

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"It seems to me," she thought, with a happy smile, "that even the flowers know he is coming. I am sure those roses are more fragrant and the lilies more brilliant. I can see their golden hearts."

She buried her face amid the cool, deep lily-cups—she was as one bewitched with the charm of her own happiness—until Lady Fanshawe, struck by her manner, ventured to remonstrate.

"Dear Lady Charnleigh, are you not wanting in the great charm of all well-bred women—poetic repose?"

Repose while the leaves were whispering to the summer wind, while the bees and butterflies coquetted with the flowers, while her own heart was beating with delight that knew no words, every pulse and nerve thrilling? Lady Charnleigh laughed aloud.

"I am not conducting myself as a countess should," she said. "I had forgotten all about what you call the dignity of my position, auntie; I only remembered that I was, without exception, the happiest girl in the world. It is time to dress, Ethel, the world, turning to Miss Dacre. 'I want you to look bewitching—I want to be a saucy to fall in love with you.'"

She spoke lightly and never saw the death-like pallor that came over the sweet face.

"He has done something of the kind already, Leonie, but it is with you, not with me."

"A fact which would show that he had never tasted nor sense, if it were true," laughed Lady Charnleigh, "me advise you as to what dress you should wear, Ethel. Stand quite still, and I will study you."

She made a pretty picture, standing with a staid expression on her face, her fingers laid on her lips. She could not be silent for long.

"What dreamy, poetic beauty yours is, Ethel! How strange that you should be so like the 'Elaine' we saw at the exhibition! The painter must have known you."

"I do not think so," said Miss Dacre. "You remind me of starlight, and—oh, Ethel, how beautiful the starlight is, how calm, serene, and holy, yet giving one a vivid idea of hidden fire."

"You began to speak of my dress," observed Miss Dacre, patiently; "and you have already reached the stars. When will you be on earth again?"

"I shall never behave like a countess. A true lady of rank," says auntie, "should be known by her dress and her silence and repose. Your dress, Ethel, must be black lace over white silk with silver flowers; you will positively startle them."

But her own toilet was not so easily decided upon. That evening Lady Charnleigh was difficult to please. At last she chose a bewitching costume of pale sea-green silk, half covered with rich white lace, and looped up with white water-lilies; a small lily nestled in the coils of her fair hair; and with this dress, and rich, dark, and pale, Lady Charnleigh wore a suit of magnificent emeralds.

An hour later and Lady Charnleigh sat at the head of the table. Perhaps her servants wondered why for these two gentlemen she had ordered the service of gold plate, which was usually reserved for state occasions. She knew she would have paid to few others the honor she paid to Sir Bertram. She had received him with gracious words and kindly smiles; with them she sought to hide the regret, happy emotion that filled her heart. Lady Charnleigh saw the bright blushes on the glad young face, and tried to believe they were for him.

"You have some grand old pictures, I am told," Lady Charnleigh, said Sir Bertram; "may I ask you to show them to me?"

"Nothing would please me better," she said; "after dinner we will go through the gallery. Ethel, you are always talking of pictures—will you join us with Capt. Fleming? I like the gallery better than any part of Crown Leighton."

So after dinner they went. Lady Fanshawe declined to accompany them. "You must take your pictures—will you consider the time you spend among them," Lady Charnleigh, she said. And one or two of her hearers were quite as well pleased that she should remain where she was.

Few private galleries in England could boast of a picture gallery so magnificent as that of Crown Leighton. It was large, lofty and superbly decorated. In some places the walls are inlaid with mirrors; the ceilings had been painted by Le Brun; the windows formed deep bays that were carpeted with crimson cloth; and Sir Bertram, who had an artist's eye for color, thought he had never seen a fairer picture than that of Lady Charnleigh, with her robes of green and lace sweeping the floor. How well the artistic, picturesque dress suited her! How royally beautiful she looked in those shining emeralds!

"You will be my clone," he said. "I suppose Crown Leighton knows all the glories of Crown Leighton."

The girl turned to the young soldier with a look of genuine frankness and regret on her face.

"You are generous not to hate me," she said, "when you see all that I have robbed you of."

