

The Silent Battle.

Shall I tell you about the battle
That was fought in the world today,
Where thousands went down like heroes
To death in the pitiless fray?
You may know some of the wounded
And some of the fallen when
I tell you this wonderful battle
Was fought in the hearts of men.
Not with the sound of trumpets,
Nor clashing of sabers drawn,
But silent as twilight in autumn
All day the light went on.
And over against temptation
A mother's prayers were cast
That had come by silent marches
From the lullaby land of the past.
And over the field of battle
The force of ambition went,
Driving before it, like arrows,
The children of sweet content,
And memories odd and olden
Come up through the dust of years,
And hopes that were glad and golden
Were met by a host of fears.
And the heart grew worn and weary
And said: "Oh, can it be
That I am worth the struggles
You are making today for me?"
For the heart itself was the trophy
And prize of this warring fight!
And tell me, Oh gentle reader,
Who comes on the field tonight?
—Buffalo Commercial.

The Professor's Romance.

One evening not many years ago
George Wilson made his way through
one of the side streets of New Haven.
His full name, as it appeared in the
catalogue of the university, was
George Ellis Wilson, of Smithville,
Pa. He had just eaten supper at the
"commons," and, leaving the other
fellows, had hurried down the walk
between "the old brick row" and the
new dormitories, across the busy
street and down this little lane till
he came to a dimly lighted, second-
hand book-store. Here he stopped
and looked in the windows. They
were filled with old books with sur-
prisingly low prices pinned on them
and steel engravings of Washington
and Jefferson that doubtless had been
the pride of some patriotic home, but
now looked fly-speckled and bedrag-
gled enough. After pausing at the
threshold long enough to shake the
snow from his coat he entered. Out
from behind the stacks of books that
filled the rear of the store came a little
man, with a long beard, round shoul-
ders and very old and dusty coat that
came down below his knees.
"How do, sir? A stormy evening,"
he said to Wilson, as he climbed up on
a chair to turn the gas a little higher.
"Very" replied Wilson, and with-
out more ado began to examine the
books around him. They were stacked up
in the greatest confusion. Book-
cases were full, drawers were full
and great piles in the corners
reached almost to the ceiling. The
air of the room had the rusty
odor peculiar to old books, and the
little old man who kept the store
seemed to have absorbed some of the
musty learning of his shop, such a
scholarly stoop did he have and so
dusty were his clothes. An effort had
been made to sort some of the books,
and over several shelves was hung the
label "Religious," and over some others
"Greek and Latin," while in the ex-
treme corner were "Translations." Wilson
eyed these last suspiciously,
for he had "boned" his way through
preparatory school, and he had made
up his mind not to "horse" through
college. Turning to the Latin books,
he looked them through till he came
to a copy of Horace, somewhat the
worse for wear, but serviceable. The
little old man meanwhile was trying
to bring some order out of a confused
heap of magazines piled up on the
floor. Wilson glanced over the pages
of the Horace, and, deciding that
it would answer his purpose, paid the
old man 35 cents, put the book in his
pocket and went out into the street.
Going back to his room in "North Mid-
dle," he took off his coat and threw it
on a chair with the Horace still in the
pocket. The next morning he got up
late, and in his hurry to get to break-
fast put on the coat just as he had left
it the night before. At chapel, how-
ever, during the long prayers, while
the president was imploring "blessings
for the heathen in all lands," under
which head Wilson would have little
thought himself included, he pulled
out the Horace and looked at the fly-
leaf. There were two of the initials
of the former owner, W. B., and his
class, '55. The last name had been
carefully scratched out. Up in the
corner there was a note, evidently
written during some recitation 30
years before: "Can you tutor me an
hour in trig. tomorrow?" By the
time that Wilson had observed this
much the prayer was ended and the
president was walking down the mid-
dle aisle, while the seniors, in accord-
ance with a custom handed down from
long ago, were making prodigious

