

## THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning  
And the heart and the foot are light,  
When the flags are all a flutter  
And the world is gay and bright,  
When the bugles lead the column  
And the drums are proud in the van,  
It's a shoulder to shoulder, forward march!  
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music  
With your comrades all in line,  
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,  
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening  
And the color-bearer's gone,  
When the merry strains are silent  
That piped so brave in the dawn,  
When you miss the dear old fellows  
Who started out with you,  
When it's stubborn and sturdy forward  
March!  
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,  
And the road has lonesome grown,  
And life is a bitter cup to drink;  
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,  
A task we may never shirk,  
In the gay time and the sorrowful time  
We must march and do our work.  
We must march when the music cheers us,  
March when the strains are dumb,  
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!  
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,  
The stronger man keeps the pace,  
For the desolate march and the silent  
The strong soul finds the grace.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

## By the Doctor's Order.

"Hop-picking," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who disported themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house if you will honor us by becoming our guest tonight."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments, to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take them, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cheese rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great, cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Iced tea and cold chicken were on the table; forced hothouse peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg; were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The mild climate of the southern portion of Alaska is due to the Japanese current.

After several years of trial, pulleys covered with papier-mache are gaining in favor among British machinists.

The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the murre. By experiment the darker colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo little change.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the age of the earth, since it cooled sufficiently to support life, is about 20,000,000 years within limits of error, perhaps ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years. Eminent geologists, in discussing these figures recently, say that they think the true age is nearer 60,000,000 or 100,000,000 years.

The longevity of astronomers has often been noted. A French compiler finds that Fontenelle lived to 100, Carleone Herschel to 98, Cassini to 97, Sir Edward Sabine to 94, Moirant to 93, Santini and Sharpe to 91, Yates, Airy, Humboldt, Robinson and Long reached 90. The long list of those who lived to 80 includes Halley, Newton, Herschel, Kant and Roger Bacon.

A Massachusetts man has patented an X-ray machine for examining jewels consisting of means of producing the rays, a support for the jewel opaque to light, but transparent to the Roentgen rays, a screen for converting the rays into light after the passage through the jewel, a mirror for reflecting the rays and eyepieces for examining the reflected image.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being hung on one end of a rope with a hollow air chamber and a number of weights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A singular effect of a bee sting is told by an English astronomer. The sting was not painful, but in about fifteen minutes the face of the victim, a lady, became violently flushed, and blains or white blisters appeared all over the body, arms and legs, and then, more curiously still, she developed a sharp attack of asthma. This yielded to home remedies, and the blisters turned from white to red, disappearing in a few hours.

More than half the streets of Berlin already are lighted with the best kind of gas glowlight—perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flame.

Aug. 11, 483 out of the 22,006 street lanterns were fitted up with the new light, and the remaining 10,523 lanterns are to follow during the next six months. This new light effects a large saving to the city. In future but 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas will be needed, against 17,000,000 before, a saving of a big sum per annum, with fivefold the illuminating power.

Star Routes.

One of the United States postoffice inspectors assigned to duty on western star routes tells an interesting story explaining why postal routes supplied by couriers on horseback or by stage came to be designated "star routes."

Years ago three words found place on the records of the postoffice. They were "certainty," "celerity" and "security." In subjects pertaining to the transmission of the mails no words were repeated so often. Up to 1845 no contract for carrying the mail was let unless the bidder made known the manner in which he proposed to carry it. There was an understanding that bidders who run stages should have the inside track, but Congress knocked out this practice by enacting a law by which contracts were to be let to the lowest bidder without taking into consideration the manner in which the mail was to be carried from one place to another, stipulating only that it must be handled with certainty, celerity and security.

After that the postoffice clerks classified bids as certainty, celerity and security routes. The use of this four word designation became so common that the clerks cast about for some appellation easier to write, and they hit on the plan of substituting three stars (\*\*\*) and, from that incident the pony and stagecoach lines became known as star routes.

The first reference to star routes was made in 1859 when in an advertisement these routes were explained as being certainty, celerity and security routes.—Chicago Record.

An Innovation in Wild Fowling.