"You have given me more than you have taken from me," he returned; and both look and words were so much pain to Ethel Dacre.

There was no lack of conversation among the four; they were all art-lovers; they knew most of the world's famous pictures; they could criticize and compare. Leonie, Lady Charnleigh, showed perhaps the greatest and most cultivated taste.

They lingered long in the gallery, while the western sunbeams came through the long windows and lighted up the gorgeous colors on the wall; they lingered as the young and happy, with laughing words and bright, tender thoughts. They reached the end of the gallery at last, and came to a door half hidden by the velvet curtain that hung over it.

"That is a room I have never yet entered," said Lady Charnleigh; "shall we go in now?"

"What is it? A boudoir—a study?" It was just the place for an artist's studio," said Sir Bertram.

"It was the favorite room of the late Lord Charnleigh," observed the young Countess. "Mrs. Pearson tells me he used to look himself in there, and afterward come out looking so sad and sorrowful."

"The secret of such lives as his is always a tragedy," said Lady Fleming to Ethel. "I have often thought that the late lord of Crown Leighton had some sorrow the world knew nothing of."

It was Paul Fleming who opened the door, and Lady Charnleigh drew back with a little shudder, the color fading from her brilliant face.

"I have such a horrible fancy," she said, with a nervous attempt at laughter; "it is when I go in I shall find the late Earl sitting in his chair with stony face and set eyes."

"You may enter safely, Lady Charnleigh," murmured Paul; "the room is quite empty. Yet it looked as though it had been recently used."

"I gave orders that nothing here should be touched," said the Countess; "it seemed a kind of desecration to enter the place."

There was a book on the table, a table drawn near the fireplace, a paper knife still resting on an uncut journal. "How strangely silent the place is! How different from the rest of the house," said Lady Charnleigh, with a sigh. "Come away—I feel as though the room were haunted."

She turned away, but her attention was drawn to Captain Fleming. He was standing before picture apparently engrossed by it. She called him by name; he did not hear. She moved forward and touched him on the arm, and was startled when he turned round to find his eyes full of tears. She looked at the picture; it was of a young and beautiful girl, with sad, tender eyes and a lovely mouth. A grave, noble face it was, with a veil of sadness on it—a picture that had in it a certain pathos. Underneath, in faint characters, were written the words, "Loved and Lost."

Lady Charnleigh looked first at the picture, and then at the young soldier; there was a certain resemblance in the features that struck her.

"Who is it, Captain Fleming?" she asked, in a low voice.

"That is a portrait of my mother," he replied. "How comes it that it is hidden away here?"

"Loved and lost," quoted Lady Charnleigh—"what does it mean? Who loved and who lost her?"

"I do not know," replied Captain Fleming. "Pray pardon me, Lady Charnleigh; I did not know that you had a picture of my mother. I loved her so dearly."

"You are sure it is your mother?" she asked.

"As sure as I am of my own existence; she always had the same sad, tender eyes, and when she smiled there was something sad in her smile. Those eyes were the same look now—do you not notice?"

Sir Bertram and Miss Dacre had joined them, and were listening to him in wonder.

"A portrait of your mother here?" questioned Miss Dacre. "That seems strange, Captain Fleming."

"I loved her so much," he said again; "and she died when I was quite young. Lady Charnleigh, will you grant me a great favor?"

"I know I will before you ask it," she replied.

"Permit me to have this copied. It shall be most carefully preserved."

"You shall have the original if you will, I shall be quite content with the copy."

"You are very kind to me," he said, "but I will not agree to that. You have a superstitious feeling about this room; I have the same about this picture. I should not like to take it away—it belongs to the room."

"Loved and lost," murmured the young Countess. "What sorrowful words! There is a story contained in them—a sad story, too. What do they mean?"

The brilliant tint had faded from her face; she had grown very pale and sorrowful. "I do not know," she said, "but her whole aspect was changed. Sir Bertram looked anxiously at her."

