

THE OLD WAY.

By Mathew White, Jr.

London, June 23.—The brig Clio, from Zanzibar, brings intelligence which, if true, will be of deep import to the members of the Geographical society. The news concerns Arthur Marquand, who went out to Africa with the Jarvis Hook expedition ten years ago, was lost in the jungle and has never been heard from since. The Clio's captain declares that Marquand has been held in captivity by a tribe of Somalis and succeeded not long since in escaping. Capt. Davidson's information comes through several hands, but as near as can be made out Marquand, if it was he, made his way to the coast and constructed a rude craft, on which he fearlessly embarked amid the breakers and was picked up by some vessel, name and destination unknown. Of course a report of this sort is very vague, and the only reason for supposing the man to be Marquand is that this person was a white man and came from a point somewhere near the scene of Marquand's disappearance. The arrival of ships from Southeast Africa at both English and American ports will be attended with unusual interest during the next few weeks.

Arthur Marquand was a native of Massachusetts and was the youngest member of the Jarvis Hook expedition, being only twenty-three when he sailed with it. It will be remembered that the expedition returned four years later with some important data for the Geographical society and with the loss of five men out of the original sixteen, four of them by fever and one—this Marquand—by disappearance.

The foregoing item, printed among the foreign dispatches in a Boston paper, was read with varying degrees of interest by those under whose notice it came. But as it was not tucked away at the bottom of the column, seemingly in the capacity of a "filler," it did not make a very deep impression on the general public.

But there was one home where it was read with eyes that seemed to devour the words as a famished man devours bread. This home was a stately manor in a Massachusetts town; the reader was a woman past her youth, but still beautiful. Around her were all the accessories of comfort and luxury that wealth could supply; but her gown was somber and on her face, faintly perceptible even through its lines of beauty, were traces of suffering.

She was sitting at a dainty breakfast table. She had picked up the paper languidly as if impelled to glance over it by custom rather than desire. It was by the purest chance that she had happened to notice the item already quoted.

When she had read it through with bosom heaving and fingers that had suddenly become so nervous that the sheet slipped from them and fell with a rattling of paper to the floor, her lips parted and she gave one cry:

"Arthur!"

Her companion at the table was a woman several years younger than herself. While waiting for the hostess to give the signal to rise she had been idly toying with her coffee spoon and watching two coquetting robins through the window. Now she rose hastily and ran around to kneel beside her friend and peer with terror-stricken eyes into the face that had grown suddenly pale.

"Rose! Rose!" she called. "What is it? What has happened?"

The other opened her eyes, stretched out her arms, and as the younger woman allowed herself to be folded into their embrace for an instant, the first exclaimed:

"Oh, Arthur is alive. I know it is he. I always knew that he was not dead, that he would come back!"

Rose Marquand leaned over and picked up the newspaper. Her hands were trembling. She could not find the place. Then she gave it up and folding Gwendolin in her arms once more proceeded to laugh and cry in the fashion most women have when their emotions are deeply roused.

For Rose was Arthur Marquand's wife, true to him during all these years of separation and silence, a silence that perchance some women would have construed as synonymous with death.

But Gwendolin's eyes were not blinded by love-light. Rose was her oldest friend; they had been schoolgirls together, and she had recently come to make a long visit to the lonely woman who had refused to be wholly comforted for her loss. Now, when Gwendolin had read the item and knew the very slender basis on which the hope of Arthur's return rested, she felt that in some way she must contrive to prevent the wife from building too lofty a superstructure on this frail foundation.

But she might as well have attempted to extinguish the source of the sunshine that was pouring in at the window. Rose was already excitedly turning the paper this way and that in search of the marine news.

"Look, look here, Gwen!" she cried after a moment, pointing triumphantly to a single line in the narrative type.

It was under the heading "Port of New York" and read simply:

"Bark Juno (Ba.), Stevens, Zanzibar, April 11, with ivory to C. F. Grotes; vessel to master."

