



By  
**Miss Muriel**  
AUTHOR OF  
**John Halifax**  
ETC.

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

He who said this, suddenly and just a trifle sharply, had been sitting reading, at the further end of a very handsome, not to say gorgeous, 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 improving 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 sisters, unless these happen to be sufficiently beautiful ideas to remain such, until son and brother from the cradle to the grave—an exceptional happiness which befalls few, and to not befall Roderick Jardine.

The stout lady who, the instant he spoke, pricked up her ears with a cheerful "Eh, my dear?" (his 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—yes, there was similarity there, for Mr. Jardine was a good woman, and Roderick was, as he ceaselessly declared, 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 daughters—now married and settled, except the last, who was just about to be—looked 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 Richmond. Roderick alone "favored" the other side of the house—the tall, dark, rather sallow-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 very much in the background, even amidst his own family. Nobody 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, in the rich 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 anybody.

"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, ay, my dear."

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

"Rody, my boy," said she, coming to him half-deprecatingly, "were you saying you wished to go abroad? It's late in the year, to be sure, but I'll not hinder you. Only you must promise me not to be climbing up Alps and tumbling into glaciers." Glaziers, she called them; and her voice had the high-pitched shrillness which Richerden ladies so often 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 towns."

"Well, I will, Bell, I promise you, only let me go now." And snatching up his hat—a Glenary bonnet which he persisted in wearing, though his sisters told him it made him look like the Highland porters at the quay—he fairly ran away.

Rapidly the young fellow walked on through park and square, through street and wind, or "venue," as such dreary dens are often called here; shrinking from and detesting alike the poverty and the riches, the splendor and the rags. It began to rain heavily, but he heeded not. Though brought up in luxury, he was not luxurious by nature, could stand a good deal of hardship, and had a young man's instinctive pride in "roughing it." Still "an even down-pour," as his mother would have called it, is not an agreeable thing, and as in reality his only "engagement" was with himself, whose company he felt free to enjoy as much as anybody else, he stopped his walk and turned into a railway station, where at least he could sit down quietly and read the papers, which he had snatched up from the hall table on going out.

But having no very interesting correspondence—for he had left behind at Cambridge few intimates and no diary, also having, I fear, a rather dilly-dally turn of mind, and given to the bad system of laissez-faire—Roderick left the letters unopened in his pocket, and sat idly watching the passengers gather for a train just about to start.

And when he heard the guard calling out the name of a place where he and his father had spent many a happy day, on a sudden impulse he sprang into the train without a ticket ("just like Rody, silly fellow," they would have said at home), and was borne away.

As he swept along in the train, and, quitting it, started on an old familiar walk, along high cliffs which gave him a view of the country—land and sea—for many lovely miles, Roderick's heart was very full. Not only of his father, but of himself and his own new future, which lay before him like a map; the map of an untraveled country, untraveled by yet not undiscovered, for there here in it more certainly than lie in the lot of many young men of his age.

Poor fellow! so young, so ignorant of life and its burdens. Yet he thought much, and with a quietude and self that his burden was indeed, and himself a most unfortunate fellow, on being obliged to go back to that "meeting of credtors" which he detested.

But I'll enjoy myself here to the very last minute, thought he, and set down on a heather bush—for on that high ground everything looked as if it never had rained and never would rain again, till the next time, which would probably be within twenty-four hours. Wrapping his plaid about him, he felt perfectly happy. That lovely outline of hills—he must just put it down; so, hunting in his pocket for the pencil that was always a-missing, he turned out the letters that he had so carefully in there, and looked them over.

None attracted him, except a black-edged one, which, opened, he found was one of the "intimations" of death, customary in Scotland, acquainting him that there had died at Blackhall, aged sixty-nine, Miss Ellen Jardine.

Silence! Jardine! Surely a relation! Who could she be? For he knew his father and he knew the last of their family.