"You are too imaginative, Lady Charnleigh," he said. "Come away; you are growing sad and sorrowful. Consider the time you spend among them, Lady Charnleigh," she said. "Without a word she followed him. They went through the corridor at the end of the gallery, out on the western terrace, where the flowers were all in brilliant bloom. Paul and Ethel followed. There, where the sun shone and the song of the birds filled the perfumed air, Lady Charnleigh was soon herself again. The exquisite rose-lace flash stole back, the light came into her eyes.

"I have a idea," she said. "What do you think, Ethel? Shall we have a grand fete and ball here at Crown Leighton, and illuminate these grounds and gardens—a fete that will last from sunset to sunrise, and delight everybody?"

"I should like it very much," responded Miss Dacre. The two gentlemen agreed with her.

"Captain Fleming and you, Sir Bertram, must come over to help me; it will be my first grand entertainment. Consider the time you spend among them, Lady Charnleigh," she said. "I am so fond of charades; and we could get up such really magnificent ones. What do you say?"

"It would be delightful," said Sir Bertram, thinking of the rehearsals he should see Lady Charnleigh.

"What a simple, charming nature she has!" remarked Sir Bertram to himself, with a smile. "She was weeping only a few minutes since, her heart was broken; now she is laughing at the idea of a ball. She is a perfect little half-grown, half-grown child, half woman—wholly charming."

He raised his eyes in time to see the green silk and white water-lilies vanish behind the tall, slender figure.

"We may as well follow," said Paul Fleming. "Lady Charnleigh is all anxiety to put her scheme at once into train; she has gone without doubt to arrange the day for the ball."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I really ought to inaugurate my reign by a grand fete," said Lady Charnleigh. "I like to do everything in rene; if I give a ball, it shall be one to be remembered."

Yet there was no rene in the drawing-room, and the young Countess looked radiantly lovely by the light of the soft glowing lamp. They were discussing the great event.

"You have but to will and dictate," said Sir Bertram; "we shall all be pleased to obey."

"Suppose," she continued, thoughtfully, "that we commence with a dinner-party—no, that will not do—one under forty cares about dinner, and this party shall be for the young and light-hearted. We might begin with charades and tableaux—people always enjoy them; and then at ten o'clock we could have a grand procession to the ball-room, where we might dance until morning. What do you think of that program, Ethel?"

"It will be very pleasant," said Miss Dacre. She had been watching the bright, animated expression on the girl's face, and the devoted attention of both gentlemen to her. "How could I hope to charm while she is near?" she asked herself. "She is so lovely, so gay; every moment develops a new charm in her. Compared with her I am as a moth beside a butterfly."

Yet there was no rene in her heart; her admiration for the young Countess was sincere and ardent; she did not know that there were people who would have preferred her quiet, spirituelle loveliness to the radiant beauty of Lady Charnleigh.

"Well, that is agreed upon," said the mistress of Crown Leighton. "We must have some good tableaux and some excellent charades; and we cannot do better than discuss now what the tableaux shall be. There are four of us here—let us suggest a scene from some great novel, poem, or play."

"That is a wide field," Lady Charnleigh, said Paul Fleming; "there are so many great poems and plays."

"But we each have our favorites, and

can choose from them. Sir Bertram, you shall have the first choice. Ethel and I will hear what you gentlemen suggest first."

"I think one of the plays I like best is the 'Lady of Lyons,'" said Sir Bertram; "we could have a very effective tableau from that, Lady Charnleigh—the scene where the pretended prince describes his palace by the lake of Como. It is a lovely picture; the fair Paulina, with her golden hair falling round her, listening with rapt attention on her lover's arm. You would make a beautiful Paulina, Lady Charnleigh."

"But who is to be my prince?" she asked, with a blush and a smile.

"I should be most happy," began Sir Bertram, but Paul Fleming interrupted him.

"The Prince must be dark, and you are fair, Bertram. If you will permit me, Lady Charnleigh, I will place myself at your disposal."

She was disappointed, but smiled graciously. Captain Fleming thought to himself that he had won a great victory over his rival, for such he began to perceive Sir Bertram was.

"Now it is your turn, Captain Fleming," said the Countess.

"One of the most favorite I ever saw was a tableau representing Romeo and Juliet in a friar's cell."

