

The Little Blind Girl Did Not Think of Being Unhappy. A personal experience of Governor Odell of New York, recorded in the Tribune, illustrates anew how often he soul encompassed by infirmity shows the compensating secret of happiness.



MOVABLE POULTRY FENCE.

Wagon and especially if the sections were of greater dimensions than those given, to run a brace from corner to corner diagonally to give additional stiffness.

The next day, when the Governor was in Buffalo, he bought the biggest doll he could find and sent it to Ruth. A few days later he got a letter of thanks.

AN ACROBATIC PRAYER.

How the Hindu Appeals to Providence for Rain. The Hindu indulges in many curious practices. His religious rites are unique and some of them are to Christian eyes ludicrous.



PRAYING FOR RAIN.

which is herewith depicted. The suppliant is tied to a bar, head downward, and tight cords around his legs.

A Law Abiding Citizen.

Representative Hull of Iowa sent home garden seeds to a constituent last spring. They came from the Department of Agriculture and were enclosed in one of the regular franked government envelopes.

A few days later Hull received a letter from his constituent which read: 'Dear Mr. Hull—I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is three hundred dollars fine for private use.'

Newspaper in the Far North.

There is only one newspaper which is published in the arctic circle, and that is the Nourlanstet, or Eastern Star, which is issued once a week at Rigerford, in the extreme north of Norway.

Money and Votes.

'Money and votes are the only things that count in politics,' said the positive person. 'That may be true,' replied the comparatively wise individual.

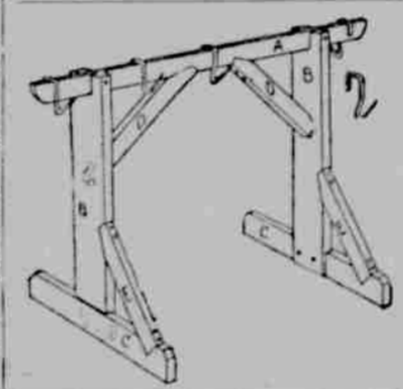
FARMS AND FARMERS

A Handy Hog Scaffold. In my visits to many farm houses in this country I noted many homemade scaffolds on which to hang hogs after they are killed and scalded.

One can buy five large hooks, or have a blacksmith make them, at a very small cost; these are to hook over the beam, A, on which to hang the hogs.

All that is required to put this scaffold together are two 4-in. bolts, 5 inches long, to bolt the beam, A, to the upright pieces, B, and sixteen 6-penny nails and two bolts 3 inches long to hold B to C at bottom.

Some time ago it was shown that one weakness of the present oleomargarine law, the use of some ingredient which made it possible to avoid the law against the use of coloring matter.



The man behind the cow. Don't dose your cow or dog until you know what is the trouble. Treating the symptoms should be most cautiously done.

Picking Poultry for Market. Poultry shipped for market alive, lose considerable of their weight in transit, and while there is a demand for poultry in this condition that must be met.

Ginseng a Dubious Venture. Ginseng culture has been discussed by farmers for some time, but very little is known of the plant.

The Pestilent Sparrow. Even in youth not much more than half the food of the sparrow consists of insects, and this brief period passed its diet afterwards consists of three-fourths grain and useful seeds.

Salt and Charcoal. Salt and charcoal should be kept in reach of hogs at all times, says Ten nessee Farmer. They will help them selves when their systems require it.

Start in a Small Way. Most of the failures in trying to operate poultry farms have been brought about by trying to keep too many fowls at first.

Wintering Cabbages for Family Use. Cabbages that winter best are those that are fully formed and not overripe.

and entered the drawing room of the castle. There a surprise, indeed, awaited her, in the presence of Robert Glendinning.

'Very well,' returned the young girl, gravely, taking the seat he offered her. 'Why do you leave?'

'The death of my uncle has, of course, deprived my sister and myself of our care and guardianship. As the title and estate now fall to his younger brother, Fitzroy, the present incumbent must be removed and leave the hall, to be occupied or not, by the new baronet, as he sees fit.'

Here the young man paused, greatly embarrassed for a proper conclusion to the sentence he had commenced.

'Miss Ethel, I come this morning to lay before you a proposition that I hope will meet with your sanction. I must first, however, express to you my deep regrets for the offensive manner in which I used to treat you.'

'You are hasty in thus answering,' interrupted the lover. 'You surely cannot thus foretell what your feelings would be under such different auspices.'

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'None whatever,' was the firm reply. 'Miss Nevergill, believe me, as long as I live I shall regret having made your residence at the hall so disagreeable.'

'For which I am very grateful,' kindly returned the young girl. 'If ever, as a friend, I can serve you in any manner, will you allow me to do so?'

'That is not quite decided, but I will leave it with the postmaster of this place. And now, thanking you for your kind forgiveness, although feeling deeply my unrequited love, I will bid you farewell.'

The residence of this gentleman was unknown, but it was believed that he went to America, therefore every effort was to be made by the proper ones to discover his retreat, in order to make known to him the honors that awaited his acceptance.

