



By Miss Mulock  
AUTHOR OF  
John Halifax, Gentleman  
etc.

O abroad, mother, is what I have about decided to do, after all."

He who's auld  
is just a trifle sharpish,  
had been sitting, the reading  
at the furthest  
end of a very  
handsome, not to  
say gergous, drawing-room,

where a group of four ladies, whose clothes well matched the apartment, sat conversing. For I have no doubt they would have called it "conversation"—of a highly interesting and inspiring kind.

The young fellow in the distance, however, did not seem to find it so. He was at the age when men are very critical of women, especially of their mothers, and when the desire to appear to be sufficiently beautiful induces to remain such unto son and brother from the cradle to the grave—an exceptional happiness which befalls few, and it had not befallen Roderick Jardine.

The stout lady who, the instant he spoke, pricked up her ears with a cheerful "Eh, my dear?" was of eccentric nature will sometimes have it so very unlike this, her youngest child and only son—as unlike as it was possible for mother and son to be. Light and dark, fat and lean, large-boned and slender, phlegmatic and nervous, they came of two diametrically opposite types, physically and mentally. Morally, they were similarly there, for Miss Jardine was a good girl, and Roderick was as the coarsely-clad, being very outspoken as to her feelings, the best of sons, though he was a little "peculiar," like his poor dear father of whom he was the very image.

This was true. Her three brothers—now married and settled, except the last, who was just about to be—had taken after herself. Not her present self, perhaps, but the comely lassie she must have been once—fair-haired, round-cheeked, with a wide mouth and slightly projecting teeth—though possessing sufficient good looks to be a belle in Richerden. Roderick alone "favored" the other side of the house—the tall, dark, rather sad-looking father, who came of old Highland blood, and not being in business like most of the Richerden folk had led a rather retired life, keeping himself to himself, the pace being slow amid his own family. No one really knew him, or thought much of him until he died, which event happened just before his son went to college.

Since then his widow had gradually blossomed out into great splendor, married her two daughters, taken her independent place in society, Richerden society, as a woman—I beg pardon, a lady—ought to do who has a large fortune, a fine family, and a great capacity for managing both. People had said that she managed her husband; but those who knew Mr. Jardine questioned this. Gentle as he was, he was not exactly a man to be "managed" by anyone.

"What were you saying, Rody, my lamb?"

Now, if there was a pet name the young fellow disliked, it was his childish diminutive of "Rody." And no man of five-and-twenty is altogether pleased at being called "a lamb."

Can you spare two minutes from that very delightful conversation of yours to listen to me, mother?"

"Oh, my dear,"

The young man winced a little. "Wouldn't 'you' do as well as 'you, ay?' But never mind, it doesn't matter, mother, dear," added he with a sigh, more of weariness than impatience.

"Rody, my boy," said she, coming to him half-deprecatingly, "were you going to say you wished to go abroad? It's late in the year, to be sure, but I'll not mind you. Only you must promise me not to be climbing the Alps and tumbling into glacier." Gliding, she called them; and her voice had the high-pitched shrillness which Richerden ladies sedom quite get out of, even when they fancy they have merged their native accent in the purest of English. "Wherever you go, remember you must be back in time for Isabella's marriage."

Certainly—and, mother, don't be afraid of my tumbling into a glacier, or of an avalanche tumbling down upon me. I shall only see the Alps at a distance. At this time of year one must content one's self with twos."

"That's hard, ladie, when you are so fond of the country. But do as you like—do as you like—only don't forget the marriage. You will have to go back at dinner-time."

A little before dinner-time, please, my dear. Remember we have company—twenty at least—a regular dinner party."

"Oh, yes, a 'meeting of creditors,' as my father used to call it," said the young fellow somewhat bitterly. "No fear, mother; I'll be back in time, and do my duty to all the old fogies."

"They're not old fogies; there are some nice girls at you could wish to see if you'd only look at them, Roderick," said Bella, who, going to be married herself, quite lamented that her only brother seemed determined

to be put in the newspaper."

Mrs. Jardine looked puzzled, as the old man did when her gentle-speaking "lad" spoke in that way; she could not make out whether he was in jest or in earnest!

"Well, go, if you like. But it's just a wild-goose chase; that's what I call it."