"Ethel shall be Juliet," put in Lady Charnleigh.

"No," said Miss Dacre; "Juliet was a bright, radiant beauty. You would look the character much better than I should, Lady Charnleigh."

"Let it be so then," returned the Countess. "Who is to be my Romeo?"

"Romeo was fair," said Sir Bertram, quickly; "permit me to hold the distinguished office, Lady Charnleigh."

She smiled to hide the happiness which the bare idea gave her.

"Those will be two good scenes," she said. "Now, Ethel?"

"I am puzzled," confessed Miss Dacre; "there are so many great poems. 'You remember the picture of Elaine, Ethel; nothing would suit you so well as that. She was watching Sir Lancelot ride away. You could assume that expression of unutterable, hopeless love, and Elaine's features resemble Elaine's as depicted on the canvas.'"

Miss Dacre smiled. One observing her keenly might have seen how wistful and tinged with pain that smile was.

"You will make me believe that I am Elaine, if you talk so much to me of her, Leonie."

"Nay," said Captain Fleming, "it will never be your fate, Ethel, to die of a hopeless love."

The fair, spirituelle face grew a shade paler.

"I hope not," she rejoined, quietly. "It would be a terrible love that would make me lose my hold on life. It is your turn now, Leonie. What do you suggest? I think that I shall like to be Elaine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARTYRS TO HUMANITY.

Some Instances of the Spirit of True Scholarship.

The scene at the deathbed of Bede, the father of English history, is told with touching simplicity by his pupil Cuthbert. The closing years of the great scholar's life had been devoted to translating the Gospel from Latin into Anglo-Saxon, and he was above all things desirous of completing the translation in the hope of civilizing his wild countrymen by giving them the Gospels in their own language.

He had not completed the work when his illness grew so severe that he could no longer proceed with his writing. He then dictated to Cuthbert and his other pupils until he was on his deathbed, when there still remained untranslated the closing chapter of St. John.

"Venerable Master," said Cuthbert to the dying man, "there yet remains one chapter." "Then take your pen and write with speed," said the dying scholar. When it was done, Bede repeated the "Gloria" and died. And thus we have the Anglo-Saxon Gospels, the most complete record of the language and mental habits of a most remarkable people.

Over and above this, far more important than this, we have an illustration of the spirit of true scholarship, of the self-sacrifice with which so many scholars have lived and died for the advancement of civilization and the uplifting of humanity.

In his lesson on electricity Prof. Tyndall says that the beautiful essay on "The Formation of Dew" was written by Dr. Wells when he was on the brink of the grave. Stephen Gray continued his experiments until he was almost in articulo mortis, and when he could no longer write he dictated the account of his discoveries to others. He dictated thus to Dr. Mortimer, Secretary of the Royal Society, while dying, and the language of his description of his discoveries in the use of electric conductors and non-conductors represents his last painful gasps for breath.

The world knows little or nothing of the men who have done most for it. It is astonished at the magnificent results of the scientific use of electricity as a motor, but it troubles itself very little about Gray wrestling foot to foot with death for a few precious minutes to give the world the result of his painful labors. These men, who are sought by the scientific world for money or glory have civilized the world and have done all that has been done to make the conditions of human life more tolerable. Whether called Christian or not, they are true scholars and martyrs of the religion of humanity.

Age of Trees.

Elm, 300 years; Ivy, 335 years; maple, 516 years; larch, 576 years; orange, 630 years; cypress, 800 years; olive, 800 years; walnut, 900 years; Oriental plane, 1,000 years; lime, 1,100 years; spruce, 1,200 years; oak, 1,500 years; cedar, 2,000 years; yew, 3,200 years. The way in which the ages of these trees have been ascertained leaves no doubt of correctness. In a few cases the data has been furnished by historical records and by traditions, but the botanical archaeologists have a resource independent of either, and when carefully used, infallible.

Of all the forms of nature, trees alone disclose their ages candidly and freely. In the stems of trees which have branches and leaves with netted veins—in all exogens, as the botanist would say—the increase takes place by means of an annual deposit of wood, spread in an even layer upon the surface of the preceding one.

