

THE PRESENT WORLD.

This world's a pretty good sort of world, taking it altogether. In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet, in spite of the gloomy weather, there are friends to love and hopes to cheer. And plenty of compensation for every ache, for these who make the best of the situation.

—Josephine Pollard.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY B. M. NEILL.

When M. D. was tacked to my name, I bowed at two shrines, my profession and—my Angelina. Her name was not Angelina, but my wife being a modest little lady, desires she shall not be dragged before an inquisitive public. Let, then, Angelina represent the real woman.

Of course I had a rival; name, Richard Somers; age, twenty-six; general appearance, striking and handsome; character, very bad.

Neither my affection for this gentleman nor his affection for me would have caused a conflagration on any river of which I know. We disliked each other heartily from the first. Being a much handsomer man than myself, he might have been a dangerous rival. However, he saved me all trouble. He committed a forgery which was discovered sooner than he expected. He was arrested for the offense, tried and convicted. I was one of the principal witnesses against him. When the sentence was passed upon him, he requested a moment's conversation with me. I shall never forget the look of hatred upon his face as he hissed out:

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that, and fear me!"

I attached but little importance to his threat. I thought it simply the bluster of a self-defeated and disgraced rival.

Shortly after, Angelina and I were married, and for two years I heard nothing of Somers. His sentence had been a comparatively light one—a year and six months. After his discharge from prison, however, I neither saw nor heard of him.

For so young a man, I had been very successful as a physician, principally due to my strict attention to practice. No matter how late, or dark an evening, might be the right, I promptly attended to all summonses to the bedside of suffering.

One night, a little while before the hour of retiring, the door-bell rang, and shortly afterward a man entered the room where we were sitting. He was not prepossessing. His hair was short and thick, and the general cast of his features villainous.

Without hesitation, I put on my coat and hat and prepared to go with him.

"A gentleman," he said, "had broken his leg."

I thought it a pity that, if the gentleman were anything like his messenger, he hadn't broken his neck. I did not tell my wife where I was going, for it was a distant part of the town, and in anything but a respectable neighborhood. I did not wish to make the little woman nervous.

On our way, the unprepossessing man was very uncommunicative. He answered my inquiries about the injured gentleman in surly monosyllables. He was apparently in no haste, for he walked very slowly—more slowly, I thought, than was consistent with the welfare of my patient.

At last we arrived at our destination. It was a very dark-looking house, in a very dark street.

My guide led me up two flights of very dirty and rickety stairs, that reeked objections to our weight upon them. In the third story, we stopped before a door, which, to my surprise, my companion opened with a key which he took from his pocket. Was he afraid that a man with a broken leg would escape? I was still more surprised when, on entering the room, I found it empty!

He motioned me to a chair, and, remarking he would return soon, left the room.

For the first time I was somewhat nervous and suspicious. The empty room—the last action of my guide—his carelessness, on our way, as to the health of the supposed injured man—the lonely house and neighborhood—all combined to make me suspect foul play.

I stepped to the door, only to find it locked from the outside—to the window, only to find escape impossible there. It was many feet from the ground.

My suspicions were now certainties. I was trapped. None of my friends, not even my wife knew where I was. I might be murdered in this den, and my death remain a mystery.

I suppose I waited about an hour before I heard the key turn in the door. Then, to my dismay, half a dozen men entered.

When nature made the jail-bird who had led me into this trap, she did not break the mould. These men were of the same pattern. All wore the same hang-dog, murderous look. One of them raised the light in the room, which had been burning low. With hardly a glance at me, they took seats upon the floor, and began to play cards.

Soon the door opened, and another man entered. I hardly had a hope as I looked at him, for I saw the exulting face of my enemy—Dick Somers!

At a glance he saw that I recognized him. With a malicious leer, he stepped forward, and, quoting his own words of two years before, said:

"You have ruined my love and my life. Remember that, and fear me!"

I saw in his face, at once showing his revenge and desperation, that nothing could turn him aside from his purpose.

"Somers," I said, "I know that you have trapped me here for the purpose

of renegeing yourself upon me, but remember, sir, that I have friends! Remember law and justice!"

"I fear nothing," he answered. "I defy man and God! Revenge on you is dearer to me than life; and though for me the bottomless pit were yawning, I would have it."

I saw it was useless to appeal to him, and I sullenly waited for what seemed fate.

