENGLAND.

#### This Baby is His Royal Highness, Prince Edward.

The pictures of the Queen's grandson are displayed all over London, one of them but a few weeks old, and they all show a clear-eyed, intelligent-looking little fellow, with plump arms and wavy hair. A report has been circulated for several days that Prince Edward, who is the only child of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the heir to the throne of Great Britain, is deaf and dumb. It has been impossible to ascertain the source of the report, but there is no doubt that it is in a circle fairly near the court.

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There is nothing in the expression of the face or in the attitude to indicate the slightest mental defect. It is regarded as a little remarkable that, in case the boy be deaf, the infirmity was not discovered some months ago, as he now is more than a year old.

The Duchess of York has not been seen often in public recently, and those circulating the reports regarding the Prince say that her reclusiveness is due to her grief. This, however, is bare supposition.

As yet no effort has been made to correct the story of the Prince's infirmity, although the current gossip must have reached the ears of His Highness' parents and grandparents.

### An Old Pioneer's Pica.

A curious scene was presented at the meeting of the Yosemite Valley Commissioners in San Francisco, Cal., when Old John Hutchins, the pioneer of the famous valley, with tears streaming down his face, begged for the privilege of living until his death in the cabin which he built over thirty years ago and by the side of which his wife and daughter are buried. The Commissioners had leased the cabin and five acres around it to the neighboring hotel, but the old man's tears moved them and they gave the use of the house and one acre of ground to him for the remainder of his life.

### Odds and Ends.

At Victoria docks, London, storerooms for 250,000 carcasses of beef have been provided.

From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century a blue coat in England was the sign of a servant.

A glow worm has a brush attached to its tail, because it is necessary that the back be kept clean in order to show its light.

The German house builders always contrive to leave a small flat place on the roof of each house for birds to rest and build on.

In the department of reptiles of the Paris Museum is a new snake which climbs up the vertical and smooth wall of its glass cage.

Camels are perhaps the only animals that cannot swim. Immediately after entering water they turn on their backs and are drowned.

There is a negro boy living near Madison, Fla., whose head measures fifty inches in circumference. The lad is only three feet tall.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from 12 to 212 in number. The Sandwich Island alphabet has 12, the Tartarian 212.

A prize of 30,000 francs has been offered by a florist in Mayenne, France, to any one who can produce a plant on which blue roses will bloom.

The last attempt to make the largest lens in the world—sixty-two inches in diameter and weighing 23,000 pounds—is said to have been successful.

In the production of steel the United States stands first, largely exceeding the output of Great Britain and being nearly double that of Germany.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

Dead bodies, when taken as cargo on a steamship, are always described as either statutory or natural history specimens, owing chiefly to the superstition of sailors.

Vesuvius is again active. The crater of 1891 is rapidly filling, and a new cone, which is already sixty feet higher than the edge of the crater, is rising at the northwestern end.

In England the cut-o'-nine-tails is only used on criminals who commit robbery with violence, and it is said that the crime has increased instead of diminished under the supposed reformatory effect of the lash.

Fans, umbrellas, kites, spectacles, gongs, bank-notes, postage stamps, are all the inventions of the Chinese. Hanway was the first to introduce the umbrella into England, and he borrowed the idea from China.

Every German regiment has a chirpologist in its ranks.

Harrisburg, Penn., proposes to have toll-free funeral trains.

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only seventy-five times, when they become worn out.

The livestock in Kansas in 1889 was valued at \$128,068,305.

Our farmers raised in 1893 450,000,000 pounds of cane sugar.

Arkansas has 124,760 farms, having an acreage of 14,891,856.

Oleomargarine is colored pink in New Hampshire.

There are believed to be over 40,000,000 watches in use among our people.

The great State of California was valued by the assessors of 1890 at \$584,578,086.

Hildesheim's thousand-year-old rose tree was threatened with decay, but the botanists and gardeners called in have succeeded not only in preserving it, but in making it bloom heavily again this year.

A veterinary surgeon in Van Buren, Me., was called a few days ago to find the reason and remedy for an odd hard bunch on a horse's shoulder. He lanced the swelling, and found in the center of it a silver dime.

### How Burros Find Water.

The Mexican burros have good horse sense; they know in a "dry and thirsty land" where to dig for water. A correspondent describes their close observation of the surface of the ground and subsequent discovery: "We had found in an arroyo a sufficient quantity of water to make coffee, when we observed three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examined the ground closely, when the leader halted near us and commenced to paw a hole in the dry, hot sand with his right forefoot. After a while he dug his left forefoot. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise it soon commenced to fill with water. Then he advanced and took a drink, and, stepping aside, invited, I think, the others to take a drink; at all events, they promptly did so, and then went away, when we got down and took a drink from their well. This water was cool and refreshing; much better, in fact, than we had found for many a day."

### World's Hose Reel Record.

The world's record is claimed by the Dirigo Hose Company, of Ellsworth, Me., which the other day ran 210 yards to the engine house, then 233 yards with the hose reel, coupled the hose to the hydrant and the nozzle to the hose, all in 1 minute 1 1/2 seconds.