

**A Mixed Up World.**

A mixed up world is this;  
Touched with both joy and sorrow  
If today is bright with bliss,  
Real grief will come tomorrow.  
We cannot unwind the tangled skein  
Try best as we may, the task is vain.  
The gold gleams in the sand,  
The cloud is rifted with blue,  
The sunlight kisses the land,  
The night with its lips of dew.  
Light feet keep time to the music sweet,  
While the mourner walks the silent street.  
The serpent coils around  
The fragrant, blooming flower;  
The false with the true is found,  
In every vanishing hour,  
And we'er can draw a line between  
The good and bad, in this strange scene.  
We hear the solemn knell,  
For the loved one passed away,  
Then the chimes of the merry bell  
That tell of the wedding day.  
Both "friend and bride" are decked in white,  
We weep, then laugh in childish delight.  
Thus it goes on like a dream,  
Still pulsing with joy and pain,  
A drama of mystical scene,  
Forever touched with change.  
We sing and mourn, we smile and sigh,  
As the shifting scene goes swiftly by.  
—[M. A. Holt.]

**TIBBIE'S PRIZE LILIES.**

"Five of them, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, triumphantly. "Great, rich scab lilies, as white as cream, each with a golden spear rising out of its heart, and surrounded by rank, green leaves cringing over the edge of Grandma Dallas's old majolica pot."  
"Heyday, heyday!" said Uncle Kress. "Our little Tibbie is getting poetical. So I shall have to hand over the prize to you, shall I?"  
"Circumstances point that direction, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, with a gleeful sparkle to her eyes. "Ten dollars in gold. Don't you wish you had been less rash in registering promises?"  
"What will Isabel say?" shrewdly questioned Mr. Kress.  
"Poor Isabel, she is so vexed about it," said Tibbie. "I really think, Uncle Kress, that if she could have done it with her glances she would have blighted every one of those calla lily buds of mine."  
"Tut, tut, tut," said Mr. Kress.  
"Well, uncle, I only say what I think. But where are you going to put the lilies. On the reading desk or at the foot of the foun?"  
"Haven't made up my mind yet," said Uncle Kress. "Take them around to the church Saturday afternoon, and I'll decide at the eleventh hour where they shall stand."  
So Tibbie Kress (her "given name," as the old phrase is, was Elizabeth), went ruffled homo, thinking what she would do with the precious golden eagle, which was to be the prize for the pot of calla lilies.  
"A new bonnet is what I need most," said Tibbie, as she surveyed her limited wardrobe, "a bonnet of split straw, with Nile-green ribbons and a cluster of daisies and nigunettes—a real springy Spring bonnet."  
Which was an entirely feminine decision, especially when it was taken into account that Tibbie had not had a new bonnet in a year, and Harold Vanneker always came down to the little Westburg church to spend Sunday.  
Isabel and Tibbie were sisters in blood. Mentally and morally they were as unlike as if they had been born on different continents.  
As Mrs. Duckworth, the matronly old lady with whom they boarded, expressed her opinion very plainly, "that Miss Tibbie was worth a dozen of Miss Isabel, and so Mr. Vanneker thought, too, or she was off her calculations."  
"Well," said Isabel, contemptuously, as Tibbie came into the sitting-room, "I suppose you have been over to the parsonage to crow over me."  
"Don't be vexed, Belle," said Tibbie, deprecatingly. "of course I had to tell Uncle Kress that the lilies were ready for him."  
"And to demand the prize?"  
"I had a right to claim his promise, Belle."  
Isabel bit her lip.  
"I shall never try to bloom lilies again," said she. "It's all nonsense." Tibbie did not answer.  
Had Isabel's lilies bloomed and hers failed, she told herself, she should not have withheld sympathy and congratulation from her more fortunate rival.  
The new bonnet—the first new bonnet which Tibbie had ever bought out and from a milliner in New York—what a marvel of richness and freshness and beauty it was.  
Tibbie could not help feeling pleasantly conscious of it as she passed up the church aisle that morning, wondering if it became her—secretly glad to think that Harold Vanneker would be there to see her wear it.  
But as she settled herself into her

