



CHAPTER IV.

About this time an incident occurred of which I can speak freely, for I witnessed it.

"Have I said that for years my favorite walk was past Tumbledown Farm? One evening I had strolled gently there, and before I turned my steps homeward it was quite dark. Just as I approached the garden gate I saw a woman in a light-colored dress come up the hill, and immediately I heard a harsh voice say: 'Is that you, Vanity?'

"Yes," replied another voice, which I recognized. Walking as I was on the grass at the side of the road, my movements were noiseless, and the deep shadow of the hedge made me invisible from the view. My next step brought me close to the garden gate, and here I could see a tall man beating the ground with his walking stick in a violent way.

"Late again!" he said, more severely than before. "Night after night you go wandering off, why on earth I can't imagine. Do you know the hour?" "Know the hour? Not I!" Vanity replied, in a tone thinly disguised by affected gaiety. "Time passes quickly."

"When you are not with me, you mean," replied the tall man. "You selfish, willful jade!"

"Don't be cross," interposed Vanity. The white figure drew close to the tall dark figure, and as well as I could see, she laid her head against his shoulder. He pushed her off, with a savage oath, and I saw him walking back to the house. In went the great strong form, after followed Vanity's slow white figure; bang went the door, and somehow through the crash I thought I heard a cry of pain or fear.

You may be sure I turned this incident over in my mind a good many times; and though I made nothing out of it, I resolved to tell Willie what I had seen. It was clear that at present the old father was not the only inmate of Tumbledown Farm; for though I could not discern any feature, the form of this stranger was that of a good-looking man. Was he a visitor only? Why, then, should he charge her with being late night after night? And how should a visitor speak to her in so violent a manner? Was he a brother? Was he a husband? One thing was clear to my mind: Willie did not know about his sweetening all that was necessary to be known by a lover. I resolved to start him on the track of inquiry; and it happened, curiously enough, that soon after he came to me to talk over his own affairs, which had come to a crisis.

"They had arranged a new meeting place—a little swinging gate, which you may see even now standing at the corner of the plantation. So far they kept up a pretense of accident in these encounters; and sunset after sunset found them at this swinging gate, ready to stroll off different ways, if need arose. At last, one Saturday night, Willie resolved to speak his mind. Vanity was leaning upon the gate, swinging herself to and fro, fitting her white finger-tips into the blossoms of a long stalk of foxglove. A painter might have chosen her as a model of a temptress.

"Vanity," said he at last, and felt that this was a great stride to make in a breath. "What is it?" she asked, studying the pink tinkle of foxgloves with the most alluring carelessness. "Have you any news to tell me?"

"What a white hand!" cried Willie, feeling more himself all of a sudden. "A pretty—little—white—hand!"

"There are no rings to set it off," Vanity said, looking at her hand with a pout. Then her face rippled into a smile and a laugh.

"Cover your hand with diamonds, cover it until every finger carries a fortune," he cried. "Dear little hand! Look here!" Light as a flying bird, and as graceful, she touched his cheeks with her lips, skimming away after a pressure which would have scarcely hurt a butterfly's wing. But her breath was on him, and her brilliant laughing eyes were sparkling close to him. Delight—delight with pain in it—shot through Willie's heart.

"Can I pass now?" demanded an imperious voice behind him, with marked emphasis. "If it will not be inconvenient!" Willie looked round. There stood Nancy Steele! Neither of the lovers had noticed her approach, for she had a light, swift step, and got over the ground quickly.

"Is that you, Willie?" said Nancy, speaking now in her most agreeable voice. "I did not see your face. What a pleasant evening!" and passed by, showing to him no vexation whatever, nor even manifesting any curiosity.

"Who is that?" Vanity asked, disdainfully. "Where does she come from? At least, where did her bonnet come from?" "She is only a girl I know," Willie replied, hardly able to speak for confusion. "Nothing more, I assure you."

