



#### CHAPTER III.

Captain Wynyard secured an introduction to Lady Rooden and her daughter, and, remembering that Mr. Ashton had said that the man upon her ladyship would be the one who flattered her, he fashioned his conduct on this intimation. He allowed her to see very plainly his admiration of her beauty, his astonishment that she should have a daughter so tall and well grown, and he spoke more freely on the point than most people would. Sir Charles Rooden, in his great love for his wife, had not been able to discern a single fault in her. Captain Wynyard had not talked to her for half an hour before he understood her character perfectly, and knew that selfishness and vanity formed no small part of it. Angela, generally quick in reading character, might have spent a lifetime with her mother, and yet never have detected what Captain Wynyard had read in half an hour.

Lady Rooden was distressed that Angela did not like him. She never appeared to enjoy his society, and always seemed anxious to escape from the room. When he tried to draw her into conversation she would make him only the very briefest of replies. Her mother could not understand this method of treating one whom she considered the most charming of men. Her wonder was that Angela was not delighted with him and eager for his society, but then she consoled herself by remembering that her daughter was not like other girls.

Thus matters went on for some time, Angela herself being the last to perceive what was about to happen. She was not enough to the rest of the world that Vance Wynyard was doing his best to win the rich young widow; but Angela, who always thought of her mother as one with the father she had lost, never for one moment allowed such an idea to enter her head. No one who understood less than she to whom it was of such vital importance.

Among the invitations which Lady Rooden and her lovely young daughter received was one to a garden party given by Lady Avon at her beautiful villa at Richmond, the grounds of which sloped down to the River Thames. The party was one of the most successful of the season. The guests were the creme de la creme of London society, and the weather was most propitious.

Lady Rooden looked more beautiful than ever in a dress of pale blue velvet, elegantly trimmed with white lace. Angela wore a dress that suited her slender, girlish beauty well—white, with a profusion of rich carnations—a most effective costume.

Wherever between the trees the blue velvet and white lace gleamed, there was to be seen also a small gathering of ardent worshippers. The party was not unclouded until she saw Captain Wynyard, with a smile on his handsome face, take his place by her mother's side, when a feeling of uneasiness possessed her which she could not shake off.

As Lady Avon and her young guest were strolling through the grounds, Angela's eyes were riveted on the face of a young girl coming toward them. "Who is that?" she asked, in a quick, low voice, of Lady Avon.

"That is Gladys Kane," was the reply. "Was it her fancy? She does not tell, but it seemed to Angela that a curious expression passed over Lady Avon's face. It must have been fancy, for, when she looked again, the strange expression was gone."

In a few well-chosen words Lady Avon introduced the two who were to cross each other's path so strangely. When the dark eyes of Gladys Kane rested on Angela, something flashed into their depths, something that was like hate and despair. Miss Rooden asked herself if this was fancy also. It must have been fancy, for the next time she looked, Gladys Kane was regarding her with smiling eyes and lips.

Later on in the afternoon Angela found a cool quiet nook where she hoped she would be able to muse alone; it held a small wooden seat and was hidden by a clump of elder-trees. She sat down to rest and to enjoy the quietude she had been offered. Not many minutes had passed before she became conscious that she was not alone—that some one was sobbing in deep distress, and some one administering consolation.

"You know my heart is not in it," a man's voice said—"you know that I hate it; but what can we do? I cannot help myself."

"I cannot bear it," replied a trembling voice. "She is so beautiful, I am sure that you will love her in time."

"I never shall. I love you, and you only; but in our case love and marriage cannot go together. Marriage would mean ruin to both of us."

Then Angela, unwilling to be even an accidental listener, rose from her seat and hastened away. She had no idea who the speakers were; but half an hour later she saw Gladys Kane with Captain Wynyard, and a sudden suspicion darted through her mind that the conversation she had overheard had taken place between them.

It was but a suspicion; yet it was strange how deep a root it took at once in her mind. She saw them together again, and, from the expression on Miss Kane's face, she felt sure that, whatever the Captain's sentiments might be, the whole love of the girl's heart was given to him.

