

Along the leaf-strewn paths I walk
Recalling summer days;
Not in a mood for human talk,
I ponder Nature's ways.

Till Summer parted with her breath,
No Autumn sun could shine;
"There is no life but comes from death,"
Said Plato the divine.

Then, Autumn! deem not all thine own
The splendors which we see,
For had we not the Summer known
These splendors could not be.

We love to see your banners red
Which Summer helped to weave,
And every canvas Summer spread
Thy gorgeous tints receive.

—Aaron Kingsbury in the Boston Evening Transcript.

At The Appetite-Cure.

A Health Resort Comedy.

BY MARK TWAIN.

A piece of fiction—fiction with a big F—by Mark Twain the well known humorist, which came out in a late Cosmopolitan, has attracted no little attention, not only for the humor of which it is full, but for the undoubted scientific fact to which it calls attention. It is true that we civilized Americans eat far too much, and equally true that no small amount of our disease is due to that habit. This theme the great humorist has clothed in the following attractive form:

This establishment's name is Hoehberghaus. It is in Bohemia, a short day's journey from Vienna, and being in the Austrian empire, is, of course, a health resort. All unhealthy people ought to domicile themselves in Vienna, and use that as a base for making flights, from time to time, to the outlying resorts, according to need. A flight to Marienbad to get rid of rheumatism; a flight to Kallenberg to take the water cure, and get rid of the rest of the diseases. It is all so handy. You can stand in Vienna and toss a biscuit into Kaltenleutgen, with a twelve-inch gun. You can run out thither at any time of the day; you can go by the phenomenally slow trains, and yet inside of an hour you have exchanged the glare and swelter of the city for the wooded hills, and shady forest paths and soft cool airs, and the music of the birds, and the repose and peace of paradise. There are abundance of health resorts, as I have said. Among them this place—Hoehberghaus. It stands solitary on the top of a densely wooded mountain and is a building of great size. It is called the Appetite Anstalt, and people who have lost their appetites come here to get them restored. When I arrived, I was taken by Professor Haimberger to his consulting room and questioned:

"It is six o'clock. When did you eat last?"
"At noon."
"What did you eat?"
"Next to nothing."
"What was on the table?"
"The usual things."
"Chops, chicken, vegetables, and so on?"
"Yes; but don't mention them—I can't bear it."
"Are you tired of them?"
"Oh, utterly. I wish I might never hear of them again."
"The mere sight of food offends you, does it?"
"More, it revolts me."
The doctor considered awhile, then got out a long menu and ran his eye slowly down it.
"I think," said he, "that what you need to eat is—but here, choose for yourself."

I glanced at the list and my stomach threw a handspring. Of all the barbarous layouts that were ever contrived, this was the most atrocious. At the top stood "tough, underdone, overdone tripe, garnished with garlic;" half way down the bill stood "young cat; old cat; scrambled cat;" at the bottom stood "sailor boots, softened with tallow—served raw." The wide intervals of the bill were packed with dishes calculated to insult a cannibal. I said:

"Doctor, it is not fair to joke over such a serious case as mine. I came here to get an appetite—not to throw away the remainder that's left."
He said gravely: "I am not joking; why should I joke?"
"But I can't eat these horrors."
"Why not?"
He said it with a naive that was admirable, whether it was real or assumed.

"Why not? Because—why, doctor, for months I have seldom been able to endure anything more substantial than omelettes and custards. These unspeakable dishes of yours—" "Oh, you will come to like them. They are very good. And you must eat them. It is the rule of the place and is strict. I cannot permit any departure from it."
I said, smiling: "Well, then, doctor, you will have to permit the departure of the patient. I am going."
He looked hurt, and said in a way which changed the aspect of things:

"I am sure you would not do me that injustice. I accepted you in good faith—you will not shame that confidence. This appetite cure is my whole living. If you should go forth from it with the sort of appetite which you now have, it could become known, and you can see yourself that people would say my cure failed in your case and hence can fail in other cases. You will not go; you will not do me this hurt."
I apologized and said I would stay.
The professor handed me that odious menu.

Yet all thy splendors but presage
The desolation near;
For Nature, though she did engage
You artist of the year,
Will send a rude and vandal band
Ere the new year is born,
Whose ruthless ravage through the land
Will blot what you adorn.
Harsher than Summer's seems thy fate;
For her thou didst caress,
And showed her as she lingered late
The utmost tenderness.
To thee, when summoned hence to leave,
No kindness will be shown;
For heartless Winter cannot grieve
For all thy splendor flown.

POPULAR INTEREST IN DEWEY.

Of Such a Nature That Any of Us Is Likely to Be Affected.

A retired business man of Cleveland, who has a reputation among people who know him for his kindness of heart, was filled with distress the other afternoon when he was approached by the five-year-old son of one of the neighbors. The little fellow was crying bitterly, and the kind-hearted man lost no time in making inquiries as to the nature of the child's troubles.
"Come," he said, patting the boy's head, "tell me all about it. Who hurt you?"
"N-nobody didn't hurt me," the sufferer sobbed, "b-but Dewey's dead, booo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"
Dewey dead! Great heavens! That's terrible. Where's the newsboy?
Dear, dear, dear. I'm sorry to hear that!"

And forgetting all about the distress of the child he rushed into the house, exclaiming to his wife:
"Mamma, Dewey's dead!"
"Mercy on us!" the lady replied, "where did you hear that?"
"Little Francis Parker just told me. Poor child, he's crying as if his heart will break. I suppose his father has just brought the news home from down town. I wish the boys would hurry and get out this way with their papers. By George, this makes me feel blue! There's been some treachery—'you mark my words! Dewey is the victim of foul play. Now I'm for wiping the whole damned Spanish race off the face of the earth. Nothing short of that will atone for our loss!"

By this time the gentleman had got to walking around in a circle, and his wife felt it her duty to do something to keep him from breaking down.
"Why don't you go over to the Parkers," she said, "and find out about it? There may be some mistake. I do hope it isn't true."
"Yes, I hope so too," he replied, mechanically, taking his hat as she handed it to him, "but I'm afraid it is. I've had a kind of premonition from the first that something was going to happen to Dewey. This completely upsets me. It's just as bad as if I'd lost a member of my own family."

Then he went over to the Parkers, little Francis having, in the meantime, returned home.
Mrs. Parker and her daughter Grace were sitting on the porch making things out of fluff lace and linen.
"Well," the kind-hearted man said, "it's too bad about Dewey, isn't it?"
"Yes," Mrs. Parker answered, "we feel real bad about him. We had really become attached to him."
"How and when did it happen?" the gentleman asked, as he took his chair that had been pushed forward by Miss Grace.

"He died this afternoon. I guess he must have caught cold. The girl had the hose out yesterday and sprinkled on him, and I think that started it."
The man with the kind heart sat there, looking dumbly at the two ladies for about a minute, after which he asked:
"What do you mean?"
"Why," said Mrs. Parker, "the little chicken that our milkman brought in from the country to Francis. You never saw it, did you? It was a dear little thing. Francis called it Dewey, in honor of the hero of Manila. But," she sighed, "it's dead, and Francis has been crying all the afternoon."
The kind-hearted man went home shortly after that, and in answer to his wife's anxious look merely said:
"Nothin' fake."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Blind men outnumber blind women by two to one.
A blind bat avoids wires and obstructions as easily as if it could see perfectly.
Taking all the year round, the coldest hour of the twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning.
A decapitated snail, if kept in a moist place, will in a few days grow a new head, and it will be just as serviceable as the original one was.
As late as 1682 squirts were used for extinguishing fire in England, and their length did not exceed two or three feet with pipes of leather. Watertight seamless hose was first made in Bethnal Green in 1720.
A Yarnmouth (England) man was smoking a pipe, when a spark dropped into the tuck of his trousers and burned a hole. He made a claim for loss under his fire insurance policy, and the company paid the damage.

A farmer in West Bath, Me., believes that it is contrary to nature to put shoes on horses, and makes all his horses, from colthood up, travel on their hoofs. The absence of shoes does not seem to inconvenience them in the least.
John Hamilton of Wilmington, Del., has a Plymouth Rock hen which catches and kills rats. The hen waits at a rathole in a stable, and pounces upon an animal as it appears, usually seizing him by the leg. It then shakes him vigorously and picks out his eyes.
Centuries Old.
Some of the wooded churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Willy Witless.
It was an ancient timepiece,
It set the ancient sun—
When it said four o'clock A. M.
The night its course had run.
When it chimed six P. M.
The sun went straight to bed,
Nor dared so much as from its couch
To raise its auburn head.
Till Willy Witless hid within
The depths of its great case;
Then grave old Time began to spin
A frightful rapid pace.
At two A. M. proclaimed 'twas four
At six P. M. cried "Eight!"
Then insolently to the sun—
"Why are you up so late?"
It roused the maids to milk the cows
While night still lowered black;
It stopped the dance upon the green
While day was young—alack!
Oh, Willy, Witless Willy, man!
Just see what you have done
By hiding in the old clock case
To have a bit of fun!

—New York Herald.

Prince Edward's Idea of Bliss.

Prince Edward of York, Queen Victoria's great-grandson and a possible king of England, is a jolly little fellow, very decided, however, in his likes and dislikes, although on first acquaintance he is somewhat shy. A charming woman who visits at Marlborough House has quite won little Edward's heart.
At first the little prince was somewhat shy with her, but as their acquaintanceship progressed he relaxed in his reserve. When she had succeeded in winning his confidence the little boy was most anxious to make himself agreeable. One day he called her aside very confidentially.
"If you like," he whispered, "I'll take you into the garden. Won't it be fun! We could both dig dirt with our hands there!"

A Duel in Birdland.

Duelling between men has long gone out of fashion in England, and it is left to nations and lower animals to settle their differences by an appeal to arms. In Kew gardens, in the presence of a considerable number of spectators, an affair of honor was settled between a pelican and a duck. The birds had had words together, so to speak, and the pelican determined that the next best thing to making the duck eat his words was to eat the duck. So, after a little thrust and parry on the water, he made for the smaller bird and snapped it into his pouch. Then a battle-royal began inside the pouch of the pelican. The duck struggled, kicked, quacked, and occasionally managed to get a leg or a wing outside, while his captor threw his beak high in the air, then dipped it into the water and kept it there, as if trying to suffocate or drown its enemy. From the look of the agitated pouch it seemed as if the contest was by no means one-sided, but that the pelican was having rather a rough time. At last the duck got his head and one wing out, and then, with a magnificent effort, managed to get entirely free. Once again on the water the duck declined further combat and fled, while the pelican remained, looking as if honor was thoroughly satisfied.—London Telegraph.

A Mimic Sea.

To start an aquarium sounds a rather formidable undertaking from a financial standpoint, says a writer in Harper's Round Table, yet it costs nothing to collect the treasures of the sea, and once intelligently collected months of pleasure are secured. The expensive glass globes called aquariums are not necessary, nor even desirable. A top will live in a bottle, and a sea garden grow in a preserve jar. Instead, substitute a small, new tub, unpainted inside, or a glass box made of window panes set in a framework of wood and cement. Into this tank put two inches of well-washed sea sand, avoiding all worms and fleas, which would die and poison the water. This layer of sand is for the benefit of the crabs and burrowing snails. Then, with small, clean stones, free from all vegetable growth, and a little cement, build a mimic arcade in the centre of the tank, which will provide shade, without which your sleepless fish will soon die. Little lumps of cement, stuck irregularly about the sides of the tub, afford roof for weed, and so vary its monotony.
Having prepared the tank, fill it with deep sea water, to guard against the possible impurities of the shore. As this water evaporates renew with fresh water, since the original salt never evaporates. The tank must be placed where it will have plenty of light and air, while guarded against heat and dust. Sunlight is necessary for the plant life of the aquarium, but if the water ever becomes tepid the fish will die. Now deposit in the tank half a dozen stones or shells, to which are attached the finer varieties of growing weed, sea lettuce and ulvae. It is well to first wash these carefully, lest decayed matter lurk in the fronds.

The Tricks of a Pet Crow.

Of all the pets I ever had, which were many, I never found one so knowing or so full of mischief as a pet crow, which was given me when I was a girl of twelve. When he came to me he had been slightly wounded in one wing, which at first disabled him, but from which he soon fully recovered.
At first he occupied a cage made by nailing some slats across the open end of a small box, and this box always remained his headquarters. A handful of corn and a dish of water was his daily ration. When he became sufficiently tame to be trusted to go and come as he pleased, he undoubtedly foraged for such tidbits as crows are

said to be fond of. Jim Crow (so named) never seemed to care for the society of other crows, otherwise; it may have been that his black brethren did not care to associate with one cowardly enough to submit to captivity; at all events, they were never seen together. Jim's boon companion was a large house dog. When the dog was told to go after the cows, which were pastured at least a quarter of a mile away, Jim Crow always went with him, flying slowly a couple of feet above the dog's back, and frequently riding homeward on the back of a cow. Some young men were at work at carpentry that summer on my father's barn, who never tired of teaching Jim tricks, and they often declared if Jim's tongue was only split he could be taught to speak like a parrot.
Jim's powers of imitation were very amusing; if one bowed to him, he usually returned the compliment in a polite manner. At other times he would scratch in the earth and call like a hen who was scratching for a brood of chickens, imitating every motion as well as the hen's voice. I have seen him pick up pebbles and drop them in the bung holes of an empty barrel just for the report the pebbles made, and when tired of this mischief, he would put both legs into the bung hole and whirl round and round, as if his legs were an auger boring a hole, in imitation of the carpenter who frequently had Jim as a spectator while working in this line of business. But Jim's proclivities for mischief brought him into disrepute with our own family as well as our neighbors. A washing spread out on the bleaching yard was sure to be visited by Jim, who would fly off to a mud puddle or the cow yard, and when his feet were fully saturated with filth he would walk over the clothes until his footprints resembled Egyptian hieroglyphics. This trick cost him his life, for he was undoubtedly shot by a neighbor.—Country Gentleman.

Dewey's Chicken.

"Why didn't they name me Trouble?" "But no; here I am a yellow puppy and they call me Dewey." Of course with that name you'd naturally think I would be expected to show a very warlike disposition, so I bark furiously at passing teams, make brave dashes at women's silken skirts and gay-colored ribbons, and the other day I made a charge on the chickens that was grand."
A very melancholy looking little yellow dog crouched in the darkest corner of the cavernous space under the front steps of the great house.
"It seems as though I were brought into the world for the sole purpose of being a nuisance." The little dog was scared and out of sorts generally—there was no doubt about it, and he had good reason for his frame of mind, as the following soliloquy will show:
"I was making the feathers fly and the chickens fly when swish—baug came a broom after me with nearly as much force as a cannon ball. And a voice said, 'Oh, you good-for-nothing dog!'"
"Now what am I to do? If they wanted a quiet, sober little dog of me why didn't they call me Flossie or Fido or some other soft-sounding name?"
"But to call me Dewey and then expect me to do nothing rough, why, it's perfectly absurd."
Yesterday I was having such a nice, quiet time, and I thought no one could possibly object to my innocent amusement. After breakfast I walked into the parlor just to see if I couldn't find something to do. On the couch there was a white object with black feathers sticking out of it.
"Chickens!" I growled under my breath, but straightway thought, 'No, Dewey, you mustn't chase chickens,' so I dropped down on the floor with a sigh and began watching the object. Well, it didn't move, and the more I looked at it the more I thought it would do no harm to play with it. So I jumped up and dragged it under the couch, and the fun I had with that thing would have made you laugh. I pulled the feathers out. I chewed and ripped great bunches of soft gauzy stuff off of it, and just as I was making the feathers fly to the right and to the left Mr. Edwin McArthur, my master, came into the room.
"He didn't say a word!"
"He picked me up, and I really believe if I wasn't a born soldier and didn't bear a soldier's name I wouldn't be telling this story today."
"Mr. Edwin McArthur ought to have gone to war, for if he could whip Spaniards the way he can whip dogs he would be a wonder."
"When ladies call on mistress now she shows them the object I thought looked like a chicken, and they give little screams and say, 'Oh, Sara, your new Paris hat! Can it be repaired?'"
"They never ask if Dewey can be repaired."
"I know I'm a good-for-nothing dog, but I believe that mistress loves me after all, for last night she took me in her arms and said: 'Dewey, you cunning thing, I forgive you for ruining my Paris hat, you showed such good taste in selecting mine when Cousin Nell's lay right beside it. I always told her she had no more taste than a dog as far as hats were concerned.'
"Listen to that, now, and I thought it was a chicken."—Chicago Record.

The New Photography.