In the earlier periods of life trees increase much faster than when adult—the oak, for instance, grows more rapidly between the twentieth and thirty-first years—and when old the annual deposits considerably diminish, so that the strata are thinner and the rings proportionately closer. Some trees slacken in rate of growth at a very early period of life, and layers of oak become thin after 40, those of the elm after 50, those of the yew after 60.

Quite a Linguist.

"How many languages can your wife speak?"

"Four, English, French, German and the other she talks to the baby."

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Cribbing Corn in the Field—How to Keep Frost Out of the Cellar—Fruit May Be Had at Little Cost—Farm Notes.

From City to Farm.

Some one has said that there is a tendency in certain quarters to use the word "practical" as a shield to protect themselves against the necessity of brain work. It is often used to excuse our own ignorance. Now this is true of quite a number of farmers living near me. There are quite a few city men who have bought farms around here in the last six years. Most of them don't know a great deal about farming by practice, but they know it all in theory, and do lots of experimenting. They generally take to stock, as raising corn and potatoes is too slow for them. I am free to say that if they stuck it out for a year they generally stay with us. Still a good many "peter out," and some "practical" farmer picks up a farm with good buildings, fences, trees, etc., at his own price. So plenty of my neighbors are disposed to laugh at these new-comers. They seem to forget the successful ones, and these, as I think it over, especially the fruit-growers, are men who have had good business training in the cities. I know that these men plan better, make every hour count for more, and cut down the small expenses that lots of us country-born farmers don't seem to notice at all. I started to say that we ought to encourage this coming from the towns to farms. It will give us many new ideas and most generally kind and agreeable neighbors. There is room for more—American Farmer.

How to Keep Frost Out of the Cellar.

It has been my plan to keep frost out of my vegetable cellar by keeping a lighted kerosene stove there during the coldest nights. I began this plan about a dozen years ago and it has worked well. I use one of the largest patterns, as my cellar is a large one. If a farmer has no kerosene stove at hand, on an emergency he can raise the temperature of his cellar from near freezing to seventy degrees in a few minutes by saturating a dozen old newspapers with kerosene and burning these in coal beds, two at a time. Have the kerosene poured on them just sufficient to saturate.

By using two hods the unconsumed fragments in the one fire can be put in the other before it is lighted, which will insure there being no fire there when repacked with paper. The precaution needed is to have a clear space above and around the hods of six feet and be sure that there is no fire left in the hod, and that its temperature is not at lightning heat when pouring the kerosene on the paper. A quart used in this way will in a few minutes raise the temperature of a cellar of average size thirty or more degrees. It is a dangerous plan in the hands of a careless man, but a careful one may be able sometimes to save himself from a loss of hundreds of dollars by his timely use.

—J. H. Gregory, in Grange Homes.

Storing a Cabbage Crop.

The cabbages will be stored away from the heads. The usual custom of burying the heads in New Jersey is that the heads become soiled with frost in the ground, and they then rot when frost leaves. Last winter (a cold one) the cabbages were placed in a row, roots in the ground and heads out; then another row close to the first, and so on, the whole forming a compact mass of cabbages, which bed of cabbages was covered with six inches of hay, stalks placed on the hay and a few boards (to shed water) placed on the stalks. When cabbages were wanted the hay was removed, the heads cut from the stalks and the hay replaced. They could be had at any time, and were always green and fresh looking. Not one rotted, although they were frozen. The hay prevented sudden thawing. When the cabbages were gone the hay was removed, and the stalks produced early greens. By this method the cabbage plant is kept over winter alive, as the sprouting of the stalks in the spring demonstrates. Cabbage growers should try it.—Philadelphia Record.

Winter Care of Sheep.

I have learned by experience that success in sheep husbandry depends largely on proper housing, feeding and general management during fall and winter. Have attained success as follows: 1. Avoid as much as possible exposure to inclement weather. 2. Don't crowd too many sheep into small inclosures, which is detrimental to thrift. 3. Winter feed, bright clover hay and corn fodder for bulk, and for grain ration equal parts in bulk of oats, corn, and wheat bran, in a ration of ten quarts per feed twice a day to forty heads. In addition, double handful of oil meal once daily. 4. All weak sheep feed sparingly (especially cared for). All breeding ewes separated from male flock at least ten days before yearling, to become accustomed to new quarters. 5. Regular watering indispensable to thrift.—National Stockman.

