

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULK," "GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Doctor," now quizzed Mr. Lee, "what course is next to be pursued?"

"We must go to the porter's lodge, on the premises—I think the keeper is still here—get the keys of the hall, and investigate the roomed part, with its concealed room. If we find all as here said, we must at once publish the facts, far and wide. I should also reach the servants, who probably are still here, and open the house; and from his own home bury the real baronet. All these years a false baron has reigned in his stead."

The gentlemen acquiesced in the plan, and silently wended their way to the now deserted hall. They did not take the front entrance to the grounds, but gained it by a shorter route, emerging at the rear of the house, and so passing unseen the clump of bushes, behind which as the entrance previously used by Dr. Menstein.

Once in the corridor, they hastened to the end near the tower stairs, and there side open, exposed to view through still barred panels and displaced shelves, lay the concealed room which for twenty-five years had held poor Sir Arthur's prisoner. Just as the journal had described it.

Every link was now perfect! The horrible tale was true! If further confirmation was needed, it was at hand, in the shape of the one note written by Reginald to his brother, when he had given him pen, ink and paper, at his earnest request. This note fell from a book that Mr. Lee picked from the table. Lawyer Huntley knew the writing at once, as he had often received notes from the false baronet, in relation to legal matters.

Having discovered all that could be done that day, the three gentlemen wended their way from the place, and after returning to their homes for their evening meals, they all decided to meet at the village inn, and there make known the contents of the mysterious wallet.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was the morning after the events related in the last chapter had taken place. That Ethel sat alone in Lady Clair's room, her private boudoir, apparently engaged with some pretty fancy work, but in reality more occupied with her own sad thoughts than the needlework.

During the weeks she had been in this place everything had been done to promote her happiness. She was ever treated with the greatest kindness, and by Lady Clair with true affection. She had entered into all her pupil's pleasures with seeming sympathy when her soul was even most cast down. How beautiful everything looked to her weary eyes as she sat them from the window! How full the air was of fragrance, from flowers and bush, and how merrily a starling was singing from the branches of an old elm tree near by! But this innocent glee awoke no answering echo in her own heart; there all was desolation and sorrow.

She felt so lonely in her youth—so mother, aunt, relative near in whom to find sympathy and love. Yes, who was sterner alone, and would be until claimed by an unknown father, and when she might be cheered by the love of one true heart, her misfortunes had alienated its respect, and all she could do was to constantly battle with her own self, and strive to overcome the unfortunate attachment that was wearing upon her health and spirits.

Today, the more she resolved to forget this man, the more she studied over his coldness, and the more fondly she remembered him, and told herself it was her own want of frankness and the suspicious circumstances in which he had found her placed, that had shaken his confidence in her integrity, and merited only his scorn. But, bound as she had been to solemn secrecy, she could not conceive how she could have acted differently, and she felt convinced that, in order to be true to the trust imposed upon her, she had done no wrong.

So deep had been her reverie that she heard no bell, no opening door, no sound, and not until the words, "Miss Nevergill, I hope I do not interrupt you," fell upon her ear did she dream that she was not alone.

Starting to her feet, she turned to face Dr. Eifenstein. She would have extended her hand and welcomed him joyfully at his grave, almost stern looks deterred her, and as he offered no further greeting, she merely assured him she was perfectly at leisure, and then wheeled up a large easy chair for his use.

Not noticing the latter, however, the doctor took a lighter one, and placing it opposite the one she had resumed, said, as he sat down:

"I am glad to find you alone, as my business is important, and concerns no one but ourselves. The footman told me at the door that the family were absent, and I would find you here."

"They are absent for the day, and, therefore, I am at your service."

"The nature of my business, I fear, may startle you, but I feel that I ought not to forego it on that account. I shall be obliged to ask you several questions that you may dislike to answer, but Miss Nevergill, allow me to say, as a preface, that perfect frankness on your part will be the best in the end. Certain things, lately transpiring, have led me to regret exceedingly that I did not use my own judgment in the corridor at Glendenning Hall, and search for the cause of our flight. I came to talk with you a little upon your career while in that house, and you, as I suppose, any especial reason for not wishing that candle lighted, and a search made?"

Now Ethel she knew not what course to take now to regain his esteem. Certain she could only falter, while a blushing blush stained cheek and brow; but, but I cannot explain it."

"And you intended to tell the reason?"

"I intended, doctor. Serve for what I know, I am sure, in the tower, I have no more to say."

"But you certainly are a very different person from the one I took you to be," was the cold reply. "Miss Nevergill, allow me to tell you that a more infamous crime was never committed than the one you, an innocent appearing young girl, aided and abetted by your help while in that sin-stained house."

"Doctor Eifenstein!" exclaimed Ethel, rising to her feet, surprise and horror bleeding together on each of her beautiful features, and wonder and dismay settling in her large hazel eyes; "what is this you are saying to me? If I understand aright, you are accusing me of being an accessory to some dark crime! Speak! Did I understand you to mean this?"

"You surely did."

"Then, sir," returned the indignant girl, drawing up her slight figure to its full height, while a quiescent dignity reigned in each motion, even though every particle of color left both cheek and lip, "then, sir, all I shall say in reply is that you accuse me falsely, and in doing so you cease to be my friend!"

"But, Miss Nevergill, reflect one moment. Had I not been your friend I should wish no explanation. I am your friend, while I desire to be sure of your innocence. You say, and I rejoice to hear you affirm it, that you are guiltless. Will you not relieve my mind of these doubts by telling me frankly the nature of your occupation while at the hall?"

Clasping her hands together in anguish, the poor girl only answered: "Would that I might, but I cannot!"

"Then, Miss Nevergill, I shall be obliged to tell you all that has been discovered, and that your horrible secret is known."

"O, thank heaven! Can it be possible! Please go on, for I am anxious to hear all you know, but dare not utter one word!" exclaimed Ethel.

"You must learn then, that your night's work was to carry food to a certain concealed room, place it upon revolving shelves, and—"

"Doctor, you do indeed know all; then now am I free to speak, as no secret will be revealed by me? Those shelves were knocked over, and the ape escaped that night. It was his dreadful howl that so frightened us. Tell me, has the animal been recaptured, and returned to the owner?"

"Ape? Owner?" queried the doctor, surprise illuminating each one of his speaking features. "What can you mean?"

"Yes; Sir Reginald said it was a kind never before seen of that species. He was keeping it concealed, until the owner returned with other extraordinary curiosities, he was abroad collecting. When he did return, all were to be exhibited. The fact that he kept its existence a secret, and made me take a solemn oath never to reveal it, was certainly no crime. It was absurd, and the absurdity sprang from a love of money, but in consenting to preserve the creature's life by giving him food, during his lordship's illness, I did it only because he was nervous, and seemed to worry so much over its helplessness. I saw nothing wrong in it, and as it was not sinful, I am not ashamed of it."

While she thus spoke, a change, indeed, came over her listener. Surprise gave place to hope, hope to joy, and as the last words were uttered, the doctor had risen and clasped both her hands in his, while he exclaimed:

"I see it all now! I have been rash, harsh and cruel in my judgment, and scarcely dare ask you to forgive me. But I must be forgiven, or I can never rest."

"You are forgiven. But let me hear how this animal was discovered, and also how he looks? As I fed him so long, and he frightened me so terribly, I should be one of the first to know."

"You shall hear the whole story at once. Come to the sofa, dear Ethel, and let me hold your hand in token of peace, being fully established between us. First, then, let me say you were deceived. The man calling himself Sir Reginald Glendenning concealed an infamous lie for your benefit, when he told you that an animal was concealed in that room. It was no ape, but his own poor brother, Sir Arthur, whom for twenty-five years he held chained to the floor alone, dead to the world, in that horrible prison."

"Oh, doctor, doctor! can this be true?" exclaimed the poor girl, shuddering deeply at his words. "Did I indeed push that wretched food to a human being? It is too terrible to believe! I cannot endure the thought!"

"You did; but be calm, for heaven ordered it to be so. Remember that, and that through you he obtained a knife, which aided him at last to escape."

"Never can I forget the anxiety I felt, after committing what I then thought a terrible blunder. I feared the ape would kill himself. When he escaped that night I knew after a few minutes that it was the supposed animal, and fearing the discovery of its existence through my means, I prevented you from examining the place. I had taken a solemn vow never to reveal his being in life, neither the fact of a concealed room."

Ethel then went over her whole experience while at the hall, to which Dr. Eifenstein listened with intense interest, ending with Sir Reginald's rough usage when she was dismissed, to which he also listened with fierce indignation.

When Dr. Eifenstein, in return, told his listener that Rev. Edwin C. Stiles and Sir Arthur were one, her amazement knew no bounds, and with breathless interest she listened to the whole tragic story.

"What has been done with the body?"

"It was taken to Glendenning Hall this morning, where it lies in state. The servants all returned, and I have loaned Mrs. Clair to the place until I come back from America, as while absent my cottage will be closed."

"Are you going to leave us, doctor?" murmured his companion, in dismay, as she heard these words, and he felt the hand he still held tremble and grow cold in his clasp.

"I must, for a very short time. I shall

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the whereabouts of the younger brother Fitzroy, who was so many years regarded as the murderer. This gentleman sent me here to clear his name from this foul calumny. To-day I see it unstained, and as he is now the baronet, and a great invalid, I go to bring him back in triumph to his home. Poor gentleman! his days are numbered, but with care and attention I feel that he can reach the home of his boyhood in safety; but there must be no delay. A vessel leaves Liverpool to-morrow, and in it I must take passage, if possible, in order, as a medical man, to look after his health in this, to him, eventful voyage."

"Yes, now," resumed Earle Eifenstein, "I have fulfilled my trust, and can carry to him the most blessed news the poor man could hear in this world. Ethel—let me call you Ethel this once—I, too, know what it is to take a solemn vow, for I took one at the bedside of Mr. Rappelye, the name assumed by my employer, to this effect: I would dedicate myself to this cause, and in order to do this, I would allow nothing to interfere with this, my work. Even at the outset I had a temptation to swerve from this promise set before me. It was on the ocean when I saw a sweet, young girl alone, with a great sorrow and anxiety. Oh! how I longed to take this young traveler into my arms and bid her rest in my care, my love. Now I am free to yield to that blessed feeling, and I thus joyfully avow it, and ask if it meets a return. Speak to me, dearest," he added, as he passed his arm around her slight form and drew her tenderly towards him: "is this dear girl to be my darling—my own sweet wife?"

For one moment the bowed head rested on his shoulder, then as he met no resistance it was raised, and kiss after kiss was pressed upon the ripe, red lips that murmured softly:

"Yes; your darling; yours forever and ever."

(To be continued.)

PIANOS IN GERMANY.

Enormous Product of Fine Instruments at Half the American Price.

E. L. Harris, United States commercial agent at Elbenstock, Germany, has lately transmitted to the State Department in Washington, some interesting information on the subject of the piano industry in Germany. Among other things he says:

"The manufacture of pianos in Germany has reached a state of perfection attained by no other nation. Admitting that in other countries particular firms produce instruments which in every respect are equal to the best German make, it is claimed that as an industry, considering the number of factories and the high exports to nearly every country in the world, the manufacturers of this empire are a long distance in advance of all their rivals. In spite of the enormous sale of pianos every year within the limits of the empire, the manufacturers are dependent upon the markets of foreign countries for the sale of fully one-half of the number produced. The success of the German piano is due to the fact that they are cheap, comparatively speaking. Two hundred and fifty dollars will buy a very fine piano in this country. The construction is always special with the latest art designs, special attention being paid to the wood-work; they not only present an elegant appearance, but are solid and durable."

With this introduction Mr. Harris goes on to state that there are 435 piano factories in Germany, which manufacture 80,000 instruments annually. Of this number 140 are located in Berlin, 27 in Stuttgart, 21 in Dresden, 16 in Leipzig, 15 in Hamburg, 10 in Leipzig, 9 in Zeltz, and the remaining 107 in Munich, Halle, and Brunswick. In the past 20 years the export of pianos from Germany has increased from \$1,900,000 to \$6,110,000 annually. Great Britain is at present Germany's best customer, buying 40 per cent of the total exports, although prior to 1890 the Argentine Republic, which now ranks second, was the best market for German pianos. Belgium ranks next after Great Britain and Argentina, and then comes Australia, which takes \$1,000,000 worth of German pianos annually. Russia, \$1,000,000 worth and Holland \$1,000,000, Brazil, Norway, Sweden, South Africa and Chile coming next in order. Mr. Harris also tells us that Germany is a large manufacturer of stringed instruments, the chief factories being located in the towns of Markneukirchen, Klingenthal, Mittewald, and Johanngeorgenstadt. The first named town sold \$684,000 worth of violins, mandolins, etc., to the United States last year.

"The manufacturer of the different parts of stringed instruments," he states, "is carried on chiefly in the worker's own home."

Hero Without Honor.

An anecdote about Gen. Miles concerns an innocent professional. It was in an up-town hotel. A number of men were gathered around listening to the speaker, a slender and rather magnetic man.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was in the midst of it at Santiago?"

"Were the Spaniards good fighters?"

"Rather. But I took five or them unaided—officers, too—in Cuba, and two more in Porto Rico."

"May I ask you are you?" inquired the general.

"Yes, indeed. I'm Mr. Glinedinst, the photographer, from Washington, and I took you, too, in Porto Rico."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cotton in Rhodesia.

It has been found, through extended experiments, that Rhodesia can produce first-class cotton, which will command the highest price in Liverpool.

Church of Noisy Dams.

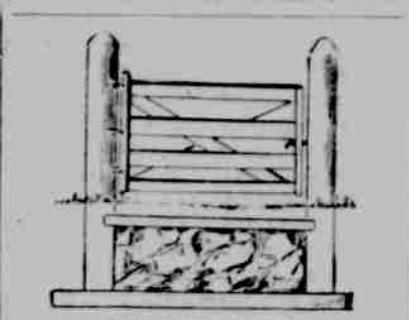
The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is now lighted by electricity.

As men grow wealthy they begin to inquire into their ancestry.



Bracing a Sagging Gate.

The plan of preventing gates from sagging, shown in the illustration, is one of the best used. It has the merit of being cheap and decidedly effectual. As will be noticed from the drawing, the posts are sunk in the ground two feet or more, and the ends set into a heavy sill. This is best done by mortising the sill. Both posts and sill should be well covered with tar to prevent rapid decay. On this sill is then built a wall of stones to within eight inches or a foot of the surface of the ground, and on this wall is laid a heavy piece of studding which is spiked to the posts. In the absence of stones, braces



of heavy studding may be run from the bottom of each post next to the sill up to the top piece of studding; the stone wall, as suggested, makes the stronger foundation. Built in the manner indicated, the gate will work for years without sagging.—Indianapolis News.

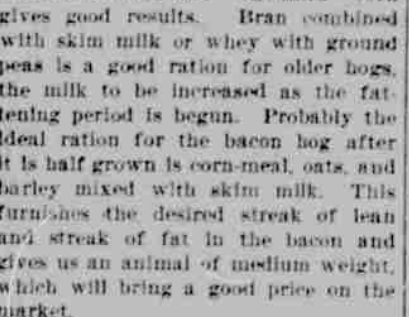
Raising Hogs for Bacon.

The demand for bacon hogs, a streak of lean and a streak of fat, is increasing yearly. Consumers are less inclined than ever to eat fat bacon and their demands must be met if one desires to make the maximum of profit in hog raising. True, the demand for heavy hogs is great and will continue, but such animals do not bring the good prices that are had for the bacon hog. Little has been heard of the Tamworth, the ideal bacon hog, of late and mainly because breeders have found that the bacon hog is more a matter of proper feeding than of breed. The Tamworths seem peculiarly suited to feeding for bacon at the lowest cost, though any breed can be properly fed and at comparatively small cost.

For the growing pigs a ration of two-thirds oats and one-third corn gives good results. Bran combined with skim milk or whey with ground peas is a good ration for older hogs; the milk to be increased as the fattening period is begun. Probably the ideal ration for the bacon hog after it is half grown is corn-meal, oats, and barley mixed with skim milk. This furnishes the desired streak of lean and streak of fat in the bacon and gives us an animal of medium weight, which will bring a good price on the market.

A Swing Stanchion.

A stanchion which will swing sideways and not forward and back has been asked for by a subscriber. The



accompanying illustration shows how it can be made. This is an ordinary chain hanging swing stanchion, with blocks on the floor and from the cross-piece above on each side, to prevent the forward and back swing. This will allow it to move sideways. Rather than go to this trouble, why not tie the cattle by the neck.—Farm and Home.

The Pest of Wild Carrot.

The wild carrot is causing the farmers a great deal of difficulty. It is increasing in many sections. In a bulletin issued by the Maine Experiment Station it is stated that as this weed is a biennial plant, if it can be prevented from going to seed for a term of two years, it will be eradicated. This would mean mowing it as often as it came into bloom, two or three times in the season. Some have been quite successful in killing it out by pasturing the fields with sheep. Cows do not like curly hay. Horses will eat it, even if containing a very large proportion of the weed. But it injures health and spirit if fed to excess.

Saving Tomato Peels.

Discard large, gross fruits, which, although they contain a number of seeds, generally produce a large proportion of rough tomatoes. Having chosen good specimens, squeeze out the seeds into a vessel, and stand in a warm place. In a few days the mass will have undergone fermentation, and pulp and seeds will have separated.

Cleanse thoroughly by throwing the whole into a large basin and adding water, skimming off the skins and pulp and any seeds which rise to the surface. Afterwards dry the seeds in the sun, sprinkle with sulphur and store in a dry place.

Crimson Clover.

In almost any section the best plan for sowing crimson clover is to sow it during the last cultivation of the corn or, if necessary to cover it properly, make an extra cultivation and harrow the seed in well if the weather is at all dry. Use the best seed obtainable, and, if possible, obtain American-grown seed, using, under average conditions, fifteen pounds of seed to the acre. According to locality, crimson clover may be sown during July and August, and even in sections where it partially winter kills it may be considered as valuable to the soil, for it will make sufficient growth from the time of sowing to frost time to be worth all it cost for plowing under in the spring. The writer has a strip of ground on which he has worked patiently for five years to get a stand of clover, and only the last year was the work successful; yet we feel that the portion turned under in the spring which passed safely through the winter, was worth to the soil all it cost.

Wentworth's War with Sheep Dogs.

A friend was telling me a day or so ago that when a boy he lived near Old "Long John" Wentworth, of Chicago, who at one time kept a number of sheep on his lands near that village. He said that once when he had some of them killed by dogs he had his help go round and see some of the dog owners and they all reported that they "kept their dogs in the house."

"Very well," says John, "it may be wolves, and we'll put out poison," and he did so, but got dogs galore, as they were up against the deadly stuff in the middle of the night, when they should have been in their accustomed places holding down the bed clothes to the feet of their humane owners. "Old John" went further, and if the wolves were in it, got them also. Catching a young one, he put it with some dogs having the mange, inoculating it thoroughly. He turned it loose and it wasn't long until they, too, were "good" dead ones.—Upland Letter in Indiana Farmer.

Cheap Way to Subsoil.

Have your blacksmith make you an iron foot from an old wagon tire, in shape as you see in cut. Bore a small hole through beam in your two-horse plow, behind where the upright joint beam, at A, also, have a fork made in the brace, so one hole through the beam will be sufficient. Then have a clamp made, B, with threads cut on each end so you can tighten; this clamp to be placed just in front of cross bar between handles. By using iron wedges you can set to any depth desired. Use a 7 or 8 inch shovel on this foot as you would on common single stock.—W. T. Oliver in Epitomist.

Hungarian Grass.

Hungarian grass is a good crop to sow late for fodder. Like millet, it will produce a heavy crop on good land, and can be cured and housed so as to keep with less trouble than fodder corn, and many prefer it, though not as much weight can probably be obtained from an acre as from corn. Hungarian grass grows rapidly and can be fed green like corn or be dried for winter use. If sown thinly, the stalks are stout and somewhat woody, but if sowed very thickly it will be shorter and will not support its own weight. There is a medium, however, and one should seek to strike it. This crop can be raised on sod land from which a crop of grass has been taken if the season is favorable. It likes warm weather. Fine crops have been raised from seed sown as late as July. It is better to use some fertilizer if the seed is sown late or on any land that is not already in good condition.

Fruit from Africa.

One of the interesting exhibits that may be seen in the horticultural department at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis next year will be the fruits from South Africa. The managers of fruit farms of the late Cecil Rhodes, at Cape Town, have announced their intention of placing fresh fruits on exhibition each week. Even in London this feat has never been undertaken. South African plums have been on sale in New York, Boston and other markets the past winter, and no reason appears why the proposed exhibition should not be a success, with the help of cold storage.

Philippine Gardening.

Recent attempts to raise garden vegetables in the Philippine Islands have met with brilliant success in the case of eggplant, tomatoes and peppers, white beets, turnips, lettuce, endives, spinach, and radishes do fairly well. Many other kinds were tried without much success. Grapes and some other fruits promise well, and there is some hope for new industries in cotton, jute, and coffee.

The "Dairy Shark."

J. A. Crockett, dairyman, Utah Agricultural College, has recently sent out warning to the butter makers of his State against a "dairy shark" who is disposing of a process whereby he claims the yield of butter is increased from 50 to 100 per cent in excess of that made in the ordinary manner. Some old fraud that bobs up now and again. All farmers and dairymen should leave all such fellows and their "process" alone.—Dairy and Creamery.

Not So Easily Fooled.

"Fine wasn't it?" exclaimed Clifton, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance. "That was really clever, eh?"

"Oh, shucks!" replied Clifton's country cousin. "He didn't fool me a little bit. That's one o' them trick acts. He didn't really swell it!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Ancient Sage.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Philadelphia Press.

The man who is always telling how much more work he does than his associates, should be watched. Screw loose somewhere.

GREAT MARKET OF EUROPE.

It Takes One-Half of the American Manufactured Products.

"Our Manufacturers in the Markets of the World," is the title of an interesting article by O. P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, which appears in the North American Review. Among the astonishing facts connected with the marvelous increase in our exports of manufactures is, that one-half of our exports of manufactures went to Europe; that one-fourth went to that great manufacturing country, the United Kingdom, and that nearly one-half of the total went to British territory. The share of the total exports of the United States represented by manufactures has steadily increased—has increased, indeed out of all proportion to the great increase in our export generally. The exportation of manufactures has increased even in larger proportion than the production of manufactures. In an effort to estimate the probability of the United States' continuing to export manufactured products in large quantities, Mr. Austin asks two questions—namely, whether the manufactures we export are of a class which the world will continue to require as a part of its daily life, and whether these manufactures are composed of a class of material of which we have plentiful supplies. To both of these questions Mr. Austin gives a reply in the affirmative, quoting the statistics on which he relies in doing so. Mr. Austin calls attention to the opportunity lying before the United States for vastly increasing the exportation of manufactured products:

"But there are still other worlds to conquer. While we have more than quadrupled our exportation of manufactures since 1880 and outgrown all other nations of the world in their production during that same period, we are still supplying but 10 per cent of the manufactures which enter into the international commerce of the world. The value of manufactures exported from all the countries of production, and in turn imported by some other country or countries, amounts to about \$4,000,000,000 annually, the share which we supply of this grand total being only about \$400,000,000 annually. Of this \$4,000,000,000 worth of manufactures which enter into international commerce the United Kingdom furnishes about one-fourth, Germany one-fifth, France one-eighth, and the United States one-tenth. About three-fourths of this great mass of manufactures which enter into international commerce are composed of iron and steel, copper and cotton, of which we are the world's largest producers, and for the manufacture of which we have facilities at least equal to those of any other country; while in other classes of manufactures our productive powers are developing at a rate which promises that we may with confidence enter the field of international competition."

FIRST RURAL DELIVERY.

It Proved Highly Profitable for "Extra Billy" Smith.

In view of the recent disclosures in the Post Office Department, says the Washington Post, it is an interesting fact that the idea of rural free delivery was originated as far back as the administration of Martin Van Buren and that the route was between Washington and Millsedgeville, Ga. The originator of the idea was a prominent young attorney practicing at Culpeper courthouse, Va., named William Smith. He became interested in the scheme and soon grew to be an extensive mail contractor. In those early days the mail routes were, in many instances, little more than bridle paths, over which the Uncle Sam's post was transported on horseback.

"With an eye on the main chance," says Ben Perley Poore, in "Perley's Reminiscences," "and with a laudable desire to extend the mail facilities of Virginia, Mr. Smith managed to secure a large number of 'expeditions' through Parson Obadiah Bruin Brown, commonly called 'Parson Obadiah Bruin Reeswax Brown,' the superintendent of the contract office of the Post Office Department."

"In place of the horseback system stage lines would be substituted, and this service would be frequently 'expedited' without much of a view to 'productiveness' from one trip to three or six trips a week. All of these expeditions were noted by stars (***) at the bottom of Smith's vouchers, which, interpreted, meant 'extra allowance.'"

"So frequently did these stars appear in the Virginia contractor's accounts that he soon came to be known in the Post Office Department as 'Extra Billy' Smith, and it adhered to him in after life when he became a member of the House of Representatives and afterward Governor of Virginia."

Not So Easily Fooled.

"Fine wasn't it?" exclaimed Clifton, after the trombone soloist had finished his star performance. "That was really clever, eh?"

"Oh, shucks!" replied Clifton's country cousin. "He didn't fool me a little bit. That's one o' them trick acts. He didn't really swell it!"—Philadelphia Press.

The Ancient Sage.

"After all, it's the wise man who can change his opinion."

"But the wisest men simply can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because they've been dead for years."—Philadelphia Press.

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