"So do I, mother. Only I'm not the hunter; I'm the wild goose, and I want to take a good long flight and stretch my wings. Then I'll come back as tame as possible, and settle down in the dullest and smoothest of ponds."

He determined to go, the very next day, to visit Blackhall, which he had never yet seen, and knew little about, as his father had never named it, though it had been the home of the Jardines for many generations. Also, they must have had a burial-place, for he had some recollection of his father's having once expressed a wish to be there, only his mother had overruled it in favor of the grand new cemetery on the out-skirts of Richerden, where she had afterward erected a beautiful white marble sarcophagus with an urn at the top. What matter? Henry Jardine slept well. And far away, somewhere beyond those moonlight mountains—near the very places where they might have played together as children, or walked together as young people—slept also Cousin Silence.

But the waking? If it be possible that the life to come shall heal some of the wounds of this life—oh, the heavenly waking!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### BISMARCK'S EPITAPH.

Tributes called forth by the Chancellor's Pathetic Remark.

The rumored reports of Prince Bismarck's failing health serve to recall the circumstance that soon after his retirement from public life—the consequence of a rupture with Emperor William—he remarked pathetically: "I have only one ambition left. I should like to have a good epitaph." This mournful expression excited a good deal of comment at the time, and, evidently enough, finds its upon the ex-Chancellor's epitaph, as given by a number of writers, although to quote from a contemporary, "to discern a man's lifetime the form to be adopted or his epitaph is a questionable proceeding." Many of these experiments in epitaphy were very clever. Here is one that is exceptionally meaty:

Bismarck lies here, early and late  
Did he strove to make his country great  
Did he succeed? Let Federal Party tell;  
But silence keep on how himself, he fell.

Much more conventional is the following, which, as we recollect, was submitted by a writer for the London *Standard*:

Rodderick might have received a good hearty scolding, not undeserved, had not something in him—it was his father's look!—repressed the ebullition.

She merely said: "Oh, my son is there, I see! Better late than never." And the dinner went on.

When the ladies having retired, he still had to keep his place and "pass the bottle"—which he loathed to elderly gentlemen, and young ones, who evidently did not loathe it, listening to the maidens to talk in which, whether it was his own fault or not, he could not get up the smallest interest, this young Cantab—who for three years had lived in what was a little better atmosphere than that of Richerden—socially, as well as physically—was a good deal to be pitied.

So was his mother, too, when, having succeeded in luring the guests upstairs, she—her only son—went and hid himself in the drawing-room and "sulked," as he overheard her say, lazing over him as a black sheep, in the loudest of whispers, to a lady he particularly disliked.

And these other contributions are not wholly without merit:

I ruled as king, and not in vain;  
I taught the world and the Danes;  
I armed great France for Europe's good;  
I placed her borders where she stood;  
I made Germany One and Free;  
I fell. I saw adversity.

Look kindly on this spot. Here Bismarck lies.

Death kissed away the terror of his eyes; And the brave heart by leisure has been made.

A child of which the world was once afraid.

Cleanness is the blood, the iron lost in lava.

And now earth's prince is crowned a king above.

Here on the verge of Prussia's border,  
Moulder the bones of Prussia's warden;

Found may he sleep when the coming thunder.

Shall rock his castle walls asunder.

The most graceful of the many epitaphs called forth by the ex-Chancellor's pathetic words appears to have been the following:

If dust ye seek and dust alone,  
Prince Bismarck sleeps beneath this stone;

But if you seek his soul, depart—

His Germans keep that in their heart.

III-Mannered English Dowagers.

A writer in an English newspaper has uttered a wail concerning the degeneracy of the age, says the *New York Sun*, and cites examples of the great falling off in manners in what are generally called in Great Britain the upper circles to prove it. If half he says is true he makes out a very good case. He asserts that in London ball-rooms one finds the chaperons, ladies often of mature years, struggling for seats like so many foot-ball men in a scramble. He objects to what he calls "their calm insolence and their tricks and devices to get the best of one another." He alleges that a couple of dowagers will, when seated on each side of a third, so badger the poor old man for an hour or more so eagerly that the old chins almost meet in front of the sufferer. Dowagers have offended him seriously. The critic notices the recent stringent rules at the Queen's drawing-rooms, and says that they were necessary. Nothing milder, in his opinion, would do.