Late that evening, Lady Rooden and Angela were seated in her ladyship's cozy dressing-room, discussing the events of the day. They had donned their dressing-gowns, and their hair was flowing loosely over their shoulders.

"You have beautiful hair, Angel," she said, enviously. "I admire its natural ripple very much; no root could imitate it."

"I saw a girl this afternoon with hair just like mine," Angela remarked.

"Did you?" questioned Lady Rooden. "Angela's face brightened suddenly.

the ground, and stood before her with flashing eyes and burning face.

"Why should you not marry again?" she cried. "Oh, mamma, how can you ask such a question? You are my father's wife!"

"I am your father's widow, Angel," corrected Lady Rooden.

Withering scorn flashed from the girl's eyes.

"There is no difference!" she cried. "You told me yourself that you said he would love me just the same. You told me that the boundaries which separated us were very narrow. You told me that love, true love, began in time and lived in eternity. Oh, mother, mother," she continued, wildly, "what will you say to my father when you meet him as another man's wife? It is horrible to think of!"

"You speak too strongly, Angel," said Lady Rooden, in a trembling voice. "You could not expect that I should live all the rest of my life alone."

"You are not alone, mamma; you have me with you."

"But you will marry some day, Angel. We need never be parted, mamma, darling."

"That is all nonsense, Angel. You must marry, just as other girls do. Be reasonable, my dear, and we shall all be happy. I am sure that in time you will learn to like Captain Wynyard."

The name gave a new turn to Angela's thoughts. Hitherto she had realized nothing but the horror of the fact that her mother cared for another man; now, she remembered who that man himself was, how from the first she had always mistrusted and disliked him. She sank upon the ground at her mother's feet.

"Oh, mother," she sobbed, "it is like a hideous dream to me that you are going to put the man I dislike above all others in my father's place!"

"Hush, Angel—you are going too far!" said Lady Rooden. "You forget that I love him."

"Love him! Oh, mother, how can you love one who is ignoble, who has nothing but a handsome face—and even that is spoiled by a selfish and cruel expression! Mother!" Angela appealed, "forget him; give up all thoughts of this marriage. Let us leave England and go back to the dreamy old Italian cities, and be happy as we were before. I will love you and you will live with me always, and never leave me. I will do anything to save you from the hands of a man whom I dread and mistrust."

Lady Rooden was touched by the passionate appeal, by the misery of the beautiful young face and the pain in the entreaty voice.

"My dearest Angela, I do not want to be what you call 'saved.' I love Vance Wynyard, and I wish to marry him."

"Mother," she urged, earnestly, "I am certain that he loves Gladys Kane. I saw love in his face when he looked at her."

"And I, my dear Angel, am equally sure he does not," she said, with the firmness of a queen. He denied it most positively. He has been the spoiled darling of London society for many years, and I am, he assured me, the first woman he has ever loved. You must say that Captain Wynyard loves Gladys Kane, and you must not say that he does not love me, or that he is going to marry me for my money. I will not bear or tolerate any such disgraceful charges. If you wish to please me, you will learn to love and respect the man I am going to marry. Good-night, Angel. You had better leave me. You will be calmer to-morrow."

"Yes," returned Angela; "I shall be calmer, but I shall never be happy so long as I have lost you. To-night I have lost all that is best and brightest in my life; to-night my hope and happiness have died."

"You will be wiser to-morrow, Angel," said Lady Rooden, coolly. "Now, say 'Good-night.'"

(To be continued.)

LOSS OF HORSES IN WAR.

Napoleon Entered Russia with 60,000 and Returned with 1,000.

