## THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

for the black man he had disappeared. Tom Walker never returned to fore-

close the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp re-

ported that in the height of the thunder

gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howing along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just

shortly after a thunderbolt fell in that

direction which seemed to set the whole

and goblins and tricks of the devil in all

kinds of shapes from the first settlement

charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds

and mortgages were found reduced to

cinders. In place of gold and silver, his

iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable

Trustees were appointed to take

manner:

# and worst and Tom Walker. ... By WASHINGTON INVING.

A few miles from Boston, in Massa-estis, there is a deep inlet, winding sev-eral miles into the interior of the coun-try from Charles bay and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or moruss. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove, on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge on which grow a few scat-tered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd, the pirate, buried his treasure. The in-let allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good lookout to be kept that no one was at hand, while the rkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager, miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miser able horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of mose, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence look niteously d over the fence, look piteously at the passer by, and seem to petition de-liverance from this land of famine. The ouse and its inmates had altogether a had name. Fom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue and strong of arm. Her voice was often and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her hus-band; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not con-fined to words. No one ventured, how-ever, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper claw-ing; eved the den of discord askance and ing: eyed the den of discord askance and hurried on his way rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy. One day that Tom Walker had been to

a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high, which made it dark at noon day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses, where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull beau difference of the bull frog, and the water snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators sleeping in the mire. Toth had long been picking his way

next term in tuft to tuft of rushes and th afforded precarious foot-

name of Crowninshield; and he recol-lected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by businessing

which it was whispered he had acquired by buccancering. "He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter." "But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?" "The right of price abin "caid the

"to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?" "The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white faced race put foot upon the soil." "And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom. "Oh, I go by various names. I am tho Wild Huntsman in some countries, the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woods-man. I am he to whom the red men de-

known by the name of the Black Woods-man. I am he to whom the red men de-voted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of Quakers and Ana-baptists: I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches." "The upshot of all which is that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you

mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod. Such was the opening of this inter-view, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and carnest conversa-tion together, as Tom returned home-wards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kild the pirate under the oak trees on the bigh ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him, but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view, When they had reached the edge of the

swamp the stranger paused. "What proof bave I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom. "There is my signature," said the



black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forchead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until be totally disappeared. When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate. The first news board at was the S. Stewars wife had to tell him

I a sauden death of Absalom Crown-inshield, the rich buccaneer. It was an-

screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woful sight found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it. Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably at-tempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however, from the part that

have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however, from the part that remained unconquered. Indeed, it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and soveral handfuls of hair that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoul-ders as be looked at the signs of a fierce clapper clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

tough time of It!" Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife; for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, theredone him a kindness. He sought, there-fore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him, but for some time without suc-cess; the old black legs played shy, for, whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his came

length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's engerness to the quick and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treas-ure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his ax his shoulder, sauntering along the

edge of the swamp and humining a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies and went on humming his tune. By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the

former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally under stood in all cases where the devil grants favors, but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the moncy found through his means should be employed in his service. He caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort, and that proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; forest in a blaze. The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches he was bad enough, in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt

him to turn slave dealer. Finding Tom so squeamlsh on this point, he did not insist upon it, but pro-posed instead that he should turn usurer; of the colony, that they were not so much horror struck as might have been ex-

the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people. To this no objections were made, for it

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man. "Til do it to-morrow if you wish," said

Tom Walker. "You shall lend money at 2 per cent. a

month. "Egad, I'll charge 41" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bank-

"I'll drive him to the d-1," cried Tom Walker, cagerly, "You are the usurer for my money!"

said the black legs, with delight. "When will you want the rhino?" "This very night."

