

LIFE AND DEATH.

As come the waves that lave the strand,
As go the winds that sweep the loe,
So come and go the faces strange,
And life is felt in all we see—

CLARISSA'S LECTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"The 'Inconsistencies of Love,' repeated Jessie Jermyn. "What a funny name! And how strange it seems to have our Click's name printed up in big, fat, black letters at the Lyceum door, with 'Admittance fifty cents' under it. Well, she always said she was determined to make herself a career and it seems she has succeeded. I wonder how much she gets a night! I only have twenty dollars a month for drugging away, six hours a day, at that miserable district school in Turtle Valley. And then think of the delights of having one's name in the newspaper, and being referred to as 'our distinguished towns-woman!'"

"But it really is so funny! Come—I've let Click hear mine; it's only fair that you should follow suit. Give it to me, Hal; let me read it to Click!" coaxed Jessie.
But Harry rose and went out of the room; he thought the joke, if joke it was, had been carried far enough.
The next day was the day of the Lyceum lecture. All the Jermyn family were to drive into the village to witness the oratorical triumph of their little girl. Mrs. Jermyn had arranged for a cold supper, served an hour earlier than usual, so that she and Grandma Jermyn might have time to dress. The house was to be locked up and left, for even Jeremiah, the farm-hand, and Arabella, the bound girl, were to be privileged to go. Jessie came flying to her brother's room.

"Hal!" she cried—"oh Hal! Click has gone! In the wagon with father and mother! I thought you were going to drive her with the covered buggy and White Lightning!"
"No," he said, curtly. "Why should I obtrude myself upon her? I am going to drive you!"
"Why?" repeated bewildered Jessie. "Because you are Harry and she is Click!"
"Is that such a very good reason?"
"Harry, you used to like her!"
"I like her now; but can't you see, Jessie, that Miss Courthope, the popular lecturer, is quite a different person from our little Click!"

"No," cried Jessie, "I don't!"
"She is used to the cultivated circles of the city," said Harry. "We are in another sphere. I thought of that when you were reading her your little effusion. She laughed; but are you quite sure that there was not a certain ladylike scorn mingled with her merriment? I, for one, am very thankful that she had not the chance to criticize my nonsense! I'm sorry I wrote it Jessie!"
"But she has had the chance," said Jessie, coloring to the roots of her crinkly yellow hair. That burlesque was so funny I couldn't resist the temptation of letting her see it! Oh, Harry, don't be vexed with me!"

He bit his lip.
"What did she say?"
"I don't know. I put it on her dressing-table before tea. She knows your writing; she'll understand what it is."
Harry gave a sort of groan.
"Was she a fool?" he said. "Well, I suppose there's no use scolding you, Jessie!"
Jessie's lip quivered; she looked timidly at her brother.
"Ah, Harry, have I done wrong?"
"Kiss me, puss. I dare say you meant no harm," he said, with a forced laugh. "Come, let's make haste, or we shall be late. Stay, though; run and get me that silly manuscript. I should like to see it flying up chimney in a stream of sparks before I go."

Jessie, overwhelmed with tardy penitence, flew to obey his behests. Presently she came back, looking rather discomfited.
"Where's the manuscript?" said she. "I can't find it anywhere. She must have put it away."
Once more the young man groaned, then he laughed.
"Kismet!" said he, dramatically. "Come, let's go."
Had he but known where his luckless roll of manuscript was at that identical moment, he would scarcely have recoiled himself with such philosophy to the decrees of "Kismet," the unalterable. At the eleventh hour, after Miss Courthope was already seated in the family carriage, she discovered that she had left the all-important lecture in her room.

could possibly be selected—one's own old friends and neighbors. It may be very funny, but there is certainly a spice of cruelty about it—that—well, in fact, it came very near unwomaning me, if I may be allowed to coin the word.
"I knew you were deeply offended," said Harry Jermyn. "And I should have deserved it if I had deserved it. At all events, you cannot be as mortified as I was."
Miss Courthope colored and shrank back from the sternness of his tone. Jessie looked from one to the other; then she caught at the manuscript.
"It's my fault!" she exclaimed suddenly. "All my fault, Click! I put it on your dressing table for you to read. I never thought of such a complication as this. Oh! don't blame Harry. He had nothing whatever to do with it."