However, thinking a minute, he remembered that, in the business arrangements after his father's death, which, he being under age, had been managed entirely by his mother, she had told him that Blackhall, the ancestral property, a queer tumble-down place, which nobody would care for, was to be inherited, so long as she lived, by Miss Jardine, a second cousin. In this must be she who had now died.

"I wonder, ought I to go to her funeral?" However, consulting the letter, which had traveled to Cambridge and back, he found it was impossible. She must have "died" at Blackhall, for some days already. "Poor Cousin Silence! What a queer name, by the by. I wonder what she was like, or if I ever saw her?"

And then, by a sudden flash of memory, he recalled a circumstance which in the confusion and anguish of the time had entirely slipped away—how, not many 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 wonderful brightness had come into the dying face. "Cousin Silence?" "Yes, Henry," was all they said, but she knelt beside him; and he 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 that, 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 or saying much about her, either at the time or afterward.

Now, recollecting his father's look, and her too, the whole story, or possible 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 this same Miss Jardine, stating that she had left him "Roderick Henry Jardine, her second cousin once removed"—the whole of her small property, as also a diamond ring, "which his father gave me many years ago," he was deeply touched.

"I wish I had known her! I wish I had had a chance of being good to her—poor Cousin Silence!" thought he. And as he sat watching "the light of the dying day," which died so peacefully, so gloriously over the western hills, he, with his life just begun, pondered over the two lives now ended, the mystery of which he guessed at, but never could know, except that they were safely ended.

When the sun set, going down like a ball of fire which dyed the river all crimson, and the sudden gray chill of an October twilight came, Roderick started up, a little ashamed of himself, and still more ashamed when he found he had entirely neglected to ask the time of the return train to Richmond.

"Just like me, mother will say," and, half laughing, but vexed, for it always vexed him to vex his mother, he tore along as fast as his long legs could carry him, to the railway station. The train was just going, and it was at the risk of his life—to say nothing of a penalty of forty shillings—that this foolish young fellow contrived to leap into it, breathless, exhausted, having nearly killed himself in his endeavor to do his duty.

So he represented to himself, at least, and felt a most tremendous martyr all the way to Richmond. It did not occur to him that simply looking at his watch and the time-table would have saved all. But at his age we are apt to overlook the little things on which, like the coral islands of the South Sea, our lives are built. How far we build them ourselves, or Fate builds for us, God only knows.

Tearing up in a cab to his own door (or rather his mother's—he already began slightly to feel the difference, as if he thought the house was on fire, and being met by the imperturbable butler with the information, "Yes, sir, dinner is served; Mrs. Jardine waited half an hour, and then asked Mr. Thomson to take the foot of the table," it did not contribute to Roderick's placidity of spirit. When he at last walked into that blaze of gas-light—that dazzle of crystal and plate—that strong aroma of dainty dishes and excellent wines, and clatter of a Richerden dinner-party, he was in the best frame of mind to enjoy the same.

His mother was so busy talking, and the silver-gilt epergne was such an effective barrier between the upper and lower ends of the table, that she never noticed that her son-in-law slipped into it, till the deed was done. Then Roderick 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, "My son is here." Better! Better! "My son never."

When the ladies having retired, he still had to keep his place and "pass the bottle"—which he loathed—to elderly gentlemen, young ones, and too, who evidently did not care it, listening meanwhile 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 been in the world, 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, he—his only son—went and hid himself in the drawing-room and "sulked," as he overheard her say, lamenting over him as a black sheep, in the loudest of whispers, to a lady he particularly disliked.

But it was not sulkiness, for he had his father's sweet temper. It was only the utter weariness of spirit, which, in uncongenial circumstances comes over the young as well as the old.

And then, with the habit he had of passing over the young fellow's spirit and recurring to them afterward, there came into his mind a sentence in the letter from Miss Jardine's lawyer, explaining that in making her will she had said to him that her only other kindred were some distant cousins, living, she believed in Switzerland, whom if they were poor, she left to Roderick's kindness.

