

THE SHELL.

Silence—a deeper sea—
Now sunders thee,
Save from the primal ton—
Thy mother's moan.

Within her waves hadst thou
No voice as now;
A life of exile long
Hath taught thee song.
—John B. Tabb, in Scribner's Magazine.

An Exchange.

Cupid's Accounting For a Lost Purse.

"I hate everything in the world," asserted the girl, sweeping and defiantly, "everything and everybody except of course, you, Aunt Hester."
"Kitty, dear don't talk so wickedly," replied a voice so feeble and tired, though sweet, that there was no need to be told Aunt Hester was ill.
"It's quite true," repeated Kitty, "I do hate everything. I hate never having any money and living in these two poky little rooms, and not being able to take you abroad, which the doctor says would very likely make you well again, and having to slave day after day teaching those horrid children who never seem to learn anything. I loathe it all! I can't help not being patient like you, Auntie, and if it is wicked to hate things, why then I must be wicked."

The girl stopped, completely out of breath, and the elder woman sighed but said nothing. She knew how hard the poverty of their lives was to the pretty girl of eighteen who had youth's natural desire for pleasure and pretty things. She understood how irksome it was to Kitty to teach three dull children for five hours daily for the meagre sum of £14 a year, which money, with the addition of a very small annuity of hers, was all they had to live on. She knew, too, better than her niece, better even than the doctor, that so far as she was concerned, it would soon be over, that not even the visit to Switzerland, so easily advised, so impossible to obtain, would make very much difference or very materially lengthen the days before Kitty would be left to fight the battle of life alone.

"Only £50," she went on bitterly. "I have worked it all out. For £50 we could both go to Lausanne for ten weeks. You know that pension where Lizzie stayed; they would take the two of us for £3 a week; that would leave plenty for the journey. Fifty pounds! less than heaps of women spend on one dress! I call it hateful—horrible—unfair. Why should we have nothing and others so much?"

She made for the Park, and as she was walking along one of its most deserted paths her foot knocked against a stone, which she kicked impatiently away. The softness of the stone struck her, and she looked down to find she was kicking a purse. She picked it up and examined it carefully. It was nearly new, of green leather, curiously worked with black, and the monogram, "A. K.," stamped in gold in one corner.

"It is so light there can be nothing in it," she said to herself, and opened it. A shilling and four pennies fell into her hand, and then some pieces of folded paper, five Bank of England notes for £10 each. There was no one near. Kitty's head swam, her eyes grew misty, she felt sick and faint as the temptation unfolded itself to her. Here was the exact sum needed to restore Aunt Hester to health; there was no name in the purse, no clew to the owner; surely, since it had come to her at that moment when she so much needed £50, it must have been sent by Providence. Surely it would be only right for her to keep it. Thus she reasoned, knowing the weakness of her arguments, realizing, but refusing to consider, that she contemplated committing a theft. And after the theft lies would be necessary for if Aunt Hester had the faintest idea how the money was obtained, she would certainly refuse to even touch it, and would insist on making every effort to find its owner.

If Miss Ormond had not been the most simple-minded and unsuspecting of women she would never have believed that Mrs. Harper, the by-no-means rich mother of her niece's pupils, would give her a present of £50, for this was the very feeble lie by which Kitty accounted for her possession of the money. Miss Ormond was anxious to write and thank the lady, but Kitty averred that Mrs. Harper had made a condition she should receive no thanks for her gift, and Miss Ormond, into whose guileless mind no shadow of suspicion entered, obeyed, though a little unwillingly. "Such a magnificent, such a princely gift," she kept on murmuring gently, "it seems so rude and ungrateful for me not to thank her, but of course we must do as she wishes. I hope, Kitty, you said how deeply grateful we both are."

A week later and the dingy lodgings were left and aunt and niece started for Switzerland. Aunt Hester bore the journey very well, and they were soon installed in a comfortable pension overlooking the azure waters of Lake Lemano, on the other side of which in snow-clad majesty the peaked Alps keeps guard.