Cribbing in the Field.

It saves a good deal of labor in husking corn to throw the ears in a box as they are husked. Some will fall outside when fast husking is attempted, but it is easier to pick up the scattering than to leave all on the ground. There is a further saving in the fact that these boxes at night may be piled one on another to the height of four, five or six tiers, and a couple of wide boards laid lengthwise of the crib will protect them from rain or snow. Those who grow sweet corn for seed often provide boxes to hold their entire crop, and leave the corn thus cribbed in the field until it is dried out enough to market. With slatted boxes built up one row wide corn will dry out very fast. The boxes need not be very expensive.

Leaves for Mulching.

If a farmer grows grain he has no need to collect fallen leaves in the woods for either bedding or manure. They are not better for their purpose than is straw, and their manurial

value is not so great. The tree leaves where they fall, not merely for manure for the trees, but for a mulch and protect the soil from deep freezing. The feeding roots of trees in forests are near the surface. Even falls of snow and a mulch of leaves protect them so long as the forest is left alone. The leaves are not worth the labor of gathering for their manurial value. They may sometimes be used by farmers who have no straw for bedding purposes.

Sowing Clover.

When you come to the time of sowing clover do not go by any arbitrary rule as to amount of seed. The amount needed for an acre depends upon the soil and the time of sowing. If all the seed sown there is enough seed in three quarts to make a fine stand. Probably a less amount would be sufficient if this could be insured, but it must be remembered that even under the best conditions all the seeds do not germinate. Many plants fail to get rooted, and of those which do start a great number are afterwards killed by heat and drought, frost, and insects. The later one sows the more seed will be needed, as the soil is not so favorable for germination as it is earlier. Many farmers use only a bushel to eight acres, and they wonder why they do not have a full stand. The reason is that they had not enough seed to satisfy all the losses and yet leave enough seed to produce the stand. A bushel to four acres is a safer allowance, although that may be a little more than is often needed. Perhaps a bushel to five acres is as near as we can get for the average land.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Light Stables.

It is important to have light stables. Light is always conducive to health, either for man or animals. An illustration is the following: An experiment was made by a stockman on two calves sixty days old, the one weighing 180 pounds was put in a light stable, and another weighing 182 pounds was put in a dark stable. They were fed exactly the same and given the same care in every respect, and after three months the time set for weighing was reached. The one in the dark stable weighed 300 pounds and the one in the light stable weighed 430 pounds. Here is a very marked difference, and it is attributable solely to the effect which light has on the health and growth of young stock.—Independent.

Fruit at Little Cost.

Those who own but little land, or who are able to plant but few trees, may still make provision for a fine future supply. Let the owner set off a small portion of ground for a small orchard or fruit garden, even if he cannot plant it at once. He may procure two or three or half a dozen trees, and set them out in line. The needed care for this number need not interrupt his other business for a few years, when they will begin to bear. These few first sorts may be early or autumn apples, which when they begin to show their rich promise will convey substantial enjoyment to the family who have watched their growth. In the coming season more may be added, and in time a handsome and thrifty orchard will occupy the ground. If pains are taken to plant only the very best which may be done by setting only a few at a time, an orchard of choice fruit will be the result.

The Stability of Dairying.

Dairy products, despite all commercial panics, have held their price better than any others. This is partly because the drought in many sections lessened the production of milk, butter, and cheese. But it is true also that taking a series of years together dairy products vary in price less than any others that the farmers can produce, and the business is, therefore, safer than most other kinds of farming. The product can be cheapened by selecting the best dairy stock and weeding out animals that prove inferior.

Farm Notes.

MATURE horses are best for family drivers. Even when well broken a horse is less reliable before he is seven years old than afterwards. He is also more subject to colic and other troubles.

In some classes of farm products, over production has not so much to do with the depression of prices as has poor quality. This applies equally to products so widely different as cattle and fruit.

