

BEGINNINGS.

O mighty, mighty river, flowing down so deep and calm,
With the hills upon thy fingers, and the ships
Upon thy back!

Tell me why thou never fallest, never growest
weak and small,
But with even swelling current bringest down
thy head all!

Quickly then the river answered: "Praise the
little mountain spring,
Ever sparkling, ever gushing, for the precious
gifts I bring."

"Far away among the forests, where the moss
lies deep and cool,
There the milt hums in a crevice, and the ship
swims in a pool!"

—Harper's Young People.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The young earl had been lying on his couch something over a fortnight when the cottage next to the Nest received two visitors. One of them was the landlord of the "Greyhound" Inn, who held the key of the place and was charged with its letting; the second was a middle-aged man, dressed in unassuming gentlemanly gray tweeds, and having the appearance of a person well-to-do in a middle walk of life, of a servant whom fortune had favored, or of a tradesman early retired from business. He was of medium height, and stoutly built; bull-neck, gave him a look of forbidding strength, and his hands, red and blotchy, were evidences of the fact that he had not passed his youth in mere idleness. There was a peculiar cunning about an otherwise insignificant face—the kind of stealth and slyness that would not be deterred from stooping to the mean; a face that would not, by its first sight, secure for its owner a position of trust in a bank. Yet it was not an unpleasant face, and it grinned with a mixture of cockney and outlandish humor. The small sandy moustache drooped after the fashion, at a later period, buried by Mr. Soothern, as Brother Sam, and gave a peculiar admixture of simplicity to the otherwise not over prepossessing features.

The person, thus circumstantially introduced at this portion of our history, was Mr. Edward Wall, known to some as Ned Wall, and to others, especially those who had made his acquaintance out West during the Pike's Peak rush, as Pug-nosed Ned. Mr. Ned Wall had, at an early period of his career, done faithful service to her majesty in various of her majesty's jails. In the result Mr. Ned Wall came to look upon his native land, where the liberty to steal was so shamefully denied the subject, as a very hot-bed of oppression, and the fledgling Blueskin winged to the freer fields of the far West. Such is the perversity of fate, however, that Mr. Ned Wall made the amazing discovery, that those who obtain gold by simply digging it from the earth, objected to having it taken from them without their leave, by a young man in whose welfare they took no special interest. Mr. Ned Wall would certainly, on two several occasions, have been strung up, by the neck until dead, had not the powerful intervention of Mr. George MacLane saved him from untimely extinction.

Mr. George MacLane had found Mr. Ned Wall an unscrupulous but useful sweep, ready to do any dirty work, as long as his belly was filled, and in addition to that, neat with his fingers and glib with his tongue, an excellent bargainer, and a stony-hearted taskmaster to those placed under his charge. In the end, Pug-nosed Ned robbosomed into Mr. Edward Wall, and became a hybrid between a private secretary and a valet to both the MacLanes, who, in that capacity, took him with them to Europe.

On the evening of the day when Mr. Edward Wall had inspected Reedon Lodge, the MacLanes were closeted with their representative at The Boltons. Ned exhibited his plan of the lodge, and of the adjoining cottage and grounds, and pointed out the exact location of the room in which Herbert was lying.

George's coldly glittering eye devoured every line, every mark.

"I guess it's all right, Ned," he said, at last. "Only yew've got to make sure of yewr measurements—dead sartin sure. We musn't get wrong, right or left an inch. Yew'll go down tomorrow, an' hire that cottage, and pay him three months' rent on the nail, and if he wants references, say yew're a stranger, an' leave him a fifty-pound note as yewr bond. An', mind yew, it's five an' twenty thousand golden dollars as yew're workin' for, so yew jest fix up yew'r hindsight, an' tek keet that yew don't get euchred, nowhow."

A diabolical smile lit up his face. "We've got it all fixed an' square now, Dave," he exclaimed. "It only wants the pluck an' a week's hard work, an' I guess we'll stop his jaw forever. He won't remember nothin' about Dick Ashland, nor nobody else, when we've done with him, yew bet."

CHAPTER X.

There were not more than a dozen residences along the lane where Reedon Lodge was situated, and the inhabitants of none of these took any interest in the fact that the little furnished house had been let. The three tradesmen—the butcher, the baker, and the grocer—who called: were told by Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, as Mr. Edward Wall chose to call himself, that he obtained his supplies from London, and that a daily fresh quarter loaf, and a rather unusually large supply of eggs, butter, and milk were all that was required. Mr. Sylvanus Thompson had one friend staying with him, who, the tradesmen imagined, was ailing, as he never, on any occasion, showed himself. There was also, so the tradesmen told one another, a

tall, elderly servant, the baker's boy had seen him. The lad could not in any way describe his features, as the man's face was swathed in a handkerchief, as though he was suffering from a toothache, and he was standing at the end of the rather dark hall. The two last mentioned personages must have arrived during the night, as no one had seen them enter the house.