"Done!" said the devil. "Done!" said Tom Walker. So they

shook hands and struck a bargain. A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend

money out for a good consideration, soon 1.00 spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, w

the days of Governor Peterer, we money was particularly scarce, it wto. had been deluged with prin The country the famous 1 and bank had been estab-lished; there had been a rage for specu-lating; the people had run mad with echemotic for more settlements for build schemes for new settlements: for build-ing cities in the wilderness, land jobbers

teast so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE. On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder gust was

PLANS THAT ARE ARTISTIC, CON-VENIENT AND ECONOMICAL

Here Are Designs for a Picturesque Lit Cottage That, It Is Claimed, Can Be Put Up for 8600-A Fine Looking House for 81.800.

just as a terrible black thunder gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting house in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had pro-fessed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day. "My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom, "I must take care of myself in these hard times." There has never been a time in the history of man's civilization when the building of houses for homes received so much attention as now. It is becoming the ambition of every man, no matter what his financial level, to own his own home, and the various forms of co-operative real estate buying and building—the loan association and the like— have rendered if for more fourth the like hard times." "You have made so much meney out have rendered it far more feasible than in have rendered it far more feasible than in the past for every man to realize this most iaudable desire. The results are marvelous. Neat, tasteful and artistic bouses are spring-ing up everywhere. The landlord's occupa-tion in many cases is gone. The wage earner, the small business man and the professional man are now their own landlords to an ex-tent that would have been deemed impossible thirty, twenty, nay, five years ago. And not the least gratifying feature of this state of affairs is the fact that it causes every man to give attention to the affairs of his own "You have made so much meney out of me," said the speculator. Tom lost his patience and his plety— "The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!" Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and noting a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience. "Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried when the metric be the state bout to to give attention to the affairs of his own community. He is a tax payer-why should he not concern bimself with the administration of the government of his town, his vil-

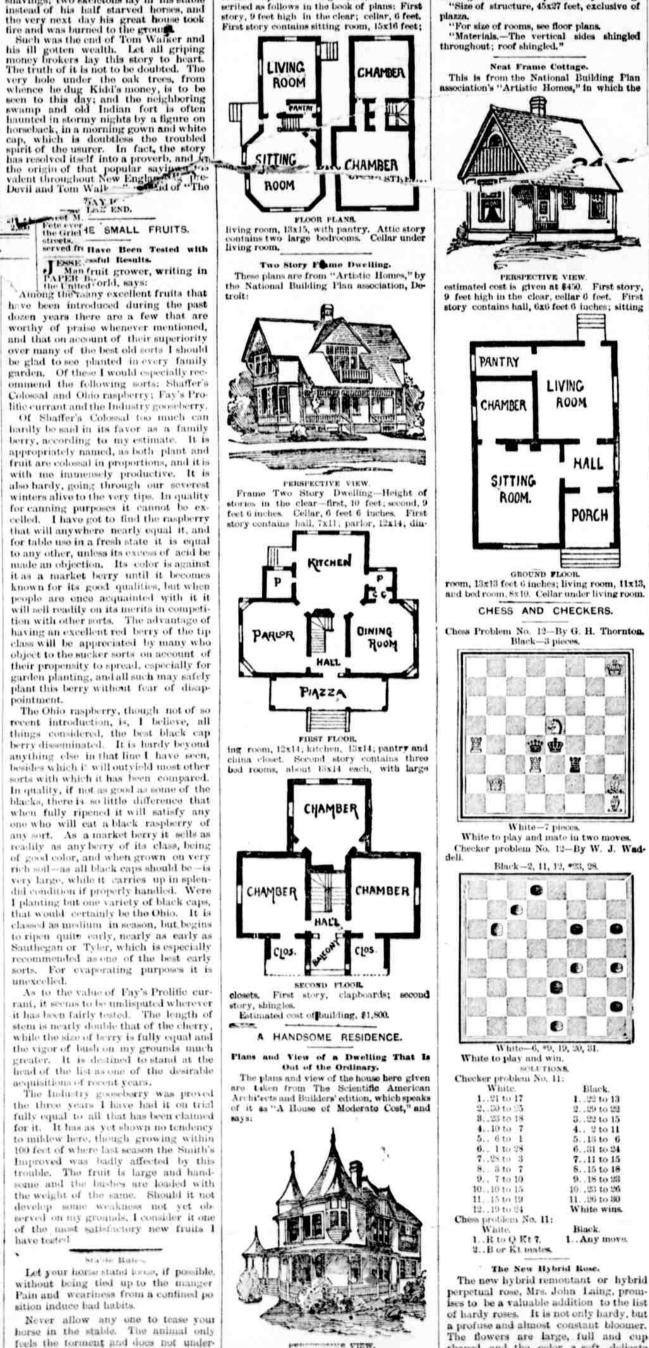
under the mortgage he was about to foreclose; never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him tion of the government of his town, his vil-lage, his city! Let the good work go on. Let the people of this country become a people of home own-ers, independent and self respecting. Nothing can more certainly conduce to the greatness of the country as a whole; nothing will more certainly tend to render solid the foundations of one whole water and the institulike a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens be-hind their cars and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the street; his white cap of peace, public prosperity and the institu-tions of the general government. bobbing up and down, his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look