own cozy little corner of the church pew she chanced to glance up, and to her surprise there was a painted majolica pot, and the rich, arrow-shaped leaves seeming to overflow its brim with greenery on either side; but not a solitary lily was to be seen. Was she dreaming?  
Out of all the lilies that Tibbie had watched grow and expand to their pearly perfection not one remained.  
She thought the time never would come when she could see her uncle come down the steps, with his sermonese under his arm, and his old-fashioned soft hat pulled over his brow.  
In the breezy churchyard the willow boughs awayed to and fro, the short grass was starred with dandelions and the bland spring sunshine folded everything in a veil of gold; but a cloud seemed to descend over all these things when Tibbie caught the grave, reprehensible look on her uncle's face. Harold Vanneker stood beside Mr. Kress; he lifted his hat to Tibbie; but the girl scarcely noticed his presence.  
"Uncle, you are vexed with me!" she cried. "What is it? Is it the bonnet? Did you think it was to gay? And oh, Uncle, what became of the lilies?"  
Uncle Kress looked gravely at her. "I scarcely expected such a tricky thing of you Elizabeth," said he. "If you had wanted the \$10 so badly why didn't you tell me and I would have given it to you out and out. But deceit—even practical joking—God's altar is not the place for that!"  
"Uncle," she gasped, "I do not understand you!"  
"We will not discuss it further," said Mr. Kress, waving his hand. "You will find your lilies lying out there under the southern eaves. Take them and go!"  
Tibbie was turning vaguely in the direction to which her uncle pointed, but Mr. Vanneker was before her. Stooping down he gathered up a handful of coarse paper scrolls with gaudily painted yellow pistils in their centres.  
"These are the lilies that I found fastened rudely in among your green leaves this morning," said Mr. Kress, coldly.  
Tibbie looked from her uncle to Mr. Vanneker without a word. For the moment it seemed as if speech were frozen upon her lips, but all at once she broke into a piteous cry.  
"Who has been tampering with my lilies?" she wailed, "my white, beautiful lilies?"  
"I think I have a clue to this puzzle," said Mr. Vanneker, calmly. "I was in the back part of Durivage's store yesterday, looking at an old black-letter edition of Chaucer, that he had laid aside for me, when a lady came into the front department and asked the price of some paper lilies that lay on the counter. To my astonishment the lady was Miss Isabel Kress, and she bought the lilies and went out. We came down from New York in the same train, but I was prevented from going and speaking to her by a man who button-holed me on business matters, and I do not think she knew of my being near. When I strolled past the church last night I saw Isabel Kress herself going in. I stopped and asked the old sexton if the church was open."  
"No, not reg'lar open," he answered, "but there's a young lady a-puttin' flowers in."  
"Naturally I thought of Tibbie here and went in. But it was not Tibbie whom I saw in the far end of the church, stealthily breaking off the pure white blossoms in the great majolica pot and inserting the odious imitations in their place. It was Isabel. I stood still and watched her as she transferred the real lilies to a basket that hung on her arm, and then gathered her shawl around her and glided out again."  
"Yes," said a quick excited voice close by, as Isabel emerged from the sheltering shade of a group of laurels, "it's all true, every word of it! I meant to take down Tibbie's pride, and I've done it—for a moment, at least. There's my confession—make what you will of it."  
And with a short, shrill laugh, she swept away, her lips curved contemptuously.  
"My dear, said Mr. Kress, drawing Tibbie to him, "forgive me. I judged too suddenly. But I didn't think it was in Belle's nature to be so vindictive."  
"Let me walk home with Tibbie, sir," said Mr. Vanneker. "You are in a hurry, and she does not seem able to walk fast."  
They did not make great haste back to Mrs. Duckworth's cottage—not by any means. When at last they reached the cottage, and Vanneker parted from her at the door, old Mrs. Duckworth nodded her head and looked wondrously wise.

"I don't mind a bit my pudding being overbaked now," said she. "Bless me! don't I know what it all means? There's a ring on her finger that wasn't there this time yesterday; there's a look in her eyes that warms my heart. Well, well; Sunday is a good day to get engaged upon."  
—[Waverley Magazine.]

