

EXPERIENCE.

In the sunny years of youth, When we battled for the truth, Daring danger, toil, and wrath, Hope was flashing o'er our path.

"GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

BY A. H. STERNE.

You see, it all happened this way: Nick Weybridge had been waiting at the Grand Central Depot for the arrival of the western express, by which was due his old chum, Reggie Bell.

"What's that about Belle?" fluted forth a sudden sweet voice. Sulky Nick looked up and beheld two big velvety brown eyes smiling into his eyes.

"Why, what's the matter?" she went on. "You don't seem to know your own cousin." Then, with a charming pout, "I'm surely not grown so very old and hideous, Mort, that you can't recognize me!"

Here was evidently a big blunder. Deceived by some chance resemblance in feature, and misled by the chance remark about Bell which she had overheard and which she took as an allusion to herself, this charming stranger had mistaken Nick for some Western cousin she had come to meet.

"Well, my dear," as calmly as if he had known her from a child, "I waited and waited, and not seeing you, concluded you weren't going to turn up. But I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Oh, that'll be sent on after." "Well, come along then; the carriage is waiting."

"Whew!" whistled Nick, under his breath. "The carriage is waiting, eh? This is a high-flyer and no mistake. Wonder who the deuce she is—for that matter who am I, too? She's a thoroughbred, evidently; s'pose the 'dear defunct' was some bloated old bachelor who married her for the sake of her face."

"Oh, they're all right," answered the impostor with a vagueness perfectly touching in its infidelity.

"Poor, dear Edward's sister is stopping with me, you know, but she's out to-day, so we shall be all to ourselves to talk over old times. Won't it be jolly?"

"The way of the wicked man is hard. Nick found it extremely so, and he never enjoyed a good dinner less. The inevitable examination began. "I'll try murdering 'em," he thought.

"How's Zozo?" asked his unconscious torturer. "Zozo?" dubitatively. "Wonder who Zozo can be? So silly to give any one a name like that! S'pose it's a baby, I'll chance it, anyhow!"

"What do you mean, Mort? Scarlet fever! I never heard of a horse with scarlet fever."

"Great Scott!" groaned the pseudo Mort, "here's a how-de-do! Er—er—Oh, yes. Don't you know? Er—Horses often get scarlet fever, my dear, but of course you couldn't be expected to know that. Why, that bay mare father bought only last year—"

"You must be mad, Mort. Poor uncle has been dead these ten years. I don't understand you at all." And her frame shook with excitement.

"I'm awfully sorry, Belle, darling" (and the villain lingered over these words as over sweet morsels); "but didn't you hear of my terrific accident? I fell down an old quarry and hurt my head very badly. Why, at times, especially when I'm fagged a bit and bothered with questions, my mind becomes a perfect blank, and I make a horrible hodge-podge of everything. My head feels as though it would burst at this very minute."

"You were very impatient though, Mort—and stupid, too. So there! But I'll forgive you, dear. Where's your luggage?"

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Heigh, ho! I must make a clean breast of it to-morrow." With which virtuous resolution he turned in. But, alas, a day, Nick was a bold, bad man, and at heart quite unregenerate; so next day, instead of pleading guilty and throwing himself upon the mercy of the court, as he should have done, he lapsed into error and marched into my lady's bower with a consoling swag, which abated the moment he saw the inmate, for there was an ominous glitter in that little woman's eye that gave him goose-flesh.

"Good-day, sir," said Nemesis in a morning gown. "Kindly explain this to me." And she handed him a telegram.

"My dear Mrs.—er—er—er—Blank" (this in the most dryly comical way that made the widow, even in her anger, bite her lips to prevent a smile, and won a hearing for Nick). "My dear Mrs. Blank, I will offer no excuse for my abominable conduct and extraordinary tissues of lies, though I have one which ought to plead powerfully in my behalf."

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THE FARM AND GARDEN.