The tradesmen soon became convinced, not only that Mr. Sylvanus Thompson obtained his supplies from London, but also that he was laying in a considerable store. He was continually journeying to and from London in his dog-cart, and on his return invariably brought with him a collection of parcels and boxes of all kinds and shapes. Some of these seemed even to be of considerable weight, for, one day, when Mr. Sylvanus Thompson was resting his horse in front of the "Greyhound," a lad playfully put his hand underneath one of them, and found it too heavy for his boyish strength. It was written down for moist sugar, and rotten bad moist sugar it must have been, the grocer said, to be so heavy.

With all that, Mr. Sylvanus Thompson, his journeys, and his idiosyncrasies, excited but faint interest in the neighborhood. The river was swarming with boating men and their ladies, and their joyous laughter rang over the tranquil waters. The innkeepers and lodging-house proprietors had their hands full, and Mr. Sylvanus Thompson's nearest neighbor, Sir William Cuthbertson, was represented only by the grim-visaged attendant, who seemed to be attending to nobody or nothing but his patient, who asked no questions and permitted no chatter, and by Lucy, who, never for a moment, left her side of The Nest.

George MacLane, with his experiences as a miner fresh in his mind, hit upon the plan of digging an underground mine from Reedon Lodge to The Nest, and blowing Lord Cleve, with his dangerous memory, into atoms.

George MacLane was not a man to do things by halves, or without careful consideration. Every point had been weighed, talked over, and decided upon with due deliberation. To the servants at The Boltons the information had been vouchsafed that their masters were taking a short tour in the country, and Mr. Edward Wall was left in charge in their absence. Nobody had seen them enter Reedon Lodge, and nobody would see them leave. The only person upon whose shoulders the crime would be laid would be Mr. Edward Wall, and he was promised five thousand pounds and twelve hours' start to get away. The actual gold and notes were exhibited before the young man's greedy eyes, and in doing so Mr. George MacLane made the one mistake in his otherwise nicely calculated arrangements. He allowed Mr. Edward Wall to see that a very much larger sum in sovereigns and notes was kept in the strong box at The Boltons.

The murderous plan was simple enough. They would lay two three-hour fuses to make sure of success, in case by any possible accident one of these should fail. They would resume their own garments, and as far as Windsor where they would take the early morning train for same station along the Great Western line, and thence pretend to be engaged on a walking tour. In the meantime, the mine would have exploded and annihilated Lord Cleve. They had never been seen in the business, and could not be suspected. As to Mr. Edward Wall, it was his own interest to get away and save his neck.

The ground had been measured by Ned Wall, and in the dead of the night George himself climbed the dividing wall, and made sure of his position. He could not possibly fail in direction or disposition.

The lower room soon assumed the appearance of a casemented breast-work in war time—with its furniture piled in one corner, the carpet taken up, the floors partly removed, the great black gaping hole in the centre, with the excavated earth heaped against the walls, and numerous parcels and boxes, containing gunpowder and gun-cotton, stacked ready for use. Diggers' and miners' tools were stretched all over the place. The only article of furniture which remained in use was a mahogany table, scratched, soiled and damaged, and two equally ill-used chairs, the red damask covers of which were torn and stained beyond repair.

Instead of a week, twelve interminable days passed before they saw themselves near the end of their scheme. It was a lovely summer night, and all the world around was buried in balmy sleep, when the two MacLanes emerged from their fiendish hole, utterly tired and worn out, but exultant with a hellish joy at the night approach of the result. The mine was dug. Right underneath Lord Cleve's chamber a space of some four feet cubed had been dug out, and this was in the course of the morrow to be filled with explosives. Early in the morning Ned Wall was to receive his five thousand pounds and to be allowed to escape; in the evening the fuses were to be laid, and three hours after that the earl of Cleve would no longer be able to remember anything.

The evening was warm and the perspiration was standing in great drops on the two wretches' faces. They refreshed themselves with their usual beverage, neat brandy, and on this occasion bottle after bottle was emptied before, with a toss of the head, and a surly "good night, Ned." David and George MacLane groped their way up stairs and threw them-

selves on their beds. Fifteen minutes afterwards they were both snoring soundly.