All united in feeling that, although acquitted by law of any knowledge of his unhappy brother's fate, circumstances still looked very dark where he was concerned.

That Was Long Ago. Some fanciful stories are being circulated about Joseph Chamberlain and his oratorical powers as a youth.

CHAPTER XIX. 'Miss Nevergill,' said Andrew, a pompous footman at Castle Cairn, as he knocked at the door of Lady Linwood's boudoir, and was bidden to enter.

'Do you know him?' queried Ethel. 'I cannot call his name, yet I have often seen him.'

'It is of no consequence. I will be with him presently,' returned the governess, as she resumed her book, and continued the lesson she was giving her charge.

On no account would she neglect a duty for any person whatever. When the task was finished, and not until then, she descended the grand broad stairway,

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of 'ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,' 'GLENROY,' 'THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

But the road seemed very rough. Great ruts had been made in the earth, softened by the long rain, and these caused her to trip and fall twice.

Dr. Eifenstein had come into the country, after his call at the baronet's, to visit a rather critical case, and did not return until quite late.

He had reached his home, given his horse to the man in waiting, and then turned to enter his door. But what was this he saw lying in a heap upon the porch? Stopping to discover if it might not be a large, strange dog, his fingers came in contact with a human hand.

Throwing open the door with his latchkey, the light from the hall revealed Ethel Nevergill's pale, unconscious face to his astonished gaze.

'Ethel, here senseless! Oh, my darling, my darling!' he murmured, as he lifted her in his arms and bore her to the parlor sofa.

Placing her there, he ran to the foot of the stairs and called Mrs. Clum to his assistance. With joy, at last, they saw her eyes open; but the cry of pain that followed filled both with surprise.

'My arm! my arm!' she cried. 'You hurt my arm! I cannot stir my hand or arm, and fear it is broken. I came here to show it to you.'

'Then it was hurt before you left the Hall?' returned the doctor, passing his hand over the useless member, in order to see the nature of the injury.

'In order to replace it, I fear I must cause you pain. It will be impossible for you to go out again in this storm, therefore Mrs. Clum, my housekeeper, must prepare you a room, and you will remain here to-night. After she has made you comfortable in your bed, I must replace the bones, and then you must keep perfectly quiet, or, after all this excitement, you will be thrown into a fever.'

Giving Mrs. Clum several instructions, he saw her leave the room to prepare one for poor Ethel's reception; then, and not until then, he bent over the sofa where she lay, and asked her in a low voice:

'Why did you not tell me this, instead of coming out in the storm, when I was at the Hall this evening?'

'I did not know you were there, and could not have seen you if I had known it. Sir Reginald flew into a furious passion as soon as he saw me to-day, and bade me instantly leave his house.'

'Miss Nevergill, how was your arm dislocated? and what means the mark of those fingers, which I see upon the surface?'

'Do not ask me, doctor, for I cannot tell you.'

'Well, if you cannot tell me that, why did Sir Reginald bid you leave his house?'

'I cannot tell you,' was still her only reply.

'Was it for any willful fault you had committed?'

'No! oh, no! I had met with an accident the nature of which I cannot explain. In short, I had, without intending it, neglected a duty he had charged me with on the day of my fright by the railroad. My nervousness then caused me to forget something. He had just discovered it and flew in a rage.'

'Then the brute seized your arm and gave it this wrench? You need not tell me, child, I know it by instinct. It is well I was not there, for one reason.'

'Why?'

'I should have struck him as he lay helpless in bed. I could not have helped it! But you are safe now; he shall never touch you again. Stay here, of course, until you are well; then a place will be provided, never far! Promise me one thing now, which is, not to worry about the future. Leave everything of that nature for time and Providence to make plain, and try to compose yourself in order to recover the sooner. Will you do this?'

He took her well hand kindly, almost tenderly, as he spoke; and, meeting his anxious, beseeching gaze bent upon her, she blushed faintly and gave the required promise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

That night an urgent call came for the doctor. It was to attend a rich and capricious patient whom he had formerly known in the village, but now very ill at a town nearly a hundred miles away.

Before he departed, Eifenstein saw to it that Ethel's arm was well cared for. Leaving explicit instructions as to her case with Mrs. Clum, he left home, expecting to return the next day.

But in this he was disappointed. His patient was quite ill; he insisted on the doctor remaining constantly at his side, and policy and real concern for him kept her away for nearly two weeks.

A vast surprise greeted Eifenstein when he returned home—a perfect series of them, in fact. During his absence two very important things had occurred. Sir Reginald had died suddenly, death probably being hastened by his recent great excitement, and Ethel was no longer an inmate of the doctor's home.

Mrs. Clum told him how the young girl had remained two days. Her arm had come to rights quickly. The death of Sir Reginald had shocked her, and, she seemed nervous, worried, eager to get away from the scenes that had horrified her.

'It is of no consequence. I will be with him presently,' returned the governess, as she resumed her book, and continued the lesson she was giving her charge.

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