COPPERAS WATER. Five pounds of copperas (sulphate of iron) to forty gallons of water is not only a valuable disinfectant, but a fertilizer as well. It increases fruitfulness and earliness of the tomato, peach and other fruits, besides prolongs the season.

As a disinfectant about stables, chicken-houses and closets copperas is the cheapest and most reliable disinfectant known.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Never send a fowl to market unless it is in as fat condition as possible. If a fowl will take on an extra pound of flesh, it will pay to feed it well until it reaches that stage. The reason is that there is not only a gain in weight, but price. If a six-pound fowl, not in a choice condition, will bring ten cents per pound in the market, the extra pound may cause the fowl to sell for twelve cents per pound, being a gain of thirty-four cents for the whole, due to both increase of weight and better quality, while the food required for producing the extra pound may not cost six cents. Quality is a prime factor in the market poultry.—Farm and Fireside.

Somebody, whom one of our exchanges refers to as "a sensible writer," has been explaining in Horse and Stable, his method of handling horses so as to repress their evil tendencies and bring out their good qualities. Among other things he tells how to teach the horse to take the bit. He claims that by his system a horse that is hard to bridle will be so educated and subdued that "he will soon be as easily bridled as a cow."

Notwithstanding the use of the scythe has been so greatly superseded by machines and horse power, writes an Indiana farmer, I believe securing the hay crop is the hardest and most fatiguing work that is done on the farm. Of course, the warmer the day the faster the hay will cure, but this only makes the work the harder. The liability to thunder showers at this season is a source of continual anxiety when one has a large amount of grass down and half cured in which condition a wetting means a large decrease in its value.

DEAR MR. WEYBRIDGE—Out of my great mercy you are forgiven. I shall expect you to five o'clock tea. Yours, etc. "BELLE BRATHWAITE."

Nick went to that five o'clock tea and to many other five o'clock teas and other functions at the same address. The result of all these visits is that an argument has sprung up between them. Belle has been bitten by the sacred Egyptian bug that the Bernhardt brought over, and is mad to visit the Pyramids and the Nile cataracts, while Nick says that the "going" of Switzerland and Italy is the proper thing for a newly married couple.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

Vichy water is becoming a very popular drink," remarked a soda-water fountain attendant to a News reporter. "If it was only more palatable more of it would be drunk than of all the other waters combined. It possesses wonderful thirst assuaging properties, and is the favorite drink of all who are aware of this fact, among those being every physician whom I have ever seen drink at this fountain. They certainly would not use it unless the water was beneficial. Of course the liking for fruit juice syrups and other sweet drinks which most people possess retards the growth of vichy in popular favor, but it is only a question of time until it will supplant many of the fancy drinks, as people realize that it is the healthiest drink known for the hot weather. A good way to render the vichy palatable is to have a few spoonfuls of acid phosphate of some sort put in the glass."—New York News.

The public lands of the United States still unsold and open to settlement are divided into two classes, one class being sold by the Government for \$1.25 per acre as the minimum price, the other at \$2.50 per acre, being the alternate sections reserved by the United States in land grants to railroads, etc. Such tracts are sold upon application to the land register. Heads of families, or citizens over twenty-one years, who may settle upon any quarter section (or 16 acres) have the right under the preemption law of prior claim to purchase, on complying with the regulations. There is a land register at Independence, at Humboldt, at Los Angeles, at Sacramento, at San Francisco, at Shasta and at Visalia, in California, and at either of these offices applications for land in that State will be filed and any questions answered.—Boston Cultivator.

Stacked thus, sheaves will turn water as readily as a duck's back. For a stack of twenty-five feet diameter the centre should be kept four feet higher than the outer edge.—New York Tribune.

Has anything new been found out about silos the past winter? asks a reader of the American Agriculturist. Not exactly, but many previously advanced ideas have been confirmed and the "faith of the saints strengthened." Speaking for myself, I think that some things have been made plain, and in the future we shall agree upon a few fundamental points. That the stone silo—except under limited circumstances—has had its day, and has ceased to be written about in silo literature. The lath and plaster silo is now seldom mentioned. Its great advocate, Professor Cook, of Michigan, now is on record for the wooden-lined silo, made durable with a coat of gas tar and gasoline.