LAND too rough for cultivation should either be seeded with good grasses for sheep pasture or planted with timber or fruit trees. There is comparatively little land which we are warranted in permitting to remain absolutely idle.

A SMALL farmer can hardly afford to load himself up with expensive machinery for cultivating every separate crop. Very often the farmers of the neighborhood can unite to advantage in such purchases. Practice co-operation when you can.

One of the points which all agricultural education tends to impress on the mind of the student is the need of thoroughness in all the operations of soil cultivation. This may be attained without the instruction of the schools, but in whatever way it is attained, when carried into practice it is found to make the successful farmer.

Odds and Ends.

A bread cloth should always be sweet and clean, and never used for any other purpose.

If the rollers of a wringer are sticky or covered with lint pass a cloth dampened with kerosene between them.

A good broom holder may be made by putting two large screws—nails will answer—into the wall about two inches apart. Drop the broom between them, handle downward.

A good and easy method to mend small tears in an umbrella is to lay the ragged edges together as closely as possible and then stick a bit of court-plaster over the tear on the under surface of the covering.

It pays well to do the mending before the article goes into the wash, since the processes to which it is there subjected materially enlarge the holes, and it is better and more agreeable to wear if the washing follows the mending.

A HORRIBLE FATE.

The Cruel Punishment Inflicted on a Chinese Malefactor.

It has been said that the Chinese inflict crueler punishment for legal crimes than any other people. This seems true if the latest reports of the execution of a malefactor there can be believed. Four men were captured some time ago at Chin-Kiang, near the mouth of the Yangtze-Kiang, who had, for some months past, carried on a systematic course of kidnapping children, one of the most heinous crimes known to Chinese law. They were duly tried and finally sentenced to death by the slow process of starvation and exposure in a cage.

This sentence was first carried out on the ring-leader and one morning, early in September, he was placed in the cage, standing upright on a pile of bricks a foot high, with his head projecting above, and his neck tightly fitted into a hole in the roof.

There he stood in a crowded street, the burning sun pouring its fierce rays upon him, without food or drink, and jeered at by the passers-by who regarded the whole thing as a very good joke. His sufferings must have been imaginable for the three days that his wretched life lasted. On the evening of the third day one of the attendants, possibly moved by pity, possibly wearied by his long watch, knocked the pile of bricks from under the malefactor's feet, leaving the body, suspended by the lower jaw and slow strangulation put an end to what remained of life there was in about twenty minutes. The body, the following day, was removed in the cage to an open space beyond the city to be exposed as a warning to evil doers before final burial.



A CHINESE CAGE.

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF INDIVIDUAL NEWS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Portraits of Notable Indians.

Brief State Items.

The town of Crandall is to be incorporated.

SEVERAL large eagles have been killed in Brown County this fall.

A MAN living near Metamora is 50 years old and has never had a tooth.

JERRE GALLINAN, L. E. & W. switchman, fell under the cars at Muncie, and was instantly killed.

MRS. AUGUSTA SCHMIDT, the wealthy merchant, has been granted a change of venue from Logansport to Kokomo.

A COMMITTEE has been named at Anderson for the purpose of raising funds to care for the poor of that town.

THE Darnell pudding mills, Muncie, have been rented by a company who will operate the works making muck bar.

EDWARD SHULTZ was fined \$100 and sent to jail for four months at LaPorte for fishing with a seine in Kankakee River.

TO VACCINATE or not to vaccinate is the question now being agitated at Terre Haute among the public school patrons.

CHICKEN PLAGUE has broken out in Wernio Orphan's Home at Richmond. There are now five cases which were promptly quarantined.

GEORGE BURDEN of Marion, a colored boy, 8 years old, was accidentally shot and dangerously injured by his brother Levi, aged 14.

WHILE men were driving a well near Columbus, the drill passed through a log at a depth of 80 feet and struck an immense flow of gas at 200 feet.

MARY WARREN has brought suit against the Evansville Standard for \$3,000 for malicious libel. She claims that the paper accused her of stealing.

