

### A SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

Oh, the swaying of the branches and the flitting thro' the trees,  
And the music of the voices that come upon the breeze;  
Oh, the singing and the winging of the birds that come and go,  
And the frisking of the squirrels as they scamper to and fro;  
Oh, the ferns and mossy carpets and the waters dark and cool,  
That go stealing through the shadows from some clear, unshaded pool!  
Oh, the trilling of the songsters  
From the branches and the grass,  
And the glancing of the sunlight  
On the waters as we pass.  
Oh, the glancing of the sunlight as it strikes the water clear,  
And the singing of the thrushes and the other songs we hear;  
Oh, the boating and the floating on the waters of the lake,  
And the ripples and the shadows that go dancing from our wake;  
Oh, the breezy days of pleasure and the pleasant nights to dream,  
When the stars look down and twinkle and the winged lanterns gleam!  
Oh, the summers in the country,  
Where the songsters nest and sing;  
And the pleasure without measure  
That the woods and waters bring!  
—Frank H. Sweet.

### ELLA'S ACHIEVEMENT.



ELLA! Ella! Make haste and help me! Quick! Peter has fallen into this morning's stream!" This plaintive cry from the lips of Chrissie Thomson reached the ears of her elder sister as she sat reading in her hammock chair after her somewhat wearisome work, and came as an unwelcome interruption in the pleasant day-dreams in which she had been indulging.

But she could not resist such an imperative call to duty, and, therefore, with the alacrity which always distinguishes her actions, she rose promptly from her chair and proceeded to the large garden at the rear of the house, to find her sister heroically supporting by means of a clothes peg the head of the unlucky wright who had selected such an inappropriate medium for his evening bath.

Peter, however, proved to be neither a child nor a retainer, as might have been expected from his cognomen, but simply a three-months-old Maltese kitten, who presented a wofully bedraggled appearance on being lifted out and placed on terra firma, where he commenced to divest himself of a superabundance of luxury with a relish which betokened ill for the next pan of cream he might meet with in his daily peregrinations.

The rescue accomplished, Chrissie completed her task of arranging in apple-pie order the contents of the dairy, after which she ran indoors, leaving her sister to her share, which consisted chiefly in locking up the outhouses and a general inspection to see that all was afloat.

Not that there was much fear of robbery in this old-fashioned country place, too large to be called a village and yet not large enough to be dignified by the name of a town, where few of the inhabitants took the trouble to fasten doors or windows before retiring to rest.

But Ella Thompson felt that an additional responsibility rested upon her, inasmuch as their rambling old house and garden adjoined the equally spacious premises of the Otterham branch of the West of England Bank.

Ella and Chrissie Thomson were two orphan sisters. Their father was for several years the village doctor, and as his practice had been for the most part among the poorer part of the inhabitants, whose births, ailments and deaths came along at a rate out of all proportion to their wages, all he had been able to bequeath to his two daughters, besides his blessing, was the house in which he resided and the one adjoining.

Having, therefore, one house rent free, in a true spirit of womanly independence, they endeavored to supplement the modest income derived from the other by diligently cultivating the large garden and orchard; and the sale of produce, in addition to the profit obtained from a couple of cows, exceeded their first anticipation.

After completing her round, and giving a last look at the heap of potatoes, which only that day had, with the aid of their factotum, been unearthed and stored in readiness for despatch to the market, Ella lingered for a few minutes to enjoy the calm beauty of the late autumn evening. A few stars shone beneath the patches of light, fleecy clouds, and the crescent moon was sinking over the row of pollards down by the river. From the fields beyond came the monotonous cry of a curlew, and the voice of a partridge calling to its mate.

She was just turning to go when her sharp ears detected another sound, a sharp, rasping, which came and went with mechanical rapidity, and apparently proceeded from some part of the bank.

From a sheltered corner of the garden she was able to get a glimpse of the premises, and on going there was alarmed to see a light shining through the window of what she knew to be the strong room.

as she would have been observed, but from her hiding place she could hear distinctly the steady grating sound which had first attracted her attention, and which she was convinced was caused by some one attempting to file open the safe.

In an instant her mind was made up. How often had she wished for the chance of doing some especially brave or good action a long way after her favorite heroine, and now she flushed with excitement as she recognized and determined to seize her opportunity.