An innovation on the grass mats used as a blind for wild fowling has been introduced by a New Yorker at a point in Georgia where snipe and waders are plenty and the beach is hard and smooth. This is a grass blind built around a rubber-tired tricycle in which he sits and quietly pedals from point to point where he has placed stales, calling as he goes. If birds alight or are seen at a distance, he very slowly drifts down to them, and in this way is reported to be making excellent bags.—New York Sun.

Her Specialty.

"She has a wonderfully forgiving nature," said one young woman. "I offended her, unintentionally, and when I spoke to her about it she said she was perfectly willing to overlook the past."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "That is a specialty of hers."

"What?"

"Overlooking the past. She says that she is only twenty-eight years of age."—Washington Star.

# THE FARM GARDEN



## Keeping Frost From Cellars.

The unsightly banks of horse manure piled against the basement walls of farm houses are not needed to keep out frost. They are worse than unsightly, for the odor from decaying manure affects a sense more sensitive than sight. If a second wall of brick or stone is laid two inches from the wall, and its top tightly joined to the building above, this dead air space will keep out frost better than will a three-foot bank of horse manure. Some householders make the protection inside with a dead air space enclosed in matched boards, or, better still, covered with the well-known Neponset paper siding, which is better than boards for securing warmth to any building.

## A Cleanly Way of Milking.

The thumb and finger pressure on the cow's teat is not the cleanest way by which a cow can be milked, although it is the quickest and easiest. Indeed, a cow can hardly be milked in dirtier manner, for all the flth on the teat must necessarily be scraped from it by the rapid downward pressure. Neither is such a way of drawing the milk nearest that of the calf. When the thumb and all the fingers are closed tightly about the teat, the grasp is nearer that of the calf than any other. Now, if the hand is drawn slightly downward, the milk is pressed from the teat in a steady stream.

Such a method of milking is the cleanest possible one. The least dirt falls, and the motion and grasp of the hand is similar to the action of the calf's mouth while sucking. This method of milking is slow and tedious if the teat is short, but the cow can be milked dry, and the milk thus obtained is clean.—New England Homestead.

## Strawberry Rust.

Strawberry rust is a fungous disease which injures some varieties more than others. Most of the larger strawberry growers in Vermont avoid serious difficulty from rust by frequent re-setting of their beds, taking only two crops of fruit, then plowing up. Where they keep them longer and the rust begins to trouble, the best preventive is spraying with bordeaux mixture—the same remedy as used for potato blight. Spray at least three times, once as soon as convenient after the berries are harvested, again later in the summer as the new plants are well developed, and again the following spring before the fruit is set. If disease is very bad, I should advise two sprayings in addition to the above—one more in the fall and one earlier in the spring, making five altogether. In addition, it is a good practice to mow the bed after picking, and rake off and burn the old leaves, which destroys many of the old rust spores.—L. R. Jones, Vermont Experiment Station.

## Millet for Horses.

The effect of such coarse fodders as millet on horses has been studied by Professor Hinebaugh of the North Dakota experiment station. In the first trial two horses were fed grain and hay for two weeks. For ten days millet was substituted for the hay. No bad effects were noted from this test. A second and similar one was made later, when one of the horses became lame and could hardly stand. The other horse did not show such marked symptoms, but when fed millet for about three months became so lame in the joints of the hind legs that it was almost impossible for her to move. When the millet feeding was discontinued she would recover. The lameness was again produced by millet feeding. After two years of alternate millet and hay feeding she became practically worthless. Professor Hinebaugh sent out a batch of circular letters to farmers, and from his own tests and replies from these letters concludes that millet alone as a coarse fodder is injurious to horses. It produces an increased action of the kidneys and causes lameness and swelling of the joints. It causes an infusion of blood into the joints and destroys the texture of the bone, rendering it soft and less tenacious, so that the ligaments and muscles are easily torn loose. The experiences of many farmers seem to confirm these conclusions.

## Cheap Grain Rations for Sheep.

To determine the relative value of different food stuffs raised upon the South Dakota farms, the experiment station conducted a number of sheep feeding tests. One lot was fed shelled corn, oats, shorts and oil meal; another, equal weights of corn and oats; a third, equal weights of wheat and oats, and a fifth equal weights of barley and wheat. Good healthy lambs were selected, weighing about 54 pounds per head. They had not been well cared for, and consequently were in rather an unthrifty condition.

In summarizing the results, the station authorities conclude that the animals fed corn and oats produced the cheapest gain, and those fed wheat and oats the most costly. The mutton from

## French Village Mail.

One of the latest horseless carriages in France is adjusted to take the place of engines on steam railway tracks for the delivery of mail late at night in small villages, which is required by the Government. The railroads find their use an economic advantage.

## Deep-Sea Diving.

A record in British deep-sea diving was created on the Clyde, when Diver Walker descended 186 feet, and was under water for forty minutes.

## Slaughter on the Rails.

On the average six thousand persons are killed on the railways of this country every year, and upward of thirty thousand injured. Hundreds of employes are killed and thousands injured every year while engaged in coupling or uncoupling freight cars. The law of 1893 demanded that the roads should equip their cars with automatic couplers and air brakes. After all these years much more than half the freight cars remain without even automatic couplers, and fewer still are fitted with the brake. John K. Cowan appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission and requested that the time within which the roads must comply with the law be extended for five years. This looks like asking permission to kill or maim a hundred thousand persons in order that derelict roads may wear out their old equipment without the expense of fitting it with the required safety appliances.—New York Herald.

## The Chinese Treaty Ports.

The best indication of the increase of foreign trade with China is found in the mercantile conditions of what are known as the "Treaty Ports." In these treaty ports there are 672 foreign firms, and there has been an increase of sixty-nine firms during the past two years. Of the total, 363 are British, thus showing that the business of these ports is still largely in the hands of the English. But while the English firms have increased only by two during the last two years, the Americans have increased by nine and the Germans by seven. There have also been fifty-seven new Japanese firms established in these ports, but French, Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian are all on the decline. The total foreign population of the treaty ports is 10,855, which is an increase of about 1000 during the two years.

## A Closed Incident.

So Captain Leonard A. Lovering, the officer at Fort Sheridan who kicked and prodded with his sword an obstinate private soldier, is to be "reprimanded." The penalty, to a civilian, seems rather mild, all things considered, but in reality it is by no means a light one, and the ends of justice will probably be met. An official reprimand is not easy to bear when directed at a man of high spirit, to whom reputation is a matter of immense consequence. Captain Lovering has had his lesson. It is not likely that he will offend again, and no doubt he is a good soldier, the incident may be regarded as satisfactorily closed.—New York Times.

## Rest and Relief.

A piece of machinery run by steam and overworked will become cranky, creaky, and out of gear, owing to some expansion of metal from heat and friction. Stop its work, rub and brighten and let it rest. In a short while it will be restored and will run smoothly. The human system is a machine. Too much work and worry are thrown upon it; too much of the heat of daily cares; too much of the steam of daily business. The nerves become cranky; they are restless, sleepless and twitchy, and a neuralgic condition sets in. Doctors prescribe the machine out of gear and it needs rest and treatment to strengthen and restore. St. Jacobs Oil is the one remedy of all peculiarly adapted to a prompt and sure cure. So many have so freely testified from experience and use to its efficacy in the cure of neuralgia that it passes without saying that it surely cures. It will be a gracious surprise to many after the free use of it to find how easily pain, cares and worry may be lifted, and how smoothly the human machine goes on.

## Eighteen Grandsons as Pallbearers.

Eighteen grandsons of the late William Belt, of Baltimore, Md., bore his body to the grave a few days ago. No hearse or carriages were used.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent in bottles and treated free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

We have not been without Pisco's Cure for Consumption for 30 years.—LIZZIE FERRELL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

A healthful cleanness is acquired by the sallow skin washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, &c.

# Was Nervous

## Troubled with Her Stomach—Could Not Sleep—Hood's Cured.

"About a year ago I was troubled with my stomach and could not eat. I was nervous and could not sleep at night. I grew very thin. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now well and strong, and owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MARY PERKINS, 90 South Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. Remember

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic.

AGENTS MONEY TALKS: \$20 will be paid for each bottle of Hood's Pills. See the name of the agent on the wrapper. One Mrs. C., Cincinnati, O.