At his command the ruffians searched me. One of them, who appeared to be kind of treasurer for the gang, secured my watch and pocket-book. Then they tied me with stout ropes to a chair.

Somers did not address me again, but sat upon the floor and gambled with the rest. Presently he rose, and, saying he would return by daybreak, left the room. He evidently felt I was in his power and seemed in no hurry to complete his revenge.

When he had gone the card-playing was kept up for a couple of hours. Then the men all stretched themselves upon the floor and slept. The door opened inward, and across it was the burly form of the treasurer. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the trial, I set about devising some plan of escape.

The first thing to do was to free myself. I have large wrists and small hands. In trying me they had not taken this into consideration. Without much difficulty I liberated my hands; then, of course, it was the work of but a few minutes to entirely free myself from my bonds.

Taking the precaution to place the ropes in such a position, that, should the gang waken, I would still appear to be bound. I thought upon my chances of escape. They certainly appeared very few and small. The fact of the men upon the floor being asleep, seemed little in my favor. I could not move the ruffian who was sleeping at the door without waking him. Escape by the window was impossible. Every plan that suggested itself had insurmountable objections to it. I had almost given up scheming in despair, and concluded to adopt some hopelessly desperate measure, when I thought of the contents of a bottle I had in my pocket.

In searching me, the ruffians had not disturbed it, thinking it of no importance. It contained chloroform. I also had a sponge in my pocket. In a moment I resolved what to do. Drawing the bottle from my pocket, I soaked the sponge thoroughly with its contents.

Slowly, painfully (I could hear my heart beat), with all the caution that a man uses when his life may depend upon the slightest noise, I stepped to the side of the nearest ruffian.

I placed the saturated sponge to his nose. I saw him quickly yield to the influence of the vapor. From man to man I stepped. One by one they were made senseless, helpless.

The man at the door was the last. I drew him away, first securing my watch and pocketbook. I also found in his possession a blackjack, which I took the liberty of appropriating. Then, opening the door, I stepped out into the hall.

I still moved cautiously, feeling that all danger was not past. I thought there might be a watcher there, but, to my relief, I saw no one. I descended the first flight of stairs, and reached the second story in safety.

I had gone about half way down the second flight. My heart stood still, for I heard some one enter below, then, in the muttered oath, I recognized Somers' voice. I crouched down upon the stair next the wall, hoping he might pass me. But, as he came up, his hand brushed my face.

In a moment he had me by the throat. I knew him to be by far the more powerful man, and it was not a time for scruples. Quickly, it being so dark he could not see the action, I raised the blackjack—I had held it since I left the room—and brought it down heavily upon his skull.

His hand left my throat, and he rolled down stairs. I found him at the foot, quite still. I made good my escape, not stopping to see if I had killed him. I do not know to this day whether he is living or dead. I never saw nor heard of him again.

When I arrived home, I found a very frightened little woman, but I did not tell her till long afterward the history of that night. I have never since been in such a fix, and if discretion and a reasonable supply of timidity can prevent it, never will be in the future.

—Saturday Night.

Matrimonial Coincidence.

Mr. S. E. McMillan, who has recently moved to Charlotte from South Carolina, gives an interesting account of a matrimonial coincidence that occurred in his family last year.

About the first of last July Mr. McMillan received a letter from his brother in Lake End, La., saying: "I will be married on the 8th of this month. Meet us at Nashville, Tenn., and join us for a trip to Colorado City."

At the time he received this letter Mr. McMillan was making arrangements for his own wedding, which was dated for July 8, and at this time he says he was living in the sand hills of South Carolina, the soil there having become proverbial for its poverty.

On about the 10th of July he received a letter from another brother, J. D. McMillan of Cataline Island, off the west coast of California, saying: "I was married on the 8th of this month to Miss ———." In contrast with the sand hills of South Carolina, Cataline Island is one of the most fertile districts in the world.

All three brothers married on the 8th of July and it was impossible for them to have any concerted plans about the date as they had not heard from each other in months.—Charlotte (N. C.) Democrat.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer's Strawberry Shortcake.

To make strawberry shortcake, prepare a dough precisely the same as for fingers. Roll this into a sheet an inch thick, cut it into an oblong shape, brush it with milk, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Have the strawberries mashed and sugared. When the cake is done, pull it gently into halves; butter each half a little; put the lower half on the serving-dish and cover it thickly with strawberries. Put the remaining strawberries over the top. Serve at once with cream and powdered sugar.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

A Potato Surprise for an Invalid.

