THE ARMY OVERCOAT.

He was idle as a boy, he was shiftless as a youth;
He was slovenly in dress, and his manners were uncouth
The neighbors looked their scorn when they saw him passing by;
His father used to scold and his mother used to sith.
But he volunteered the day he was old enough to vote,
And they hardly knew the fellow in his army overcoat.

For he braced his lazy shoulders with a military air;
His aimless face grew firmer. Said the neighbors: "I declare!"
His father took his hand, his mother beamed her pride;
The winter day he marched away a foolish maiden cried.
Full fifty folks forgot their sneers; full fifty roughly smote
With friendly slap the back that bore his army overcoat.

He sent his parents letters they were long in making out.
He was faithful as a sentry; in the fight his heart was stout.
The day he saved the captain's life, that day he lost his own,
And spoke some manly parting words, and died without a groan.
The captain closed his eyelids with a choking in the throat,
And sent him to his mother in his army overcoat.

The meeting-house was crowded full upon his burial day,
And scores and scores passed down the aisles to see him as he lay.
The foolish maiden noticed on his hand a ring of bone,
The Union shield cut on it, and wished it were her own;
And after prayer, and hymn, and speech, and war-time anecd ote,
The earth received the soldier and his army overcoat.

And now, when Decoration day comes round, a flag they put
Above his head, and deck his grave with flowers from head to foot
And here his worn old father and his mother bowed with years,
Stand sadly by and listen to the chaplain's voice with tears
An an ancient, foolish maiden sees before her memory float
The vision of a soldier in an army overcoat.

—Mrs. George Archibald in Judge.

SCARLET FORTUNE.

BY H. HERMAN.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

Without a look back, he opened the front door and went out. He stole on tiptoe to the gate, and closed it silently behind him. Then he walked swiftly to the "Greyhound," where, already during the day, he had ordered his dog-cart and horse to be kept ready for him.

The animal was fresh and swift and traveled over the eighteen miles of smooth road in something under an hour and a half.

The servants at The Boltons had been accustomed to see Mr. Wall arrive and go away again at all sorts of hours, and bearing all sorts of articles. They naturally made no attempt to follow him upstairs, nor to watch his actions in his employers' rooms.

At one o'clock that night the steamer "Josephine" sailed from St. Katharine's docks for Boulogne. Among its passengers was a pug-nosed man, who, in spite of the balmy warmth of the summer night, had his face half hidden in a muffler. That gentleman was Mr. Edward Wall.

Mr. Edward Wall was at that moment the proud possessor of nearly fifty thousand pounds in notes of the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and of a not insignificant sum in golden sovereigns and napoleons.

In the meantime the fuses at Reeden Lodge were burning slowly.

CHAPTER XI.

Nearly a month had elapsed since the operation was performed on Herbert, and the great surgeon's predictions of success had been amply justified. The wound had closed again, and a healthy flush was spreading over the previously pale face.

For nearly a month the young man had not seen a soul except Sir William or his attendant; he had not set eyes on a book or newspaper; he had written no letters, nor received any. Not a disturbing sound of the outer world had penetrated to his place of self-appointed confinement, and whether he were north, east, west, or south of London, he knew not.

As his bodily strength increased, the traces of his once-lost mental facult returned. Scenes of his childhood that had been shrouded as by a dark veil shot into the light of memory with refreshing sweetness. He again remembered his father, of whose appearance he had retained no recollection, and the kindly, lovely face of his dead mother smiled at him again. He remembered the gladsome days at Chauncey Towers, his boyish gambols, his intercourse with lads of his own age, and over it all beamed the contented approval of a happy mother. Then came his schooldays, his combats at Eton, and his youthful love for the pretty girl who had since blossomed into the stately Lady Evelyne.

All this welled like a limpid stream, cool and refreshing. There was little that jarred, and but here and there a sad memory left a darkish spot upon an otherwise fair page.

He had been thinking of Lady Evelyne—what a handsome wife she would make, what a distinguished sharer of his honors and his titles, a partner in life to be proud of. Yet there was something that failed to touch his heart about her image. She seemed cold and flighty, and her professions were thin as air, a very butterfly of thoughtless buoyancy; a beautiful moth whose wings might be torn and soiled by a rough touch.

Then another face would dawn upon him in the haze of his enwrapping dreams. A rosy, pretty, lovable, kissable face, with pouting cherry lips, and dimpled cheeks, with big, softly-beaming, tender blue eyes; a sweet face—a face that glowed with womanly life and womanly truth; a face, the sight of which made his blood flow faster and his finger-ends tingle, and made him remember that he was a man. He might have admired a dozen Lady Evelynes, and passed them coldly by, but Lucy's face had the magic charm of hot and budding womanhood upon him and as he traced, line by line, the familiar face, and blessed the stars that had sent such an angel across his path.