He returned to the drawing-room, where the two ladies stood on the hearth-rug of their "banquet-hall deserted" hot, weary, a little cross, and not a little glad that "it was over," mother. I wonder you let that old fellow enter your door! He has not an ounce of brains, and less of manners. Didn't you see he was drunk?"

"What an ugly, vulgar word! And to say it of Sir James, who holds such a good position here, and is Mr. Thompson's father, too! Rody, I'm ashamed of you!"

And then by a sudden flash of memory he recalled a circumstance which in the confusion and anguish of the time had entirely slipped his memory—no more hours before his father had died, there had crept into the sick room a lady—an old lady, nearly as old as Mr. Jardine, and curiously like him. At sight of her a wonderful brightness had come into the dying face. "Cousin Silence?" "Yes, Henry," wailed all they said, but she knelt beside him, and they kissed one another, and he lay looking at her till the last gleam of consciousness faded away. After that—for he did not actually die for some hours—she sat beside Mrs. Jardine, watching him till the end. And after the end, Roderick remembered she had taken his mother out of the room and comforted her, staying a little while longer, and then leaving, no one thinking of saying much about her either to the doctor or the lawyer.

Now, recollecting his father's look, and hers too, the whole story, or possibly story, presented itself to the imaginative young man in colors vivid as life, and tender as death alone can make them. And when, carelessly opening another letter, he found it was from the lawyer of the same Miss Jardine, stating that she had left him—"Roderick," said his mother—and when she gave him his full name—he knew she was seriously displeased—"the Thomsens are one of the first families in Richerden, and live in the best style. Isabella is making the most satisfactory marriage of all her sisters, and I dare say you will not say one word against it."

"Very well, mother." And with a hopeless sigh Roderick changed the conversation.

"Mother, have you thought over what I said this morning about going to Switzerland?" he said, impelled by the sad longing of much-worried people to run away. "Because, since the time I have found an added reason for my journey." And he gave her the two letters which had come on from Cambridge. "I suppose you had not heard of Miss Jardine's death, or you would have put off the dinner-party?"

"Why so? She was only a poor relation. Nobody knew anything about her. Her death was not even put in the newspapers."

"Then you did know of it? But, of course, one could not mourn for a person whose death was not important enough to be put in the news-paper."

Having these permanent structures on the ground because they shut out the sunshine in the winter when it is specially needed. This is certainly one strong objection to permanent plazas, unless they can be constructed against such a part of the house that no room may be shaded by their roofs. The illustration, however, shows how a summer veranda can be constructed at small cost of time or money—a veranda that will give shade in summer, and in winter will keep no sunshine out of one's

#### HOME AND THE FARM.

##### A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

The Agricultural Department Shows How Wheat Robs the Soil—English Method of Preserving Grapes—Table for Sorting Beans—How to Make a Neat Piazza.

How Wheat Robs the Soil.

The wheat crop of 1893 was estimated by the Department of Agriculture to be worth at the farm \$6.16 per acre. To say nothing about the labor and other cost of producing this pitiful yield, the crop took away from the soil fertilizing elements worth more than \$8 per cent of the entire value of the crop as given above. That is to say, according to analyses made at the University of California by Professor Hilgard the amount of the nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash removed from the soil by a yield of eleven bushels of wheat per acre would amount to \$5.32 at current cost of such substances. The exact figures as given by Professor Hilgard are as follows:

For 20 bushels of wheat, 7.85 pound potash, 11.90 pounds phosphoric acid, and 24 pounds nitrogen. For 36 bushels of straw, 36.08 pounds potash, 7.90 pounds phosphoric acid and 18 pounds nitrogen. The cost of these substances per pound is given at 15 cents for nitrogen, 5 cents for potash, and 6 cents for phosphoric acid. To sum up then, we have a necessary manorial cost of \$5.32 for producing a crop of wheat averaging eleven bushels per acre. As stated, this amounts to more than 88 per cent of the value of the crop grown, harvested, threshed, and stored at the farm. As a matter of course, these manorial ingredients or their equivalents must be restored to the soil sooner or later, or a still more irreducible yield than eleven bushels per acre will surely ensue. If the straw be returned to the soil a considerable part may be thus saved, but by sending the grain away from the farm the eleven bushels per acre permanently removes from the soil fertilizing elements worth \$2.60 per acre, or more than 42 per cent of the entire value of the crop. In the light of these facts, how long can American farmers continue to produce wheat at a farm value of \$6.16 per acre?