The contest is now between a silo with a lining of two thicknesses of cheap, sound lumber, single surfaced, not even matched, put on with a half lap, with tarred paper between to make the walls doubly air tight, and the silo with a lining of a single board,—good flooring—matched, and not painted, the idea being that the lumber dries out during the summer, and when the silo is filled the swelling forces the joints and seals in the matching all close shut, and the silo lasts for years. The problem is just this: Will a silo made of one thickness of high-priced flooring be better than a double lining of cheap lumber, but sound? Will the single culling continue to swell on demand, and always make a close airtight matching?

It appears that a ten or twelve inch timber, well seasoned and thoroughly painted with gas tar, especially at the ends, and sunk in a trench, and bedded in with lime cement, is, when no "building up" is necessary, and where there is good natural drainage, quite as good a foundation as one needs for a silo. The trench is just large enough to take in the silo, and the cement fills in between the silo and the soil. The studding should not be mortised in, but toenailed with 16d-or-20d-wire nails. If fears are entertained of surface water, a two-inch tile sunk in the outside corner of the trench before putting in the silo will be a remedy for this. That a grouted floor, or cement is necessary is doubtful. Well-pounded-down clay makes an admirable floor. The only objection is that rats come up from underneath sometimes. The remedy for this is a good ferret for an hour. If a coat of gas tar and sand is first used under the clay floor rats will not mine the silage.

Fast filling is now, when help can be obtained, generally recommended. Corn thinly planted and cultivated very shallow to induce earing, and allowed to stand until "out of the milk," before cutting, and then filled in without wilting, seems the material out of which sweet silage is made. Filling with whole fodder, now that some of the conditions of that process are understood, has many friends. The smaller kinds of corn must be used, and the silo filled as the corn begins to glaze. The corn fodder should be laid all one way, tops and butts. The tops along the walls should be broken over, and in the corners green hay should be occasionally put to keep them full and air proof.

How to cover a silo is a matter upon which few silo men agree. The successful cover of last year is no better this year than no cover. As a rule, cover as we may, some of the surface silage will spoil. The silage left without a cover rarely has more spoiled silage than the one that has been protected with a tight fitting cover. Two of my silos the past winter, covered alike and the same day, gave different results. In one there was about thirty bushels of loss, in the other seventy-five bushels, while a neighbor who covered his silo with six inches of green hay lost no silage but did lose the hay. Seventy-five bushels of silage would have a value of seventy-five cents, the half ton of hay was worth \$3. For the little loss of silage how much compensation do we receive for the outlay of material and labor? What material has proved best for silage is answered: Corn every time.—American Agriculturist.

I have stacked much grain in my day, says Galen Wilson, and none of it became wet in the stack. Begin by setting two bundles on end, leaning together at an angle of about twenty degrees, then continue around and around until the stack-bottom is large enough. The centre sheaves should be dressed in as closely together as possible. As the circle enlarges each succeeding course should be given a little more slant, so that when the last course is laid it will have but a slight slant. The stack-bottom is then highest in the middle. This rule is followed until the stack is finished. As the laying proceeds from the centre the sheaves should be laid less closely in a diminishing degree, so that the stack will settle least in the centre. After the first course the stacker should be on his knees and press down every sheaf. When the foundation is about six feet high the outside tiers of sheaves must be laid to project a little over the ones immediately beneath, to give the stack the proper bulge, that the water may be conveyed away from the base. The outer courses when being "laid out," must be secured or some way slide when considerable weight presses upon them.

Grasp each sheaf with both hands, raise the heads-end almost perpendicular and "chuck" the butt end into the butt of the one beneath, then lower and push out to place; the ends of some of the straws, catching into the sheaf beneath, hold it from sliding out. I continue this practice when "drawing in" to "top out." A good man is needed to pitch from the wagon to the one on the stack who pitches to the stacker. The sheaves should be thrown within reach of the latter, who has to move around as the stacker does. The wagon should not be unloaded from the same side of the stack twice in succession. The pitching-off should be done all around, to prevent packing down the sheaves more in one place than another. The stack-pitcher should not stand in one place longer than two minutes, but keep moving in different circles about the centre. His place is never nearer than six or eight feet to the edge of the stack. Keep the centre full, keep it pressed solid and even, and

Tarred paper makes a good lining for the poultry house. Wheat is a good ration to give for the morning meal when eggs are wanted. If the floor of the poultry house is damp sprinkling with air-slaked lime will be beneficial. Three kinds of food are essential to poultry, grain, green food and animal food of some kind. Ground bone makes excellent grit, as it is hard and sharp and just the article for growing chickens. Young poultry, if they are kept growing, need more feed in proportion to their size than those that are matured. Stir the soil about young trees. It should not be done nor should weeds and grass grow in it. Don't work it too deeply. It is natural for a good cow to consume a great deal of food. So high feeding within judicious limits does not hurt the cow if the food is of the right sort. There never was a hand clean enough yet to be used in working butter. The hand does not improve the butter even if it is mother's, wife's or sister's hand. Since the introduction of the English Minorca fowls in America they have undergone a change which is an improvement, that is, the reduction in the size of their combs. A hen should produce a profit of at least \$1 per year over and above her cost of keeping. If your ledger fails to show a gain, a screw is loose somewhere; tighten it up quickly. Strawberry plants which have over-fruit heavily should not be used for propagation, either for home beds or for market, as their vitality is decreased, and speedy degeneracy will result.

Trivial Causes of War.

Among the curiosities of history is the oft-recurring fact that many of the great wars of the past have been indirectly brought about by trifling circumstances. One of the wars between the Turkish Empire in the zenith of its splendor and the Venetian Republic was brought about by the desire of the Sultan's physician to marry a rich Spanish heiress. The lady and her mother escaped to Venice, and the Sultan sent an official after them to bring them back to Constantinople. The Venetian Republic was at first willing to comply with the Sultan's request, but the ladies succeeded in making their escape to Ferrara, and from thence to Lyons, in France. The Porte complained that the Venetian Republic had not used due diligence, and ultimately a terrible war broke out over this trivial circumstance. A contemporary historian says: "The agent of the Venetian Government at Constantinople informed the council that the reason of the dispatch of the Turkish Envoy to Venice was, to require on the part of the Grand Signeur, that a Spanish lady, named Mendez, with her daughters, should be delivered up to the Envoy, and by him brought to Constantinople. The common rumor was, that the Lady Mendez had promised to marry one of her daughters to the son of a man named Rodriguez, doctor to the Grand Signeur. The lady, however, changed her mind, and fled with her daughters to Ferrara, where they remained under the protection of the Duke for some time. It is now said that they have gone from Ferrara to Lyons in order to realize funds invested there by the late husband of the Lady Mendez. The emissary of the Grand Signeur was by no means content with the loss of his prey, and there was trouble in consequence." This information is contained in a letter written from Venice in July, 1549, by M. Morvillier to Henry II. of France, the object being to induce the King to use his authority for the purpose of sending the Lady Mendez and her daughter to Constantinople. The King sent to Lyons for this purpose, but found that the ladies had again taken flight, and were supposed to be at Antwerp.—American Register.

A Clock of Bread Crumbs. The Milan museum has recently come into the possession of a remarkable clock. This unique timepiece is made entirely of bread crumbs. A poor Italian workman made it. Every day he set apart a portion of his modest meal in order to carry out his curious project. The bread crumbs saved by him he hardened by the addition of salt, and at last his tedious task is completed.—Chicago Herald.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: TOLEDO, O., January 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly, L. L. GONTSCH, M. D. Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. The number of foreign tourists in the interior of Japan has increased very much of late. FITS STOPPED FREE BY DR. KILBE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kilbe, 661 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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