Then suddenly one day when they had been in Lausanne for six weeks, and Kitty congratulated herself that her aunt was so much better she had not sinned in vain, the end came. Aunt Hester returned from a walk, felt tired, and went to lie down. In two hours the suave little Swiss doctor was assuring the almost frantic Kitty that nothing could have saved Miss Ormond. "If all your famous London

doctors had been here, Mademoiselle, they could have done nothing. Her heart failed suddenly. I sympathize much with you."

Mrs. Allen, the lady with whom she lived, was so sorry for the lonely girl that she always asked her to join any little entertainment that took place. Kitty never accepted these kindly meant invitations. She was so unhappy that she had no heart for anything of the kind. One evening, however, she relented. A small musical party was to be given and one of the pupils, a girl of whom Kitty had become very fond, begged her to accept Mrs. Allen's invitation to join it.

"My brother, who is staying at Lausanne now, is coming," she said proudly. "He sings splendidly, and you play accompaniments so well that I want you to play his. I told Mrs. Allen I would implore you to come. Do, there's a darling. You needn't stay down stairs all the evening if you are tired, only I do want you to hear Arthur sing and see him too, he is just perfect!" For Janie thought there was no one in the world fit to compare with her eldest brother.

Kitty acceded to the earnest request, though when she found herself in the drawing room that evening she was almost sorry she had given in. There was no help for it then, however, and she bowed gracefully to the tall, dark young man who was immediately introduced to her by his enthusiastic sister.

"Miss Ormond is going to play your accompaniments, Arthur," she said impudently. "She plays beautifully, and I have told her all about your wonderful singing."

The man smiled.
"I am afraid my little sister talks too much," he said. "She is so proud of my singing that she expects every one to be equally enthusiastic!"

During the evening he asked his sister why Miss Ormond looked so unhappy, and she told him that Miss Ormond had brought her aunt out to Lausanne hoping thereby to restore her health and how she had died suddenly.

"The poor thing is quite alone in the world, and very poor," Janie continued, "so Mrs. Allen asked her to live with her. She must have loved that aunt awfully, because it is more than two years since she died, and Miss Ormond always has that sad expression." The young man found that Janie had by no means exaggerated Miss Ormond's playing powers, and although not at all impressionable, he could not help feeling interested in the beautiful, sad, and apparently friendless girl. He stayed in Lausanne for some time, and very often saw his sister, and always managed to see Miss Ormond at the same time.

"Kitty, dear," he said tenderly, "why are you so much astonished? You must have known I loved you. My poor little girl, all alone in the world. Janie has told me all about your troubles, and now I am going to make you happy again. You are too young and pretty to have that sad face always."

"I can't," she murmured broodingly. "I love you, oh, yes, I love you, but I can never marry you nor any other man!"

The anguish in her voice and face was so intense that the man looked at her in astonishment.

"What is it, my darling? Why do you talk so strangely? Why, if you love me, can't you marry me? You speak as if you had committed a crime!"

"So I have," she answered, and it was his turn to start back and exclaim, "Kitty, what do you mean?"

"Listen," she said miserably, and then she tells her story.

Her eyes were on the ground, and she did not see the curious light in his.

"It is odd there was exactly the £50 you wanted, no more, no less," he observed quietly, to her astonishment.

"There was something else," she answered, "a—"

But he interrupted her:
"A shilling and four pennies were in it as well; the purse was green worked with black, and A. K. was stamped in gold in one corner."

"A K.," she cried. "Arthur King! It was your purse. Oh, let me go! Let me go, let me never see you again!" He held her firmly.

"My darling, the money is nothing to me in comparison with what you have suffered. I am glad you had the money, glad that through me you were able to give your aunt a little happiness at the end. And for yourself, Kitty, you must be happy again now. After all, you used my money, and it is only fair you should give me something in exchange."

"I have nothing to give, at least hardly anything. I have only been able to save £10. Oh, Arthur, how you must hate me!"

"I don't want money, Kitty. You can give me the only thing in the world that I want, and that is—"

She looked at him in wonderment. "Yourself," he finished, and she said no more.—New York News.

This Snake Tried to Stop a Train.
A monster rattlesnake was run over and killed by a railroad engine near Lufkin, Texas. The engineer saw the snake 100 yards before he struck it and says it struck at the engine. It measured six and one-half feet from tip to tip.