Now it would have been an astonishing fact if Mr. Edward Wall had been able to act honestly even towards his companions in crime. Mr. Edward Wall was a thief by education and profession. Thieves have, like other mortals, a shrewd perception of quantities in arithmetic, and Mr. Edward Wall conceived the idea that it would be more profitable to steal the larger sum of money at The Boltons, than to be contented with the smaller one offered him by the MacLanes. Perhaps, who knew, he might be able to steal both, and that would certainly be the most satisfactory arrangement. In addition to that Mr. Edward Wall had been turning over in his mind the murderous scheme, and its dangers to his precious neck. An apparently brilliant idea struck him. If Lord Cleve were blown to smithereens, the person immediately implicated would be himself, and pursuit would be hot and furious after him; but if he were to boast Messrs. MacLane with their own petard and blow them to atoms instead it might so happen that the public would say "Serve the wretches right. They fell into their own trap."

Mr. Edward Wall had passed his boyhood under an expert professor in the art of picking pockets. He strengthened his nerves by huge draughts from the remaining brandy bottles, and then, taking off his shoes, he stole upstairs.

The two men were sleeping soundly. Ned knew the disposition of the room perfectly, and groping his way about as noiselessly as a cat, he crept to George MacLane's bedside, and from underneath his pillow, with a cleverness and delicacy only possible to the experienced pickpocket, he took the latter's waistcoat without so much as ruffling a breath of the sleeper. In the pocket of that garment he found the bunch of keys among which he knew would be one that opened the strong box at The Boltons, and he replaced the waistcoat as softly and as unperceivedly as he had taken it. Hanging over the chair by the sleeping man's bed was his coat, and Mr. Wall, without further ado drew from his pocket the leather wallet which he knew contained the notes that were to be his reward on the morrow. Then, without a breath, he stole downstairs again and assured himself by the light of a small shaded lamp that he was really in possession of the object of his search.

All this was done with a neatness and deliberateness that stamped him as an expert pickpocket of high proficiency. Mr. Wall cut with a big jack knife the strings of the parcels containing the gunpowder and removed the already open tops of the boxes filled with the same explosive end with gun-cotton. He spread heaps of this in a semi-circle on the floor. Behind this he piled the rest of the hellish material, and filled the crevices with loose gunpowder. Then he put the heavy boards of the broken floor on the center lot and overtopped these again with a few shovelfuls of the clayey earth lying in the corner of the room. He did his work noiselessly, nothing clang or fell, and it was all completed with barely a sound. As if to satisfy a spirit of daintiness, he washed his hands and face, combed his hair, and brushed his clothes and gave a glimpse into a small pocket mirror to be sure that no speck soiled his face. Then he took from the packet containing them, half a dozen fuses and cut them at the point marked three hours. It was 10 o'clock and he lighted the devilish things and so placed them that their ends were well inserted among the loose pile, he calculating that he could reach The Boltons and be away again before they would do their appointed work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His View of It.

"Very well, madam," said the tramp, assuming an air of dignified self-respect. "If you do not wish to assist me that is your own affair. I am well aware that our profession is not respected as it should be, and yet there are many people occupying high positions in life who are worse than we—" "Indeed?" interrupted the woman. "Certainly, my dear madam. Did you ever hear of a man of my class embezzling church funds or betraying the trust of widows and orphans? I venture to say that you cannot recall such an instance! Look backward, if you please, over the great frauds of the last decade! Were they committed by members of our brotherhood? Not one of them." And the lady was so impressed with his statement of the case that she forgot to watch him closely as he passed the chicken house—an oversight which she subsequently regretted.—Detroit Tribune.

Bordeaux, France.

Next to Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, Bordeaux is the most populous town in France. Though during the last ten years the population has increased by about 30,000 persons, this increase is almost entirely due to the immigration from the neighboring rural districts and from foreign countries, for in late years the number of births in this town has been less than that of the deaths.

Cool But Not Collected.

Nervy Canaday—What is it?

Collector—Mr. Olway's bill, sir.

Nervy Canaday—All right; put it right on that file there.

Collector—But he wants the amount.

Nervy Canaday—Twenty-seven dollars an' seventy-two cents. Why don't he keep books? Good xenia.

—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE FARM AND HOME.

SELECTING A FARM FOR THE BREEDING OF HOGS.

Soil, Climate, Food, and Markets Taken Under Consideration—Planting of Different Varieties Together—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

The Hog Farm.

In selecting a farm for breeding purposes there are two things that should be especially considered:

First, The natural conditions of the location.

Second, Facilities for marketing.

Under the first division of our subject we will consider soil, drainage, climate and food.