Chrissie in her turn was busily engaged in meditation, although possibly her thoughts were less adventurous, if more sentimental, than those of her sister had been, when the latter quietly glided in and, without more ado, locked the door and put the key into her pocket.

"Now, Chrissie, you are not to faint or scream," for Chrissie was the one element on which she could not rely in the undertaking she had set herself to perform.

Chrissie went dangerously near disobeying, as she ejaculated:

"Oh! Ella, I know I shall. What is it? Has Peter fallen in again?"

"No."

"Then there is a spider in my hair. Oh!"

"Chrissie, be quiet."

"Tell me quickly, then, what is the matter."

"I will, on condition you don't make any disturbance, and that you promise to do what I wish."

"Yes, I promise, if it is nothing too dreadful."

"Well, then, Chrissie, there is a burglar trying to open the bank safe."

The reality was evidently not so appalling to Chrissie as the catastrophe she had imagined, for she only said:

"Is that all?"

"Not quite, for you and I are going to capture him."

"Oh, Ella! How can we? Two helpless women!"

"Yes, we can. Now just listen to me; I have thought it all out. Mr. Macdonald does not sleep on the premises, as you know."

Chrissie could not see in the dusk the slight blush which spread over her sister's face as she mentioned the name.

Mr. Macdonald was the bank manager, a Scotchman of some thirty years of age, handsome and unmarried. He had always been friendly and chivalrous in his bearing towards the two sisters, but, somehow, lately Ella had imagined—But there, it is not for me to reveal the unspoken thoughts of a woman's mind, especially when those thoughts concern a handsome, young and single Scotchman.

"Mrs. Vinal," she proceeded, "the caretaker, is as deaf as a post, and in all probability shut up close in her own apartments. Her husband and son are most likely away participating in the festivities of the village club at High Halden, and will not be home until near midnight."

"Without doubt, the robber is acquainted with all this, and that is why he is engaged on his task so early in the evening, and having once secured his booty will endeavor to get off with it later on."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"You know that garret which they use as a lumber room? I have been up on the roof, and the window is half-way open. I want you to help me carry a plank up there. It will easily reach across from the parapet. Then I shall walk across and get in. Once inside, I can readily find my way down to the strong room, out of which, as you know, opens the smaller iron room containing the safe. When you have seen me safely across the plank, you are to run to the police station, either at Peargate or Brookland, and obtain assistance. You had better go to Brookland, I think. It is not so far, and the road is less lonely."

Ella's determined manner had subdued Chrissie's gentler spirit. But the thought of danger to her sister was far more present than her own prospect of a two-mile walk to the police station.

"But Ella, you cannot expect to cope with a man. He would murder you outright."

"I don't expect to have to struggle with him. I shall wait until he is busy at the safe, and then I shall close the strong-room door and lock him in. But as an additional precaution I will take my little pistol and the dark lantern."

The thought of her sister deliberately shooting a man proved too much for Chrissie, and she burst into a merry laugh.

This merriment served the purpose of shaking off any feeling of apprehension which might have been lingering in her mind, and she proceeded to retrace her sister's efforts briskly.

Five minutes later, therefore, a darkly robed figure with pistol in hand and dark lantern, whose light was sedulously shielded, walked carefully across the narrow plank, and waving a mute adieu at the other end, noiselessly raised the safe and effected an entrance, after which she found her way to the ground floor undisturbed and in quietness. Here, however, an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The only way to the strong room was through a large apartment, half hall and half corridor, with a door at each end, and after traversing this she was dismayed to find the door at the far end was closed and bolted on the other side.

She had scarcely had time to cogitate over the best way to get out of this difficulty, when she became conscious of a light step behind her; the door by which she had entered was suddenly closed and locked, and she herself was a prisoner, caught in her own trap.

This was indeed appalling. What would be the next step of her assailant? In any case her hope of renown

was suddenly extinguished, for even if he refrained from attacking her, he would have plenty of time to escape from the premises before the arrival of help, and if he went, leaving no trace behind, she and her sister would be ridiculed as being a couple of simple frightened women.

Aud Mr. Macdonald! Whatever would he think? In the darkness she hid her burning face in her hands and hoped that somehow he might never know of her escapade.