"Capital idea! I'll go straight to Switzerland and find them. It would at least be something to do."

And the mere notion of this brightened up the young fellow's spirit, and warmed his heart—he was, I fear, but a foolish young Quixote after all; so that when his mother called him to do civility to the departing guests, he came forward with an air of cheerfulness, such as he had not worn all the evening. Ay, even when he had to escort the most honored guest to the very carriage door, from an unsteady gait, politely ascribed to gout, which Roderick, with a contempt so sad to see in the young fellow's eyes, even when the old deserve it, soon perceived to be something else.

"Mother," cried he, indignantly, as he returned to the drawing-room, where the two ladies stood on the hearth-rug of their "banquet hall," "I was not so drunk as you thought, even when the old deserve it, soon perceived to be something else."

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

"And Bella is more than ashamed, angry. Oh, Bell, and with a sudden sense of brotherly tenderness, she gazed, half compunction, he said his hand on her shoulder, 'she's you thoroughly considered this marriage? Are you quite sure of the young man? He's not a bit of a scoundrel, is he? Suppose he turns out to be a drunkard—like this father?'"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bella, sharply. "And even if Sir James does enjoy his glass—why—so do many other gentlemen. It isn't like a common man, you know, who gets drunk when he's tipsy. Now, Sir James does. He is not 'drunk,' as you call it, only 'merry.'"

"Roderick," said his mother—and when she gave him his full name he knew she was seriously displeased—"the Thomson are one of the first families in Richmond, and live in the best style. Isabella is making the most satisfactory marriage of all her sisters, and I don't see why you will not say one word against it."

tant enough to be put in the newspaper. Mrs. Jardine looked puzzled, as she often did when her gentle-speaking "lad" spoke in this 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 duldest 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, for his father rarely 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 outskirts of Richmond, 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 conclusion 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, as the saying is, "epitaphs are the ex-Chancellor were attempted by a number of writers, although, to quote from a contemporary, "to discuss during a man's lifetime the form to be adopted" or his epitaph is a question of no great importance. Many of the experiments in epitaphs were very clever. Here is one that is exceptionally meaty:

Bismarck lies here, early and late He strove to make his country great Did he succeed, Paris, tell; But silence keep on how himself, he felt. Much more conventional is the following, which, as we recollect, was submitted by a writer for the London newspaper press:

Around this tomb hovers the spirit great Of the man who did not die in vain; The mighty frame that silent lies below, Leaving the world to wonderment and awe, Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, whose aid The anxious nations watched, as of a god, He forged an empire, stayed it in its pride, And then, to show that he was mortal, died.

And these other contributions are not wholly without merit: I ruled as king, and not in vain; I tamed the Asiat and the Dane; I curbed proud France (for Europe's good), I placed her borders where she stood; I made (I trust) one hand find Free, I felt I saw adversity.

Look kindly on this spot. Here Bismarck Death kissed away the terror of his eyes; And the brave heart by leisure has been made A child's, in which the world was once afraid.

Cleansed is the blood, the 'Iron' lost in love. And now the prince is crowned a king above.

Here on the verge of Prussia's border, Moulder the bones of Prussia's warrior; 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 I must seek and dust alone, I must seek it in the dust of this stone; But if ye seek his soul, depart, His Germans keep that in their heart.

# Ill-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 the "great cities" of the world. 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 of the young men in a scramble for places at the theaters. He points out the objects to what he calls "their ill-mannered and their tricks and devices to get the better of one another." He alleges that a couple of dowagers will, when seated on each side of a third, talk across the middle of the table, and eagerly that their chairs 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 in Great Britain there is a general feeling that the manners of the dowager class are a disgrace to the nation.

crowding and pushing which have now converted the scene of a great state ceremonial into a lively bear garden. Then there is the ill-mannered chatter with which the occupants of stalls and boxes at the theaters interrupt the performance. This censor of public manners finds that the most hopeless feature is the behavior of the rising generation.