"Counting was over for that evening. Willie felt dashed by the sudden appearance of Nancy. Vanity, too, assumed an expression now to her—half angry, half reflective; and there was a coldness in their parting such as might have signified that their commencing tenderness was ready to vanish.

"What thoughts were in Miss Vanity's mind I cannot conjecture. As for Master Willie, I know he went down hill hankling his head, repulsed, baffled, foolish, ready to abandon this pretty Vanity, ask Nancy's forgiveness, marry her, and live like a respectable man.

CHAPTER V.

Willie's heart that night. He was ashamed of himself, and dreaded the thought of meeting Nancy Steele, but events hurried him forward. Next morning when on his way to his place of business, he saw Nancy at a distance coming toward him. She held her hand out in a friendly way.

"That was your Cousin Alice I saw with you last night, I suppose," said Nancy, with a face of perfect gaiety. "Certainly not," Willie replied. "What

made you think of her?"

"I felt certain she must be a near relation when I saw her kissing you." Then she went on: "How many such kissing acquaintances have you got, Willie?" "Well, you see, Nancy—" Willie began.

"I saw," said Nancy, laughing still. "I had rather not have seen it, Willie." Now she looked sad. "Never mind," she cried, with a smile, and a sigh, passing on: "I tell no tales."

"The next Willie came to me and laid the whole case before me. 'Tell me candidly, doctor,' he said, 'what I ought to do.'"

"You ought never to speak to Miss Vanity Hardware again; nor to see her, if you can help it. I have a suspicion that this Miss Vanity Hardware has a secret to keep, and I resolved to tell him all I knew. 'Have you ever seen a wedding ring on her finger?'

"What?" cried Willie, leaping up as if a bullet had gone through him. "I believe your sweetheart, Miss Vanity Hardware, is a married woman," I went on. "Mrs. Vanity Somebody, as sure as my name is John Book. Don't hold up your hand, Willie, nor lift your voice, nor speak one word. I have seen that woman's husband, and I related to him the scene I had witnessed a few evenings before."

"It is surprising—very surprising," said he, like a man trying to disbelieve what he knows must be true. "But this stranger may not be a husband after all, doctor."

"Quite true; he may not be a husband; let's hope he is," I replied, determined to give him my whole mind. "Oh, Willie, she will make a fool of you. She was born to deceive hearts like yours."

Uphill he hastened with a beating heart. Some how, as he drew nearer to the spots where he and Vanity used to meet, the girl seemed to renew her enchantments. If she had any deep hidden trouble might not be her friend and comforter? He was pondering that question in a warm transport, when he saw Vanity standing before him.

"I am glad to see you this evening," she said, with a serious air. "Thank God you are here, Willie."

"Why are you so glad?" he asked. "I have something to say to you, Willie," she murmured. "Something very serious."

"Your voice was not the voice of love. Sad, timorous, full of foreboding, intimating a dark uncertain future. Willie stopped her.

"And I have something to say to you! Let me speak first!" She raised her eyes, and read in his face which she was coming from, broke from her, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, not knowing whether to speak or be silent; and he seized his opportunity. He drew her to his side, and in a few low words told her how much he loved her.

She could restrain herself no longer. A sob which she had been holding back, broke from her, and she buried her face in his arms. "For another moment she struggled with irresistible grief; then all her frame shook with crying, and she buried her face in his hands.

"Oh, Willie! my heart is breaking! I can't breathe!—my heart is breaking!" she cried, and she buried her face in his arms.

"Awake, and scarcely knowing what he did, Willie took her hand in his. But she cast him off imperiously, and drew away from him, as if there must be a space between them.

"It is hopeless, Willie—hopeless," she cried. "I love you—more far more than you love me. But you can never marry me."

Willie remembered the story of the stranger, and his heart died within him. "Vanity," he asked, with a faltering tongue, "are you—married?"

"Married!" she exclaimed, her excitement arrested by sheer surprise. "What made you think of such a thing?" She spoke as with indignation, but the tone was music in Willie's ears.