Meanwhile Chrissie was hastening with flying feet in search of the required aid. With the inconsistency of woman's nature she had selected the furthest and most solitary road, in spite of sundry reproaches of common sense at the extra delay this would involve, which reproaches she endeavored to silence by telling herself that Inspector Fairies, who was stationed there, would be sure to render more prompt assistance than a stranger would have done.

It is not to be supposed that the special attention which the Inspector had paid her at the ball only a week before would have any influence with her under the present circumstances.

Fortune, however, was disposed to favor her, for climbing over a stile with the intention of taking a short cut through the woods, she almost jumped into the arms of the object of her thoughts.

"Miss Thompson!" ejaculated the officer, in astonishment, which was not lessened at her cordial greeting.

"Oh! Mr. Fairies, I am so glad to meet you!"

If a little of the pleasure he derived from this warm welcome was taken away by the breathless recital which followed, the Inspector was fain to confess that it was possible sometimes to unite pleasure and duty as he prepared to accompany her on the return journey, which promised to require at least a full five minutes longer to accomplish than it had taken for Chrissie to perform it alone.

They had, however, traversed half the distance when they encountered a lad who was running in the opposite direction, but who at the sight of the officer stopped short, saying:

"Oh, please, sir, make haste. There is a robber at the bank."

"I know there is," answered the Inspector. "But who sent you?"

"Mr. Macdonald, sir. He caught him and locked him up in the hall, and then told me to run for a policeman."

Chrissie's heart beat high with elation and pride. Then Ella had been successful. How glad and proud she would be.

Mr. Macdonald met them at the door. "Ah! Inspector Fairies. You are welcome. I did not expect you so soon."

He did not notice Chrissie standing a little in the rear.

"Yes," replied the Inspector. "Miss Thomson informed me of her discovery of the robber's presence. But we did not know you were here."

"Miss Thomson? Oh, how do you do? But I don't understand," he added in bewilderment.

"But Ella! My sister!" interposed Chrissie, looking pitifully from one to the other. "Have you not seen her, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Your sister? Indeed, I have not," replied the manager.

"You see, it's like this," he continued. "As I am a bit of a mechanic I have been busy engaged all the evening making some slight alterations to the interior of the safe. I had finished and locked up, and having put out the light was preparing to go out when I heard this fellow stealthily creeping down stairs. He did not see me in the darkness, and passed me so closely that, though I could really not see him, I could easily have knocked him on the head with my hammer. Instead of doing this, however, I let him get into the corridor, knowing he could not get any further, and then I closed the door and locked him in."

Chrissie gave a little hysterical laugh. The same thought flashed into her mind as into that of the Inspector, who quietly stepped forward and unlocked the door.

We need not dwell upon the explanations which followed. Be it sufficient to know that Mr. Macdonald considered that a woman who could attempt to capture a burglar single-handed would not make a bad wife for a bank manager. While Chrissie, well, she would have married the Inspector in any case.—Illustrated Bits.

Strange Story of a Book.

History repeats itself, even in those instances where it is most notably stranger than fiction. The story of Rossetti's poems, buried with his wife and exhumed that they might be published, is the story, in almost every detail, of the memoirs of Col. Planat de la Faye, the orderly officer to Napoleon I. These were edited some years ago by the widow. Three copies only were printed, and of these one was placed in her husband's coffin, a special order for the exhumation of the body having been obtained for the purpose. Directions were left by the widow for the publication of the work after her death, and reference was made to the two printed copies. These, however, could not be found. Finally, the executors determined to obtain the third copy of the book, which had been placed in the coffin. Accordingly they obtained permission to exhume once more the body of the veteran. It is from the copy so obtained that the recently issued work has been printed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Simple Way to Sterilize Water.

A very simple and efficient method of sterilization of water is highly recommended by M. Meillere, chemist-in-chief of the French Academy of Medicine. Four drops of the tincture of iodine sterilizes in a few minutes one quart of spring water, all pathogenic micro-organisms being destroyed.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.



### DEPRAVED APPETITE IN COWS.

When any animal eats wood or other coarse stuff, it indicates indigestion. The remedy is to give a pint of raw linseed oil, and after it has operated, feed bran and linseed mash, with one dram of gentian root, powdered, in it. Sometimes this appetite is due to a want of salt, which should be given with regularity to all domestic animals, as it is an aid to the digestion of food.—New York Times.

### MAKING ROADS.

The best time for road work is after the spring work has been completed, because the ground is then neither too wet nor too dry, and when dry weather sets in there is no use trying to work roads. Road work in the fall is just as impracticable, because the track will be muddy until the freeze-up occurs and the following spring will be full of mud holes. For this reason divide townships into road districts so that the main portion of the labor can be done after the crops are in. Every crew of men preparing roads must have an overseer with them all the time. He must understand his business, and one unpermitted cannot properly oversee more than one crew of men.—New England Homestead.

### THE PROPAGATION OF ORCHIDS.

A marked peculiarity of orchids is the immense number of seed produced from a single flower; but while they are continually grown from seed, it means long years of waiting before the flower appears. After the blossom fades, it requires a year for the seed to ripen, a second year elapses after the seed is planted before it germinates, while the resulting plant seldom flowers under five, and frequently not until after eight or ten, years of growth. Consequently, orchids are propagated chiefly by a division of the root-clusters into individual plants; while many are grown from slips and cuttings. Most orchids require hothouse cultivation; but there are two in particular which may be termed hardy, and which can be successfully grown in window gardens, with the care ordinarily given to house-plants.—Demorest's Magazine.

### PRACTICAL POULTRY RAISING.

Fifteen years ago I tried fancy poultry raising, and, like all beginners, I wanted too many kinds and kept adding to my stock until I had twelve varieties, and almost made a failure, as I did not then understand, writes "Sid." Conger. Some kind and experienced friend said to me: "Quit all but two kinds; give them all the attention you have given the twelve and scatter them. Have the small ones in lots to themselves and the old ones away from the young. Feed them separate, make them roost in separate places, have all roosting places movable, and once a week turn the roosts over and coal oil them; clean up the houses and boxes once a week the year through. Give a variety of food—corn, wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat and table crumbs; also fresh green feed, crushed bone and green feed the year through; good clover hay once a week in the houses in the winter. Quit the soft, fancy feeding, and give them sensible care, and make a success of the business."

The poultry business is the largest industry on earth. It supports more people, more people are engaged in it, more papers and journals are devoted to its exclusive interest, than any other in the whole world. All this we can prove if any one should be rash as to doubt it. Hard times will come now and then, as we all know; then the poultry industry flourishes, as people turn to that to make a living and improve their stock. Pay close attention to the details, and find instead of a lagging monotony, as some suppose, that it is the largest and best business in the whole world.—Breeder's Gazette.

### SORGHUM.

Sorghum is usually planted in hills about three feet apart each way, or if the ground is not too weedy, in drills, three feet apart, leaving the stalks at the last thinning about four to six inches apart in the row. If the crop is to be used for sugar or syrup, the stalks should be about six inches apart in the drill, or about five stalks in the hill. Six or seven stalks could be left in the hill where the crop is to be used for forage. About two quarts of seed of the ordinary varieties are required per acre when planted in hills, and somewhat more than this amount when sown in drills. Early Orange or Early Amber or some of the other early varieties would probably be most sure to give a profitable crop. On land specially adapted to corn or sorghum some of the larger or later varieties might be grown, as they yield much heavier crops; but if any of the crop is to be cut so early as August the later varieties will not do. The crop needs considerably more attention at the start than corn, but perhaps less after it is a foot or more high. The growth is rather slow for the first few inches, but very rapid at the close of the season. The outer glaze on the stalk is harder than on maize, and the stalks should preferably be fed whole rather than cut into short pieces, to avoid risk of cutting the animals about the mouth. The cane when mature will stand for a long

time without much deterioration in quality, even after a severe frost, provided warm weather does not follow the frost, or alternating periods of warm and cold occur. Sorghum can be made into ensilage, but will not make as good ensilage as mature corn, being usually quite sour. Some growers have reported keeping sorghum for many weeks out and set in large bunches in the field.—Country Gentleman.

### KALAMAZOO CELERY.

The famous Kalamazoo celery gardens are situated on peaty marshes that were once swamps, says J. Blank. The soil on these marshes is black and rich, and has that soft and spongy feeling to the hand which indicates humus, and there seems to be some element or quality in the Kalamazoo marshes that makes them peculiarly adapted to celery culture. My own opinion is that the porosity of the soil and the free supply of water have a great deal to do with this culture. For we know that the celery plant loves a cool, moist bed; it is stunted by heat and drought. In dry seasons, even in favorable localities, growers elsewhere are obliged to water their plants.