The crimson blood dyed Clarissa's cheek more deeply than ever. She hesitated; opened her lips as if to speak, and still remained silent. Harry rose and left the room without further comment.
"Go after him, Click! Don't let him leave you in anger!" cried Jessie; and Clarissa obeyed. Like a deer she sped down the hall, overtaking him just where the moonlight streamed in white glory through the crescent-shaped north casement.
"Harry! I spoke unadvisedly!" she faltered. "Won't you forgive me?"
"Certainly. What have I to forgive?"
But the tone was far from satisfactory. She stood looking piteously at him. All of a sudden she burst out crying.

In a second he had her in his arms, clasped close to his breast.
"Click! My love—my love!"
"Oh, Harry! Harry!"
That was the wailing and the wailing. Certainly short—possibly sweet. But it needed nothing more.
"Talk about the 'Inconsistencies of Love,'" said Jessie, who was the happiest of little sisters, "here's Click—has always declared she meant to marry a city millionaire, and Harry has said that a lecturing lady was his special detestation. And Click is engaged to Harry and Harry to Click; and the strangest part of it is that they both seem perfectly satisfied!"—New York Ledger.

The Supply of Coal Oil is Immense.
Concerning the facilities of the Standard Oil Company to supply the entire world on short notice, Mr. Dodd made some startling statements.
"The Standard Company has now over 25,000 miles of pipe lines," said he, "including local pipes which bring oil from the wells to the main lines. Of main lines, there are two extending to New York, two to Philadelphia, one to Baltimore, three or four to Pittsburg, one to Cleveland, one to Buffalo, one to Chicago, and a new one which is being constructed to Chicago. These take the oil to the refineries located at the termini of the pipe lines. The amount of oil running through these mains is about 2,940,000 gallons per day, or 70,000 barrels. Of this amount, fully one-third comes to New York."
"Originally, oil was taken from Northwestern Pennsylvania only. Afterward it was found in Southwestern New York State. The production in those regions is now light, the largest finds being in the vicinity of Pittsburg and points extending into West Virginia. There is a big oil field in Northern Ohio, but the oil is inferior in quality and of use mostly as fuel, being transported to Chicago in pipes for that purpose. A small percentage of illuminating oil is obtained from it, and one of the largest refineries of the company is being constructed in Chicago for the purpose of getting out the percentage. An oil well is never quite exhausted. Small wells are still being operated in the region of the first discoveries of 1859. At times we have had 30,000,000 barrels stored in big brick tanks, such as you see along the Erie Railway, to the number of perhaps thirteen thousand, in New York and Pennsylvania. We have about 10,000,000 barrels stored at present."—New York Telegram.

Sensations in Hanging.
Captain Montagnac, who was executed in France during the religious wars, but was rescued from the gibbet by a Marshal Turenne after having hanged by the neck for nearly three minutes, said that he had lost all pain the moment the trap sprung, and even complained at being rescued and taken away from a beautiful light that defied description. Another culprit, who escaped through the breaking of the rope, said that after a second or two of suffering a light appeared, and across it a beautiful avenue of trees.
All accounts seem to agree, in one particular, at least, that the suffering is but momentary; that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds; that colors of various hues start up before the eyes, and that when these have been gazed at for a limited space the rest is total oblivion.—St. Louis Republic.
We Have Plenty Elbow Room.
A statistician says: "Few are aware of the vast number of people that can be placed on a small tract of ground. When we speak of millions of men we are apt to picture to ourselves an almost boundless mass of humanity; yet 1,000,000 men, standing close together, each not occupying more than four square feet, could be placed on a patch but little more than a third of a mile square. A square mile will accommodate 7,965,000. The whole population of the world could stand on two townships."

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

THE BEST LAND FOR BEANS.