"If you are free," he said joyfully, "if you can return my love, nothing else shall stand between us."

"Is marriage the only bar that can come between us?" she asked. "I know of no other," Willie answered, wondering and fearing. Then, with gathering boldness, he cried, "I fear no other."

"Poor boy," she answered, shaking her head. "We have lived in different worlds. Listen!"—her voice became low and deep—"there runs between you and me (like that stream) something which makes us two different beings. It is not love, but it is not death. I love you, Willie, but I cannot help it. I might have lived for you. God knows, this moment, I could die for you! But you must see me no more. There is something better in life for you than my love. Good-bye! If I see you—let me—let me—let me go alone!"

He watched her as, with rapid steps, she hurried across the field to their own little gate; it swung back as she went through, and when she turned into the plantation, he saw her hurry into her hands. Upon the peaceful evening air another heart-broken sob was borne, like the last cry of one drowning in some quiet cruet sea; and then she disappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

Vanity was gone. Willie Snow was struggling with a rush of feeling, violent and ardent like a mill race; and yet he weighed his sweetheart in the balance more carefully than he could have weighed her in his quietest mood. In common conversation she was frivolous and malapert; against this fault he put the tremendous earnestness of her voice in this last supreme moment.

"Vanity loves me!" quoth the deluded boy. "That much is sure. Vanity loves me—loves me—loves me tenderly!"

After their parting at the brook ten days elapsed without his seeing her again. Meanwhile, by every honorable means he sought to learn something about her and her father, but when the information he picked up was put together with that which I had learned myself elsewhere, he remained as much in the dark as ever.

The Hardware kept no regular servant. An old charwoman was engaged to do the housework and the cooking, coming in at seven in the morning and leaving punctually at one. At five she returned, and did such further turns as were needful; and at eight she left for the night. Of old Mr. Hardware this woman saw little or nothing. He never came down to breakfast, and he would not suffer her to enter any room where he might happen to be.

Cross-examined, the old lady declared that no visitor ever came near the house.

Concerning the strange man whom I had seen with Miss Vanity, she alleged that she knew nothing of him. It was impossible he could be so often at the farm without her knowledge. Was the old gentleman a kind father? She dared say it was all conching, and wheezing and growling morning, noon and night. Did the old gentleman drink? Poor old soul! not a drop—lived on gruel and dry toast.

At last the lovers met again. One evening, as Willie looked, with scarcely hopeful eyes, across their favorite field, he saw Vanity standing at the gate, waiting, as she had so often waited before. She was gazing pensively at the distant hills, and did not see Willie until he was at her side.

"What brings you here this evening?" he asked. "Fate," she answered in a composed voice, as if she had prepared the reply a week before. "The last time we met you said 'You loved me—did you not?'

"I did," he said. "Vanity," Willie cried, "I want nothing more of this world!" She looked up.

"Yes, one thing more," he cried; "you love me—you are not married; yet you have promised to marry me one day."

"Then why may we not marry?" "You must ask me no more. If I let my liking for you grow into love," she went on, in a low voice, "I would love you till I died. You would take me out of myself, and hold me as your own. Do what you will, for what you would, I could never take back the heart I had given."

"Well, Vanity, what then?" "You could never love me so," she said. "I should not. What do you mean?"

"If you knew that there was a fact in my life—an ineffaceable fact—which would leave me open to sudden shame; something that children ought never to know about a mother, that friends ought never to know about a friend, that a husband ought never to know about his wife, unless he loved her with a love that was unquenchable—what then?"

"I don't quite understand you," Willie replied, hesitating. "My love is unquenchable."

"If all that were true of me, would you still say that nothing in the world could alter your love?"

"Yes," answered Willie slowly. "I believe so." Then, after a pause, he added, "Of course, it would be nothing really disagreeable."