Consumptives in Germany.
There are in the German empire 226,000 persons afflicted with pulmonary consumption and other forms of tuberculous diseases.

Charity is the cream of the milk of human kindness.

A WASHINGTON EDUCATION.

Effect Upon the Country Lad of a Government "Job."

In the country towns throughout the States and Territories, a government job in Washington, be the term ever so brief is the goal of more than one youthful ambition, and in the eyes of most small town folk the chief end, use and purpose of a Representative or a Senator is to secure as many "snaps" of this sort as he can for those who elected him. Thus it is that in all of the departments of the government located in this city, there are some several thousands of young men and young women from the country districts and small towns who are serving the government in every capacity, from a laborer to doorkeeper. They are here, some of them, for six months, and others for four years, during which they learn more from practical experience and observation than they would, in double the same period in any college or university.

Even at the worst, the young man from a small town who has served the government in Washington returns to his home at the end of his term of service more liberal minded, better informed, more refined in manners, and of better address than when he left. It is a distinct gain all around, and in this way the capital goes more toward educating the masses and fitting young people for the duties and demands of modern civilized life than all the universities combined.

The young man who comes to this city from some small town is at once thrown in contact with people from every quarter of the United States, as well as from abroad, people of every shade of religious faith and political creed, so that one of the very first things that he learns on reaching the capital is that toleration and respect for the beliefs and opinions of others is one of the abiding virtues of the modern man of the world.

He soon finds that his own narrow field of thought and the everlasting round of discussion of things religious and political of those of his native village do not interest the people whom he meets in the capital and who live in a larger world, and, finally, when his term has ended, he returns home with higher aims, disatisfied with his own lack of knowledge and information.

The "gub'ment job" has been the best thing that ever happened to him; it has awakened him to a sense of his own shortcomings, and of how little he really knew and amounted to. When he tries once more to settle down to the old life, the ambitions that have sprouted and taken root in his mind during his sojourn in the capital spur him forward to higher and better things that otherwise would never have occurred to him.

Thus, while the universities are finishing those whose minds were first stirred to action by a short stay in the capital, the government and the City of Washington, combined, have quietly and slowly come to be the greatest educational factor and institution in America. Not only are those who spend a short time in this city in the employ of the government improved, but they carry improvement back with them to their native villages, where they act as a healthy and wholesome leaven to the dull and lethargic life of their neighbors. Carnegie and others may endow scholarships, but nothing will ever equal the government and Washington as popular educators.—Washington Post.

SHOWING DOGS.

How Amateur Breeders Make Their Worst Mistakes.

There is no reason why any woman well informed as to dogs should not win her fair share of honors. One great trouble with women exhibitors (and not a few men) is lack of judgment where a favorite dog is concerned. Some one gives them, or they buy, a puppy from a well-known kennel, and, of course, the puppy has a pedigree. To a novice, pedigree is about all that is thought to be necessary. So soon as the puppy is old enough it is sent to a big show, where its owner calmly, or otherwise, awaits the blue ribbon, which, in her case, she confidently believes to be her undoubted due. In about ninety-nine cases, this particular canine marel does not even get a plain "C." Whereupon the confident owner gets tearful or furious or both.

Pedigree must be supported by individual quality in order to win on the bench. The unbiased and trained eyes of the judge are looking for quality, which must be present if an animal is to win. In the judge's mind is a picture of the ideal perfect dog, as set forth by the adopted standard for that particular breed, and only animals rather closely approaching that trait to serious consideration. Few green owners rightly understand this scoring, and fewer yet can fairly judge their own dogs, because they are so fond of the animals as to be blind to what may be glaring imperfections.—From the breeding and Showing of Dogs by Women, by Miss Lillian C. Moeran, in *Outing*.

A Newspaper Slot Machine.

A. D. Smith, of Springfield, Ill., is the inventor of a newspaper slot machine which can be regulated to hold ten or more papers. It shows, by a dial, how many papers have been sold.—Success.

Many a boy who gave promise of developing into a good fellow has grown up to be a respectable, useful member of the community.

Any doctor who told you that a lingering illness only comes to the people who have money.