During the Prussian campaign in Bohemia the killed and wounded amounted to less than 900, while 1,400 died of exhaustion and disease, and over 1,700 were cast after the campaign. At the beginning of the siege of Plevna the Russians had 60,000 draught horses bringing up supplies from Sistova, and at the end of it they had only 44,000, the enormous number of 22,000 having died from hard work. The difficulty of providing food is naturally very great, and horses feel the deprivation, as well as want of rest, far more than men. They have very little reserve of fat to draw upon, and they have not the moral stimulus of the soldiers. When Murat reproached Napoleon for the spiritlessness of his cavalry charges, that general wittily replied that it was due to the horses' want of patriotism. The men might fight without bread, but the horses would not work without oats. So excessive is the exhaustion sometimes that toward the close of the day at Borodino the French charged at a slow trot. Half the horses that we landed in the Crimea never returned, and most of them owed their death to exhaustion and starvation. Five hundred artillery horses were killed under fire, 2,000 died of want and disease. They fed on each other's tails, and ate the bottoms of carts and the spokes of wheels. During Wellington's arduous retreat from Salamanca the only food of the horses was twigs and the bark of trees. In our Afghan war of 1838, owing to the scarcity of food, 3,000 camels and 50 per cent of the cavalry horses were lost in three months. Napoleon crossed the Niemen on his way to the assault on Russia with 60,000 cavalry, and recrossed it, six months later, with 1,600! He attributed his losses to the cold, but starvation had more to do with them. One can imagine the great war-maker crying, "Oh, for an automaton that does not require 'oats'!" Starvation and fatigue are especially destructive in retires. Even if there is food to give there is no time to give it. While retreating from Tula, Messena lost more horses from starvation and fatigue in ten days than he had lost in the preceding five months' campaign. Disease disables at least 12 per cent of the horses engaged in a campaign, and sometimes much more. As many as 40 per cent were invalided at one time in the Crimea. Of the 5,000 horses that we landed in Egypt in 1882, over 2,500 came under veterinary treatment, and 600 were killed, 53 only being slain in action. One regiment is said to have had 200 horses on the sick list simultaneously—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

According to trustworthy intelligence the shah of Persia has decided to visit Europe in the early spring of next year. He will first visit St. Petersburg, then Paris and London, and possibly also Berlin. The object of the tour is merely one of pleasure.

## FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

### ITEMS OF TIMELY INTEREST TO THE FARMERS.

To Get Fancy Prices for Milk—Bran a Valuable Food—Economizing With Manure—A Bed of Peonies.

#### ECONOMIZING WITH MANURE.

It never pays to stint the manure dressing in any crop that requires much labor to grow it. All the labor is made more effective in proportion as the soil is made more fertile. In other words, on rich land crops that require much labor may be grown with profit, while on poor soil the balance will be on the loss side of the account. The proper use of manure is to economize with labor, and it will most aid in increasing soil fertility. This is in every case where a part of the benefit of the manure will be soon applied to growing a large clover crop.

#### WHY LILY OF THE VALLEY FAILS.

One of the most frequent causes of failure with lily of the valley is that the roots are too crowded. The remedy is to thin them out by digging out clumps here and there where the roots stand thickest, and manure, the bare ground. Another cause of failure is that the roots have been planted too deep. The crowns should be level with the surface of the ground or but very little below it. It thrives best in a shady location.—*New England Homestead*.

#### BRAN A VALUABLE FOOD.

Bran is much more highly thought of as feed than it used to be. But it has its limitations and should not be relied upon entirely when fed alone. It is an excellent feed to give to animals that have a surplus of corn, and should always form a part of the ration of fattening sheep.

Fine wheat middlings have all of the excellencies of bran, and will be eaten in greater quantities by fattening hogs. The bran and wheat middlings furnish a greater proportion of albuminoids than corn has, and therefore supplement its deficiencies.

Wheat bran is an excellent alternative for horses fed on timothy hay in winter. It will keep their digestion good and will be all the better if a tablespoonful of oil process oil meal is added to each meal. Wheat middlings are not as laxative as bran, and are better therefore for horses that have to work hard, though both the bran and middlings contain much of the nutriment that builds up bone and muscle and increases strength.—*Colman's Rural World*.

#### ART IN AGRICULTURE.

Art in agriculture is coming to be more and more noticeable every day. With the advent of new methods, improved implements and a wider knowledge of the field, the agriculturist is rising higher in the field of useful or ornamental art as the years go by. We may say that sharp competition is no small factor in this progressive movement, says the agricultural student. Take, for example, the manner in which certain products are prepared for the open market. The improvement in the condition of certain dairy products and fruit on market in the last few years is truly wonderful.