Vanity rose with a sad smile. She touched him on the cheek. She seemed the elder and the stronger of the two. "Listen," she answered, in a tone that sunk into his very soul. "If you had been brought up all your life amongst people who were some thoughtless, some vicious, some selfish, and you had never known that there was such a thing as goodness; and if, all of a sudden, you saw somebody who drew forth a pure and noble love, which flowed out for you like a delicious stream, promising to gladden a hard, scorched life; and if, just as you were going to drink, something told you that you had no right to that love—Willie! Willie! he cried, starting up wildly—"if the veil were torn off, you would hate me! Go, and tell me go! Tell nobody what I have said; let it be a secret between you and myself forever. Don't write to me—as you value my life, don't write to me as you value Willie, my heart is broken!"

"You are nervous and excited," he said, soothingly. "You must be distressing yourself without reason. Are we to part in this way?"

"We are," she replied, grown more composed. "I have been foolish, and I must pay the penalty. Forget me, Willie; forget all about me! Remember me only as a boy remembers his first love."

"Am I never to see you again?" "Never, except at this gate," said Vanity decisively; "and never unless you find me here, without asking me to come."

(To be continued.)

WOULDN'T PAY FOR EARS.

A Company Draws the Line at Frozen Ears. Anecdotal.

He had one side of his head bandaged when he entered the office of a railroad company and approached one of the clerks, says a Chicago exchange.

"Say," he said confidentially, as he leaned over the desk, "how much is a frozen ear worth?"

"A what?" exclaimed the clerk. "A frozen ear," repeated the stranger. "I can show you the loveliest frozen ears you ever saw."

"But it's of no use to me," protested the clerk. "Of course not," replied the stranger; "how about the company? How much does it generally pay for them?"

"Not a cent," answered the clerk in desperation. "Do you think this is a medical college?"

"No, I don't," retorted the stranger, angrily. "I think it's a railroad office, where they pay damages for broken legs and such things as that."

"They do that only when they're at fault," said the clerk. "Well, they're at fault in this case," returned the stranger. "Did you think I wanted them to buy it for curiosity? Did you have some sort of an idea that I froze this ear so as to sell it for a mantel ornament? I froze it waiting for a train at one of the company's stations."

"Why didn't you stay in the waiting room?" "I wasn't any waiting room, and that's what I'm kicking about. It was one of the suburban stations where they haven't anything but a platform, some ice and a north wind. Now, can you tell me what the ear is worth?"

"Not a cent," replied the clerk promptly. "You are guilty of contributory negligence in exposing yourself. You should have walked to the next station and waited there."

Boy Train Wreckers.

An epidemic of train wrecking seems to have broken out among the boys of the Eastern States. One day last week a New York policeman saw a gang of about ten young boys in Douglas street. They went directly to the Brighton Beach railroad cut. Then they scaled the hill and began rolling down rocks. When the stones reached the railroad tracks the boys arranged them carefully on the tracks in a solid pile and then braced them on each side with nails and sticks of wood. Next they placed an oil can on the top of the pile.

The policeman chased them and followed Thomas Plunkitt, aged 16, to his home. The next day he obtained a warrant for the boy's arrest. In court Plunkitt swore he did not mean to wreck a train, and as the policeman's testimony was uncorroborated, Justice Steers discharged the boy with a reprimand.

The corporation of Mayence will celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Gutenberg in 1467.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

Hens Must Scratch for a Living—Does Silage Injure Milk and Butter?—Canned Meat for Summer.

HENS MUST SCRATCH FOR A LIVING.

Of course it is possible to overdo the care of poultry, just as it is possible to overpet a child; but that is not what is troubling the hen on the American farm. Still, she must earn her living—not only pay for it, but earn it while she gets it; in other words, even though you feed her, let her scratch for it. She needs exercise, the same as does a horse, or your boy or yourself.—Home and Farm.

DOES SILAGE INJURE MILK AND BUTTER?