Beans require less moisture, except to germinate, than any other grain. If they come up evenly a few showers about the time the pods are forming will make a crop if the land has been well cultivated. A wet soil, or one containing much humus, is not fitted for this crop. Either a clay well drained or a gravelly surface is better than loam. The soil must be permeable to moisture, so that if heavy rains come, water will not stand on the surface.—Boston Cultivator.

PURSLANE.

This low, creeping plant, commonly called purslane, seems to grow in rich garden soils almost as if by magic, so quickly does it spread over the ground. It is quite easily pulled up and left upon the ground where it grew will soon take root again, especially if the soil is at all wet or moist. While it is one of the most common weeds, it is by no means as bad a pest as many others. The best way to dispose of it is to scrape out the entire plant with a hoe, and carry them out of the garden, unless one has chickens or pigs, when it may be pulled up and thrown to them, with a certainty that they will soon eat it up.—New York World.

GROWING CROPS IN SUCCESSION.

The practice of rotation of crops is not now followed as it used to be before the use of fertilizers became so common. It is now possible to feed the land with just what it wants for any crop, and it is not now considered as the actual means of feeding crops so much as a vehicle through which the food is given. Consequently, we do as we wish in this respect, and if it is desirable to grow and special crops we do it, only taking care to provide all the plant food that the crop needs in the right form. This has made it possible to suit our products to the best markets and to the special locality, and has greatly relieved farmers from intolerable competition. But, under these new circumstances, it becomes necessary that a farmer should be able to know what any particular crop needs and how to apply it in the right manner. This goes to show the change that has occurred in farm practice, and why a farmer must be well educated in the details of his work, and also in the science of it, to a large extent.—New York Times.

HOW TO TREAT HORSES.

The great Axtell, who sold for \$105,000, the greatest price ever paid for a horse, is an example of the keen sensibilities of the noble animal. His driver tells us he will not even move when hitched up if his harness does not fit perfectly in every respect. Horses know as well as people when they are kindly treated, and when used in a harsh or severe manner, and, like people, they possess the spirit of revenge. They remember people and voices, as is shown by the wonderful mare Goldsmith Maid, who, after a separation of several years from her groom, knew his voice when she heard him talking, although she did not see him. The Maid at this time had a little colt by her side and had been so ill and cross that no one hardly dared to come near her. Her groom hid himself and called her. She whinnied joyfully, and when he came from his place of concealment she seemed in every way possible to be trying to attract his attention by her colt. He said that her joyful whinny was as friendly a welcome as he ever cared to receive, for it plainly showed that the royal old mare considered him her friend, and also that she had not forgotten the kind and gentle treatment he gave her when he took care of her. People should never be cruel to horses, and it seems to me that one of the greatest cruelties horses have to suffer is reining their heads so high. People say they do it to make them look stylish, but in reality it only makes them act and look awkward, and besides we should consider how tired the poor animals get with their necks in such a position. When you treat a horse harshly and severely can you expect him to be kind and gentle?—Clark's Horse Review.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

Subsoil plowing, which by many is considered as greatly improving the chances for a crop, has nevertheless as yet not come into anything like general use in farm practice. This arises, no doubt, from the fact that the benefits to be derived from it are not common to all soils, and also largely to the double cost of preparation which subsoiling implies. The theory is that it is beneficial in both dry and wet seasons—in the former by creating a sort of reservoir for water in the loosened soil below the ordinary furrow against a time of need, when the plants may be supplied with moisture through capillary attraction that would otherwise have drained off from the surface; in a wet season, through a breaking up of the subsoil, which allows an excess from rainfalls to pass downward, where it would otherwise remain too long on or near the surface to the injury of plants.
Whatever view may be taken of these proportions, it may safely be said that its advantages, or the opposite, cannot in all cases be predicted without putting it to the test of actual experiment on the farm itself. In discussing this subject in a monthly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Mr. M. Mohler, the Secretary, recommends the following easy method of determining whether subsoiling does or does not possess, in whole or in part, the merits often claimed for it.