bows as he passed and falling in
ceremoniously behind him.
Pocketing the book Wilson returned
to his room, and, after a few prelimi-
naries, began to get ready to study.
He put on his slippers and study-coat,
pulled out a Latin dictionary and
opened it, and then went to the chair
on which his overcoat lay and got his
Horace. Then he put his feet on the
table and was ready for work. The
lesson assigned was the first two odes.
No one can study a book, however,
until he has thumbed it over and over
and made himself familiar with it.
The first thing Wilson did, therefore,
was to glance over the pages of his
Horace and see what sort of a fellow
its former owner was. On the fifth
page he saw something that attracted
his attention. Written in a man's
hand in rather small characters, as
though the writer would not have it
too public, and on the inner edge of
the leaf was the name "Mary." Smil-
ing to himself, Wilson turned on.
Nothing else noteworthy appeared till
he came to what was evidently a very
difficult passage on the fifty-first page,
and written in the same hand as before
were the names "Mollie" and "Mame."
"Getting more familiar, evidently,"
soliloquized Wilson as he turned on.
He found no more writing, however,
except on occasional repetition of
these names, and now and then the
meaning of a word written between
the lines.
Wilson turned to the first ode and
worked steadily over the dictionary
for two hours. Then he kicked his
slippers across the room, threw the
study coat on the bed and pulling on
on his shoes and coat started for the
recitation-room. The professor was
William B. Henderson, but the boys
always called him Billie behind his
back and occasionally made a slip,
and called him Billy to his face. He
was very serious, seldom known to
smile, and a regular "grinder." Stories
were abundant about some
love affair that he had had while a
student at Yale, and of a girl whom
he had been engaged to who left him
for a wealthier man and a trip to Eu-
rope. But stories about college profes-
sors are common, and no one pays
much attention to them. No one sup-
posed that Billy Henderson could
ever have thought much of anything
except Latin.
The men were seated in the recita-
tion-room alphabetically, and Wilson
had a back seat. More than once he
found cause to be thankful that his
name began with a letter at the end of
the alphabet. Not being called on to
recite on this day, he acquitted him-
self creditably.
Every time that Wilson took up his
Horace to study his eye caught sight
of "Mary" or "Mollie" or "Mame."
"I should like to know who this
duffer was, and whether he married
Mary," said Wilson one day to John-
son, his room-mate. Johnson was
busy with a pipe and some drawing
instruments and a large sheet of paper
and did not condescend to reply, and
Wilson went on with his study.
One day, in looking over the notes
in the back of the book Wilson made
a discovery. Down in the corner of a
page in the same handwriting was
"My Mary."
"Gad!" exclaimed Wilson, and
Johnson turned round to see what
was the matter. His questioning
look received no reply, and Wilson
put on his coat and went out for a
walk.
"I'd like to know who that fellow
was and what became of Mary,"
thought Wilson. "What a nice little
plot for a true story. I could make
out a whole love affair from these
names in the book. Let's see. Some-
thing like this. Chapter I. Student
comes to New Haven from Western
home, is hazed, meets a pretty girl,
named Mary something or other; tries
to study Horace and finds himself
writing 'Mary' in his book. Chapter
II. Takes her to Glee Club concert,
borrows money for the tickets and gets
uncomfortably in debt, becomes ab-
sent minded and begins to write to
'Mollie' and 'Mame.' Chapter
III. Scene—A beautiful parlor in
one of New Haven's best
homes; Mary, beautiful and collected,
seated on a sofa. Student, with one
hand in coat pocket, standing by grate
fire, with one elbow on mantel. He
complains of his hard luck in Horace;
is sure to flunk on exam. Mary con-
soles him tenderly. Student goes over
to sofa, looks into Mary's dark eyes,
tells her the trouble is that this Hor-
ace sings of no one but Mary, and that
the rest of the fellows and the profes-
sor don't translate that way. Mary
blushes beautifully. He takes her hand
and they are very happy. Chapter IV.
The fellow goes to his room and writes
'My Mary' in his Horace and flunks
on the exam."

In following out this line of thought
Wilson had walked half-way to Lake
Whitney. Suddenly another idea had
struck him. He turned around and
started for his room. On reaching it
he took a triennial catalogue and looked
through to see what names in the class
of '55 had the initials W. B. To his
perplexity he found several names with
these initials.
"Well, if there isn't Billie Hender-
son's name! I never thought of it,
but I suppose his name is really Wil-
liam," said Wilson to himself. "He
could never have owned this book,
though, for he must have been a regu-
lar grind."
The term was drawing to a close
when one day Prof. Henderson an-
nounced to his class that they should
bring their own copies of Horace to
the class-room on the next day. They
would do some reading at sight, he
explained, and the class would be al-
lowed to use what notes were to be
found in their books, and the edition
furnished by the university for class-
room work had no notes whatever.
The next day, therefore, Wilson took
his Horace to class. The passage
which was assigned to him was the
one which the former owner had found
so difficult and had sought relief
for his feelings by writing "Mame" and
"Mollie" on the margin of the page.
Wilson, however, buckled in manfully,
and when called on translated with
some fluency and sat down.
The professor looked over the top
of his glasses and said rather sternly:
"I do not understand, Mr. Wilson,
how you obtain the meanings that you
give to some of the words."
Wilson hesitated a moment and then
a happy thought struck him. Some-
thing that he had seen in the notes
came to his mind.
"I think, Professor," he said, "that
my text must differ from yours."
"Ah!" said the Professor. "Let
me see your text."
Wilson walked up the aisle from the
rear of the room and handed his book
to the Professor with the assurance
that a man has who is sure that he is
in the right.
The professor took the book and
glanced over the page. His expression
changed in a moment. Old memories
seemed to come up and he leaned his
head on his hand and looked steadily
at the book. Finally he raised his
eyes, and handing the book to Wilson,
said: "You are quite right, Mr. Wil-
son."
After the recitation was over Pro-
fessor Henderson called Wilson to his
desk. "I should like, Mr. Wilson,"
he said, "to obtain that copy of
Horace from you when you are through
with it, if you have no objections to
parting with it. It's an old edition,
you know," he added, in explanation,
"and I—I should like to have it to
compare with other texts." Wilson
assured him that he could get along
without it, nodded good day to the
professor as he went out of the door,
and the professor answered soberly in
return.
"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed
Wilson, as soon as he was well away
from the recitation room. "Who
would have thought it?" And he but-
toned up his coat and hurried to his
room to tell the story to Johnson.—
[Chicago News.]
Wonderful Texas Mirages.
"You don't have to go the Desert of
Sahara in order to see mirages," said
Lee Buchanan to the corridor man at
the Laeade. "In Texas these phenom-
ena can be witnessed in as wonder-
ful forms as are ever produced in
any part of the world. In that portion
of the State marked upon the maps of
the olden time as a desert where no
plant can grow or breathing thing can
live, but which is now cut up into
immense wheat or grazing fields, I
have experienced the most life-like and
optical delusions of which the mind
can conceive. For that matter, the
entire prairie appears to be a delusion.
The air is so rare that no odor is per-
ceptible, even from carrion. As a
man rides along he sees before him
beautiful groves of majestic trees,
which, when reached, prove to be
mesquite bushes three or four feet in
height. Over the plain are what ap-
pear to be stakes six or eight feet high,
which in reality are Spanish daggers
about a foot in height, the entire plain
being called the 'Staked Plain,' from
the effect produced by this plant. The
best mirage or cloud pictures are to be
seen about Amarillo, where beautiful
lakes appear to be but a mile or two
away, and strangers almost invariably
ask if they contain fish. Views of the
gulf are occasionally had, and once a
steamer in distress was seen and it was
learned that a steamer had been lost at
sea at that time."—[St. Louis Globe
Democrat.]
An explosion at the Abercorn colliery in 1878 killed 260 persons.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CLOVER LAND GROWS RICHER.
In every newly-settled country,
when the forests are cleared off and
the land has been cultivated a few
years, the soil where the worm rail
fences stood is always found richer
than that where plowing and cropping
has been going on. Some farmers,
therefore, conclude that this increase
of fertility where the fence stood is an
invariable rule. But it is not. After
clover and occasional manuring comes
into the rotation the cultivated part of
the field is often the richest. We
know farmers who have taken up
old fencibles with the idea that under
them they will find land that can be
cultivated for a few years without the
necessity of constant manuring. But
they usually find if they have been
growers of clover that the long cul-
tivated parts of the field are the richest.
The soil under the fence has not been
expanded and contracted by alternate
freezing and thawing, and it takes one
or two years of cultivation to show
what capacity it has for producing
large crops.—[Boston Cultivator.]

A VINELESS SWEET POTATO.
In the cultivation of the sweet po-
tato, a point is to keep the trailing
branches from rooting in the ground
—if these creeping branches get roots,
it is so much taken from the main
crop—all the roots are comparatively
small and valueless for commercial
purposes. For this reason the culti-
vator of the sweet potato has to be
continually moving among the vines—
lifting them from the ground by vari-
ous methods in order to prevent these
branches from sending out other roots.
It is now given out that in Florida a
variety has been raised which takes on
the bushy form without any tendency
to run or sprawl over the ground. If
this be so, it ought to be one of the
greatest advances made for many
years. As a general rule, varieties of
the bushy class are not as productive
as those which take on a regular climb-
ing character. The bushy varieties
are not nearly as productive as the
taller growing kinds, but the sweet po-
tato may be an exception, as the crop
is under ground.—[Mechanics Monthly.]

WORKER BEES.
They constitute the mass of the col-
ony, and upon them devolve all the
labors of the hive. They gather the
honey and the pollen, the food for the
young. They nurse and feed the
young brood and defend their house
against the invasion of enemies. The
care which the workers bestow upon
their nurslings is wonderful, and
these manifest the most tender attach-
ment for them. The slightest move-
ment of their nurses toward the young
brood is sufficient to attract the latter
to their food, which they devour voraci-
ously, and which is unsparingly ad-
ministered. After the cells have been
sealed up the workers seem to cease
from anything like attention, although
if the brood comb is meddled with
their utmost ire is kindled. Bees
reared in the spring and early summer
are shorter lived than those reared
later in the season. Each worker is
armed with a formidable sting and
when disturbed does not hesitate to
use it. The extremity being barbed
the bee can rarely withdraw it and in
losing its sting it loses its life and so
dies in defending its home and sacred
treasures.

SPRAINS IN HORSES.
No matter how slight a sprain may
appear, it should be carefully treated,
and the horse given a complete rest.
Rest is just the thing that most owners
are unwilling to allow, unless the ani-
mal is absolutely broken down and
unable to move. A sprain of the ten-
dons, especially if at all severe, calls
for a prolonged period of rest, even
after all symptoms of lameness have
passed away.
The object treatment in the first
stage of a sprain is to keep down or
reduce inflammation and prevent
exudation or swelling. The shoe
should be removed at once before the
limb has got so swollen and tender as
to make putting on another a mat-
ter of difficulty owing to the acute ag-
ony handling gives the animal.
The next thing is a dose of physio-
logical tends to prevent fever and keep
down inflammation—acting magically
in this and other cases of lameness.
The animal should be secured in a
position to discourage movement, and
either hot fermentations or cold astrin-
gent lotions should be applied contin-
uously. There is, perhaps, some
difference of opinion as to whether
cold or heat is best, but whichever is
adopted must be kept up continuously.
For a recent injury, without much
swelling and congestion, cold is per-
haps preferable; but if there is much
pain and swelling, relief is most
promptly afforded by hot water.

If slight lameness continues or
there is thickening or enlargement,
it will be better to blister; indeed, it is
seldom bad practice to blister after a
sprain, as it at least insures a prolonged
rest. A case of breakdown means
months of enforced idleness, generally
permanent deformity, unfitness for fast
work, and in some instances incurable
lameness.—[New York World.]

FEEDING FOR EGGS.
For the production of eggs the food
should contain an ample supply of
those ingredients that make up the
egg. An average egg weighs about
1,000 grains, divided as follows: shell,
107; white, 604; yolk, 289. The shell
is composed of ninety-seven per cent.
carbonate of lime, one per cent. phos-
phate of lime and magnesia and two
per cent. albumen; the yolk of fifty-
four per cent. water, 28.6 per cent.
yellow oil and 17.4 per cent. albumen,
and the white eighty-five per cent.
water, 2.7 per cent. mucous, 0.3 per
cent. salts and twelve per cent. albu-
men. Therefore, a food containing
albuminoids and fat should be em-
ployed. The natural food of the fowl
consists of insects, seeds, vegetable
matter, etc. Therefore there should
be a variety of grains, animal matter
in the form of scraps of meat, etc.,
or pressed scraps, chopped cabbage,
apples, etc., or, as has been practised,
finely cut and steamed clover hay.
There should be a great variety at all
times, and Indian meal scalded and
well seasoned with pepper, or chopped
horseradish will be effective. A re-
cent writer prescribed scalded Indian
meal made into a mush, which was
cooked an hour or two and then fed
hot with horseradish. It was recom-
mended to cook food of all kinds and
feed hot. This might be well as a
stimulant, but cornmeal must be com-
bined with animal food to produce
eggs. A supply of powdered shells or
bone should be provided, not only to
aid digestion, but furnish egg shell
material. A correspondent of the
Plymouth Chronicle mixed hog's lard
with the dough which he gave his hens,
and asserts that a piece as large as a
hickory nut will set a hen to laying
immediately after she is broken up
from setting, and that by feeding a
little occasionally hens may be made
to lay all winter.—[Live Stock Journal.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.
Use pure-bred cocks to breed up the
fowls.
Hens are safer to set than early
pullets.
All birds of the Cochin breed feather
very slowly.
A clean egg sells much quicker than
a soiled one.
Hen manure is valuable, and should
be carefully saved.
Buyers are apt to judge of the age
of an egg by its appearance.
Birds with small combs and plenty
of feathers endure cold best.
A home-made incubator is apt to
prove an expensive economy.
The Leghorns are the most prolific,
but they lay the smallest eggs.
On the farm the value of a horse de-
pends upon the load he will draw.
Compelling fowls to roost in a
draught is a direct invitation to roup.
Give your breeding mares plenty of
food and exercise, but no heavy work.
Forty years ago there were practi-
cally no coach horses in the United
States.

He Fooled the Birds.
A person riding through the moun-
tains and lower foothills of the Sierra
Nevada at this time of the year cannot
help but notice the trees and dead
fence posts that have been filled with
acorns, the work of woodpeckers and
bluejays. The former makes holes
and the latter filled them with acorns,
providing a winter store.
A man living near Coulterville has
the reputation of being very mean, and
the neighbors tell and vouch for the
following story on him: He took a
thin board and punctured it with
holes, this being nailed on the back
side of his granary. The bluejay
was not long in locating the holes and
at once started to fill them with acorns.
When an acorn would be put in one of
the holes it would fall inside of the
building. The industrious birds, deter-
mined to fill the holes, kept carry-
ing acorns until the granary was full.
Then the man so mean as to cheat the
birds had enough on which to fatten
all his hogs, while the birds had none.
—[Merced (Cal.) Sun.]
True to His Idols.
"You find it impossible to get work,
don't you?" said the sympathetic lady
of the house.
"I'm not huntin' fur work, ma'am,"
said the man on the back porch stiffly.
"I ain't no common tramp. I'm
huntin' fur leisure."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
An electric motor runs a gating
gun.
A new storage-battery street-rail-
way line has been inaugurated in
Paris, running from the Bastille.
The only source of the great lakes
is the rain that falls within their basin,
which averages 40 inches per year.
Tokio, Japan, has followed the ex-
ample of Bangkok, the capital of
Siam, and constructed an electric rail-
road.
Local telegrams are now being
transmitted through pneumatic tubes
in most of the principal cities of
Great Britain.
Clean coke is by many considered
better than charcoal for heating fine
steel to forge or harden, because it
makes a more even fire.

To make 1,000 feet of illuminating
gas, eight pounds of coal, costing two
cents, and four gallons of naphtha,
costing twelve cents, are required.
A vegetarian paper is printed in
Berlin on paper described as "purely
vegetarian" of a light green color, the
dye used being derived from plants.
There are eighty-six fish hatcheries
in North America, sixty-six of them
in the United States. Last year they
produced more than one billion young
fish.
In a Berlin medical paper Dr. Laz-
arus describes a case of cholera con-
tracted in a hospital by an assistant
physician who was making experiments
with the bacilli. He recovered.
Professor Bell, the inventor of the
telephone, has been grappling with
erial locomotion in Nova Scotia, and,
like all other experimenters in that
science, he is very hopeful of success.
John Chapman, M. D., of Paris,
claims to have been remarkably suc-
cessful in the treatment of cholera by
applications of cold or heat along the
spinal regions—cold being applied
during any of the different degrees of
collapse, and heat when necessary to
lessen the force of reaction.
It is maintained very stoutly by ex-
pert electricians that the storage bat-
tery is, after all a success for commer-
cial work; that the new processes for
manufacturing them have cheapened
their cost, and that in train lighting
they are especially efficient and econ-
omical. It is estimated that \$85 per
horse power is the annual cost of the
accumulator.
At the congress of hygiene in Lon-
don, and at the diocesan conference
in the same city it was urged that early
marriages are so great an evil that
some sort of reform in the marriage
laws is necessary. Investigation
showed that the healthy children are
those of mothers between 20 and 30,
and of fathers between 30 and 40.
Where either husband or wife is un-
der 20 the offspring proved generally
weakly.
"While the principle of seeing by
electricity at a distance," says Pro-
fessor A. Graham Bell, "is the same
as that applied in the telephone, yet
it will be very much more difficult to
construct such an apparatus, owing to
the immensely greater rapidity with
which the vibrations of light take
place when compared with the vibra-
tions of sound. It is merely a ques-
tion, however, of finding a diaphragm
which will be sufficiently sensitive to
receive these vibrations and produce
the corresponding vibrations."
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