

PHILOSOPHY.

Remember, O remember, while years are floating by, While springtime scenes of joyous youth are measuring the sky, To garner in for later years, when life may lose its zest, That treasure which of treasures all is ever, ever blest—

A brave Philosophy!

Remember, O remember, while manhood's summer grows, While striving 'mid the piercing thorns to pluck ambition's rose, Though failure, pain and sacrifice may mar thy daily path, That these do sear the keener pang for him who always hath

A wise Philosophy!

Remember, O remember, when youth is far behind, With only mem'ry's cloak to shield from autumn's chilling wind, That thou may'st purchase refuge with the treasure thou has won, And fairer, warmer radiance than shed by summer sun,

With thy Philosophy!

Remember, O remember, when winter's icy hand Draws tighter and yet tighter life's slender, golden band, That there is hope and peace and joy and happiness indeed, And confidence beyond despair, whatever be thy creed,

In true Philosophy!

—Carlyle Harris, in New York World.

THE SNAKE BROOCH.



HAD settled myself in my corner and the train was already swinging at a good pace down the "Golden valley" before I noticed, first, that I was not alone, and second, that I was not in a smoking compartment.

My fellow traveler was a lady, clothed from head to foot in a traveling ulster with a deep cape, and closely veiled. I wanted a smoke very badly, and so I ventured to ask her if she had any objection.

Imagine my astonishment when, instead of replying to my question, she sobbed out something utterly incoherent and burst into tears. This was startling enough, but when I saw that she made no attempt to take out a handkerchief to dry her eyes, but simply sat still with her hands folded under her cape, surprise very quickly gave place to bewilderment.

In such a situation a man does not reason; he simply acts on instinct. In a moment I was at the other end of the carriage, begging her in a clumsy, masculine fashion to tell me what was the matter with her. For an answer she suddenly parted her cape and held up two tiny clasped and daintily gloved hands. As she did so I heard the clink of steel, and something bright shown in the lamplight.

My fair companion was handcuffed! Before she attempted any explanations she opened her right hand and showed me one of the regulation screw keys which alone will open the steel bracelets that restrain the exuberance of the unruly or dangerous criminal.

"Please unlock these horrible things for me and then I will tell you everything," she said, and the request was supplemented by a beseeching glance from a pair of tear-dewed eyes, to whose witchery many an older man than myself would have succumbed.

I took the key, and, after a little fumbling about the strangely contrived locks, set free the dainty little hands that were stretched so appealingly toward me. Not knowing exactly what to do with the handcuffs, I slipped them for the time being into the side pocket of my ulster.

As soon as she got her hands free she unbuttoned her ulster and threw it back a little. As she did so I noticed that she wore a strikingly curious brooch at the neck of her dress. It was formed of two thick gold serpents, coiled as if ready to spring, with their heads thrust forward side by side and their emerald eyes gleaming with an unpleasantly life-like expression.

It was a pitiful tale and to a great extent one which the newspapers have of late years made too commonplace. Forced by social and pecuniary considerations into a marriage with a man old enough to be her father, and possessing no single taste in common with her, she had, under sore temptation, broken her forced troth and fled from his house.

Too proud to follow her himself, and yet mean enough to punish her by submitting her to an unheard-of indignity, he had put a private detective upon her track, told him she was tainted with a dangerous mania, and given him strict orders to bring her back to London when caught, handcuffed like a felon.

The detective, when he overtook her at Hereford, had given her a letter from her husband in which he told her that if she did not submit to his instructions he would prosecute her for stealing one or two articles of jewelry—the brooch that she was wearing among them—which she had unwittingly taken away with her in the hurry of her flight. To avoid the disgrace and public shame she had submitted to the brutal but private tyranny of his revenge.

At Gloucester her escort had got out to telegraph to her husband to meet them and had lost the train through a porter telling him that the stop was five minutes instead of three, and she had just seen him run on to the platform as the train left the station.