The reason, of course, is that people always buy that article which is put up in the most tasteful and attractive style, and are willing to pay a little more for it. With this change comes a more wholesome effect upon the article itself, and disease is much less disseminated through food at the present time than formerly. Greater precautions are taken now than ever before in preventing the spread of contagious diseases in this manner, and with the increase in the size of the cities and the greater liability to ill-health, these precautions cannot be observed too carefully. Thus the agriculturist, to be successful, must keep right up to date in his readings and methods.—*Mirror and Farmer*.

#### A BED OF PEONIES.

Peonies can be planted either in the fall or spring. On the whole, the fall is the better time. The hot weather often comes on so rapidly in spring, when the frost is once out of the ground, that there is but a short time for planting. Roots removed and transplanted in the fall have all the fall and winter to heal over any wounds and be ready for starting at the opening of spring. If removal is delayed until spring, the first season's growth will be apt to be much more feeble. There is probably no way to prevent moles from any particular spot if they frequent the ground. The proper thing is to trap, catch and destroy them.

It is quite a matter of taste and ground room and other conditions that will decide how many plants to set. A bed of peonies cannot make much show except for the short time the plants are in bloom. They are very showy while they last, but a bed devoted to them would look very sombre after the blooming season. Three or four plants of peony in a group look very well, but if a bed of some size should be devoted to them it would become uninteresting. Our correspondent's idea of planting gladioli among the plants is a good one. Besides planting peonies in small groups of three or four, we would place them at the front of a border of shrubs.

Varieties should be selected to show as much difference as possible among the flowers. If the plants are planted in good soil and well cared for, they may bloom the second year, but not very much can be expected from them until the plants have become strong.

#### FEEDING PUMPKINS.

Hogs and cattle will enjoy pumpkins with their corn and make better returns for the corn if they have as much pumpkin once or twice a day as they will eat up clean. We have seen pumpkins hauled to the field and dumped out by the wagonload, resulting in a gorge, disgust or disorder, and the feeder practicing this method does not think much of pumpkins, as his stock will eat them once only. If the pumpkins are fed in small quantities at the

start the stock always is ready for them when offered, and the droppings show a more complete digestion of the corn. Pumpkins are so succulent that there is no need of slop of bran and middlings to balance the ration with corn on clover field or grass. Some hold that the seeds ought to be removed from the pumpkins, as the seeds affect the flow of urine, but we have never found any necessity for it. A neighbor fed two milk cows a day with their usual amount of millfeed. The cows ran on pasture during the day. To one cow he fed pumpkins with seeds removed, and to the other he fed the pumpkins with seeds, and added to her mess those taken from her mate. This test was continued for six weeks, and the cow receiving the double portion of seeds increased in flesh and yield of milk. Fed as a part of the ration with corn, the pumpkin can be made a saving of outlay for purchased feeds and prove of great value in the feed lot or cow stable. Pumpkins are too watery and weak to rely on as the main feed, but fed as an adjunct or relish with grain, we believe they are safe and have great value. *Am. Ag.*

#### TO GET FANCY PRICES FOR MILK.

Present and recent low prices for pork only suggest a different method of the disposal of the product. The cost of production at the present time is low, and my own experience teaches me that with this feature in their favor, farmers can arrange to make pork raising mean more to them, so far as dollars and cents is concerned, than ever before. A poor hog is expensive at any and all times to the feeder, and never will return in his carcass the value he has cost. Keep pigs that will be ready for slaughter any time after three months of age, and that will make the choicest family pork.

The pig ready for market, the question comes up how to get the most dollars out of him. This can be accomplished by dealing directly with the consumer, and in no other way can this feature be gained. Well-to-do families in our large villages are only too glad to secure a supply of home-fattened pork at a price well in advance of the Western product. Like every other branch of farming, the highest success cannot be gained without some effort on the part of the farmer to get desirable customers. The best customers desire the carcass neatly cut up ready for use. This would be a new feature with many farmers, but it would mean a good many extra dollars for those who will persevere in working up such a trade as this. This plan, to a large extent, does away with the competition of Western pork. It is certain that the wholesalers will not interest themselves in the disposal of the home-grown product, and rarely will the smaller marketmen pay any advance, claiming that the Western is more desirable in every respect.