Take a smooth, medium-sized potato, wash and cut the small end partly off, leaving just enough attached to form a little hinge, scoop out part of the raw potato and fill with beef or mutton that has been prepared by removing all gristle and fat, chopped very fine and seasoned. When filled tie the potato cover on and bake until tender. When done take from the oven, raise the cover, and if the meat looks dry turn over it a little dressing made with butter, water and flour, or, if there is any on hand, a little meat gravy. Serve in the skin, and, as its name suggests, it will be a tempting surprise. Or, for a change, simply bake the potato, and when done cut off the little end and scoop out all inside; season this with butter, salt and chopped celery; beat up fine and light, then refill the skin and serve.

Veal Croquettes.

Small scraps of cooked veal may be easily used in croquettes. If there is only a cup of cold veal add a cup of rice and put in a quarter of a cup of mushrooms. Where there is abundance of meat use only a quarter of a cup of rice and a cup and three-quarters of minced meat. In place of the mushrooms half a cup of minced and cooked sweetbreads or of calf's brains can be used. Add seasoning of three or four drops of onion juice, a sprig of minced parsley, a spray of celery and one of thyme. Moisten the mixture with three-quarters of a cup of white stock, which should be jellied, if it can be obtained. Add a saltspoonful of salt and a few shakes of a caster of white pepper. Finally stir one egg yolk in the mixture and cook it in a frying-pan for two or three minutes. Pour the croquette mixture out on a platter, and when it is cold form it into croquettes. Dip it in the beaten yolk of an egg mixed with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Roll the croquettes in sifted breadcrumbs and fry them in boiling hot fat until they are a delicate brown. It should take about two minutes.

A Brown Chicken Pie.

Chop a small onion, two crisp, white stalks of celery, and a good-sized sprig of parsley, fine. Put into a small saucepan with half a cup of water, and one teaspoonful of butter and let it simmer awhile.

Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, and when it browns put in the chicken (which should be cooked as for an ordinary pie), and when well browned on both sides, pour in the contents of the saucepan and shake until well mixed. Add a pint of the broth in which the chicken was boiled, and cover closely, letting it simmer for fifteen minutes.

Drain the chicken and put it into the crust. Slice four hard-boiled eggs and put in layers over the chicken with bits of butter; a heaping teaspoonful, cut fine, is sufficient on each layer. Two is enough, making three with the chicken.

When all is ready for the top crust, stir a little thickening into the gravy which has been kept hot. A tablespoonful of flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold water or milk, is enough, and when it boils up remove from fire. Add a bit of cayenne pepper, or black, and salt to make it well seasoned. Put on the top crust, having two or three slits across the top, and bake.

Household Hints.

A speck is what you can take on the tip of a penknife.

Never pierce meat while cooking, or the juice will escape.

Veal must never be laid on a dish, but hung in an airy place till cooked.

Egg shells should be thrown into a stock-pot directly the contents are used.

Choose butter by its fresh odor, freedom from buttermilk and streaks of color.

To give an appetizing flavor to a broiled beefsteak, rub a cut onion over the hot platter with the butter.

To scald milk, put it in a jug or basin in a pan of cold water over the fire. When the water boils the milk is scalded.

A cup is all the cup will hold without running over—full to the brim. A scant cupful is within a fourth of an inch of the top.

Fish for frying should always be dried thoroughly and dredged thickly with flour before being brushed over with egg and breadcrumbs.

To improve sweetbreads and give them a fine flavor, soak them in mild lemon juice water an hour, and then boil twenty minutes in beef stock.

When flavoring soup, never use powdered spices, as they form a sediment at the bottom of the plate and spoil the appearance. Whole cloves and other spices should be stuck into the vegetables while boiling. Long pepper is superior to ground, but it requires several hours' boiling.

THE FARM GARDEN



Treatment of Verbena Seed.

Verbena seed should be soaked three or four hours in tepid water before being planted in a shallow box of soil with good drainage. It will germinate in twelve or fourteen days. Water well, but judiciously; if you give too much the plants will damp off. When the young plants are out of the seed leaf transplant into pots, and when large enough set in the open ground. The verbena, like the phlox and portulaca, likes the sun. One of its good qualities—and it has many—is that it lasts a long time in water.

Flowing Under Clover for Corn.