It is quite certain that the milk condensers refuse to take milk from silaged cows, and some consumers of butter object to a peculiar flavor of butter made from this food. But the kind of silage has much to do with this character of the milk. If the silage is sour or moldy, there can be no question of its unsuitability for milking cows. For milk is sure to be contaminated by any unnatural flavor or odor in the food, as is so well known in regard to garlic in pastures. But if one has a special market for any product, it is wise to consider the requirements of it, and it is very certain that good grass or clover pasture, or the feeding of fresh silage crops in the summer and good hay and roots in winter, will always make unobjectionable milk and butter, so that it will be wise to avoid any cause of complaint by one's customers, and supply just what they desire, and not try to oppose them. That silage made by other methods is not so well-flavored as other kinds is well known by experts, and the difference of market value is some cents a pound; this difference will more than counterbalance the advantage of feeding silage.—New York Times.

CANNED MEATS FOR SUMMER.

Farmers usually have a plentiful supply of fresh meat in winter when the weather is cold, and by freezing the meat can be kept sometimes for weeks without being injured. But in summer it is different, and the ration of salt pork or corned beef is apt to become tiresome. It is a surprise that some of the fresh meat butchers in winter is not canned, as it may easily be. Cut it in small pieces without any bone, and cook so thoroughly as to expel all air. Then place it quickly in glass jars that have been slowly heated until they are nearly as hot as the cooked food. If this is done and the cans are immersed except their tops in hot water, the glass will not break. Pack the meat as closely as possible in the can, and when filled cover the top with melted lard and seal the can. The lard will protect the meat beneath it from any air that may be under the lid of the can, and which may have ferment germs. A few cans of fresh meat for use in summer will be quite as convenient as the cans of fruit and vegetables which all good housewives now put up every summer and fall in greatest abundance. Fresh fruit in the summer is more easy to get in the country than is fresh meat of any kind.—Boston Cultivator.

CARE OF WEAK PIGS.

Every spring on the farm there are certain pigs either not endowed with a fair share of physical vigor, or too numerous brothers and sisters crowd them aside. They grow weaker and weaker and die, or they become miserable stunted creatures, giving neither pleasure nor profit to the owner. Whether it pays to try to save these weak pigs depends on the comparative price of corn and pork. If it will not pay, they should be put out of the way at once, yet many a pig is killed or neglected that is well worth the little trouble needed to give it a fair start with its mates.

The most frequent method of caring for runts is to turn them over to wife or daughter for pets; but a hand-raised pig requires a great deal of care, to say nothing of the chances against its living, when put entirely on artificial food. Try the following plan once and see if it is not an improvement on the "pet pig." What farmer's wife isn't enough interested in the stock to inspect every new litter of pigs, even if they are of low price? And she can readily detect the one that is imposed upon by all the rest. Now, suppose she brings a cup of boiled milk and a spoon, and slips it into the pig's mouth a little at a time (of course the mother pigs are tame, or ought to be); a meal or two a day will help matters wonderfully, and there is not an entire change of food or lack of needed warmth. The weak pig will soon be able to hold its own, and it will be by chance if some other pig does not take its place and need the food.

Sometimes the entire litter needs feeding if it is large and the mother young. This is easily done by shutting the sow away from them until the pigs are hungry, then with a pan of milk, always boiled—and a spoon, feed them. It is awkward work at first, but each one will get a little. Repeat twice a day, and in a week the little fellows will need no shutting up, but will tumble over each other in their haste to get to the pan.—New England Home-Steet.

ASPARAGUS IN WINTER.

Forcing asparagus for winter use is a very simple trick, and it is surprising how little of this favorite vegetable is grown in winter, considering how easily and cheaply it may be grown, writes Gerald Howatt, Jr. During the winter of 1894-95 we had a constant supply of asparagus from Christmas until spring, grown as follows: The roots (from a strong nine-year-old bud) were allowed to remain in the ground until thoroughly ripened by the frost, and then dug up, great care being taken to get all the large roots, and not break or mutilate them, and not expose them to the air any length of time, as this would injure them very much.