The plan proposed is to plow and subsoil two or more strips, about two rods in width, from sixteen to twenty inches deep, across the field selected for the experiment and let the balance of the field be plowed the usual depth and not subsoiled, and let the surface preparation of both be the same before the planting. Then plant the field across the subsoiled strips so that there can be no difference in the time of planting,

and give exactly the same care and treatment to the entire field while the crop is growing. Keep a record and note every ten days the varying conditions of the weather and the differences, if any, in growth of the plants, and after harvesting the difference in the yield and quality of grain. In this manner the question of its usefulness for such a soil and under such conditions may be quite satisfactorily determined.

While the suggestions of Mr. Mohler are intended primarily for the consideration of farmers in his own State, the method proposed is equally applicable elsewhere. It may thus be used by any farmer in any locality as a comparatively easy and inexpensive way of learning whether on his own fields subsoiling will produce a sufficient increase in his crops to compensate for the additional expense.

SUCCESS IN KEEPING POULTRY.

It is comparatively an easy task to protect poultry from both lice and mites. A little fresh, strong insect powder dusted among the feathers will quickly dispose of the one, and kerosene splashed or sprayed on the roosts will do away with the other. Repeat two or three times during the summer, and once or twice during the winter, and the thing is done.
The next thing of importance is a constant supply of fresh water. Nothing is better than a running brook, but if it cannot be had, the supply in the drinking vessels should be replenished several times a day during the heat of the season. An admirable plan of drinking fountain is one that can be made and used by every farmer, and consists of an old baking pan under a box, with one end protruding. The drinking dish, of whatever form or material, should be frequently washed, preferably with boiling water, and a drop of carbolic acid, or a little piece of copperas be added to the water. Stagnant pools, especially of manure water in the barnyard, should never be tolerated, especially where hens could get access to it, as when thirsty the foolish hen will take a drink out of the stinking pool as readily as out of the purest running brook or coolest spring.

During the summer we should not be very lavish with the grain. Free roaming fowls will need very little, and that may consist mostly of wheat or oats, corn being given but very scantily, if at all. Make some new nests in new places from time to time, and renew the litter in the old ones often. Gather the eggs regularly every afternoon. Catch the rats, skunks and weasels. Cure scaly legs by dipping them in kerosene oil. That is about all there is to it. Only a word needs to be added about the breed.