As she looked round the carriage in which she now found herself free, unshackled, she saw the key of her handcuffs, which must have fallen from her ticket pocket as he jerked his overcoat on. She tried hard to open the locks, but, of course, had been unable to do so. Didcot and Swindon were passed as

she told her tale; we conversed upon the strange occurrences of the night, and the only stop before Paddington was now Reading. Here my traveling companion decided to leave the train, as by no means could she avoid running into her husband's arms at the terminus.

Despite her gentle winning manner, I felt instinctively that persuasions would be useless, and so I opened the door, got out, and helped her to alight from the carriage, and with a few murmured words of repeated thanks she was gone.

When I got back into the carriage I lit a cigar and lay back on the cushions to think over my adventure. By the time the train drew into Paddington I had exalted my beautiful unknown into a heroine of romance, and, I regret to say, myself into something like a knight errant of the days of chivalry.

"This is it, twelve-ninety. Are you there, Fred?" The train had stopped, and a lamp flashing into the carriage woke me up from my day dream to hear these strange words, and to see a couple of men in police uniform and a railway inspector peering into the compartment.

"Hallo! this must be wrong. They aren't here, and yet this is the right number. Excuse me, sir, how far have you come in this carriage?"

"From Stroud," I replied, a bit dazed by drowsiness and my strange reception. "Have you come all the way alone?"

Some mad idea connected in a confused way with the beautiful woman whose soft, clinging clasp I could still feel on my hand, stopped the truth that rose to my lips, and instead uttered the foolish lie:

"Yes, I have been alone in the carriage all the way."

A moment later I would have given all I possessed to have recalled my words, for as I uttered them the railway inspector turned his lamp under the seat opposite to me and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Good Heavens! what's that?"

My eyes followed the glare of the lamp, and I saw the toe of a man's boot on the floor of the carriage a few inches back from the front of the seat.

A minute later and the corpse of a somewhat undersized man, whose face was still drawn in the agony of a violent death, was dragged out, lifted up and laid upon the seat.

Of course I spent the night in the cells, for if I could have procured bail to any amount it would not have been accepted.

Not only was I charged with the most terrible of all crimes, but the charge was supported by prima facie evidence that looked practically conclusive. The handcuffs had been found in my pocket, and I was accused of procuring the escape from justice of the notorious Maria S—, the wife of a member of the Nihilist Inner Circle, then serving a life sentence in Siberia.

No fewer than four murders had been traced to her, and now I was charged with complicity in a fifth, that of a well known English detective who had sought to make a brilliant coup by taking her alone.

She seemed to have the power of fascinating men with her beauty till they became her slaves, and then striking them dead by some terrible and mysterious agency that left no trace save death behind it.

There is no need to dwell on the horrors of the time that followed my arrest. Everything that money and skill could do for me was done, but I was committed for trial on the circumstantial evidence to answer the charge of murder.

While I lay in jail awaiting my trial the search for Marie S— became an absolute hunt to death.

Despite all this, so perfect was her skill in disguise, and so unlimited her fertility of resource, that she might have evaded pursuit after all, had it not been for one of those slips that the cleverest of criminals seem to make sooner or later.

A smart young chemist's assistant, at a fashionable watering place, one evening on the pier made the acquaintance of a very pretty girl, who said that she was studying chemistry for the science and art examinations.

This turned the conversation on chemicals, and she ended by asking him to get her a quantity of a very poisonous substance which she wanted for an experiment, and which she could not buy because she was a stranger in the town.

The chemist's assistant was a sharp young fellow, and he saw the chemical she asked for was not in the syllabus of the science and art department.

He told his employer of the occurrence the next day, and in the evening took the girl some crystals of a harmless salt which resembled what she had wanted somewhat closely.

"This is not what I asked for," she said, as she looked into the packet.

"No, you can't make prussic acid out of that, miss, but it's safer to play with," coolly replied the youth, and as he spoke a man who had been leaning over the rail of the pier a few yards away moved silently up behind the girl, pinioned her arms to her side and held her down to the seat.

The detective called a cab on the esplanade, and the three got in and drove to the police station, pulling up the windows to avoid any possible observation as they went through the streets.

When the cab reached the station there was no sign or sound of movement inside it. The cabman got down and opened the door, and as he did so he staggered back and fell gasping for breath to the pavement.

Inside the cab Mary S— sat with her two would-be captors—dead, and on the face of each corpse there was the same expression that there was on the features of the dead man who was taken out of the carriage at Paddington.

When the clothing of Marie S— came to be searched the mystery was solved by the discovery of one of the most infernally ingenious contrivances that have ever served the purpose of murder. Inside the dress, just above the waistband on the right hand side, were

found two small rubber ball pumps, such as are used for ordinary spray producers. From these two tubes led up to a bottle suspended round the neck.

This had two compartments and two necks closed by rubber corks, through which ran thin tubes, which ended in the mouths of the two golden serpents coiled in the form of a brooch.

The horrible apparatus was so arranged that, on working the ball pumps by pressing the right arm against the side two sets of vapors could be ejected from the serpents' mouths. These jets when united formed what was practically a vapor of prussic acid, which would be blown directly in the face of any one within a couple of feet of the brooch, and would of course kill them almost instantly.

To the wearer of the brooch there would be little or no danger, provided she held her breath for a couple of minutes and moved quickly away, as the gas mixes very rapidly with the air and is soon lost. In a confined space like the cab the atmosphere would soon be so saturated that it would be death to breathe it.

All this was, of course, told to me after my release, which was effected immediately after the mystery was cleared up.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Detecting Bad Coins.

"Here's the way we test coins in the Treasury." And the expert swiftly poised the dollar piece horizontally on the top of his forefinger, holding the thumb a quarter of an inch away from it and gave it a brisk tap with another coin. A clear, silvery ring sounded out.

"Good, but here; listen;" and he repeated the operation with another coin that gave out a dull, heavy clink that ceased almost as soon as it began.

"Type metal and lead; moulded, too. That is a wretched counterfeit." "How do you tell that it was moulded?" He held the two coins so that the light struck on their edges. "Just compare the reeding, will you, or milling, as most people call it. In this genuine coin this is very clear and sharp cut; in the counterfeit it is coarse and dull.

That is because moulded instead of being stamped in cold metal, like the Government coins." Why do the counterfeiters not use the same cold process?" "It costs too much and makes too much noise. With a mould, you see, a counterfeit can carry on his work in a garret, and if a policeman comes in he can shy the whole outfit out of the window. But it takes great power to run a die. Still some high flying counterfeiters do use them, and their work is usually harder to detect, though it is never so perfect as that of the Government Mint."

"What is the surest test for counterfeit coin for popular use?" "The looks of the reeding, as I was telling you—the milling, by the way, is on the face of the coin, and not on the edge, as most people think. That's the surest and easiest thing, but of course other tests have to be used, especially for weight and thickness. A little scale for weight and measure is the handiest thing to settle that. Then, for plated coin, a drop of acid squirted on the edge where the plating wears most will show up the base metal in a hurry." "What acid do you use?" "For gold coin a mixture of strong nitric acid 6 1/2 drams, muriatic acid fifteen drops, and water five drams, is used; for silver, twenty-four grains of nitrate of silver and thirty drops of nitric acid, with one ounce of water. One drop is sufficient. If the coin is heavily plated we scrape it a little before putting on the acid."—Springfield Republican.

He Makes Cyclones.

Professor Douglass has succeeded in manufacturing miniature cyclones and tornadoes by means of electricity, thus proving the electrical character of the "prairie terror." In carrying out his plans he suspended a large copper plate by silken threads and charged it from a battery. He then used arsenious acid gas, whereupon the combination of gas and electricity could be seen hanging from the underside of the plate in the form of a perfect funnel-shaped cyclone cloud. When everything was ready, the Professor swung the plate and the miniature cyclone to and fro across a table littered with matches, pieces of paper, pens, pencils, etc. The lighter objects were instantly sucked up, the heavier scattered in all directions. The effects were exactly those of destructive cyclones. These curious experiments explain cyclonic phenomena. Low clouds become charged with electricity, descend and form a connection with the earth. Then a violent electrical commotion ensues, finally settling into a whirl which continues until an electric equilibrium is established.—St. Louis Republic.

Left-handed Suddenly.

Three years ago a young lady of Fall River, Mass., was hit on the left side of the head by a falling sign as she was walking along a street in Boston. This was followed by a brain fever.

After some weeks she was as well in mind and body as ever, but from a right-handed person she had become so left-handed that she could neither cut, sew nor write with her right hand, but found it easy to do all these things with her left.

Her right hand was just about as useful as her left had been before she was hurt. What is strange is that, with so recent a change in the use of her hands, she never makes an awkward motion, and is as graceful in the use of her left hand as if she had been born left-handed.—Boston Post.

To Utilize Icebergs.

A company has been organized in Newfoundland to gather ice from icebergs for the use of ice consumers. Machinery has been perfected for cutting ice from bergs, and the arrival of a steamer load is reported at Piley's Island. The ice is said to be much purer and harder than that harvested from streams and ponds, and a large demand for it is expected.—New York World.



FARM AND GARDEN.

CHEAPEST HAY CROP.

Hungarian grass is perhaps the cheapest crop that can be grown for hay. The seed may be sown as early as May, but it loves the warm weather. On rich land, if the seed is sown in June, or even in July, it will yield well. It entails no labor other than to plow the land, harrow it well, and sow. The cost of the seed is but little. It is a cheap crop. It will allow of a crop of early peas or early potatoes being taken off for market before sowing.—Chicago Times.

SHADE TREES IN THE PASTURE.

If possible, every field used for pasture should have a shade tree in it. The trees may produce fruits and nuts as well as shade. At the proper season plant two or three trees in the field and build a permanent fence about them. Fertilize and cultivate well. The fence can be removed in a few years. If intended for horse pasture the lower limbs should not be less than eight feet from the ground. Never put barbed wire near a shade tree frequented by stock. The animal droppings about these trees cause them to grow far more vigorously than those not visited. Cut the top back every two or three years, to make the tree spreading. The shade will not greatly retard the crops growing near.—American Agriculturist.

MILK TESTS.

The relative composition of milk gives us an idea of the amount of nourishment obtained from it. There is usually about eighty-seven per cent. of water, with about thirteen per cent. of solids. These solids are the nutritious part of the liquid, and they consist of fat or butter, casein or cheese, milk, sugar and certain salts. Milk is thus naturally more valuable when it possesses greater quantities of these solids. We often speak of the richness of milk, and this means that it contains a larger proportion of fat solid than any of the other substances. Although this fat is the most valuable commercially, the casein has as much real nutritious value.

The value of milk, however, is rated by its amount of fat or cream, and this has been brought about largely by the general production of butter, to which most milk is used. The other solid substances scarcely receive any rating at all. Milk that will show a test of twice as much fat as another lot is valued at just so much more. Some cows, and even herds, vary in the amount of this fat produced in the milk, and the animals and breeds have come to be rated according to the amount of fat which they produce in their milk.—American Dairyman.

ABOUT SELECTING THE FLOCK.

Selecting means a little more than culling the flock, and is the most direct and reliable way of improvement. The flockowner that expects to improve his sheep by buying all his good sheep will have to keep on doing so. The importance of having a well-defined standard of a proper sheep for the business intended and the circumstances surrounding the plant cannot be overestimated. Without this standard all the selection is guesswork. A Missouri sheep-breeder had an expert select his flock on the basis of fleece excellence. The results were the next clip brought four cents a pound more in price than the former clip had brought, though wools were lower in price than the former year. There are other points that should be considered besides the fleeces. The size, form, symmetry, thrift, early maturity, feeding, and breeding qualities are among the most important characteristics in a good flock, but they are not all; there is more in quiet handling, domestic qualities than is generally recognized. A nervous, fussy sheep can never be the most useful, and these qualities in a flock are very objectionable.

The rule with most shepherds is to select the flock either at shearing or tugging season; both are proper, but the better plan is to keep a dish of lamp-black or Prussian blue on hand to mark objectionable animals whenever sufficient cause for condemnation is discovered. Instead of selecting once or twice a year, practice it every day with unremitting vigilance. No matter how good a sheep may be in one or two points, if it is not a paying sheep it should be discarded and one put in its place that will pay.—American Farmer.

THE SAFETY OF ARSENICAL SPRAYING.

Farmer's bulletin No. 7 of the Department of Agriculture treats of the practice, methods and effects of spraying fruit trees for insect pests and fungus diseases. The fact that the compounds are generally used are slightly poisonous in their character has led some persons to express apprehension lest their application should injure the fruit for consumption. When freshly mixed, either London purple or Paris green may be applied to apple, plum and other fruit trees, except the peach, at the rate of one pound to 150 to 200 gallons of water, the latter amount being recommended for the plum. If used on the peach, lime water should be added at the rate of about two gallons to 100 gallons of the poison, otherwise the foliage will be injured.

In the use of Paris green or London purple the only danger lies in having the poison about a farm or plantation in bulk. In the case of spraying apple orchards for the codling moth there is scarcely a possibility of injury to the consumer of the fruit. A mathematical computation will quickly show that where the poison is used in the proportion of one pound to

300 gallons of water (the customary proportion) the arsenic will be so distributed through the water that it will be impossible for a sufficient quantity to collect upon any given apple to have the slightest injurious effect upon the consumer. As a matter of fact careful microscopic examinations have been made of the fruit and foliage of sprayed trees at various intervals after spraying which indicate that after the water has evaporated the poison soon entirely disappears, either through being blown off by the wind or washed off by rains, so that after fifteen days hardly the minutest trace can be discovered.

In the line of actual experiment as indicating the very finely divided state of the poison and the extreme small quantity which is used to each tree, Professor A. J. Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has conducted some striking experiments. A thick paper was placed under an apple tree which was thoroughly sprayed on a windy day, so that the dripping was rather excessive. After the dripping had ceased, the paper (covering a space of seventy-five square feet) was analyzed and four-tenths of a grain of arsenic was found.

The whole matter was well summed up by Professor Riley in a recent lecture before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in which he said: "The latest sensational report of this kind was the rumor emanating from London within the last few weeks that American apples were being rejected for fear that their use was unsafe. If we consider for a moment how minute is the quantity of arsenic that can under the most favorable circumstances remain in the calyx of an apple we shall see at once how absurd this fear is, for even if the poison that originally killed the worm remained intact one would have to get enough to poison a human being."

Moreover, much of the poison is washed off by rain, and some of it is thrown off by natural growth of the apple, so that there is as a rule nothing left of the poison in the garnered fruit. Add to this the further fact that few people eat apples raw without cutting away the calyx and stem ends, the only parts where any poison could under the most favorable circumstances remain, and that these parts are always cut away in cooking, and we see how utterly groundless are any fears of injury and how useless any prohibitive measures against American apples on this score.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Feed your table refuse to the laying hens.

When leghorns want to sit they are too fat.

Good pullets lay when six months old, if not too fat.

In hot weather the poultry quarters need attention every day.

The roosts and nests should be washed with kerosene once a week.

Young chickens that are in a good condition will bring better prices than matured fowls.

It is quite an item with all young fowls to give them a good feed just before they go to roost at night.

See how the poultry seek the shady side of a fence or building. How they must suffer where there is no shady side.

Do your best to keep the sitting hens free from vermin; it is not pleasant to be eaten alive while trying to do one's duty.

When confined one of the cheapest and best green feeds that can be supplied is lettuce; it grows quick and gives a good yield.

Some one remarks that a deal of calculation is required to make a dollar from poultry. The same remark applies to any business.

Generally if matured fowls are to be marketed the sooner they are sent to be marketed the better, as often prices get very low in summer.

When you plant those fruit trees this fall trim in the top to correspond with the roots. It is a great mistake to leave a big top and a small bottom.

Cut ducks and all other weeds that are very tenacious of life in August close down to the root. Very few can survive such treatment at that season.

Pasturage is the basis of sheep husbandry. It may be grass, and there be very little grass about it, but as it is so are the sheep in every characteristic. This is the whole secret of breeds.

A flock of sheep were attacked by dogs in Monaghan County, Ireland, with great destruction of life. Some that were bitten, and some that did not show signs of being bitten, developed unmistakable evidences of rabies.

The value of pure bred and registered sheep will be apparent and appreciated only when the condition is kept up to the highest notch. Otherwise all the time and money put into good stock is a total waste. Keep this in mind.

It is the habit of the apple borer to make his way into the trunk of the tree just below the ground. Therefore it is a good plan to mound about each tree in the early spring, and later, to rake away the earth. If they are in the tree they can then be easily destroyed.

After a young orchard has begun to grow attention should be given to the shape which the trees assume. A symmetrical form can be preserved by rubbing off the needless shoots when an inch or two long, as this is much easier than to cut off limbs with a saw after they have grown large.



NEWS NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chautauqua has a summer school of cookery.

There are now 6335 postmistresses in this country.

One of the very favorite silks of the season is changeable taffeta.

As a rule, women require one hour of sleep more a day than men.

The married women on an average live two years longer than single ones.

The bigger the shoe upon your high-heeled slipper the smaller the foot will look.

The long handled parasol is defunct, the short, club handled being in the ascendant.

Many attempts have been made to revive painters on handsome gowns of various sorts.

One of the botanists of State reputation in Maine is Miss Furbish, a Bowdoin graduate.

The Constitution of Louisiana permits women to hold any office connected with public education.

Fichu style of trimming is popular for bodices, and indeed no bodice is considered trimmer without lace.

All the smart women have dropped the train to the bell skirt and again the tailor-made costume is truly swagger.

Miss Maud Rittenhouse, of Cairo, Ill., has received a prize of \$1000 for a story from a Southern Improvement Company.

A woman's chance of getting married is calculated to be only two and a half per cent. when she reaches her fortieth year.

Among the vagaries of the ribbon craze is that of embroidering ribbons of various widths with beads and metal braid.

Caroline Kilby is the art decorator of the largest carriage building establishment in New York, and has twenty women under her supervision.

In England it is not very uncommon for women to serve as vestrymen in the Episcopal Church, but in America the idea is not received with favor.

The Empress of Austria when in her younger days was considered the best horsewoman in the world. She still keeps up her old love for riding.

"Good health, calm nerves, good friends and a modest opinion of herself" are the results of a college education to a girl, in the opinion of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer.

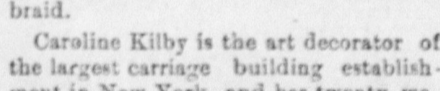
Miss Mary Day, of London, has been successful in her experiment of taking deaf and dumb girls as pupils in typewriting. Miss Day is one of the longest established woman-typewriters in England. As so much typewriting is transcribed from manuscript, the girls' affliction is no drawback.

Jean Ingelow is the daughter of a banker of Lincolnshire, and was one of a family of eleven children. She wrote her first poems on the window-shutters, closing them away out of sight when completed. Her brother was the first to secure the publication of her poems, and four editions of a thousand copies each were sold the first year. Twenty-six editions of the same volume have since been published.

The little Queen of the Netherlands is becoming a personality in Europe, and already various nuptial possibilities are hanging over her head. Apropos of Her Majesty's visit to Berlin it has been pointed out that alliances between the House of Orange and either German or English Royalties have generally embroiled Holland in war and disaster. It is possible, therefore, that the matrimonial projects of Queen Wilhelmina will be directed toward the less prominent reigning houses.

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