The soil should be sand and clay. Such soil is often found adjoining fertile prairies and is usually found on broken or hill land where there is natural drainage, thus we secure at once a firm, dry run for our hogs in any kind of weather. The sand in the soil causes it to dry off in a few hours after the hardest rains. It also cuts off and scour the foot thus preventing the hoof from growing out too long and turning up slight runner fashion, as it will sometimes in wet light loams. Good drainage is a very important feature in a hog farm and no artificial drainage will do as well as nature's own. We have seen hogs kept on farms where they had to wade in mud and slush up to their sides for a month at a time.

It is impossible for hogs to thrive under such conditions. If the exposure does not kill them the necessity of eating continually out of mud contaminated with their own voidings and every other filth occasioned by a herd of hogs will sooner or later generate disease.

On the other hand where the drainage is natural by slopes or hills the voidings are continually washed away, thus affording clean, healthy runs for the hogs. While hills and valleys with plenty of spring water afford the best hog farms, one should locate as near the head of a stream as practicable, because of the great danger of stock becoming infected with hog cholera and other diseases. This would be an objection to locating on a stream where other farms are or could be opened farther up.

All animals are affected in a greater or less degree by climatic influences and the hog which in the wild state is a native of tropical countries has in his domestication and improvement been brought under such conditions as have fitted him more particularly for a temperate climate. Hogs as bred to-day do not thrive in either extreme of temperature, hence climate should be considered when selecting a breeding farm.

A model breeding farm should be provided with a large timber lot. The conserving influence of a wood pasture where the days will be cooler and the nights warmer—the summer sun's heat cooled and the winter's winds softened down—can scarcely be estimated.

In selecting a breeding farm one should see that one at least of the slopes incline towards the east or southeast. The value of such a slope for breeding pens is worth considering. Messrs. Shephard and Alexander and many others have availed themselves of such slopes for their breeding pens and can testify to the benefits of the morning sun upon early spring litters.

Food, as you all know, is an important factor in hog raising, hence, the breeding farm should be located where an abundance of food can be procured at reasonable prices. In order to best secure this condition the farm should be forty or fifty miles from large centers or metropolises.

Second, marketing of stock.

The marketing of stock to good advantage is especially important. The farm should be so located as to have convenient access to it by visitors and afford good shipping facilities by freight and express.

It would not be advisable to locate five or ten miles from a postoffice or railroad station which could be reached only over roads which are often so muddy or rough as to make them almost impassable.

One should be so located as to receive mail not less frequently than every other day.

For delays often cause awkward blunders in the way of meeting visitors, replying to inquiries, etc.—Read before the Illinois Expert Judge association, by E. B. Lemen.

Planting Different Varieties.

Among the many interesting and valuable articles I have read in the Journal I have been favorably impressed with "Farmers Clubs, Reading Circles, etc." by Waters, in which the writer handles his subject in a masterly manner. If all the farmers and fruit growers in the state would read the article referred to and act on the advice and suggestions it would soon make them a great financial gain and bring new hope and cheer to rural life through the social feature of such clubs.

Mr. Waters speaks of the importance of what he once learned at a farmer's club concerning planting different varieties of strawberries together in order to produce fruitfulness. But our fruit growers have a much more important lesson to learn in growing apples, pears, plums, etc. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be lost and growers will be sadly disappointed at the partial barrenness of large blocks of orchard planted with one variety. I have been talking against the method for the last ten years, having noticed first the wonderful crops of Wild Goose plums in one corner of my orchard, which had a large cluster of Wild (Sloe) plums growing in it, and the barren condition

of the balance of the orchard year after year. I also noticed that my Ben Davis apples that were planted in close proximity to other varieties bore much fuller and better than those planted to themselves, all other things being equal. In favorable seasons with sunshine and bees to aid fertilization, no difference may be noticed; but in the run of years there will be a vast gain by planting different varieties in close proximity in alternate rows or two rows of one kind and two of another. The old rule was not to plant too many varieties; our practice now, too few.

Mr. Waters has well said, the time has come when the young farmer cannot afford to deny himself of the accurate information which he can now get so cheaply and so easily.

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Without losing any time he rushed round to the place where the directory is printed to give instructions for an alteration to be made in the new edition, but, arriving there he was told he had come too late, as the work had gone to press. Returning home he locked himself in his bedroom and blew his brains out with a revolver. It appears that he had been suffering from the hallucination that he was being persecuted by everybody.

Why are stout men usually sad? Because they are men of sighs (size).

She Said:

Let's Try Hood's

And It Helped Them Both

Liver Troubles—Dyspepsia 29 Yrs.



"C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen—My husband and I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I can truly say it