Then they are packed in dry soil in an outbuilding, where the temperature would be uniformly cool and even, and from this supply we took our roots, in number as required, to the forcing pits, placing the roots or clumps under the benches or tables, where the growing shoots would get but little light. As each clump was put in all the long, coarse roots were ripened out, and good garden soil carefully sifted in with the hands until the spaces were compactly filled; then the next one was put in, and so on until the planting was finished; then about three inches of soil was put over all, and a thorough soaking of liquid manure given. At the end of ten days we got the first cutting, and gave the bed another soaking of liquid manure.

Two weeks later another bed was made to succeed the first one, and after that we made the plantings one month apart, and we found that each bed would last about that time.

Our best results were obtained in a temperature of 45 degrees to 50 degrees; above that the shoots were weak and spindling, and the plants soon exhausted.

I should say that the same results may be attained by using the corners of a moderately warm cellar, or by putting the roots in boxes that could be placed anywhere about the house or barns. Any one having an old asparagus bed can well afford the time required and spare a few of the old roots to make the trial, and enjoy a great treat in midwinter.

Rhubarb may be grown in precisely the same way, with no more trouble.—Country Gentleman.

RAISING ARTICHOKE FOR STOCK FOOD.

A few years ago I planted for the first time a peck of improved White French artichokes, merely as an experiment, says J. H. Van Ness. From this peck of seed I raised about 100 bushels of fine tubers. Part of these I fed to hogs, which fattened readily upon them. Before butchering, however, the hogs were fed a few bushels of corn as a finishing feed. The hogs were thus got ready for market at a very small cost. The following year I raised 200 bushels of tubers, which were fed as before, with results equally as satisfactory. In addition to feeding them to hogs, I also gave some to colts. In a short time I found that the artichoke was an excellent feed for horses. Milch cows ate them readily, and the flow of milk was largely increased. The results of the first two years were so favorable that I have grown them extensively each season since. Last year I raised nearly 1,800 bushels. About half of the crop was dug and is now buried. The remaining half I left in the ground for spring planting and feeding. As yet, no insect, blight or rust has affected the plant, and dry weather seems to be but slightly detrimental to its development. I believe the artichoke has come to stay. During the past five years drought has been frequent in this State, but my artichoke crop has yielded me as high as 600 bushels per acre during that time.

The best soil for artichokes is low ground, which is of little value as a cornfield because of late frost. Land, therefore, which has hitherto been worthless except for hay, may be utilized for growing artichokes, as frost does not hurt them. Prepare the seed the same as potatoes, cutting to one eye, and plant in rows three feet apart and 18 inches apart in the rows. Cultivate as for corn. The methods of harvesting are varied. They can be dug late in the fall, and placed in a cool, dark cellar or buried, or they may be left in the ground all winter. A good plan is to turn the hogs into the field and let them do their own digging. They will live and be in the best possible condition, and need no special grain feed. If the ground is not frozen, they will root out all winter, until the tubers become soft in May or June.

The tops look something like the common sunflower, and grow about six feet high. If cut while green, a good fodder is obtained, which horses eat about as well as hay. This feed was thoroughly tested the present season because of the scarcity of hay. Thousands of acres of tops were harvested and fed. It is stated that the fattening qualities of artichokes are about the same as those of potatoes. Many people are afraid to plant artichokes because they think it impossible to get rid of them after one has once dug a foot-hold in the soil. This is a false idea. The artichoke, like the potato, grows from an eye. Of course it is impossible to dig every one. A tuber left in the ground will sprout and grow the next spring. All I do to get rid of them is to follow the artichokes with any other cultivated crop, and see that none of the plants mature, or turn the whole field under when the artichokes are a foot high. The old tubers have decayed by this time, and the new ones are not sufficiently matured to grow.—American Agriculturist.

The Legislator's Mistake.