CARE OF PIGS.

Pigs when fed ground barley, oats, rye and shorts mixed will grow right along and when put on corn alone will fatten rapidly. They ought to be ready for market when about eight months old and will weigh from 300 to 350 pounds apiece if of good size.

TO PREVENT BLOATING.

A writer in *Dairy and Creamery* says he lets his stock run on rape or clover when they will, and as long as they are to, and has no trouble from bloat. His method of prevention is to place lumps of rock salt at convenient points in the field, and let the cattle know where they are. They will eat and then take a taste of the salt, and there is no further trouble. Some of his neighbors have adopted the same plan with the same results. We remember hearing an old doctor say that there was no better remedy for a case of indigestion, when it was accompanied by bloating and gas in the stomach, than a teaspoonful of common salt in a glass of water. It is simple and inexpensive which would condemn it to many.

TO STRATIFY GINSENG SEED.

Remove the bottom from a wooden box and in its place nail on fine wire netting. Take sand and leaf mold, equal parts, and sift them through a sieve too fine to let the seed pass through. Put an inch of this mixture in the bottom. Then mix with the berries three times their bulk of sand and leaf mold, put this in the box and cover with leaf mold and sand two inches deep. Fasten over the top a piece of wire netting to allow a free circulation of air, and keep out mice and let in water. Bury the box under a tree or in the shade, but never store in a cellar.

The box should be sunk even with the surface of the ground and will need no watering unless in case of drought. Allow the box to remain for one year, and as winter approaches cover it with leaves. When the time comes to sow the seed, sift the contents of the box through a sieve that is too fine to let the seed pass through. After sifting the seed it should be sown at once, or repacked in the leaf mold and sand.—John Fraser in *American Agriculturist*.

OILING THE HARNESS.

As this is the time of year for farmers and all owners of horses to oil harnesses so as to keep them soft and pliable, I thought I would give some experience on that line.

Take a common sized sheet iron washing tub and fill two or three inches deep with oil, such as is generally used for oiling binders and mowers, that will cost twenty to forty cents a gallon, and would require about two or three gallons to a tub. Dip all parts of harness, bridles, lines and other leather, so as to cover well in the oil, allowing time to get well saturated say five to ten minutes. After which hang up over the tub to drip, and when dripped off rub well all parts with any kind of a coarse cloth, and the harness will be as soft and pliable as a cloth. No fears of mice ever eating harness oiled with machine oil. If leather is much dirty it should be washed and well dried before oiling, and what oil is left can be juggled up and kept for another oiling. It will be seen that the cost is but little as compared with the benefit in the leather saving. The tub can be washed out and be none the worse for the oiling.—Henry Baker, in *Indiana Farmer*.

PHOSPHORIC ACID.

If you notice the analysis of a fertilizer you will usually find two or more quantities of phosphoric acid given. As a rule, it goes something like this: Available phosphoric acid, — per cent.; unavailable phosphoric acid, — per cent.; total phosphoric acid, — per cent.; the last being the sum of the other two.

The available is all that is usually to be considered in buying, for it is that which can be readily used by the plants. At least that is what we have been taught; but recent investigations have shown that the unavailable, or more properly, insoluble phosphoric acid may be used to a greater or less extent by various plants. As most of the phosphates have been used on cereals, and as the insoluble phosphoric acid is of almost no benefit to them, it was quite natural to conclude that it was of little or no value. Experiments have shown, however, that by some crops a large part of it may be used. Lupines, buckwheat and turnips are some of these crops. On clover the reports are as yet rather conflicting. The Co-nel station reports the insoluble phosphoric acid as of no value, while the Maine station says that, while the young clover could not use it, the mature plants seemed to profit decidedly by it. As very little work has been done along this line, it is not safe to accept any report as final. As the insoluble phosphoric acid can be sought for about one-third as much as the soluble, it will be seen that for some crops the use of raw phosphoric rock and other sources of the insoluble form might be highly profitable. Except for those crops, however, which have been definitely proved to be able to utilize the insoluble, it is the wise plan to regard only the soluble, or available form of the phosphoric acid when buying fertilizers.—E. E. Miller, in *The Epitomist*.

RESTOCKING WINTER DAIRY.

Will it pay to purchase good milk cows at present high prices for restocking the dairy? Every dairyman is confident that the price of butter next winter is bound to be higher than for years past. The high prices which ruled last spring, and to some extent all summer, means that the storage companies have not put away their usual amount of butter for winter consumption. Likewise the big creameries have parted with their June butter more sparingly than usual in anticipation of high winter prices. All this points toward a profitable winter of dairying, and the dairyman who is amply provided with good milk cows and an abundance of the right winter food will make a successful season. Of course a good many were induced to part with their milk cows last spring, because of the high prices they could obtain and the relative cost of feeding them; but the discreet, intelligent dairyman rather holds and increases his herd at such times, for he realizes that the dairy products will in time prove more profitable than selling the animals. Next fall milk cows suitable only for summer dairying will sell ten to twenty per cent. lower than last spring. It will cost too much to winter them when they are not making any adequate returns. But the winter dairy cow will prove a veritable gold mine. All the past spring and summer a neighboring farmer has been quietly purchasing good winter milk cows, paying from \$35 to \$50 per head. These he is preparing for winter dairying, and he is quietly laying in sufficient food to keep them through the winter. This food consists for the most part of good ensilage, plenty of clover and timothy hay, and a mixed variety of grain. He expects to get from thirty-five to forty cents per pound for his butter, and possibly more for the choice prints which he sells only direct to the consumers. The average consumer much prefers fresh print butter to storage creamery, and it is only a question of price with many. With plenty of food it will be possible to furnish this butter at a big profit, and I have no doubt but my neighbor will make a most successful winter of his dairying.—E. P. Smith, in *American Cultivator*.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Only by practical experience in the selling of milk, under a law regulating the sale, have dairymen realized the fact that it is impossible to produce uniform grades of milk. Even the laws created through their influence have become obnoxious to them. The mistake has been in demanding a regulation for which they were not prepared and of which they were not aware until they felt its application. They did not realize that the uniform standard of milk should call for the uniformity of the cows and of the food. Milk is a product the quality of which is beyond the control of the dairyman, unless he begins at the source and regulates the breeding of his stock and the selection of the food from which the milk is produced. To fix the proportions of solids is to shut out the milk from certain cows that cannot come up to the standard, though such cows may be the largest producers in the herd.

Another problem to deal with is that the solids are not uniform in the relative proportion of fat, casein, etc., and the value of the solids depends upon the preferences of the buyer. The fat in the milk is the portion that gives the greatest value yet the purchaser, while being guarded in securing the proper proportion of solids, may receive all that he expected and yet not receive milk as rich in cream as his neighbor who procured milk containing the same proportion of solid matter. While it may be the case that milk is fully up to all the requirements of the law, yet the purchaser will be no wiser than before. In fact, even the dairyman cannot guarantee a certain grade of milk daily, as its quality is not fully within his control. To estimate milk by the relative proportion of solids and liquids does not regulate its quality, as milk is too variable in its composition, while the characteristic of each cow affects the product. Milk can be watered through the agency of the cow as well as at the pump.

That portion of the milk, the cream—which is most valuable in market—is really not as valuable as the casein so far as the object of the consumption of milk is concerned. A quart of skim-milk contains a larger proportion of the nutritive elements than an equal quart of cream, as cream is almost entirely heat-producing and fat-forming, while the elements of growth, nitrogen and mineral matter, are contained in the skim-milk. The production of one quart of skim-milk takes from the soil a larger amount of fertility than many times the same quantity of cream. The real richest milk is that containing the largest proportion of nitrogen and mineral matter, but consumers gauge the quality by the proportion of cream, which is the least expensive article in the milk. There is probably no known method of protection other than to endeavor to patronize those who keep choice stock, for it is to the kind of cow that one must look for the quality of the milk.—Philadelphia Record.

An Excessive Rate.

In Moscow a money lender, the owner of several houses and stables, was sentenced recently to four months' imprisonment for lending money at the enormous rate of 182 per cent.—Boston Globe.

Americans spend about four million dollars a year in Paris. So says the *Petit Parisien*.