Where clover is a new seeding, by which is meant such as was sown a year ago this season, it may pay to let it grow until nearly the first of June and then plow it under as a preparation for corn or potatoes. There will in the latter part of May be considerable clover growth, which being succulent and rich, will rot rapidly in the soil. But for the second year's clover ley there is no use in waiting. More or less June grass will have come among the clover by the second year, and this needs to be plowed early, so as to set it to rotting as quickly as possible.

Notes for Shepherds.

Sheep fertilize the pastures. Sheep are death to wild mustard. Eastern Australia has 100,000,000 sheep. Don't keep a flock in unventilated quarters.

The Merino matures too slowly for a profitable mutton sheep. The demand for stock sheep has been very strong this season.

Second growth clover is highly recommended for lambs after weaning. Once in a while the stables should have an extra and a thorough cleaning.

Dry feed and nothing else will likely cause sick sheep before spring. Oil meal is a remedy.

The ram is by no means a coward, and we have seen one put up a successful fight against a dog. To compel the ewe to raise a lamb and grow a big fleece the same year is too much work for her.

The breeding of lamb rams is a serious mistake to both the breeder and customer, says a flockmaster.—Western Plowman.

Manure and Pear Blight.

Pear blight is probably a fungous disease which works in the sap under certain conditions. It is more likely to attack trees which have an excess of stable manure, even though they have a sufficiency of the mineral fertilizers, potash and phosphate. The best pear growers now use stable manure very sparingly, and only at seasons when its effect will be mostly passed before the hot weather of summer. If the manure is applied late in spring, as is most often done, because manure is most plentiful then, its greatest effect comes in July and August. The pear trees thus manured will most certainly blight. Top-dressing the trees in early fall makes the increased growth come in the spring. If the trees are bearing they should have extra heavy supplies of potash and phosphate without any additional nitrogen. We have seen pear trees blight which we believe would have been saved if the roots could find enough potash to perfect the fruit. The pear blight most often attacks trees that are bearing, at just the time the fruit should be forming its seeds. There is a suggestion in this that a plentiful supply of potash early in the season would have kept the sap in healthy condition.

How to Restore Denuded Forests.

Dr. Rothrock, the state forestry commissioner, in a speech at the recent annual meeting of the Lumberman's Exchange, described the stripping of the forests of Pennsylvania by the lumbermen and tanners since 1879. So far as effect was concerned this was much like locking the stable after the horse has been stolen. The denuded hillsides, stretching all the way from Williamsport on the west branch of the Susquehanna to the Allegheny, will not be recovered with forests by speechmaking. Had some sensible system of removing the merchantable timber been employed, leaving the rest to come to maturity, these denuded hillsides, would still be forest covered.

While the picture of present desolation, where once mighty forests overspread the country, cannot be presented too often as an object lesson upon how not to treat our remaining timbered area, the most practical work for reforesting a part of our forest-stripped domain will be some agitation for protecting these sections against forest fires. Land that has been stripped of all its timber and burned to a condition of barren desolation will reforest itself in course of time if protected from fire, and the state bureau of forestry should bend its every energy to the securing and effectual enforcement of legisla-

tion that will put an end to forest fires.

All that Dr. Rothrock says about the desolated timber counties of the state is true and it cannot be too strongly stated, but the present problem is that of repairing by gradual growth the destruction that has been rapid and widespread. Protect the stripped forest area and forests of some kind will grow again, and in no other way can this desirable end be secured. Lamenting what is passed will not replace a single tree, but sensible protecting of the young forest growth will in time furnish new forests.—Philadelphia Times.

Value of a Manure Spreader.

B. C. Mitchell, a Pennsylvania expert says: "A great many writers recommend composting. Others say, keep the manure under shelter and fork it over until a well rotted pile of manure is secured, then haul out after harvest and plow under, or haul out in the spring. In my judgment and experience I would most severely condemn any such methods of handling or utilizing manure. If piled in ever so small heaps it will heat in less than 24 hours and begin to deteriorate. There is nothing in composting. If you have anything to put on the land, put it on and do not keep it six months or a year, as you cannot add one particle of value to it by so doing. Manure is never of any more value than when it is first made.