**Adventure in a Balloon.**  
It was indeed the fierce bluster of the gale tearing its way through leaf and branch that we heard. If the balloon should dash against the hedge of spears ambushed there, it would be not only wrecked, but the sharpest peril of life. "We must trust to luck," said Donaldson, grinding his teeth; "we can't do anything. But be ready to spring for a big limb, and hold on for dear life when I give the word."  
We were not long in suspense. The downpour suddenly lessened, and our balloon rose a little. It still thundered and lightened, but the rage of the storm had spent itself. The captain clutched my hand with a hard grip. "We're all right now," with a quiver in his voice, for his iron nerve had been shaken; "but let me tell you, you will never be so near death again and escape it."  
He bent over the side of the basket. "I think there's a village close at hand. Look sharp, and you will see the twinkle of a light down there." And it was so, surely. As we moved on more lights shot into view. We were hovering over a valley between two mountain ridges, one of which had been so nearly our ruin. It was an hour after midnight, and the villagers were asleep. Donaldson's gayety frothed like champagne after our recent danger. "We'll wake the people from their dreams with a blast from the skies." He laughed, and seized a bugle which hung near at hand. "How's this for Gabriel's horn?" He blew notes of piercing sweetness (he had been an army bugler), which rose and swelled and sent their wild echoes flying among those midnight hills.  
Lights began to shine in every house, and moving lanterns and the clatter of voices betokened a general alarm. What this midnight summons out of the skies might mean filled the rural fancy with terror, and the note of fear could be heard in many of the voices which floated up to us. We were so near the earth that we could hear the drag-ropes slapping the sticks and stones with its tail.  
"Village aho-o-y!" whooped the captain, at the top of his lungs. "Aho-o-y there! Bear a hand, you land-lubbers, at the rope, and pull us down to earth." So our rustic friends with a hearty cheer tumbled over each other in their zeal to get hold of the rope—fear now blown away by admiration—and we were soon safely on the ground with our air-ship anchored for the night.—[Harper's Young People.]

**A Queer Bird.**  
A friend hailing from Nanhai district in Kiangtung states that an uncommon looking bird was captured there in the country last winter. The bird stands three feet high from the ground, and has the head of a human being, while its body is covered with hair several inches in length. On its appearance the country people were much alarmed and a large crowd set out to exterminate the uncommon animal, for fear it should be a dangerous customer to harbor.  
The person who managed to save it from the mob and had the courage to capture it has made a good thing out of it. He has been exhibiting the rare fowl and has made "piles of money" by it. In addition to its strange appearance the bird is said to be "a most modest creature," avoiding the gaze of curious people as if it were too bashful to let people see it, and it is only at the command of its master that it will show itself.—[North China Herald.]

**He Saw Washington.**  
Christian Conrod, of Delaware County, who is 113 years of age, remembers having seen Washington. "It was in Philadelphia," he says, "at the close of his last term as President. They had a great crowd, and the road was filled with people for eleven miles. General Washington appeared at the head of the procession, and was accompanied by thirty-two of his old war officers and generals, and all on horseback. He rode a dapple-gray he appeared to be a tall man, smooth face, large nose, and such a man as would be noticed in a crowd. General Washington made a speech that day, and I heard him. I remember that he praised his generals and told the people to be loyal and true to the Government. He told them if they would always listen to what General Jackson said they would never go astray."  
—[New York Tribune.]

**FOR FARM AND GARDEN.**

**HABITS OF SWARMING BEES.**  
At the Texas beekeepers' convention it was the opinion of many that bees do not always select a home before swarming, as they have been known to swarm and remain settled for two days on the tree, and at other times they have been known to travel one day east and cluster, then next day go west, showing that they did not always have a home selected.—[American Farmer.]

**REARING CALVES WITHOUT MILK.**  
After calves have had milk for four weeks they will eat grain finely ground and a little hay or grass. When they are three weeks old they may be taught to take a little mixed oat and linseed meal from the hand, and in two or three days will eat it from a feed box. A good substitute for the milk is oats, peas and bran in equal parts, with one-fourth part of linseed, ground together. This is mixed with boiling water, or with cold water and then boiled, adding a teaspoonful of salt to a feed of four quarts.  
To begin with this the feeding should commence some days before the milk is taken from them, and the grain preparation mixed with the milk, which is gradually lessened until it is wholly withheld. If the calves have pasture this food may be gradually reduced until it is displaced by water, when the grain is given dry. Salt should be given regularly. One teaspoonful is enough for one week at first.—[New York Times.]

**PROFIT IN ASHES.**  
Ashes used as a fertilizer are generally very profitable. They supply potash to stimulate the nerves of the growing plants and are thus a true manure. In contact with the clay soil they liberate the phosphate of lime, with manure they hasten decomposition. It does not pay a farmer to produce less on his land than it is capable of producing. A large crop exhausts its fertility more than a small one, but the cost of harvesting the large one is very little more than it costs to harvest a small crop. Part of the profits from the larger crop can be used in restoring the fertility of the land. It is only when there is a profit from crops to restore fertility that failure in farming can be averted. To get immediate returns, potash is necessary in some form, and if properly used, it will enable the farmer to have a succession of large crops, thereby leaving him profitable returns, a part of which can be used in restoring the soil. With small crops and no returns, the end is failure, and ashes help to supply a strong and quick growth.—[New England Homestead.]

**SHEEP WITH GRUB IN THE HEAD.**  
We had several sheep die of grub in the head, and as we could not find a remedy for those without horns, we experimented on several, writes a farmer's daughter. We found that spirits of turpentine is a sure cure. We put two teaspoonfuls in a small bottle, set the sheep up on its buttock, held the head back, and turned half in each nostril out of the bottle. In a day or two the sheep began to eat and was soon all right. The spirits of turpentine makes them cough and sneeze, and sets them discharging at the nose. Then they are out of danger. A smaller quantity should be used if the sheep is with lamb, as the sheep swallows that which enters the throat, and if she swallows enough she will lose her lamb.  
If a small dose be used, it can be repeated in a few days if the first dose does not make the sheep apparently better. Sheep owners should watch their sheep, and as soon as they show signs of grub in the head, the spirits of turpentine should be used. Some of our sheep when taken held their heads high and had the appearance of having a cold in the head. Others acted very peculiarly. They rolled their eyes, shook their heads, stretched their limbs, rolled over, and one jumped up about two feet in the air.—[New York Tribune.]

**FUNGUS DISEASES.**  
Early spraying is the key to success in the use of fungicides. W. J. Green of the Ohio station reports that the profit from spraying orchards often exceeds \$20 per acre, and for vineyards much more. Combined fungicides and insecticides are recommended whenever applicable. Diluted copper sulphate mixture has the widest usefulness; copper arsenic solution and ammoniacal solution of copper carbonate come next. For the plum curculio and shot-hole fungus, spray three or four times with Bordeaux

mixture and Paris green combined. For apples, use Bordeaux mixture, twice before blooming, and adding Paris green, twice afterward. In 1892 much of the early dropping of apples was thus prevented, and as the scab was destroyed, at least half of the usual loss from decay was avoided.  
Treat the pear the same as the apple before blooming, but use copper arsenic solution afterward. The Bordeaux mixture, if used too late, causes a sunset appearance on both pears and apples. Treat the quince as the apples, or use the Bordeaux mixture alone. The very tender foliage of peach-trees and of American varieties of plum; must be treated with very weak mixtures, if at all. Potatoes should be sprayed at least five times with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green. Raspberries may be treated with Bordeaux mixture alone; grapes with the same until the fruit sets, after which use copper carbonate. Spray cherry-trees two or three times with Paris green, two ounces to 50 gallons of water.—[American Agriculturist.]

**PROTECTING HILLSIDES.**  
A subscriber writes us asking "the best way to prevent our red hillsides from washing and all manure and fertilizer that is put on them from going down into the branches." There is only one way in which this difficulty can be successfully overcome. That is by terracing the hillside. This is done by laying off the hillside into beds wider or narrower, as the hill is steep or the fall gentle. On the steep hill the beds must of necessity be narrow, while where the fall is not so abrupt they may be made wider. These beds must be laid off across the face of the hill and have just sufficient fall given them in their length to carry off the water gently. Across their width they should be level, so as to prevent the water running over them and so breaking down the terraces. Those terraces or beds should be laid off by running a strong furrow on the low side of each bed, throwing the soil up hill. Upon this furrow there should then be thrown two more furrows from the upper side. This makes a strong bank to hold the bed or terrace, which must then be ploughed out across the face of the hill, and of such width as can be gotten while maintaining the level character of the bed across its width.  
On a steep hillside this may not be more than a yard wide, while on a hillside with a gentle slope two or three times this width can be gotten. In this way the face of the hill is broken into a regular series of steps, wider or narrower as the case may require.  
These steps break the water running down the face of the hill into separate bodies and direct it across the face of the hill, instead of permitting it to run directly down the slope, carrying everything before it. The separate streams run gently in the line of the length of the beds or terraces across the face of the hill and thus do no harm.  
To preserve these terraces when thus formed they should as quickly as possible be got into grass, which will bind the soil together and thus prevent future washing and the necessity for constant work in maintaining the beds. Of course, if the hillsides are not too steep to prevent the formation of wide beds or terraces, then these wide beds may be kept under cultivated crops, if desired, always being careful to keep up the outer edges of the beds, and to plant in rows running lengthwise of the beds. Hillsides laid off in this way can be manured or fertilized without any danger of losing the manure by washing.—[Southern Planter.]

**FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.**  
The main point in a horse is action. Do not keep your foal on short rations.  
A horse with a tough constitution is the horse to buy.  
Never breed from a mare with a bad constitution or with a bad temper, nor from a sire with any hereditary disease.  
Mares in milk are very susceptible to changes of temperature or to sudden chills from the too free drinking of cold water when heated.  
Horse breeding of the right kind has not been overdone. High prices have been, perhaps, but there is plenty of room for good horses.  
It is better to send the scrubs to the superphosphate and glue factories than to keep on breeding from them, no matter what their pedigree may be.  
Oats are excellent food for work horses. They are very nourishing, containing, as they do, a good proportion of protein compounds, which are needed to supply the waste of muscles. Besides, oats are not heating.

**THE NEW POSTAL CARDS**  
Will Be All of a Uniform Size, the Ladies' Card Being Abolished.  
Postmaster General Russell has decided to abolish the three sizes of postal cards now in use, and to substitute one size for both single and reply cards. With that purpose in view the specifications which have been sent to prospective bidders for the contract of furnishing the postal service with cards during the next four years call for single cards of the uniform size of 3x5 inches. This is what is known as the international size, it being used generally by countries composing the National Postal Union.  
The double or reply card now in use will be continued, with the size, when folded, reduced to that of the international card. These two cards will take the place of the 3x4 and ladies' card, the medium and the large card, and the large return card.

**FOUR KILLED BY FIREWORKS.**  
A Premature Explosion at an Italian Picnic the Cause of It.  
Four persons were killed and seven injured by an explosion of fireworks at Chicago on Saturday. The explosion took place in a small park where an Italian picnic was being held.  
During the display of fireworks which was a part of the program, a premature explosion occurred caused, it is supposed, by the carelessness of the men in charge of the display. The entire supply of fireworks became ignited, scattering the burning powder in every direction. Two of the men in charge of the fireworks were instantly killed and two of the spectators were fatally injured. Half a dozen others were badly injured.

**The Funeral of a Murdered Family.**  
At Lancaster, Pa., fifteen thousand people attended the funeral of Daniel S. Kreider, his wife and four children, who were murdered at Cando, N. D., by Albert Daumberger, in the Mt. Joy township Mennonite church.  
—The German Federal Council is discussing a scheme for taxing advertisements and making obligatory the placing of stamps upon receipts, to cover in part the increased expense entailed by the new army bill.

**MARKETS.**  
PITTSBURGH.  
THE WHOLESALE PRICES ARE GIVEN BELOW.  
GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED.  
WHEAT—No. 1 Red... 68 @ 69  
No. 2 Red... 66 67  
CORN—No. 2 Yellow ear... 49 50  
High Mixed ear... 48 49  
No. 2 Yellow Shelled... 45 46  
Shelled Mixed... 42 43  
OATS—No. 1 White... 37 38  
No. 2 White... 35 36  
Mixed... 34 35  
RYE—No. 1... 60 61  
No. 2 Western... 57 58  
FLOUR—Fancy winter pat... 4 40 4 65  
Fancy spring patents... 4 40 4 65  
Fancy straight winter... 3 75 4 00  
XXX Bakers... 3 25 3 50  
Rye Flour... 3 50 3 75  
HAY—Baled No. 1 Tim... 15 20 16 00  
Baled No. 2 Timothy... 14 00 14 50  
Mixed Clover... 12 00 13 00  
Timothy from country... 16 00 17 00  
STRAW—Wheat... 6 70 7 00  
Oats... 5 50 6 00  
FEED—No. 1 W M M... 17 00 17 50  
Brown Middlings... 14 50 15 00  
Bran, sack... 13 50 14 00  
Bran, bulk... 13 00 13 50

**BUTTER—DAIRY PRODUCTS.**  
Fancy Creamery... 23 25  
Fancy country... 17 19  
Low grade & cooking... 12 13  
CHEESE—Ohio full make... 8 9  
New York Goshens... 9 10  
Wisconsin Sw... 14 15  
Limburger (Full make)... 13 14

**FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.**  
APPLES—Fancy, # bbl... 3 00 4 00  
Fair to choice, # bbl... 2 50 3 00  
BEANS—  
N Y & M (new) Beans # bbl... 2 10 2 25  
Lima Beans... 2 10 2 25  
POTATOES—  
Fancy Rose... 2 50 2 75  
Choice Rose... 2 25 2 35

**POULTRY ETC.**  
DRESSED CHICKENS—  
Spring chickens # lb... 20 22  
Dressed ducks # lb... 12 13  
LIVE CHICKENS—  
Spring chickens... 30 50  
Live chickens # pr... 75 85  
Live Ducks # pr... 50 55  
Live Turkeys # lb... 6 7  
EGGS—Pa & Ohio fresh... 14 15  
Gosport... 20 22  
Duck... 17 18  
FEATHERS—  
Extra live Geese # lb... 55 60  
No 1 Extra live geese # lb... 48 50  
Mixed... 25 35

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
TALLOW—Country, # lb... 4 5  
City... 5 6  
SERIES—Clover # lb... 8 25 8 50  
Timothy prime... 2 10 2 20  
Blue grass... 1 40 1 70  
RAGS—Country mixed... 1 1  
DONEY—White clover... 17 18  
Buckwheat... 10 12  
MAPLE SYRUP—  
CIDER—country sweet # bbl... 6 00 1 00  
CIDER—country sweet # bbl... 5 00 5 50  
BERRIES—per quart  
Strawberries... 7 12  
Raspberries, black... 8 10  
Red... 10 12  
Huckleberries... 9 10  
Gooseberries... 7 8  
Cherries... 8 10

**CINCINNATI.**  
FLOUR—Country, # lb... \$2 20 @ \$3 10  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 60 61  
RYE—No. 2... 61 62  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed... 41 42  
OATS—Mixed... 32 33  
EGGS... 13 14  
BUTTER... 14 22

**PHILADELPHIA.**  
FLOUR—Country, # lb... \$2 70 @ \$4 25  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 69 70  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed... 48 49  
OATS—No. 2 White... 37 38  
BUTTER—Creamery Extra... 22 24  
EGGS—Pa, Firsts... 16 17

**NEW YORK.**  
FLOUR—Patents... 2 00 4 60  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 72 73  
RYE—Western... 57 58  
CORN—No. 2... 48 49  
OATS—Mixed... 34 35  
BUTTER—Creamery... 14 20  
EGGS—State and Penn... 15 18

**LIVE-STOCK REPORT.**  
EAST LIBERTY, PITTSBURGH STOCK YARDS.  
CATTLE.  
Prime Steers... 5 25 to 5 40  
Good butcher... 4 25 to 4 70  
Bulls and dry cows... 2 00 to 3 25  
Veal Calves... 3 50 to 6 00  
Heavy and thin calves... 2 00 to 4 00  
Fresh cows, per head... 20 00 to 40 00

**SHEEP.**  
Prime 95 to 100-lb sheep... 4 90 to 4 75  
Good mixed... 4 20 to 4 40  
Common 70 to 75-lb sheep... 2 50 to 3 00  
Spring Lambs... 3 50 to 8 00

**HOSE.**  
Good Yorkers... 6 40 to 6 50  
Common Yorkers... 6 25 to 6 35  
Roughs... 4 00 to 5 00  
Pigs... 5 00 to 6 10