Enlarging a Wheelbarrow's Usefulness.

It is often desirable to wheel away from a lawn or garden, light rubbish, straw, hay, or vines, for which purpose the ordinary wheelbarrow does not give sufficient accommodation. So often is it desired to wheel away

house. A permanent platform is laid before the door, and above this is arranged a light frame, well braced, that can be quickly taken down in the fall. This frame is covered with awning cloth, which is inexpensive, and, if cared for, will last many years. Of course the shape and size can be altered to suit the size or shape of the house.

Table for Sorting Beans.

The culture of beans is rapidly increasing, as they generally command a profitable price in the market. In

BEAN SORTING TABLE FROM ABOVE.

thrashing and winnowing the beans it is almost impossible to remove all pieces of pods and vines, and the shrunken or diseased beans, hence hand sorting is necessary to put the beans in the clean condition which secures the best prices. An ingenious table on which to sort the beans is shown in the illustration, from sketches by E. P. Juddson. Fig. 1

SIDE VIEW OF BEAN SORTING TABLE.

PRESENTS a view of the table from above, showing the sieve and the spout. A side view is shown in Fig. 2, with the drawers for refuse and bad beans, beneath the sieve. This useful contrivance may be made in portable shape, and the legs can be folded so that it can be brought into the house on cold, stormy days. The legs are bolted to the sides with a bolt each. The height of the table can be varied by making the legs stand more or less, and then fastened by a wooden pin in holes bored to suit. A slide keeps the beans from pouring onto the sieve too rapidly. Orange Judd Farmer.

Enlarging Potato Vines.

The Ohio station recommends a spraying with the Bordeaux mixture for both potato root and potato bugs. Their compound is 6 pounds blue vitrol, 4 pounds lime to 22 gallons of water, adding 1 pound London purple to each 100 gallons of the mixture.

The spraying dates are May 28, June 26, June 29, and July 16.

Last year blight appeared about the middle of June, and made bad work with the unsprayed vines. The sprayed vines showed much less injury, remaining green after the others were dead, and yielded a profitable crop, while the unsprayed portion of the field was practically a failure. The tubers on the treated portions were but little affected by scab.

The Farmer and Fertilizer.

For years past farmers have opposed the use of fertilizers because of the low prices realized by them for their staple crops, saying that with what selling at 40 cents there is no money in it anyhow. But just there is where they mistake. Tan bushels to the acre at 40 cents means \$4 at the mill or the elevator, but twenty bushels at the same price bring \$8 and thirty bushels \$12; and all that is realized over and above the \$4 is profit (less the extra expense for fertilizer). There's the rub. With a low rate of production the farmer realizes barely the cost of seed and labor, but with increased production comes the possibility of profit.

Putting 200 pounds of fertilizer to the acre, at a cost of \$3 is apt to double the average product the first year, without exhausting the fertilizer; the same quantity added every year for a few years (at a proper rotation of crops practiced) and the product would be trebled or quadrupled. Surely the manufacturer is right in saying: "These bones shall rise again."

Keep the Soil Busy.

The conviction is gaining ground that no practice of intensive farming was more wasteful than that of having the land naked while it was being cultivated in preparation for another crop. Something growing on the land at all times must be the motto.

Not only does the green crop add to the soil's fertility but it prevents what is on the soil from being wasted. In some English experiments the waste from drainage water represented a loss of 200 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre in a single year. That is an amount which, if applied to a crop, is often thought a fair dressing. Yet it was what is lost by leaving the land uncovered. The best crops to cover in such places are the legumes, peas, beans, and crimson clover. All these are nitrogen traps and help to make the land rich on which they grow.

Farm Notes.

GRASSHOPPERS make a good egg food.

AS A RULE spincch is a very profitable crop.

OVERFEEDING is the most fruitful cause of a failure to lay.

In butter color and flavor have no relation to each other.

The ashes of the corn-cob contain a large amount of potash.

It is said that fowls that lay white eggs are more prolific than those which lay dark eggs.

A GREAT deal of wet land along the banks of streams and ponds can be used for growing the basket willow.