"Don't you see, Gwen!" cried the happy woman. "He may have come on the Juno. I may get a telegram any minute. He may be here this very day. Quick, Gwen, find a time table; go to the library or up in my room, any-

where, somewhere. I must see what is the first train he could take to bring him here."

By this time Gwendolin herself began to be infected with hope. Oh, if it could only be true, she thought! Rose's life had seemed so incomplete; and her womanhood had budded with promise of such perfect happiness and joy. For if ever a love match was made it was that between Rose Grayson and Arthur Marquand. Rose lived with her parents in this very home, the most imposing in the town, where Arthur had come as a college boy and whence he had gone away, at the end of four years, on his wedding journey.

Gwen recalled now as she hurried from room to room in search of that time table, how stern his father had been with him for his haste, a sternness that, more than anything else, had fired Arthur with the determination and show the world that it was not all of life to do simply the bidding of the woman he loved. For Rose had bitterly opposed his going. And this fact had added poignancy to her grief—the memory that she may have parted with him without giving him a heartfelt "Godspeed" for his journey. His disappearance she had come to look upon as her punishment.

At last the time table was found, and the afternoon was spent by the two in poring over it and driving back and forth to the station to see if any telegram had come. But even the absence of messages inspired Rose with renewed hope. She was possessed with a strange, unaccountable premonition that she would see her husband that day.

"He wants to surprise me," she told Gwen. "He will be here on that last train tonight. The ship may have been detained at Quarantine, you know. Oh, my dear, my dear, I am so happy!"

Gwendolin trembled for her. What consequences, might not disappointment bring? They had already sent dispatches to "Captain Stevens" and "C. F. Grote," asking if Arthur Marquand had come on the Juno. But there was still no reply to either. And yet this diminished not one whit Rose's confidence.

"There is no answer," she said, "because we had nothing but the names to which to send messages. Arthur will come on the nine-twenty tonight."

Gwendolin went with her to the station in the carriage to meet the train. They waited for fifteen minutes beyond the time, then the station agent came out and told them a freight wreck on the road would delay the express probably till past midnight.

"I shall sit up till he comes," Rose exclaimed, when they had reached home again.

"Then let me stay with you," pleaded Gwendolin—"at least till you hear him coming."

"Well, you may stay a little while, Gwen. Then I shall send you to bed, and let the servants go, too. It will be like the old days to meet him here in this room where we used to sit and talk before we knew it was love that drew us to each other. I suppose, though, he will be greatly changed—outwardly. Think of that captivity among savages! Oh, Arthur, my husband, what you must have suffered! But it will all be made up to you now. Hark, what is that, Gwen?"

"Nothing, Rose, but rain. Didn't you notice the clouds as we drove home?"

"Then I must have John go back with the carriage, and I can go with him."

"No, no, dear," entreated Gwendolin. "It's only a shower. See, the moon is out again," and she went to the window and flung open the shutters.

"Beautiful!" murmured Rose, as she came over to stand beside her. "Go to bed now, Gwen. This is just the sort of night it was when Arthur told me he loved me. There, I will turn out the lamp and have the moonlight for company. Let them all go to bed. I will wait for Arthur here."

With many misgivings Gwendolin obeyed. Rose had reached a state where she dared not cross her. But what would the morning see?

"If Arthur had come on that ship Rose would surely have heard of it by this time," Gwendolin told herself; and when she reached her room she did not prepare for bed, but took up a book, which she did not open, and sat down to think and listen and plan.

When Gwendolin had gone Rose walked back to the window, and leaning her head against one of the heavy curtains, looked out over the smooth lawn towards the gateway. All was still, save for a faint drip of water from the piazza roof. The odor of roses was borne in from the bush just outside; the moonlight, stealing in with it, seemed to revel in the luxuriousness of the apartment it had found. Ten strokes from the tall clock in the corner caused the figure in the window to start suddenly and then to give a little sigh, as another searching glance over lawn and gravelled driveway failed to reveal the longed for apparition.

She left the window and walked slowly back to a large easy chair near the center table. She sank into this, and with her eyes on the clock listened and waited.

The big clock ticked the minutes away, otherwise there is naught to disturb the brooding quiet of the night.

Suddenly the stillness is shattered by the whistle of a locomotive. The woman who has so patiently waited

starts up with a tremor running through her nerves.

"He will be here in a few minutes now," she tells herself, and wonders that she has the calmness to frame a connected thought.

She forces herself to sit still for five minutes longer, then rises and hurries out into the hall to open the front door. But just as she reaches it she hears a sound in the room she has left.

Turning quickly she sees a figure framed by the library window. The shutters are still standing open to let the moonlight in.

"It is Arthur," is her instant thought. "He has come in the old way to surprise me."

A few quick steps take her back into the library. A low, glad cry of "Arthur!" escapes her lips. She is about to fling herself into his arms, when he makes a dash forward and seizes her wrist in a grip of iron.

"One whimper and—" The cold barrel of a revolver against her forehead finishes the sentence.

The voice falls on the woman's heart like the knell of doom—not for the threat which the words convey, but for the hopes deceived which it emphasizes. It is not Arthur! In an instant the whole fabric of her fond imagining falls in ruins at her feet. Her husband is not coming back to her; he does not live; it is all a delusion for which this rude awakening is but a fitting climax!

She opens her lips to cry out, not for aid, but in very agony of disappointment. But before a sound can come forth a hand is placed over her mouth, the grasp in which is held tightens and the same brutal voice bids her be silent or die.

But Rose is not afraid of death. Indeed, what has she to live for now? How can she steel herself once more to endure existence without him who was its end and aim to her? If this hateful hand were only once removed she would scream out in very defiance of its owner. Then he would kill her, and—then there would be no more disappointment for her.

All these thoughts flashed through Rose Marquand's brain in a second of time. Then she began to struggle with all the strength of one made desperate. One hand was necessary to keep her mute, the man was hampered in his ability to hold her, and in an instant later she writhed away from the palm across her lips. One piercing shout she sent up, but the robber's other was still about her, the arm that held the pistol.

She saw this presented now at her forehead, as she fell crouching on the floor; saw in the moonlight the look of demoniacal determination with which the man placed his finger on the trigger. But she thought of Arthur and felt no fear.

Then there was a report, a flashing of something that was not smoke nor fire, before her eyes, a rush of people into the room, lights, and—Arthur bending over her, really Arthur this time, look not so very unlike his old self.

"And is this heaven, dear?" she whispered, from the shelter of his arms.

"No, Rose, not with such as that so near at hand," he replied, with a glance at the form of the burglar lying on the floor, with the cockhammer and Gardner binding him to helplessness.

"Then you did come on the Juno," Rose went on. "You wanted to surprise me, and if—"

She shuddered and would have buried her face in her hands, but Arthur took it tenderly between both of his, and a sweeter happiness than ever thrilled her as she realized that it was her husband who had come in "the old way," after all, just in time to knock the villain's pistol up and save her life, thus making it his more unreservedly even than of yore.

Tyranny Comes High.
All told, Russia has 65 grand dukes, counting the members of the imperial family; the czar's uncles and brothers receive an annual pension of 4,000,000 rubles each.

From the day of his birth a grand duke's child becomes entitled to an annual pension—1,000,000 rubles if a boy, 500,000 rubles if a girl. The revenue of the existing grand dukes exempt from all taxation amounts to a grand total of fourteen millions.

To nationalize the country would mean the wiping out of the entire debt of Russia and relieve the country of all taxation for a year, without diminishing the normal expenditures.

When the Czar Nicholas married, the danseuse Cecosinskaja, who was charged with amusing his leisure moments, received as a present 4,000,000 rubles and a palace.—Le Crie de Paris.

A Poet's Declining Years.

Swinburne, the poet, spends his declining years in tranquil pursuit of the simple life, although it is doubtful whether the book or the fad has ever disturbed his peaceful retreat. A friend says of him that he lives in possession of his needs. "Bounded on all sides by the best books, enjoying the close companionship of the truest friends ever given to a man of genius, and finding in a long walk at postman's pace a full satisfaction for the body's craving after exercise, he lives through the twilight of his days in a greater security and under the spell of a deeper peace than he knew in the boisterous dawn of his life."—Chicago Journal.

Lost and Found.

Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep, and didn't know where to find them. "Did you think of looking in the butcher's under the name of spring lamb?" was asked.

Accepting the clue, she joyfully started out to uncover the alias.

ORCHARD and GARDEN

A Cheap Fence Paint.

Nice looking fences add a great deal to the value of a farm and make the farm attractive to those who live on it as well. A cheap but serviceable paint for field fences that is used by many can be made as follows: It is composed of lime and common soap. Slake the lime in hot water, and while hot the soap, which has been cut into thin slices, is dissolved in the water. This should be put on the fence while hot, and if not freshly made it can be heated up for the purpose. This of course makes a perfectly white paint which may be found glaring to the eyes when the sun shines upon it. (Should a little color be desired a little lamp black or brown umber may be used. Those that have used this paint claim that it will stand the weather and keep its color for two or three years.—Weekly Witness.

Home Butter Making.

In the manufacture of first-class butter there are certain things that must be observed, the neglect of which will result in disaster. With proper management the wide-awake dairyman should be able in a short time to work up a special line of customers who will buy his butter all the year round, and willingly pay him a cent or two in advance of the market price. It costs no more to make good butter than bad; it requires no more cream, no more of anything, except intelligence. The progressive dairyman must practice this method if he would succeed, surrounded as he is by vigorous competition. The following rules are necessary: First, cleanliness must be observed—from the barn to the market. This is the foundation upon which all else rests. Second, the process of ripening cream for the churn must be understood. This step must be well learned, as a large amount of bad butter is due to over- or bitter cream.

Third, the thermometer must be frequently used and studied. Four, use only the best kind of dairy salt, the common grocery kind is unfit. Six, learn how to work the butter; get an experienced hand to teach you the way. Don't work it too much, but preserve the grain. Overworked, greasy butter is an abomination. Seven, put it in attractive packages, neatly made up, and each wrapped in good parchment butter paper. Avoid cloths of all kinds; customers do not care to pick threads out of butter—their presence suggests carelessness and carelessness and dirt generally go hand in hand.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Likes the Manure Spreader.

They are the best things in the world for top dressing. They spread better than any hand spreading in the world. They knock the lumps all out and spread evenly and regularly. A machine and a pair of horses will do as much in a day as three men and three teams, hand spreading. It is hard on the man who does the loading as he is loading most of the time while the manure is scattered on the land in almost no time, but by this method the work is accomplished in a short time, instead of requiring the labor of the whole farm force for many days at a busy season of the year. A spreader will pay for itself in a few years.

The manure spreaders that are now put on the market are far superior to the makes of a few years ago. In those, as I found in the breakages in my own machine, which was a good deal of the time on the way to the factory and back again, the castings were too light for the heavy strain put upon them, and they were constantly breaking. But now they are heavier, and this with other improvements make it a machine which if well handled and well taken care of can be used to advantage on any farm where much hay is raised. I am not sure that it can be used to advantage on plowed land. I do not use it that way. The dirt on soft soil is likely to clog the machine, the wear and tear on the machine is greater and the load for a pair of horses is heavy.—A. K. Hobbs in the American Cultivator.

Renovating Old Orchards.

There are hundreds of small orchard areas in the State of New York as well as in all the old States in which the trees are at present simply soil occupants and of no value whatever as revenue producers. They stand there as ancient monuments of the past and of the shiftless methods of the present. Many of these orchards can be brought into productive condition by sensible management—such management as is possible with any farmer of the country. We find them rotbound in tough sod, or, in some cases where the ground is very much shaded, moss-grown and sour. The tops are a mass of dead and cankered branches. Yet here and there healthy branches and shoots occur in sufficient number to suggest that renovation is possible.

What to do: If the farmer is disposed, he can begin in winter by removing all the dead branches and pruning out a considerable number of those which are weak and interfering. It may be wise to head back some of the remaining branches in order to give shapelessness and symmetry to the tree. All large branches which are removed should have the wound painted. There should be no stub left to decay. Following pruning will come spraying.

This may be done in early spring before the active farm operations begin, and just as soon as the farmer can get on the orchard ground. It would be well to "disinfect" these trees by using a plain copper sulphate solution at the rate of one pound to fifteen or twenty gallons of water. This must not be applied after the buds have swelled. It is a dormant spray.

Then comes the most important part of all. The tough sod must be broken up or heavily topdressed if the former is practicable. If a plough cannot be used to advantage—and there are many places where it cannot—then a spring tooth harrow applied to the sod when it is still tender in early spring will cut it up very satisfactorily. Keep up the tillage till midsummer, and then seed down with clover for the remainder of the season. The clover should be worked under the following spring, and the same program of tillage and spraying pursued.

The result of the first heavy pruning will be a large crop of water sprouts. Some of these should be retained where they have appeared in proper positions, but the majority of them will probably need to be removed. With attention to the matter of tillage, of spraying and pruning, many of these old orchards can be renovated and made profitable. Of course if the variety is a worthless one, our labor would be wasted, and the question of usefulness of the variety must be considered at the outset before incurring any outlay.—Prof. John Craig, Cornell University, in Tribune Farmer. H. I. U. Food-Chicago, O. Odarhar

Preparing Ground for Oats.

While farmers do not always make their ideal seedbed for corn and wheat, they have an ideal seedbed in mind and usually try to work it as near as their conditions will allow. In other words, if their wheat ground is loose, broken late in the fall; if their corn ground is cloddy, they look about for excuse for it. They keenly feel the loss due to such preparations, and try hard to throw the blame from themselves.

Not so with the seedbed for oats. They do not consider oats such an exacting crop as wheat or corn. If they can get the oat seed into the ground and get it covered the work is complete.

The idea of having a seedbed that is fairly warm, compact, free from clods and weeds has hardly been considered at all. The preparation of a seedbed has in it the making of available plant food. Corn and wheat are given a special fertilizer in many sections. Oats never get such advantages, and no preparation of a seedbed to elaborate plant food for the young plant has been made. Is it any wonder we make such astonishingly low yields of oats?

Oats are surface feeders; they must grow rapidly to mature in so short a time. They get little time for root development. They must do in twelve to fourteen weeks what wheat is expected to do in eight or nine months. There is need of even more careful work in making a seedbed when preparing for oats. Oats should not follow corn unless the soil in the old corn stubble is loose, full of humus and plant food. After the land has become dry enough to work it should be gone over with a disc harrow, taking a row at a time. If the harrow is properly regulated it will level the steep ridge and should cut up the top surface at least three inches after the land has been worked twice with the disc. If the land is in proper tilth, this working with the disc may make a fairly good seedbed if worked down fine.

As a rule it is the safest plan to prepare a part of the field, work it down fine and sow the seed, doing the work well. Then if a rain should come the wet stirred land is sown in good shape and the untouched soil drains more rapidly and can be worked again in a few days. This may cause an uneven ripening of the crop, but since the difference is but a few days at most, an average time for harvesting may be chosen that will save the entire crop.

Usually the selection of seed is done in the same careless manner as the preparations for sowing. The farmer goes to the bin, measures his seed into a sack, and then hauls it to the field. If it could be run through the fan the inferior, imperfect grains could be removed.

Oat seed can be graded by the fanmill just as seed wheat is graded, giving the largest and best formed grains for sowing. Doubtless many smut spores are removed by the fanning process. If the seed is treated with formaline, the smut spore is killed. Since smut destroys from 10 to 20 percent of the oat crop, if they are killed on the seed the yield of oats per bushel will be increased from 10 to 20 percent.

Where the seed has been thoroughly cleaned with a fanmill and the land freed from stalks or other trash the common wheat drill is the best for sowing oats.

Oats are excellent feed for horses; not only is the grain an excellent feed for all kinds of farm stock, but the straw is a good roughage for horses and cattle. Oat straw is not far behind much more palatable than either wheat or rye straw.—W. B. Anderson in Indianapolis News.

The Stomachic Man.

The stomach proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon. He can invade and explore it with impunity. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure, the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; he must restrict himself to a rigid diet; but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are today several stomachless men who are earning the daily predigested ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.

FITS permanently cured. Notice or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In some of the London schools the boys take lessons in cooking.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Chafed, Aching, Sensitive Feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new shoes comfortable. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The crown forests of Russia comprise 30,000,000 acres belonging to the Czar.

Popular Cars. The Pope-Hartford and Pope-Tribune gasoline cars and runabouts meet the specific demands of a large class of automobile users. They are simple in construction, free from complication and efficient. Prices from \$250 to \$1000. For finely illustrated catalogues and descriptive matter, address Dept. A, Pope Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn.

Glass houses may soon be made stone-proof.

Pico's Cure is the best medicine ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburse, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

A former army officer plays a hand organ on the streets of Sheffield, England.

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

Fruits grown in China are usually inferior in flavor.

Automobiles in France.

The French manufacturers of automobiles assert that they have no present cause to fear American competition, although they admit that the parts of the machine can be made cheaper here than elsewhere. Our trouble appears to be that "the same care in assembling the parts is not shown in America as in France," the latter employing costly skilled labor and doing by hand work what is done here by machinery. In 1895 the number of automobiles made in France was 1,850, valued at \$1,602,000, while last year the number reached 22,000 and the estimated value \$34,000,000.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA

Face Like Raw Beef—Thought She Would Lose Her Ear—Healed Without a Bleeding—Mother Thanks Cuticura.

"My little girl had eczema very bad when she was ten months old. I thought she would lose her right ear. It had turned black, and her face was like a piece of raw meat, and very sore. It would bleed when I washed her, and I had to keep cloths on it day and night. There was not a clear spot on her face when I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now it is completely healed, without scar or blemish, which is more than I had hoped for. (Signed) Mrs. Rose Ether, 291 Eekford St., Brooklyn, N. Y."

Fate of the Chess Player.

So Pillsbury succumbs to the hane of great chess playing—overstrain of brain force. He follows Steinitz, the marvelous analyzer and strategist, and Paul Morphy, who was probably the greatest genius of the game, having an unexplainable instinct toward success. In power of instantaneous photography on his brain and retaining there the pictures of many games as they simultaneously developed Pillsbury, no doubt, excelled his great predecessors, and this gave him pre-eminence where other and greater masters could not follow. It is a brain and nerve destroying game when over-indulged.—Boston Herald.

Pipe in a Cane.

Walking sticks are made to suit all tastes, but one owned by Health Commissioner Darlington serves a double purpose, its second use being unsuspected even by the most careful investigation. The cane is of dark wood, with a heavy carved head. Should the owner desire a smoke while out walking, he has only to unscrew the head. This is found to be nothing but the bowl of a pipe. The stem is hidden in the hollowed-out stick and can be assembled with the bowl in an instant. Tobacco may be obtained by unscrewing the ferrule. The interior of the stick holds a quarter of a pound.—N. Y. Sun.

CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches, and Bladder Troubles Set In, Get at the Cause.

Don't make the mistake of believing backache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the Kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills which cure thousands.

Captain S. D. Hunter, of Engine No. 14, Pittsburg, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2729 Wylie avenue, says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly backache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