ELMER LEE of Edinburgh, has brought suit for \$10,000 damages against the Evansville Standard for libel. The Standard had published a story of injuries received while in their employment.

THERE are now five factories and over fifty buildings at Ingalls erected since last May. Ten brick residences were started this week, and every man in the town is at work.

FIRE destroyed the house and barn of widow Carter and the house of Tod Lewis, at Martinsville. Mrs. Carter's loss is \$2,000; insured for \$500 in the Aetna, of Hartford, Conn.

MISS DAISY MYERS of Madison, is trying to locate her brother, from whom she was separated while a mere babe. Her mother, Mrs. Myers, lives in Wabash County and was adopted several years ago by a family named Lamb.

GEORGE HENDRICKSON, who was injured a few days ago by a premature shot in Schuermans' mine, south of Brazil, is dead. Mr. Hendrickson was one of the wealthiest and oldest miners in the county. He leaves a wife and family.

MISS CYRINA STACK, aged 15, who stole a horse and buggy from a farmer near Windfall, last week, and was captured with the rig in her possession, pleaded guilty at Kokomo, and was sentenced to six years in the Reform School.

A TERRE HAUTE jury has returned a verdict of \$300 damages against Park County in favor of Daniel Sappenfield. At a former trial a jury awarded \$700 damages. Sappenfield met with an accident on a county bridge which was out of repair.

WHILE in the act of lifting a door lock from the shaft in the harness store of Charles Davis in Wabash, John Cochran was stricken with heart disease and fell to the floor dead. He was 64 years old, and moved from Peru to Wabash in 1849.

FOUR casualties occurred at Evansville one day recently. Minnie Proctor, aged 12, was hurled from a horse by her clothes catching fire from burning leaves; George Doyle, aged 14, was thrown from a horse and killed; Peter Graef, a wealthy farmer, committed suicide by shooting himself; Edward Sweeney fell out of a barn loft and was fatally injured.

THERE is a movement on foot in Pike and Daviess County to get a parole of a few months for Burr Hawes. Hawes, it will be remembered, was sent to the penitentiary from Petersburg last July for eight years for assisting in burning the Daviess County Courthouse. Hawes, Edward Hawes, is now in Pike County circulating a paper for a parole and has got many signatures. Since Hawes' imprisonment his family have had a good deal of sickness. This, together with the condition of his business affairs at home, led his friends to ask for the parole.

ONE of the boldest robberies ever perpetrated in Lawrence County occurred the other night a short distance from Enon Valley. The victim of the robbery was Mrs. Mary Williams, the aged widow of John Williams, a farmer. Williams was away from home. At 11 o'clock there was a rap at the door, and when Mrs. Williams opened it she was confronted by three revolvers in the hands of masked men. The old lady screamed and only when all three of the men sprang upon her, and in minute she was helpless, bound and gagged. After torturing her for more than an hour the old lady finally disclosed the hiding place of the money, and the robbers secured \$200 in gold, after which they fled. Mrs. Williams was found next morning still bound and gagged. Her condition is serious, and it is probable that she will not survive the shock and the injuries she received.

ROBERT POGUE, aged 92, died at his home on North Union street, Union City. Mr. Pogue is one of the oldest pioneers in that section of the country, having settled there when Dayton was the newest trading point. He built the first house on the ground now occupied by Union City.

WALTER WUNDERLICH, a reporter on the Evansville Standard, has brought suit against the Standard and Germania, papers of that city, for \$10,000 damages for libel. He claims that they asserted that he broke into the cash drawer in the County Clerk's office in search of a suppressed item.

MR. J. J. MORGAN, living near Jasper, the other day, shot a squirrel that had but one ear and instead of teeth had four tusks, two from the upper jaw and two from the lower. The tusks were about two inches long.

WHILE Elder W. B. F. Treat, a Christian minister of Muncie, was on his way to take part in a four-day religious conference with Rev. John Hughes, a Universalist minister at Saluda, Jefferson County, the team ran over, throwing Elder Treat out on his head. He remained unconscious for more than two hours, and was compelled to return to his home at Muncie. The debate has been declared off. His condition is serious.



REFUSES TO RISE.