The publishers of this paper, recognizing all this, have decided to furnish its readers with a series of designs and plans for houses of va-rying cost, from the cottage of a few hundred dollars' expense to the elegant villa. It is ex-pected that the plans will combine economy, convenience and beauty. They have been so-lected from a number of standard sources and an estimate of cost will be given in each case, though this is an element that must necessarily vary greatly in different localities.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

Detroit, Mich., a publication from which we shall draw quite liberally. The estimated cost of the completed building is \$600, and it is de cribed as follows in the book of plans: First story, 9 feet high in the clear; cellar, 6 feet,



plazza.

"For size of rooms, see floor plans. "Materials.—The vertical sides shingled throughout; roof shingled."

This is from the National Building Plan association's "Artistic Homes," in which the



estimated cost is given at \$450. First story 9 feet high in the clear, cellar 6 feet. First story contains hall, 6x6 feet 6 inches; sitting

SITTING

ROOM.

GROUND FLOOR

Black-3 pieces,

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White-6, \*9, 19, 20, 31

BOLUTIONS.

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White-7 pieces.

Black-2, 11, 19, #23, 28.

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# THE CZARS VACATION.

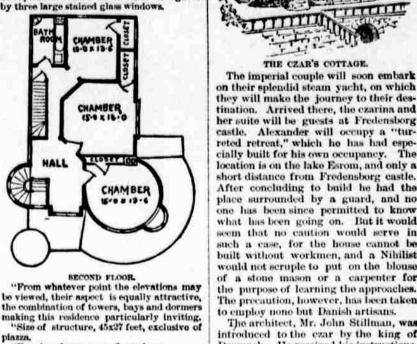
HE WILL ENJOY THE WARM WEATH-ER ON A DANISH ISLAND.

He Has Had a Cottage "Fixed Up" Just to Suit Ilim, and Here Is a Picture Showing Just How the Domicile Will

The czar of Russia is going to spend the summer in the Danish Isles. Many years ago, on the morning the czarina left the old castle of Fredensborg as a bride, she scratched on the window of her boudoir: "My beloved Fredensborg, farewell." Since then, as often as possible, she has returned to her beloved Fredensborg to spend a few weeks with her father and mother, the king and queen of Denmark. There both the czar and ozarina feel a safety that is a stranger to them in Russia, where the dreaded Nihilist is everywhere and they know not whom to trust.

FIRST FLOOR "A plazza encircles the parlor, and on the right of the entrance the piazza roof termi-nates in a small circular tower; a seat under this provides a pleasant lookout. "On the second floor the principal chamber

into a tower. There are two other good sized chambers and a bath room. The front hall on this floor is of large dimensions, with square bay to the front and seat therein. The spiral staircase from this hall is lighted by three large stained glass windows.



Neat Frame Cottage.

LIVING

ROOM

HALL

PORCH

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2...29 to 23

3...93 to 15

4., 2 to 11

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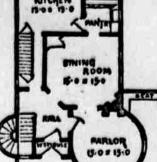
White wins,

Black.

1. Any move

Mr. Stillman admits to electric devices of various sorts and a secret communication with Fredensborg castle. In addition to these trap doors and sliding panels with which the imagination endows the house, the approaches will be carefully watched by the imperial body guard which has in its keeping the sacr

arrangement of rooms. The partor is almost circular in form, and is connected to the dis-ing room by a sliding door; open fireplaces are in both rooms. Access from front to rear is gained without making a thoroughfare of any of the rooms, and when the passage doors are closed the kitchen is entirely cut off from the form are closed the kitchen is entired the front portion of the house. 



PINZZA

is also circular, with a circular bay rising

they will make the journey to their des-tination. Arrived there, the czarina and her suite will be guests at Fredensborg castle. Alexander will occupy a "turreted retreat," which he has had especially built for his own occupancy. The location is on the lake Esrom, and only a short distance from Fredensborg castle. After concluding to build he had the place surrounded by a guard, and no one has been since permitted to know what has been going on. But it would seem that no caution would serve in such a case, for the house cannot be built without workmen, and a Nihilist would not scruple to put on the blouse of a stone mason or a carpenter for

THE CZAR'S COTTAGE.

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the purpose of learning the approaches. The precaution, however, has been taken to employ none but Danish artisans. The architect, Mr. John Stillman, was

introduced to the czar by the king of Denmark. He received his instructions, proceeded with his work, and the summer cottage was built. The architect has recently come to America, and has' given the plans for publication. This indicates the futility of European monarchs trying to keep their secrets. Still the architect has declared that, there are

"special features in the construction of the walk s and ground work" about which feels it his duty to remain silent. What are these "special features?" One fancies secret passages, paneled doors, and doubtless holes in the floor through which the hunted czar may disappear before the astonished Nihilist who has succeeded in gaining access to him, and sees him vanish in the smoke of the bomb that bursts a moment too late.

The va cat, among the property and Philadelphia, in an the property and game, Jes; startled now and then by

Colan screaming of the bittern, or adding of a wild duck, rising on luck, I hat from some solitary pool. At birthamne arrived at a piece of firm high, f, which ran out like a peninsula ee' kno deep bosom of the swamp. It Indians during their wars with the first Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked up as almost impregnable, and had used n place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the sur-rounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp. It was late in the dusk of evening that

Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for awhile to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, mela place, for the common people had a less opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages fices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker owever, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mold at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mold, and o! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had clapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary me-mento of the fierce trouble that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors. "Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he

gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff

40 pounds on 's eyes and beheld a Mr. marnial, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was ex-ceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sish swathed round his body, but his face

was neither black nor copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of course black hair, that stood out from his laad in all directions; and bore an ax on his shoulder

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes. "What are you doing in my grounds?"

said the black man, with a hoarse growl-

ing voice. "Your grounds?" said Tom, with a eer: "no more your grounds than ine: they belong to Deacon Peabody." "Deacon Peabody be d-d," said the

stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and tess to his neighbor's. Look yonder and see how Deacon Peabody is faring." Tom looked in the direction that the

stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the now looked round and tound the some fall trees marked with the names of some great men of the colony, and all meaner e had been scated, and which had evi-

dently just been hewn down, bore the

nounced in the papers with the usual flourish that "a great man had fallen in Israel.'

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom: "who cares?" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion. He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an un-easy secret, he willingly shared it with All ber avarice was awakened at mention of hidden gold, and she the urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and securo would make them wealthy for life However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere epirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined o drive the bargain on her own account. and if she succeeded to keep all the gain

to herself. Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she sat off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer' day. She was many hours absent. When she camo back she was reserved and sul-

len in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about vilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was he forbore to say. The next evening she sat off again for

the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, n night returned, but still she did come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons and every portable article value. Another night elapsed another morning came, but no wife. In a word, the was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows in consequence of so many pretend-ing to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough: others, more uncharitable hinted that she had cloped with the household booty and made off to some other province, while others asserted that the tempter had decoyed her into a diswhile others asserted that mal quagmire, on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this it was said a great black man with an as on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, car-rying a bundle tied in a check apron,

with an air of surly triumph. The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he sat out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice as he flew screaming by, or the bullfrog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the rown hour of twilight, when the owly began to hoot and the bats to flit about. his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of a tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, ceping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables. "Let us get hold of the property," said

he consolingly to himself, "and we will enteavor to do without the woman."

As in scrambled up the tree the vulture served its wide wings and sailed off went about with maps of grants and townships and Eldorados lying nobody knew where, but which everywas ready to purchase. body word, the great speculating fever which breaksout every now and then in the country had raged to an alarming de gree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had cone off and the imaginary fortunes with it, the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of 'hard times."

At this propitions time of public dis-trees did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon througed by customers. The needy and the adventurous, the gambling speculator, the dreaming land jobber, the thriftless tradesman, the merchant with cracked credit, in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proper tion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages, gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer. and sent them at length dry as a sponge from his door. In this way he made money hand over

hand, became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house out of ostentation, but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his valiglory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it, and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axletrees you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he

was squeezing. As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, of a sudden, a violent church goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward were struck with self reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new made con-Tom was as rigid in religvert.

ious as in money matters; he was stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account becaue a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of Quakers and Anabap-tists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as

notorious as his riches. Still, in spite of all this strenuous at-tention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio Bible in his counting house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when peo-ple called on business; on such occasions ie would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain. Some say that Tom grew a little crack brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried

with his feet uppermost, because he sup-posed that at the last day the world would se turned upside down, in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a more old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous: at

corthy of praise whenever mentioned and that on account of their superiority over many of the best old sorts I should be glad to see planted in every family earden. Of these I would especially recommend the following sorts: Shaffer's Colossal and Ohio raspberry: Fay's Pro-

TAY END.

The Grief IE SMALL FRUITS.

lific currant and the Industry gooseberry. Of Shaffer's Colossal too much can hardly be said in its favor as a family berry, according to my estimate. It is appropriately named, as both plant and fruit are colossal in proportions, and it is with me immensely productive. It is also hardy, going through our severest winters alive to the very tips. In quality for canning purposes it cannot be excelled. I have got to find the raspherry that will anywhere nearly equal it, and for table use in a fresh state it is equal to any other, unless its excess of acid be made an objection. Its color is against it as a market berry until it becomes known for its good qualities, but when people are once acquainted with it it will sell readily on its merits in competition with other sorts. The advantage of having an excellent red berry of the tip class will be appreciated by many who object to the sucker sorts on account of their propensity to spread, especially for garden planting, and all such may safely plant this berry without fear of disappointment.

The Ohio raspberry, though not of so recent introduction, is, I believe, all things considered, the best black can berry disseminated. It is hardy beyond anything else in that line I have seen, besides which it will outyield most other sorts with which it has been compared. In quality, if not as good as some of the blacks, there is so little difference that when fully ripened it will satisfy any

one who will cat a black raspberry of any sort. As a market berry it sells as readily as any berry of its class, being of good color, and when grown on very rich soil-as all black caps should be-is very large, while it carries up in splenlid condition if properly handled. Were I planting but one variety of black caps, that would certainly be the Ohio. It is classed as medium in season, but begins to ripen quite early, nearly as early as Sauthegan or Tyler, which is especially recommended as one of the best early sorts. For evaporating purposes it is unexcelled.

As to the value of Fay's Prolific currant, it seems to be undisputed wherever it has been fairly tested. The length of stem is nearly double that of the cherry, while the size of berry is fully equal and the vigor of bush on my grounds much greater. It is destined to stand at the head of the list as one of the desirable acquisitions of recent years.

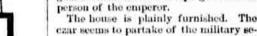
The Industry gooseberry was proved the three years I have had it on trial fully equal to all that has been claimed It has as yet shown no tendency for it. to mildew here, though growing within 100 feet of where last season the Smith's Improved was badly affected by this trouble. The fruit is large and handsome and the bushes are loaded with the weight of the same. Should it not develop some weakness not yet observed on my grounds, I consider it one of the most satisfactory new fruits I have tested

### bria'ter Bligte-

Let your house stand tonse, if possible, without being tied up to the manger Pain and weariness from a confined po sition induce bad habits.

Never allow any one to tense your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke.

"Production the last story shares will "how most



czar seems to partake of the military severity to which the Emperor William of Germany subjected himself. There is the camp cot in all the simplicity of an officer in the field; a chair and a desk. It is said that the czar is so restless that he often arises at night to write dispatches, which are sent off at once by courier. He also orders that he be awakened without delay when dispatches arrive. In war time a general in the field might do this, though unless the matter were very urgent he would probably have it laid aside till morning; but the ruler of all the Russias must be extremely nervous as to the state of his empire to give orders that he should be roused on the arrival of telegrams. If he is so unquiet beyond the land of the Nihilist, what must he be when he is at St. Petersburg?

Alexander is quite a sportsman, and enjoys starting out in the morning with a cavalcade of relatives and members of the court of Denmark to hunt deer in the woods and moors of northern Zealand. He also loves to walk, though one would fancy the espionage necessary to a ruler whom thousands of his subjects are desirous to kill would detract from the pleasure of a stroll. At any rate he has often walked from Fredensborg to Elsinore, going over the ground that Hamlet walked. There is a story that the czar once induced the Princess Maria of Orleans to take this walk with him-a pretty good jaunt for a lady, since it is seven miles. The princess got as far as Snekkersten, which is a mile from Elsinore, and could go no further. There was no conveyance to be had, so the czar picked her up in his arms and carried her the rest of the way. This he doubtless did without much trouble, since the Romanoff's are stalwart men. A fine specimen will be remembered by those who saw the strapping Alexis, the czar's brother, when he was in America nearly twenty years ago.

Perhaps the Nihilists will let the czar enjoy a vacation. He has certainly earned it, considering the anxiety he has suffered in view of the recent discovery of the extension of Nihilism among the officers of the army. At any rate, in his summer cottage, there is not the space to guard as in the Winter palace, and perhaps the Nihilist will wait till the monarch returns to his beloved Russia.

#### Protection for Young Trees.

We glean the annoxed paragraph from Garden and Forest on "Protection of Young Trees." This is often needed, particularly on the surface of the soil, and for several reasons: To prevent the soil from freezing too deeply; to prevent heaving; to prevent too great drying of the surface by the winter winds; to keep trees from swaying in soft weather and forming funnels about the base which collect water. A mound of earth about the tree is good. Some mulch, in which mice will not nest, is good. Snow is excellent when it can be held. To hold it. dump a load of manure in a pile on the windward side of the tree, three or four feet from it. Snow will drift over the pile and persist about the tree.

The New Hybrid Rose. The new hybrid remontant or hybrid perpetual rose, Mrs. John Laing, promises to be a valuable addition to the list of hardy roses. It is not only hardy, but a profuse and almost constant bloomer. The flowers are large, full and cup shaped, and the color a soft, delicate pink. It possesses a delightful fragrance, without which no rose is perfect.

Common Sense in the Corn Field. T. B. Terry, one of Ohio's most succossful corn growers, says: "Work corn as deeply as possible at first; after that, not over two inches deep, ending up with even shallower cultivation, so as not to disturb the roots. Numerous examples were given, at the institutes, where loss had come from deep tillage, particularly in a dry time, and where great success had come from shallow culture. This is in accordance with common sense,"