Any good breed, under such conditions, will or should give you good results. But some are better than others. The Leghorns, either white or brown, will fill the egg basket. The Brahmas are fair layers, and give you a large, plump table fowl besides. Crosses of the two are excellent. Plymouth Rocks make a good fowl, and you can cross them with any other pure breed, especially the Leghorns, for good results. I like my fowls to be all uniform, consequently prefer a single, pure breed, and none has ever suited me better as a farm fowl than the Black Langshan.
Set the hens as fast as they wish to set in spring. Make the nests on the ground, in barrels, boxes, or nooks, etc., where the bird will be hidden and undisturbed. Do not fuss much with the setting hens. After the chicks are hatched, put them with the hen in a coop for a few days; then, if possible, set them free. To break up the setting hen there is no better way than to let her set a week or so, then give her a few chicks to take care of. Feed her well and she will soon be in laying condition again, and all the better for the rest and change enjoyed for a few weeks. This farm management of poultry, and it will seldom fail to be profitable.—Practical Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Allow each hen three square feet of room.
Pekin ducks are best where there are no ponds.
If kept dry and clean, earth makes a good floor for poultry.
Ventilate your cellar into your kitchen chimney or one in which a fire is kept.
Hens must be provided with warm shelter if they lay eggs during the winter.
Eggs are easily chilled, and when thoroughly chilled are unfit for hatching.
Using milk to make soft feed for poultry will be found much better than water.
Bins should be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed before new grain is stored in them.
If eggs are to be kept any time they should be washed clean as soon as they are gathered.
Much loss in eggs is often occasioned by allowing the hens to lay outside the poultry house.
One advantage in feeding the scraps from the table to poultry is that it supplies them with a variety.
When fowls purchased for breeding are brought to the yards, keep them separate from the other poultry for two or three days.
While the crops that are held back for higher prices may sell to better advantage later on, do not lose sight of the fact that every day causes a loss of weight. All crops are composed largely of water, and a portion of this water is constantly evaporating. This is made apparent by the fact that old seed is drier than that which is new.
Special fertilizers for potatoes have given wonderful yields on potatoes this season. Sandy soils have been found capable of giving large yields when the seed is properly cut and special fertilizers used. It has also been noticed that by the use of fertilizers there is less rot and disease compared with potatoes where barnyard manure has been applied.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Pond-lily is the latest tint.
The fan-shaped sachet is a novelty.
The bonnets of the season are small.
Jet nail-heads or cabochons are sure of being in style.
There is a woman's brass band in Glenville, Ohio.
Dona Amelia Cardia is the first woman doctor in Portugal.
Hats trimmed only with ribbon demand a generous quantity.
Bleached cows' tails are used for looping back heavy portieres.
A single woman runs a Bearmont (Penn.) livery and boarding stable.
Gold key rings are among the little favors sent to brides and grooms by poor but elegant friends.
Brown University has decided to admit women to its classes on the same conditions as men.
Arizona has a woman mining expert in the person of Nellie Cashman, a beautiful brunette, only twenty years old.
Oscar Wilde says that the secret of the charm of the American women is that they behave as if they were beautiful.
A commendable tendency to lighten the weight of wool fabrics is noticed in the importations of winter dress goods.
A Kansas City man has been compelled to pay a fine of \$50 for kissing the hand of a beautiful lady who objected to the familiarity.
Miss May Colleder, a shining light in New York society, enjoys in connection with her social distinction that of being the most gifted amateur singer in New York, for such competent judges have declared her to be.
Jean Ingelow is now a gray-haired little old woman of sixty-three years. She is a kind friend of the poor, and at regular intervals gives them what she calls "copyright dinners" from the proceeds of her books.
Among the women's clubs in New Jersey is one that has named itself "The Sparrows," because the members live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. They have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the State.
Young lady ushers were a pleasant innovation in concert room practices at Maysville, Ky., for Miss Marie Decca's concert. Miss Decca was originally Miss Mollie Johnson, a Maysville beauty, and the pretty ushers were her young lady home friends.
The indiscriminate slaughter of seagulls which formerly characterized the shooting season at Flamborough, the well-known promontory on the Yorkshire coast, is not so common this year, one reason assigned being that the fashion of wearing sea birds' feathers is dying out.
Chill must be a very expensive place in which to live. A lady's board costs from \$30 to \$100; dress silk from \$6 to \$20 the yard, and the modiste will charge you from \$30 to \$50 for making it. As much as \$12 a dozen has to be paid for linen handkerchiefs and \$18 for a pair of button boots.
Women seem to have it all their own way in a Sinaland parish in Sweden. There is a female teacher at the school, a postmistress, a female organist and a female secretary at the savings bank. In addition there is a female tailor, a female bookbinder, a female shoe maker, a female butcher and a female baker.
In Washington there is a young woman who has a hothouse in which she finds not only play but profit. Last year she sold 100,000 violets, and obtained good prices for every one. This year she hopes to be able to give up her place as clerk and to devote her whole time to raising these fashionable flowers.
Women are coming to the front in Salvador as well as elsewhere in spite of the fact it is not considered at all good form for women to work there. A young women's telephone school has been established by the Government for the express purpose of training young señoritas for the service of the company there.
Victoria has another strange taste for a Queen. She has a fancy for wild animals and takes an unusual interest in everything concerning them. Carter, the lion tamer, has been invited to Windsor, and also the entire Edmunds family, who have distinguished themselves in taking care of the wild animals of a certain show.

The oldest woman minister in the United States is the Rev. Lydia Sexton, who is now in her ninety-third year. She has been in the ministry between forty and fifty years. In 1870 and 1871 she held the position of chaplain in the Kansas State Penitentiary. Her religious denomination is known as the United Brethren. The old lady is in excellent health and declares that she expects to live to the end of this century.

How's Your Liver?
If sluggish and painful, invigorate it to healthy action by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Every household should keep it at hand, for the common life of life liable to come in any form. It is the best medicine for the liver, and the only one that is so effective. It is the best medicine for the liver, and the only one that is so effective. It is the best medicine for the liver, and the only one that is so effective.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment.
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