# First American Boys in Japan.

The first American boys who visited Japan were the sons of the great great-grandson of the city of Yeddo, or Tokio, on Thursday, July 14, 1853. They were the uniform of the United States navy, and every gilt button and buckle was polished till it shone like gold. They carried between them a large square envelope of scarlet cloth, containing two beautiful round boxes made of gold, each box inclosed in a larger box of rosewood, with locks, hinges, and mountings all made of pure gold. Each of the boxes contained a letter to the Emperor of Japan, beautifully written on vellum and not folded, but bound in pure silk velvet. To each letter the great seal of the United States was attached with cords of interwoven gold and silk, the cords of the interwoven gold and silk, these boys are not known to the writer, but it would not be surprising if some young American should write to the Young People. "My father was one of these boys."—Harper's Young People.

# Trend of the Feminine Mind.

There are many strains which show the reaching out in these days of the feminine mind. Here is one: In Hal-lowell, Me., the free library statistics for last month show 1,141 books given out. Of these women gave 407, girls 410, against 161 taken by men, and 170 by boys.

All the grandsons of Charles Dickens bear the name of Charles. One of them, Gerald Charles Dickens, son of Henry Fielding Dickens, C. C., has recently entered the British navy.

# HOME AND THE FARM.

## A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

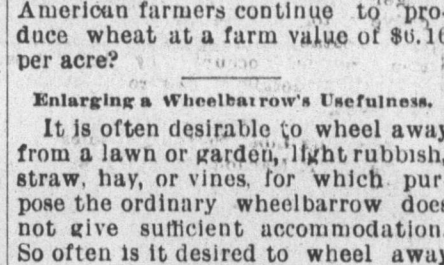
The Agricultural Department Shows How Wheat Rots the Soil—English Method of Preserving Grains—Table for Sorting Beans—How to Make a Seat Piazza.

### How Wheat Rots 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 80 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 3,600 pounds 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 manurial cost of \$5.32 for producing a crop of wheat averaging eleven bushels per acre. As stated, this amounts to more than 80 per cent of the value of the crop grown, harvested, threshed, and stored at the farm. As a matter of course, these manurial ingredients or their equivalents must be restored to the soil sooner or later, or a still more discreditably 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 desired that wheat 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

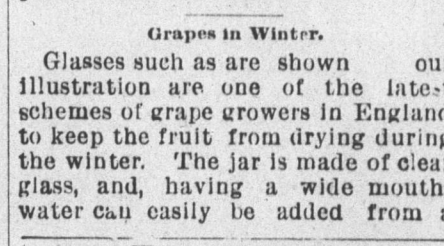


WHEELBARROW WITH RACK FRAME.

light but bulky loads of this sort, that such an arrangement as is shown in the illustration from the American Agriculturist, will be found very serviceable. It is simply a light rack frame that can be attached to the barrow in the same way that the ordinary sides are attached, the addition of a couple of sockets near the handles being the only necessary addition to the barrow in order to accommodate the rack. The construction is so plainly shown in the sketch that added explanation is not needed.

### Grapes in Winter.

Glasses such as are shown in our illustration are one of the latest schemes of grape growers in England and to keep the fruit from drying during the winter. The jar is made of clear glass, and having a wide mouth, water can easily be added from a

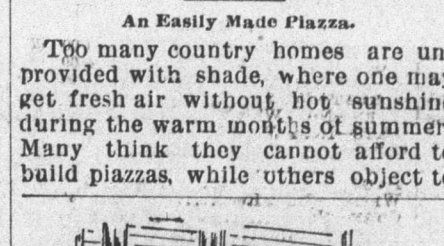


TO KEEP GRAPES FRESH ALL WINTER.

small watering can as required, without the trouble of taking it down or moving the grapes. The weight of the bunch will press the immersed end of the stem against the upper side of the bottle, and so prevent its shriveled about eight inches of stem are cut, as otherwise the berries are apt to crack through—absorbing too much of the water when first stored. It is well also to cut off the immersed end about once in three weeks to maintain a free passage for absorption.