The Kalamazoo growers raise three and even four crops of celery per year from the same ground. For the first crop the seed is sown in hotbeds early in February. As soon as the weather is warm enough, usually about May 1, the plants are set out. They are planted from four to six inches apart in trenches six inches deep, and partly filled with manure. The trenches are from four to five feet apart. Meanwhile the second sowing of seed has been made in a seedbed outdoors, and then the plants are set out some time in June for the second crop, between the first rows. After the first crop comes off, about the middle of July, the rows are filled with plants for the third crop. Few plants require more constant and careful cultivation than celery. The soil must be brought to the highest stage of fertility, and then cropped heavily and successively. The chief object in celery culture is to get as many salable stalks or heads as possible, and this can be done only by proper manuring.

The most successful growers are those who use constantly the largest amounts of manure. The celery plant is a strong feeder and requires much nitrogen. This is supplied by a heavy dressing of stable manure. The expense of buying stable manure is a big item in raising celery. The owner of one of the best celery gardens in Kalamazoo, when asked how he raised such big crops, said to me: "I found that the celery plants needed something else besides stable manure. They should have some phosphoric acid, and especially potash. Most growers do not know that a considerable amount of nitrogen is lost when stable manure lies in heaps exposed to the air for any length of time. Now this loss can be prevented by spreading kaint over the manure. The cost is slight, while the saving of nitrogen is great. I have also found that potash stimulates a good growth of the plants, especially in making fine stalks or heads. This is important with celery growers, for an acre contains 16,000 plants, but as a rule only 12,000 or 13,000 heads will be salable. So any fertilizer that will help the growth and quality should be welcomed by the growers."—American Agriculturist.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Coal oil and kerosene are the same thing. More than 100 tons to the acre will not do as well as less.

Pekin ducks have cream-colored bills and legs, Ayresburg, flesh-colored.

When a cockerel is a year old he becomes a cock; a pullet a hen at the same age.

In an incubator ducks' eggs require the same temperature as hens' eggs, 103 degrees.

Taking one year with another dollar net profit per hen may be considered a good average.

Surface cultivation is the great drought slayer. Learn how best to do it; it will pay you well.

Use the pruning knife carefully and thoughtfully. Hit or miss work won't do if you wish to own a successful orchard.

Did you ever live without fruit, subsisting mainly on meat? If you did you need not be told of the necessity of a part fruit diet.

Sometimes hens are found dead under the perches, while seemingly fat and in good condition. Often the trouble is that they are too fat and die of apoplexy.

Every one who keeps hens knows of one or two or more which are persistent layers. These should be bred from as they will transmit their good qualities to their progeny.

During the close, hot days, see that the supply of clean, fresh water is constant. If you have any sentiment in you it will do you good to see the hens enjoy the drink.

Study the different varieties of fruits and see which kinds do best in your location, or like places. If you do this thoroughly it will save you much disappointment.

### Turbine Wheels on Steamers.

Turbine wheels are being tried instead of screws as the propelling power on small steamers at Dresden. Experiments made with one boat, propelled first with a turbine wheel, showed that a speed five per cent greater could be obtained with ten per cent less horse power by using the wheel.—New York Telegram.

### The Human Voice.

One's surprise in the fact that no two persons' voices are perfectly alike ceases when one is informed by authority that, though there are only nine perfect tones to the human voice, there are the astonishing number of 17,592,115,044,415 different sounds.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Diamonds in the Ruins.

Over four hundred diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut.—Columbus Dispatch.

There are 3,000,000 bachelors in the United States.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The average weight of the egg of the ostrich is three pounds.

### You Don't Have to Swear Off.

Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure: "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Drugists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

### It Is Merely Good Health.

That beautiful complexion is health, preserved by Ripans Tablets.

Ripans Tablets purify the blood, clear the skin of blemishes and make life more worth living.

How MY THROAT HURTS! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Fort H. ward, Wis., May 4, 1894.

### Dyspepsia

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing, blood purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any troubles as I was." BAKER, J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vermont.

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