The advantages of pig raising to the farmer are many. Much material, containing much and desirable feeding value, can be used in the pigpen, with marked profit, which would otherwise go to waste, and the farmer never would appreciate a money benefit only for his pigs. Manure of the highest quality for plowing under accumulates rapidly in the pigpen if kept supplied with the proper material, such as weeds, sod and grass in summer, and a plenty of bedding in winter. Do not allow the business to dwindle, as has the good old-time sheep industry, but push it for all it is worth.—*American Agriculturist*.

#### HOW TO TREAT A MAN—BY A HORSE.

When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an end board or cast stake and pound him on the head and on the ribs. If this does not recuperate him, kick him violently in the belly. This treatment will restore him if persistently administered. If a man finds his load too heavy and feels that it will seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board and knock him down—and hammer him thoroughly with the board. This will give him renewed energy, and he will make no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load. That will look too much like common sense or humanity, and he will be likely to balk again when overloaded.

If a man refuses to drink when you offer him water, don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach him to be thirsty at any time you find it convenient" to attend to him. It is a good plan to "p" the horse frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him now and then on "general principles" and to prevent him taking any comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to work even faster to make up for it. Work him hard enough to bring down the average life one-half, as is done with horses. If no whip is handy, use a club. Tie your man's head back in an unnatural position, with his eyes toward the sun. This will give him a "fine appearance" and "prevent stumbling." Of course he will not be able to do as much work in this fix, but it makes him wretched, so it is all right.

In winter remove his clothing "to prevent his taking cold." He will also "dry quicker" when you overwork him. You must hang a blanket on his back (but leave his neck and limbs exposed) when he is not at work. Men thus treated are "much healthier" than when allowed winter clothing. If not perfectly convenient to feed a man who is working for you at noon, let him go without, and by active use of the whip secure as much work as the food would have secured. Of course it wears out his vitality and distresses him, but that is no matter.

Put tight shoes on your man and keep them there until he is very lame with corns. To change his shoes costs money, not much, but some, and lameness and misery are of no account if you can save a dollar on shoes a year. When you hire a man do not be hampered by any humane notions. Get all you can out of him. True nobility consists in getting money, not in decency or kindness, or what some nodules term "character." Get money, even if it is all blood-stained. These are correct principles, I am sure, for I learned them when a colt from my master, who treated all his horses on this plan—and don't he know what's what?—*Humane Journal*.

Wild peacocks exist in Asia and Africa.

#### The Use of Hashish.

The habit of hashish-smoking is so common all over Egypt that it excites no comment whatever among natives. Until recently very little thought has been given to the intimate relation between hashish-smoking and insanity, but an eminent medical man, in a report on the causes of insanity, has put down a large number of cases to the habit of smoking hashish. There are several forms in which this trouble manifests itself. The patient may be hilarious, reckless, apparently full of spirits and given to extravagant talk and actions, or he may have what is called acute mania. He is filled with terror, suspects everybody, is outrageous in conduct, incoherent in speech and sometimes violent. Under other circumstances there is weakness of the mental faculties which may run into senile dementia, the victim prattling about the most unimportant matters, feeling no interest whatever in anything except food and smoking. Physicians say that a moderate use of this drug has no physical, mental or moral effect, but in excess it injures the constitution, brings about difficulties of the throat and intestines, weakens all of the mental, moral and physical forces, and not infrequently causes insanity, as demonstrated by the fact that out of 253 admissions to the lunatic asylum in Cairo, nearly a hundred of the patients were smokers of hashish.

#### Plants Eat Insects.

Francis Darwin, a son of the great naturalist, has been investigating the effect on insectivorous plants of supplying them with and withholding from their animal food. He grew ten of the carnivorous plants under similar conditions. One plant of the lot he fed with roast meat (mashed) of a given being placed on the secreting glands of the plant each hour, while from the others all such food was carefully excluded. The result of this experiment was very marked in several particulars, the greatest being in the number, weight and vitality of its seeds. The number of seeds produced by the plant that was given its regular ration of animal matter was 240 to each 100 produced by plants which were unfed, while the total weight of the seeds was \$80 to 100. In other words, the plants which were restricted to a diet wholly vegetable were invalids compared with the plants that were furnished with animal food. The increased heaviness of the seeds is another item to be noted, as it certainly implies increased vitality. At least, it is so with wheat, as any farmer will tell you, it being the rule that the heavier the grain the greater its fertility.

#### The Alps Under Foot.

The mystery is gone from the Alps—none but climbers know how completely. Every mountain and point of view of ever third-rate importance has been ascended, most by many routes. Almost every gap between two peaks has been traversed as a pass. The publications of some dozens of mountaineering societies have recorded these countless expeditions in rows of volumes of appalling length. Of late years vigorous attempts have been made to co-ordinate this mass of material in the form of climbers' guides, dealing with particular districts, wherein every peak and pass is dealt with in strict geographical succession, and every different route, and all the variations of each route are set forth, with references to the volumes in which they have been described at length by their observers. Nearly half the Alps has been treated in this manner, but the work has taken ten years, and, of course, the whole requires periodical revision.

#### Riding Down an Eagle.

If you wanted a live eagle, how would you try to catch it? In Turkistan, according to the author of "The Heart of a Continent," the natives ride eagles down on horseback.

We have seen two eagles on the ground in the distance, and as soon as the Kirghiz caught sight of them he set off wildly in pursuit. They rose, of course, on seeing him, but he went galloping down the valley after one of them till gradually it sank to the ground. It was, in fact, gorged with the flesh of the carcass it had been feeding on, and could no longer fly.

The Kirghiz dismounted, seized the bird, bound his waist-cloth round and round the body and wings till he had made it up into a neat parcel, and then tucked it under his arm, mounted and rode back to me. He said that, if it turned out to be a good one for hawking, he might get 200 roubles for it.

#### Words That People Speak.

A recent experiment proves how apt our minds are to run in grooves. Twenty-five men and twenty-five women students in a psychology class were bidden to write down at full speed 100 words, all chosen at random. They did so, with the curious result that out of the total 5,000 words there were only 1,263 which occurred but once, 3,000 of the remainder being repetitions of 758 words. Of the 1,263 written only once, 746 were set down by the men, against 517 by the women. Of the 363 articles of dress enumerated 124 were found in the women's papers, while of the 237 articles of food they claimed 179. Clearly they were not new women, or their range would have been wider.

#### French Milk in Tins.

The French industry of tinning milk is an original departure in tinned commodities. The milk is frozen and placed in block form into tins, and on the part of the purchaser requires to be melted previous to use. Beag hermetically sealed, the commodity thus led preserves its form until it is required, when a minute's exposure to the sun's rays, or to the heat of the fire is all that is necessary to reduce it to a liquid condition.

#### Moose Elk Nearly Extinct.

The moose elk of Norway will soon be extinct. The law says that no more than one shall be killed on one property in a year. But as it says nothing about the size of the property, the owner of a tract of land with moose on it subdivides it into small plots, and then a moose can be killed on every plot without breaking the law.

The pupils of the Atlanta schools have demanded ice for drinking water.

#### NEW YORK'S PEANUT MONOPOLY.

A Remarkable Industry Which Has Started Up in the Metropolis.

The peanut has risen from insignificance to dignity. It threatens to become one of the staple products of the country.

A company has now been formed by some of the leading capitalists of Pittsburgh to control the peanut market. This company, which will be known as the American Food and Oil Company, and has a capital of \$50,000, will open headquarters at Norfolk, Va., the center of the peanut industry.

The manufacture of food products and oil out of the peanut is practically an experiment in this country, although it has been one of the great industries of France, and especially in Marseilles, for many years. Those interested in the present undertaking are confident of success, because of the superiority of the product over other oils, and meals, and also because in America there is unlimited room for the development of the peanut-raising industry in the Southern States.

The recent statement of Edward Atkinson, of Boston, the political economist and statistician, that in a few years the peanut crop will be one of the prime staples of the South, was no doubt a surprise to many. But statistics bear the statement out, and it is proved that the industry is constantly growing.

The peanut oil is said to be so like olive oil that only the chemist or the expert can detect the difference. Its flavor is pleasant and bland, and it may, on account of its purity, eventually supplant olive oil in all culinary uses for the table.

The refined forms of the oil are used as the basis of all pure toilet soaps which are manufactured in France. The crude oil is an excellent lubricant, being equal to sperm oil, besides being non-oxidizing and free from gum. Its keeping qualities are superior to cotton seed oil.

Other uses to which peanut oil is put are for slab dressing by confectioners and woolen manufacturers and in the molds of pig tobacco manufacturers. The kernel or fleshy part of the nut, in its properties as a food, closely resembles the soja bean, which is used by the armies of foreign countries as a ration and has a much higher nourishing value. It can be manufactured into all sorts of cakes, biscuits, breads, soups, griddle cakes, etc., and is well suited to persons with impaired digestive organs.

The residue of the nut, that is, the shell, is said to make a food for live stock that is much more nourishing than bran or cotton seed hull. Thus no part of the nut is wasted, but all is turned to profit.

The statement that Marseilles imports yearly \$5,000,000 worth of peanuts from Africa and India gives some idea of the magnitude of this industry that America is so well suited to foster. No country in the world is better adapted to the raising of peanuts than the South Atlantic States. The crops have been steadily increasing during recent years, and a great development is looked for in the immediate future.

#### Stepped It Off.

It is a commonly accepted theory that a man steps three feet, and many a tract of land has been "stepped off" instead of measured with a chain. In the West they obviate the difficulties of surveys by the land being divided into sections, but in Pennsylvania much of the property, especially in the mountains, must still be described by metes and bounds.

In one of the counties in western Pennsylvania are two brothers, one of whom is tall and lank, the other short and fat. Many years ago they purchased a tract of mountain land, calling for a mile square. They divided the labor of measuring it, one stepping off one side, the other the other side. Then they fenced it in and were perfectly satisfied until recently, when suit was brought to recover a considerable tract of land. Each brother swore that he knew the measurement to be right and told him it had been done. Then, as the spectators saw the short legs of the one, scarcely long enough to reach the floor when he sat in a chair, and the elongated proportions of the other, there was a general laugh, in which the judge and attorney joined. Upon surveying it was found that one line was a mile and a half long and the other only a little over half a mile.

#### The Story of a Poem.

One of the most touching poems on prison life ever written was from the pen of Colonel H. C. Parsons, a gifted lawyer and railroad promoter, who died last June at his home in Virginia.

Previous to moving to Virginia Colonel Parsons defended a young man who was accused of murder. The evidence was seemingly entirely against the prisoner, but his counsel was firm in his belief of his innocence, and, though the necessary evidence to make that fact plain was not brought out at the trial, the Colonel succeeded in making the jury feel as he did, and a verdict for acquittal was rendered.

The young man had been in jail for several weeks, and, after the congratulations at his release were over, his counsel asked him: "Well, how does it feel to be free?" What the young man's answer was no one but the Colonel knew, but he was inspired by it to write a very beautiful poem, which was at the time of its first publication very widely copied.

#### A Check to Diphtheria.

Dr. Dixey, in his paper on the vital statistics of diphtheria in London, speaking of the antitoxin treatment, asserted with confidence that the diphtheria mortality of the metropolis has received a considerable check, which it is difficult to attribute to any other cause than the introduction of the serum treatment. This conclusion of his is, of course, directly at variance with that arrived at by Dr. Lennox Browne, to which we recently referred in this column. Dr. Gordon Sharp contributed a valuable paper on the soil in relation to diphtheria and its organism, in which he arrives at the conclusion that diphtheria would appear to be endemic in certain districts; that soils organically laden, and with an impervious sub-soil, may become favorable breeding grounds for the bacilli, but that deep drainage would appear to render such soils innocuous.