A young man in New York city has invented a process whereby photographs can be developed in broad daylight. This revolutionizes the picture-taking art. No more dark room and red light, no chemistry. The greenest amateur, with only brains enough to snap his camera at a barn, may now develop his own plates.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Locating Apisaries.
There are few locations in which bees will not do well, but there are locations that are much better than others, and this is worthy of notice in locating.
Many persons are situated in the midst of excellent bee pasturage, where bees would prove extremely profitable if they would adopt them. There are hundreds of acres of alfalfa clover in many parts of the West that no bees have ever seen. Tons of honey might be the result if enough bees were in reach of it to secure the nectar, which of course is a total loss otherwise. Not only this, but the presence of bees to pollenate the blossoms of all seed plants, and also all fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, would well pay all expenses of the same, even if they did not store a pound of honey. There is not a scientific fruit grower or seedman of the present time who understands this, but is profiting by the experiment.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Fall Pruning.

While the general practice is to do the main pruning of trees in the spring, much of the work can be done to the best advantage in the early fall, when it is possible to see just where the tree is making the growth that is valueless. This fall pruning is especially valuable for young trees, which must be directed in the form and shape desired at an early age. It is not meant that any heavy pruning should be done in the fall, but mainly a pinching back of the young sprouts as they grow, removing the buds on others and gradually shaping the tree and regulating the supply of the fruit on those that come into bearing for the first time. The growth of the young tree should first be upward, then outward, and the removal or shortening of any lateral branches that show a tendency to shoot out beyond all the others will prevent sapping of the tree's vitality. Several branches of about equal size and length will form a well balanced and healthy tree, and any additional growth is but a drain.

Lime Not a Fertilizer.

Considerable lime is used on farm lands, and usually to great advantage, but the general opinion is that it may be used freely in place of fertilizers. This is a mistake, for, strictly speaking, lime has no value as a fertilizer. Its use is purely and simply to set loose and make available for plant food fertility already in the soil. Its value will be most noticeable on heavy, rather moist lands, usually rich in nitrogen, but which requires a loosening power to make it available as plant food, and lime does this work better than anything that can be applied. Lime neutralizes the free acids and sweetens the soil. It hastens the decomposition of organic matter so largely found in the soils described, and makes it available as plant food, besides rendering such soils more porous and open. On the other hand, if used in too large quantities continuously, or to the exclusion of fertilizers or manures, it soon robs the soil of its fertility and becomes a detriment rather than a help.

How to Pasteurize Milk Easily.

Milk may be easily pasteurized by using the same apparatus employed in cooling and aerating, except that instead of running cold water through the machine use steam. The milk will become hot. The temperature can be controlled by regulating the amount of steam let into the aerator. The temperature of the milk will be about 150 degrees when it reaches the trough, but by the time it has fallen into the can, it is cooled to 140 degrees. This is practically the pasteurizing temperature, but if the tubercle bacilli are to be destroyed, the can to receive the milk should be hot and sterilized, and the cream can be protected by an inverted funnel, and it may be that a plate of glass should be placed in front of and near the ridges of the cooler. Milk should stand in the can about twenty minutes, when it should be turned back into the aerator, and cooled in the ordinary way. The New Jersey experiment station finds this method very efficacious, and particularly applicable to small dairy farms where a regular pasteurizing apparatus is not at hand.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Common Sense Dairying.

The basis of profitable dairying is a herd of high-grade cows. Beyond this there is nothing but proper treatment and feeding for the cows and wise handling of the butter. Dairy cows should be stabled at night and on cold and stormy days, with plenty of bedding for warmth and cleanliness. A feed of ten pounds of clover hay and ten pounds of shredded corn-stalks, with what unshredded stalks they will eat clean from the rack, is enough food for the average cow per day. A daily feed of grain consisting of five pounds of wheat bran and five pounds of corn and cob meal ground fine, will bring good results. The quantity of food is not arbitrary, as some cows will require more and some less. Water twice a day. With the milk use a separator, a tester and scales, and dispose of, as unprofitable, every cow that does not come up to the standard under these tests. Raise the heifer calves to increase the herd. Pack the butter product carefully and have it of a quality that will command attention in the market. Mark it so that those who buy may know where it comes from and they will soon get in the habit of asking for it. Then the dairy will be found a most profitable part of the farm.—Atlanta Journal.

In the United States, in speaking of rivers, the word "river," succeeds the name of the stream, i. e., Mississippi River, Hudson River, etc., while in Europe it precedes as, River Thames, River Rhine, River Seine, River Po, etc.