It is a ruinous practice that some farmers have of throwing their manure out into the barnyard and letting it remain for six months or a year, where it will lose over 60 per cent. of its value. For the last six years I have made it an imperative rule to save all of my manure, liquid and solid, as near as possible, and top-dress my ground by means of a manure spreader. This is the proper way to apply manure under all circumstances. Take off one crop before turning it down, so that it will become thoroughly incorporated in the soil. By so doing you will increase your crop and the amount of humus. The manure spreader has been the keynote to my success in farming. When I began 13 years ago I found that there had been a great improvement in the farm implements, such as the binder, the mowing machine, the tedder, the horse rake, the grain drill. All are grand labor-saving machines, but a manure spreader, unlike any other farm machinery, can be profitably used at all times. One of them can spread more manure than ten men and do it a great deal better. It tears the material to pieces and distributes it so evenly that the plants will all receive a benefit. The spreader can be regulated quickly to put on, five, ten, fifteen or twenty loads to the acre. It will spread a load in three minutes where you put fifteen loads to the acre.

Poultry Notes.

Call out the poor layers and give the prolific hens more room to work.

After the second year the hen's value as a winter egg-producer lessens.

Green rye is the best form for feeding; as a grain it is a poor poultry food.

Make the hens work. Exercise helps digestion. Feed all they will eat up clean.

Do not throw long grass to the fowls unless it be a sod. It will not take long to run it through a cutter; then feed it in troughs. It should not be over an inch long.

Let the fowls have drinking troughs into which it will be impossible for them to get with their feet. Their water becomes foul, and to it we may attribute many diseases.

One of the difficulties in early settings of eggs is that they often become chilled before being put under the hen. Do not keep them in metal pans as the custom is too often.

Everything which is in the egg must be supplied in the food, and the subject of feeding should be a study. Let us at least remember that an egg contains oil, phosphorus, sulphur, lime and nitrogen.

The egg shell is porous and whenever it comes in contact with filth of any kind the quality of the egg is very quickly injured. Eggs for hatching should be washed in warm water before being set, that all closed pores may be opened.

Geese profit from a good grass pasture, but they should not be allowed to run in a field where there is any other stock. They foul the grass quickly so that horses and cattle will not eat it. They should have an enclosure to themselves.

Even carbolic acid is not sure death to all forms of parasites. Lime is much more potent, and if poultry houses are whitewashed from time to time the nuisance will be more surely abated, although they breed fast. Grease the perches occasionally and even dip their ends in soil grease.

There is often a sad lack of profit with chickens just because there is a sad lack of management. Countless little things, which no one can teach another, are essentials, and these have more to do with it than do general rules. On the list of necessary things are good blood, warm shelter, proper food, but only the practical man learns those which are not written.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The cultivation of the camphor tree in Florida has proved a decided success.

Appetite -- Strength

Without the First You Cannot Have the Last.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives both. It gently tones and strengthens the stomach and gives digestive power, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. By making the blood rich and pure it strengthens the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. 21c. six for \$1.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

The Persian Way.

The Shah of Persia may be only in the 2.30 class in matters of diplomacy and he does not dare exactly to slap Queen Victoria of Kaiser William on the back when the potatoes chance to meet; but, so far as matters in Persia are concerned, when the Shah makes a law it is generally enforced to the letter. Persian laws, as tradition informs us, have always had a fashion of getting themselves obeyed and the habit has continued even through the nineteenth century.

A case in point may be cited in the matter of Persian lamb skins. Persian lamb skins are and have long been an article of staple demand in the commercial world. They have commanded such good prices that the supply was hardly equal to the demand. Consequently, when the Shah one day ordered spring lamb with mint sauce, the cook was obliged to confess that the dish was beyond the command of the Persian treasury. Of course the cook was promptly beheaded, but the Shah could not find another cook who would agree to furnish spring lamb whenever his majesty desired to indulge in that delicacy.

This naturally irritated the Shah. After consulting with three or four of his most trusted advisers, who could see no way out of the difficulty and who consequently disappeared from their homes and society in a mysterious manner, the Shah finally decided that the commerce of Persia was threatened by the extinction of Persian sheep and Persian lambs. Consequently, he made a decree that any person found with lamb skins in his possession for purposes of trade or commerce would be fined heavily. Since then the export trade in Persian lamb skins has stopped with a blunt and nauseating jar.—Boston Advertiser.

The British Army rifle has eighty-two component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed as well as various processes which do not require machinery.

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERREL, Powell Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at $\frac{1}{4}$ the cost.

Made from pure grain, is nourishing and healthy.

Just what your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitations.