

"OUT OF THY LIFE."

"Out of thy life," could I but find
Where the waters of Lethe run,
Like some pilgrim of old with silver or gold,
I would journey from sun to sun.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

He was a young man on whom, at the highest point of lovely exaltation, there had fallen a blow too sharp to be supported alone; and not many hundred yards away his greatest friend was sitting at supper; eye, and even expecting him. Was it not in the nature of man that he should run there? He went in quest of sympathy

—in quest of that droll article that we all suppose ourselves to want when in a strait, and have agreed to call advice; and he went, besides, with vague but rather splendid expectations of relief. Alan was rich, or would be so when he came of age. By a stroke of the pen he might remedy this misfortune, and avert that dreaded interview with Mr. Nicholson, from which John now shrank in imagination as the hand draws back from fire.

Cross under the Calton Hill there runs a certain narrow avenue, part street, part by-road. The head of it faces the doors of the prison; its tail descends into the sunless slums of Low Calton. On one hand it is overhung by the crags of the hill; on the other by an old graveyard. Between these two the roadway runs in a trench, sparsely lighted at night, sparsely frequented by day and bordered, when it was cleared the place tombs, by dingy and ambiguous houses.

One of these was the house of Colette, and at his door our ill-starred John was presently beating for admittance. In an evil hour he gratified the inquiries of the contraband hotel-keeper; in an evil hour he penetrated into a somewhat unsavory interior. Alan, to be sure, was there, seated in a room lighted by noisy gas-jets, beside a dirty table-cloth, engaged on a course meal, and in the company of several tipsy members of the junior bar. But Alan was not sober; he had lost a thousand pounds on a horse-race, had received the news at dinner-time, and was now, in default of any possible means of extrication, drowning the memory of his predicament. He to help John! The thing was impossible; he couldn't help himself.

"If you have a beast of a father," said he, "I can tell you I have a brute of a trustee." "I'm not going to hear my father called a beast," said John, with a beating heart, feeling that he risked the last sound rivet of the chain that bound him to life. But Alan was quite good-natured. "All right, old fellow," said he. "Moss' respectable man, your father." And he introduced his friend to his companions as "old Nicholson, the what-d'ye-call-'em son."

John sat in dumb agony. Colette's fowl walls and maculate table linen, and even down to Colette's villainous casters, seemed like objects in a nightmare. And just then there came a knock and a scurrying; the police, so lamentably absent from the Calton Hill, appeared upon the scene, and the party, taken flagrante delicto, with their glasses at their elbow, were seized, marched up to the police office, and all duly summoned to appear as witnesses in the subsequent case against the arch-shebeener, Colette.

At last, upon a pledge that each should apply to his family with a common frankness, this convention of unhappy young asses broke up, went down the common stair, and in the gray of the spring morning, with the streets lying dead empty all about them, the lamps burning on into the daylight in diminished lustre, and the birds beginning to sound premonitory notes from the groves of the town gardens, went each his own way, with bowed head and echoing footfall. The rooks were awake in Randolph Crescent; but the windows looked down, discreetly blinded, on the return of the prodigal. John's pass key was a recent privilege; this was the first time it had been used; and, oh! with what a sickening sense of his unworthiness he now inserted it into the well-oiled lock and entered that citadel of the proprietors! All slept; the gas in the hall had been left faintly burning to light his return; a dreadful stillness reigned, broken by the deep ticking of the eight-day clock. He put the gas out, and sat on a chair in the hall, waiting and counting the minutes, longing for any human countenance. But when at last he heard the alarm spring its rattle in the lower story, and the servants begin to be about, he instantly lost heart and fled to his own room, where he threw himself upon the bed.

CHAPTER III. In Which John Enjoys the Harvest Home.

Shortly after breakfast, at which he assisted with a highly tragical countenance, John sought his father where he sat, presumably in religious meditation on the Sabbath mornings. The old gentleman looked up with that sour, inquisitive expression that came so near to smiling and was so different in effect.

"This is a time when I do not like to be disturbed," he said. "I know that," returned John, "but I have—I want—I've made a dreadful mess of it," he broke out, and turned to the window. Mr. Nicholson sat silent for an appreciable time, while his unhappy son surveyed the poles in the back green, and a certain yellow cat that was perched upon the wall. Despair sat upon John as he gazed; and he raged to think of the dreadful series of his misdeeds, and the essential innocence that lay behind them.

"Well," said the father, with an obvious effort, "what is it?" "Maclean gave me four hundred pounds to put in the bank, sir," began John; "and I'm sorry to say that I've been robbed of it!" "Robbed of it?" cried Mr. Nicholson, with a strong rising inflection. "Robbed? Be careful what you say, John!"

"I can't say anything else, sir; I was just robbed of it," said John, in desperation, sullenly. "And where and when did this extraordinary event take place?" inquired the father. "On the Calton Hill about twelve last night."

"The Calton Hill?" repeated Mr. Nicholson. "And what were you doing there at such a time of night?" "Nothing, sir," says John. Mr. Nicholson drew in his breath. "And how came the money in your hands at twelve last night?" he asked, sharply. "I neglected that piece of business," said John, anticipating comment; and then in his own dialect: "I clean forgot all about it."

"Well," said his father, "it's a most extraordinary story. Have you communicated with the police?" "I have," answered poor John, the blood leaping to his face. "They think they know the man that did it. I dare say the money will be recovered, if that was all," said he, with a desperate indifference, which his father set down to levity; but which sprung from the consciousness of worse behind.

"Your mother's watch, too?" asked Mr. Nicholson. "Oh, the watch is all right," cried John. "At least, I mean I was coming to the watch—the fact is, I am ashamed to say, I—I had pawned the watch before. Here is the ticket; they didn't find that; the watch can be redeemed; they don't sell pledges." The lad panted out these phrases, one after another, like minute guns; but at the last word, which rang in that stately chamber like an oath, his heart failed him utterly; and the dreaded silence settled on father and son.

It was broken by Mr. Nicholson picking up the pawn ticket: "John Frogs, 85 Pleasance," he read, and then, turning upon John with a brief flash of passion and disgust, "Who is John Frogs?" he cried. "Nobody," said John. "It was just a name." "An alias," his father commented. "Oh! I think scarcely quite that," said the culprit; "it's a form, they all do it, the man seemed to understand, we had a great deal of fun over the name." He paused at that, for he saw his father wince at the picture like a man physically struck; and again there was silence.

"To lend it to Houston, sir," says John. "I thought I had forbidden you to speak to that young man?" asked his father. "Yes, sir," said John, "but I only met him."

"Where?" came the deadly question. "In a billiard room," was the damning answer. Thus, had John's single departure from the truth brought instant punishment. For no other purpose but to see Alan would he have entered a billiard room; but he had desired to palliate the fact of his disobedience, and now it happened that he frequented these disreputable haunts upon his own account.

Once more Mr. Nicholson digested the vile tidings in silence, and when John stole a glance at his father's countenance he was abashed to see the marks of suffering. "Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I cannot pretend not to be simply bowed down. I rose this morning what the world calls a happy man—happy, at least, in a son of whom I thought I could be reasonably proud."

But it was beyond human nature to endure this longer, and John interrupted almost with a scream. "Oh, wheest!" he cried. "That's not all! That's not the worst of it! It's nothing! How could I tell you were proud of me? Oh! I wish, I wish that I had known! But you always said that I was such a disgrace! And the dreadful thing is this: We were all taken up last night, and we have to pay Colette's fine among the six, or we'll be had up for evidence—sheebeening it is. They made me swear to tell you. But for my part," he cried, bursting into tears, "I wish that I was dead!" and he fell on his knees before a chair and hid his face.

Whether his father spoke, and whether he remained long in the room, or at once departed, are points lost to history. A horrid turmoil of mind and body; bursting sobs; broken, vanishing thoughts, now of indignation, now of remorse; broken elementary whiffs of consciousness, of the smell of the horse-hair on the chair bottom; of the jangling of church bells that now began to make day horrible throughout the confines of the city; of the hard floor that bruised his knees; of the taste of tears that found their way into his mouth; for a period of time, the duration of which I can not guess, while I refuse to dwell longer on its agony, these were the whole of God's world for John Nicholson.

When at last, as by the touching of a spring, he returned again to clearness of consciousness and even a measure of composure, the bells had but just done ringing, and the Sabbath silence was still marred by the pattering of belated feet. By the clock above the fire, as well as by these more speaking signs, the service had not long begun; and the unhappy sinner, if his father had really gone to church, might count on near two hours of only comparative unhappiness. With his father, the superlative degree returned infallibly. He knew it by every shrinking fiber in his body; he knew it by the sudden dizzy whirling of his brain, at the mere thought of that calamity. An hour and a half, perhaps an hour and three-quarters, if the doctor was long-winded, and then would begin again that active agony from which, even in the dull ache of the present, he shrank as from the bite of fire. He saw, in a vision, the family pew, the somnolent cushions, the Bibles, the psalm books, Maria with her smelling salts, his father sitting spectacled and critical, and at once he was struck with indignation, not unjustly. It was inhuman to go off to church, and leave a sinner in suspense, unpunished, unforgiven. And at the very touch of criticism, the paternal sanctity was lessened; yet the paternal terror only grew, and the two strands of feeling pushed him in the same direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jenny Lind's Benevolence.

The Century is printing a series of papers on Notable Women. We quote from the paper on "Jenny Lind": "The entire proceeds of the American tour, amounting to more than £20,000, were devoted by Jenny Lind to various benevolent objects. From the days of her early girlhood it had been her chief delight to use for the good of others the wealth which her genius had brought her. She was ever ready to sing for a hospital, or a college, or a poor fellow-artist, or for the chorus, orchestra, or scene-shifters of the theaters where she appeared. 'Is it not beautiful that I can sing so?' she exclaimed when she was told that a large number of children would be saved from wretchedness by a concert she had given for their benefit. The volumes which contain such a record might well bear the label which Jenny Lind's old Swedish guardian placed around the packet containing her letters to him. 'The mirror of a noble soul.'"

A Plain-Spoken Linguist.

A little Russian boy who has a French governess and is always obliged to talk French, was playing in the barn one day and suddenly discovers that the building is on fire. Rushing to the school-room he exclaims: "Oh, mademoiselle, I don't know whether it's le feu or la feu, but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!"

A Point in Natural History.

Know-it—Animals are naturally of a quarrelsome disposition. As the poet says, dogs delight to bark and bite.

Howitt—Yes, and even the oyster often gets into a broil.—Kate Field's Washington.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD

MATTERS OF MOMENT TO THE RURAL READERS.

Instructive Notes Regarding the Culture of Potatoes—Why Pigs are Scarce—Farm Fertilization—Shallow Culture of Corn—A Few Pointers.

Instructive Notes Regarding Potatoes.

Prof. J. Troop, of Indiana Experiment Station, La Fayette, Ind., writes Orange Judd Farmer: Farmers are beginning to inquire concerning the best varieties of potatoes to plant, etc., and a query now before me reads in this way: "What varieties of potatoes do you consider the best, and what kind of fertilizers should be used in order to produce the best results?" Potatoes will not always give equally good results on all kinds of soils, much of which is doubtless due to the pressure of excessive moisture or absence of the proper kinds of elements in the soil. Many of these questions can be best answered by the farmer by trying experiments in a small way in order to determine whether his soil is deficient in either of the principal elements of plant food which are essential to the production of a maximum crop of potatoes. The three principal elements, and those most liable to become exhausted by cropping, are potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen. On new land, land which has been recently cleared, these elements are usually present in abundance, and every farmer knows that such land, under ordinary circumstances, will usually produce an abundant crop of potatoes without further enriching. But it often happens that one or more of these substances becomes exhausted by cropping, and it is necessary to resort to barn manure or commercial fertilizers to supply the deficiency. Good barn manure contains all the elements of plant food, but often in varying quantities. If, therefore, the farmer wishes to ascertain the true condition of his soil, so far as these elements are concerned, he must use fertilizers of known strength, and use them separately as well as in combination. These are found on the market in the form of sulphate or muriate of potash, bone black or bone meal, and nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, etc. To make a test of this kind take five flats of equal size and apply broadcast at the following rate per acre: To flat 1, 150 pounds of sulphate of potash, 750 pounds of bone black, 280 pounds of nitrate of soda, all combined. On flat 2 apply just one-half this amount. This will give a hint as to actual amount needed by the crop. On flat 3 omit the potash, applying the other two as before. On flat 4 omit the bone black and on flat 5 omit the nitrate of soda. The results at harvest time will show whether the soil is deficient in one or more of these elements, and which one. Such an experiment as this can be tried by almost any farmer at slight cost, and, in many cases at least, the information obtained concerning the condition and needs of his soil will be worth many times the cost of the experiments. If, however, this is thought to be too much trouble, then a complete fertilizer should be used.

Our varietal tests in 1892 comprise more than one hundred varieties, and were conducted on a rather heavy, black, sandy loam, underlain with gravel; not a first-class potato soil, yet, as will be seen, the yields were quite satisfactory in most cases. Of the whole number tested there are probably twenty-five varieties which have not proved of any special value on our soil. Below is given a list of twenty-five of our best varieties which have been grown in the same field for four years in succession. And also twenty-five varieties which were grown here for the first time last season, the most of which seem to be excellent. It will be noticed that the yield of those grown but a single season (in the first column) is much greater than the others; a fact which we have noted before, and which serves to prove again the advisability of changing seed often.

Table Showing Yield Per Acre. Varieties Grown One Year—

Table Showing Yield Per Acre. Varieties Grown Four Years—

A Few Pointers.

Make hotbeds now. Get the seeder in order before needed. Rhode Island has 12,260 sheep. Delaware is next to the foot with 13,551.

Shallow Culture of Corn.

Writing of the shallow culture of corn a writer in Orange Judd Farmer says: For many miles around Mendota, Ill., most of the corn is grown by shallow culture. Very few if any of the farmers who have used this method would agree to cultivate deeply even if the best deep cultivator made was given them gratuitously. To me it seems strange that shallow culture is not more generally practiced all over the country. In La Salle and adjoining counties the superiority of the method has been for many years fully demonstrated, and, by its universal adoption, many millions of bushels of corn would be added to our present annual yield.

Farm Fertilization.

Many tons of commercial fertilizers are bought and used by farmers that cannot afford to use it. Until a farmer saves and uses all the fertilizers available on the farm, he cannot afford to purchase fertilizers with his hard-earned dollars at \$25 to \$40 a ton. It will pay to dig out the soil under the stables in many instances and spread it on the land, as it contains a great deal of ammonia and other elements of fertility. Use the manure from the hen-house on hills of corn and potatoes, or in the garden, and it will give excellent results. If a farmer will keep his eyes open he will discover fertilizing material about his farm going to waste in sufficient quantities to grow quite a field of corn.

Farmers Should Be Progressive.

Whenever a body of farmers engaged in any branch of agriculture get together and talk over matters one would think theirs the only branch of farming that was worth carrying on. This is as it should be, as one will always succeed best in that which he believes to be the best. It is not as it should be, for when one thinks too much that his is the only thing worth doing he is apt to be narrow in his views and selfish in his regard for the rights of others. We want broad-minded, whole-souled farmers—farmers who love their branch of husbandry and are willing to help their brother farmers in other lines of farming—men who make the most of their own work, but accord to others the same right. One way to accomplish this is to attend institutes and other meetings where men engaged in the various branches of farming are gathered together, and the largeness and importance of each is dwelt upon.

Why Pigs are Scarce.

Some of the farmers that have no hogs at present are honest enough to admit that it is largely owing to their careless methods. There are others who have regarded hogs too trouble-

some to raise. Still another class have no pigs simply because the necessary care and thought were not given them. The latter class is a large one and its members are the heaviest losers, having had the expense of maintaining brood sows and having money invested. During the breeding season losses come from careless mating, in-breeding, use of poorly bred boars, etc. In the farrowing season the lack of attention and poorly arranged pens result in many pigs being overlain. Pigs, die when small, from the effects of poor food given them and their dams, and from poor shelter, lack of clean bedding, from drinking unwholesome water, and from having little sunshine and exercise. The pigs which lived through the first month were given corn and water with their dam instead of food suited to the building of bone and muscle in the pigs and to the production of milk by the sow. If they had been given shorts, rye meal, oat meal and other bone and muscle forming foods with slops, very different results might have been obtained. Such troubles as colds, scours, costiveness, etc., are usually the direct results of careless feeding or of exposure. In recent years many farmers have neglected their hogs that more attention might be given to grain raising. There are not enough hogs in the country to supply the world's demand, and will not be during the next eighteen months. If the price of corn remains below 60 cents per bushel it will pay to hold hogs during the coming year until they reach 300 pounds weight, provided one-fourth of this growth is made from clover or other grasses.

Old-Fashioned Names.

Old-fashioned names that are nicknames that are nearly always Dorothy is certainly prettier than no connection with Lib or Lillian can never reach and Kate only a mate, Margaret is sweeter than Meg, though Margie often fits in their simplicity, are good names for a girl who bears the name of Faith or Faith to live up to is blessed.

Three Troubles.

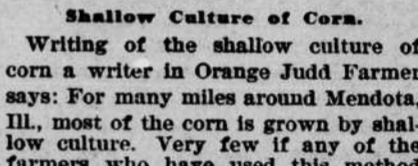
Three things which workingmen know the most trouble in hard-strain work are Sprains, Bruises, Soreness.

Three Afflictions.

Three supreme afflictions, which all men know afflict the most with Aches, Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

Three Things to do.

Three things to do are simply Buy, try, and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of



DO YOU COUGH? DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM FOR COUGHS.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE.

Do you wear them? When next to need you will give you more comfort and service for less than any other make. Best in the world.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF CO.

This Trade Mark is on the best. In the World! A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

FACTORY PRICES.

Installation FREE. Catalogue FREE. Write us at once.

No More Round Shoulders.

Knickerbocker is the only reliable brace and support for women and girls.

Chances for Shorthand Writers.

A gentleman writes from Australia that there is a great chance for shorthand writers in that country.

Advertisement for Kemp's Cough Balsam with a bottle illustration and text: 'DO YOU COUGH? DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM FOR COUGHS.'

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas's \$3 shoe with a shoe illustration and text: 'W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE. Do you wear them? When next to need you will give you more comfort and service for less than any other make.'

Advertisement for Tower's Fish Brand Waterproof Co. with a fish illustration and text: 'TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF CO. This Trade Mark is on the best. In the World! A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.'

Advertisement for Knickerbocker with a brace illustration and text: 'No More Round Shoulders. Knickerbocker is the only reliable brace and support for women and girls.'

Advertisement for a shorthand writer with text: 'Chances for Shorthand Writers. A gentleman writes from Australia that there is a great chance for shorthand writers in that country.'