A story is told down East of a comical old fellow who was elected to the Legislature a decade or more ago. He had never before gone further away from home than Bangor, and so the Capital city was a perfect terra incognita to him. Arriving there he was excitedly inquired of the station loungers where the State House was, and for a joke was told to "go over Kennebec bridge and turn to the right at the top of the hill," and he'd know the big building when he came to it. This of course, brought him after a long walk to the imposing front entrance of the Insane Hospital. Here he rapped lustily until some one opened the door and asked what was wanted. "I suppose I'm entitled to a seat in here somewhere," he said, and it was a full half hour before they got matters straightened out so as to be satisfied that he wasn't a really, truly crazy man.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Canine Dudes of Paris.

Paris, the acknowledged center of fashion, can even boast of its dog-tailors. A fine-toothed Parisian dog must have toilets for receptions, for meetings and for the seaside, and even pockets for its railway ticket. On wet days its feet are carefully protected by India rubber shoes. On the occasion of a recent fashionable wedding the animal joined in the bridal procession, being led with silken ribbons by gaily-attired pages. A fashionable dog-tailor made the costumes, which matched the servants' liveries. The quadrupeds are bedecked with white satin and lace and garlanded with orange blossoms. The Parisian canine "upper ten" are, in truth, very "gay dogs!"

The coronation of the Czar at Moscow next June is, if all one hears of it be true, a sight to splendor any previous coronation of the kind. The London Herald offers a curious contribution to the descriptions in advance. It gives an elaborate account of the carriages that will be used in the imperial procession. The state horses, we learn, are white, and of such color will be those harnessed to the carriage of the Czarina. Of all the carriages which figure in the coronation procession—modern and ancient, with their beautiful paintings by Boucher, by Gravelot, by Watteau, forming a collection not to be seen in any other part of the world—none is more artistic, more beautiful, or so rich in appearance as the two-seated carriage of the Czarina will be driven in. The Czar will be on horseback, as also the Grand Dukes. The royal vehicle, without doubt, is the richest thing in the coachmaker's art ever turned out, being of the heaviest gold repousse, the back panel beautifully painted, and on the panel of the door the double-headed Russian eagle of large size in diamonds. Two gentlemen of the court, high personages, walk behind, enacting the part of lackeys of the Czar, and in the small seat just behind the coachman, and facing the Czarina, will be seated two pages, especially chosen from the historical corps des pages de la cour, whose members are selected from the highest ranks of Russian society.

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Sound Teeth for Mail Clerks.

Most of the postal clerks in the smaller offices in England are women, and candidates must pass an examination. One of the regulations, according to a Paris paper, is that no one shall be employed who has not absolutely sound teeth, no matter how fit in other ways for the post. The reason for this regulation is shrouded in mystery. To comply with this rule an English woman the other day exhibited a strange heroism. Having passed the other tests, the dentist reported on the condition of her teeth, his affidavit stating that two of her molars were quite hollow and that twelve others were in various stages of decay. Without hesitation the fair candidate hurried to the nearest dentist's shop and at a single sitting had extracted the fourteen teeth that threatened to terminate her official career before it had fairly begun. Armed with a fresh certificate testifying that her remaining teeth were sound and in good condition, she again applied for employment and was appointed.

In the Moon.

In the opinion of Prof. Dr. Asaph Hall, as recently expressed, the problem of the physical constitution of the moon is one that yet remains to be solved. Of the "craters," scattered all over her surface, the volcanic theory of formation fails, he thinks, to be satisfactory. Another notion to which he refers is that, ages ago, the moon was surrounded by swarms of "moonslets," which eventually were precipitated upon the moon's surface, forming the craters we see. Thus the Mare Imbrium was created by the impact of a huge moonlet, ninety miles in diameter, which, in striking, was raised to such a high temperature as to melt its substance. An immense hole or "crater" being formed where it struck, the molten material of the moonlet spread in every direction for a vast distance, partly filling up other craters, fragments of the moonlet being scattered in all directions, some of them being as large as the moonlet itself, and some as small as a pebble.

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