Household Column

DETECTING SPURIOUS LINEN.
If you are buying handkerchiefs, you may make sure of their being linen or not by a very simple process. Moisten the tip of one of your fingers and then press it on the handkerchief. If it wets through at once, the fabric is linen, but if it is cotton several seconds will elapse before the threads are saturated.

THE PARLOR SET.
While the parlor set is hopelessly out of date if one were going to make new purchases, yet if one has such a set it can be much changed and made really attractive by altering and varying their covering. Have a decided yet harmonious difference in both coloring and stuff of the various pieces, set them out from the wall and introduce some plants and jardiniere and see what a modernizing metamorphosis has taken place.

A BEDROOM SEAT.
A seat built into the angle of a corner is a great convenience in a bedroom. With a wide, roomy seat, say about 24 inches, and a number of cushions, it is a very comfortable lounging place, while if hung with a valance in front or made so the front will drop, if all wood, is a very convenient stowing place for books, magazines, shoes, etc.

THE FLOOR.
After a long and hard struggle for supremacy the bare floor with rugs has become the established fact, and solved the problem in favor of sanitation, beauty and easier housework, although the bare floor, like the carpeted one, has to be kept clean at the price of energy and watchfulness.

Quite a good second best to the hardwood floor, waxed and polished, is the stained or painted floor, if the cracks have been filled with a pulp made by boiling shredded newspapers in strong alum water, a task the amateur can perform to her entire satisfaction.

BUREAU DRAWER HINTS.

"It seemed to me," said Mr. Billtops, "that I had never known a drawer to stick so in all my experience. I got hold of both handles squarely and fairly, braced my knees against the next drawer under that one, and pulled as hard as I could, and couldn't budge it."

"Then I tried to work it out, pulling first at one end and then at the other. I could start either end a little, but that's all; I'd get about a half an inch on it, and that's all I could get. Then I tried pounding on it the way you do on car windows when they stick, but it was no use; couldn't move it. After that I tried the straight pull on it again. I did juggle some things off the top of it, and then I was meditating on going for the axe, when Mrs. Billtops, passing the door, looked in."

"Is the drawer locked, Ezra" she said.

"And the drawer was locked. The key was in the lock and somebody, I or somebody, had some time or other turned it, and it had never occurred to me to try it now. In fact, I never thought anything about the key, or the lock at all, one way or the other; but when I had turned that key the drawer opened just as easy. And I made up my mind that hereafter the first thing I should always do when I came across a bureau drawer that stuck would be to see if it wasn't locked."—Chicago Journal.

RECIPES.

Cream Corn Meal Puffs.—Sift together one and one-half cupsful of corn meal, one and one-half cupsful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and half a cup of sugar; beat the yolks of two eggs; add to them one cupful of cream and stir into the dry mixture; beat well and add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff; lastly, stir in two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in buttered gem pans, filling them two-thirds full; bake twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.

Cream of Rice With Compote of Pears.—Cook half a cup of rice in three cupsful of milk. When tender add the yolks of five eggs beaten with a cup of sugar and a cup of milk. Add to this half a package of gelatine softened in cold water. Turn into a basin and let cool, stirring carefully as it begins to stiffen. Then fold in a pint of whipped cream and flavor with vanilla or cherry wine. Turn into a mold and set away to harden. Serve with compote of pears for a garnish.

Crabapple Pickle.—Cut out the blossom end, but leave the apple whole weight and add half the weight in sugar, enough good vinegar to almost cover and a small quantity of whole spices tied up in small pieces of muslin. Boil the apples until they are tender and then let them cool and they are ready for use.

Rice Snow Balls.—Wash very thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of rice and boil it in one teaspoonful of water and one of milk with a little salt. If the rice is not tender when the milk and water are absorbed, add a little more milk and water. When the rice is tender flavor with vanilla, form it into balls or mold it into a compact form with little cups. Place these rice balls round the inside of a deep dish, fill the dish with a rich, soft custard and serve either hot or cold. The custard and balls should be flavored with the same.

The Ability to Argue.

Though some people have plenty of ability to argue, it doesn't necessarily follow that they have the power to convince.—New York News.