### An Easily Made Piazza.

The many country homes are unprovided with shade, where one may get fresh air without being sunburned during the warm months of summer. Many think they cannot afford to build piazzas, while others object to



AN INEXPENSIVE SUMMER VERANDA.

having these permanent structures on the ground because they shut out the sunshine in the winter when it is especially needed. This is certainly one strong objection to permanent piazzas, 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 money—a veranda that will give shade in summer, and in winter will keep no sunshine out of one's

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 site or shape of the house.

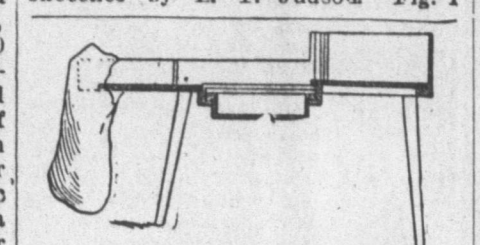
### Table for Sorting Beans.

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 shown on which to sort the beans is shown in the illustration, from sketches by E. P. Judson. 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 one bolt each. The height of the table can be varied by making the legs slant more or less, and then fastened by a wooden pin in holes bored to suit. A slide keeps the beans from pouring out the sieve too rapidly. —Orange Judd Farmer.

### Praying Potato Vines.

The Ohio station recommends a spraying with the Bordeaux mixture for both potato rot and potato bugs. Their compound is 6 pounds lime 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. Ten 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 very apt to double the average product the first year, without exhausting the fertilizer; the same quantity added every year for a few years and a proper rotation of crops practiced, and the product would be tripled or quadrupled. Surely the manufacturer is right in saying: "These bones shall rise again."

### Ke p the Soil Busy.

The conviction is gaining ground that no practice of old-time farming was more wasteful than that of leaving 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 was 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 bad 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 spinch is a very profitable crop. OVERFEEDING is the most fruitful cause of a failure to lay.

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.

A SOLUTION of silicate of soda is said to be a perfect preservation of eggs and does not injure them in any way.

An eight-frame hive for bees is now preferred to the ten-frame Langstroth hive, which has been so long in use.

There is no better grain for poultry any time of the year than wheat, except when fattening. When ready to fatten corn should be used.

The most expensive fertilizer to the farmer is nitrogen, and this cost he can reduce on his farm by growing clover, cow peas and green crops for turning under, for the purpose of renovating his soil.

# HUSTLING HOOSIERS.

## ITEMS GATHERED FROM OVER THE STATE.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General Indiana News Notes.

### Minor State Items.

COLUMBUS police are now uniformed in metropolitan style.

SOUTH BEND will probably organize another militia company.

SCARLETT fever has broken out in epidemic form at Brooklyn.

The famous Roby car race fight cases cost Lake County \$1,945.10.

FORT WAYNE authorities are still fighting the Chicago Sunday Sun.

SOUTH BEND is pluming herself at prospect of securing a union railroad depot.

MRS. JOSEPH R. JONES, near Muncie, is suffering with hydrophobia, caused by a cat's bite.

DICK GOODMAN, the notorious highwayman, was sentenced to five years in the pen at Anderson. His wealth is estimated at \$50,000.

A. GARDEN, a farmer near Decatur, was gored to death by a vicious bull. This is the same animal that killed George Spangler two weeks ago.

WM. DECKARD, well-known farmer near Bloomington, was swindled out of a large sum of money by a man who left a stolen horse and buggy as security.

AT Marion the 14-year-old son of M. H. Kaylor was probably fatally shot by the accidental discharge of an old revolver with which the boy was playing.

JOHN ARTIS, a colored carpenter, aged 70, fell from a scaffold at