On a sudden, he came to think that he did not know how or where he had first met her, and the fierce effort of recollection became a source of fatigue to him. He passed a day or two in this state of perplexing doubt, and as he did not know where to commence, the picture that formed itself before his eyes was always vague and shapeless.

Then a desire, sharp and strong, asserted itself. He wanted to see Lucy; he wanted to read the secret of his part in her eyes; he wanted Lucy herself to furnish the key that would unlock the mysterious shrine.

He was not aware that Lucy was in the house. On the very morning of the day on which the Maclanes completed the actual labor of their fiendish task, Sir William Cuthbertson paid a visit to The Nest.

The surgeon was vastly pleased with the progress his patient had made, and replied to the latter's insistant prayer for renewed communication with the outer world with a reassuring smile.

"All in good time, my lord," the medico said. "We must be sure to be able to walk before being allowed to run."

"But think of it, Sir William," the young man whimpered. "I've been here a month without seeing even Miss Maclane."

"Do you really wish to see Miss Maclane?" the surgeon asked. "Would it content you to see Miss Maclane?"

Young Cleve drew up his eyebrows, as if in amazement at the question.

"Do I really wish to see Miss Maclane?" he repeated. "Why, Sir William, if you had been left like myself, without speaking to a soul who looks as though he had a soul, don't you think it would please you to speak to a pretty girl, you know, who would do anything in the world to serve you?"

"Now, now, now," the medical adviser remonstrated. "This will never do. We are getting enthusiastic, and we are not strong enough for that kind of thing yet. 'Slow and sure' must be our motto."

"Don't you think you're a little too cautious, Sir William?" Herbert pleaded. His eyes brightened, and he looked the old gentleman in the face. "Do send to London for Miss Maclane," he continued. "I would be pleased if you would."

"Well," replied the surgeon, "since we are so obstinate on this point, science, I suppose, will have to overstep the bounds of caution and to be unusually lenient. Now, if you can get yourself to imagine that Miss Maclane is living with you at this very moment, inthis very house—to imagine only, mind you—just at the other side of this door, for instance, and if you think you can accustom your mind to this imagined state of things for a whole day, I may send Miss Maclane to you this evening, and I may allow you, if the night is fine, to have a walk with her in the garden."

The young man grasped both Sir William's hands and shook them heartily.

"Thank you, Sir William," he exclaimed, "thank you!"

The rest of that day was one long stretch of expectant excitement to him. He was to see Lucy. The thought brought back the vigor of his early love, and banished every flickering breath of his affection for Lady Evelyne. Lucy stood again before his mind's eye, and as he was sitting by his open window in the cool and breezy summer evening, with his gaze fixed on the cascades of the greenery on the old wall opposite, that homely background changed to a giant rock reaching skywards hundreds of yards, with the blue of the heavens gleaming above. A simple rude log hut nestled against the side of the rock, and a primitive road, overgrown with moss and weeds, ran in front of it.

He was there. He remembered that very well. He was dressed in the buckskin hunting shirt, and the fringe-edged buckskin trousers of the frontiersman; a broad-brimmed felt hat shaded his bronzed face; his feet were encased in moccasins, and he sat on a horse that was comparisoned with a Mexican saddle and trappings.

And Lucy was there. How well he remembered her now. How well he remembered that sun-bonnet and that homely gown. He remembered how his heart had gone out to that pretty face at first sight. He remembered how he had said a few dainty nothings to the girl, and had ridden away mountainward. Where had he ridden to? Here the picture became confused again, and memory declined to serve him.

He walked up and down his room, and with the soft air bathing his face he became more composed. He made another effort. Fred Ashland appeared to him, dressed in a mixture of the garb in which he had seen him only a month back, and of that in use among the mountaineers. It was Fred Ashland, and it was not Fred Ashland—there was something perplexing about the man—and Fred Ashland received him cheerily, and told him that he had found gold and that he required his help.

On a sudden the remembrance of Dick Ashland's letter, but lately in his hand, flashed across his mind, and the scene stood revealed to him, distinct and clear.

"Great heavens!" he cried, "that's Dick Ashland! Dick Ashland! Dick Ashland! The man who has never been heard of again—the man who found the gold—the brother, and the living image of that man who came to me the other day.

He sank into his arm-chair, and sat there stonily, tapping the floor with his foot. But Lucy's face gleamed again in the blue twilight, and he remembered that, in a few moments, he was to shake her hand, to assure himself again of her kindly sympathy, of her love.

The expectation soothed his anxiety, and left him hopeful and bright. He waited, as he thought, for an hour or more, and then he thought another hour had passed. Sir William had promised that he should see Lucy that night, and Lucy had not yet come.

The last gleams of day had sunk in a flood of amber light behind the tree-tops, and night had settled over the scene with soft and pearly blues. Herbert was still thinking of the woman he loved, and who loved him so well, when the door of his room opened noiselessly, and—yes—there was Lucy, stretching out both her hands to him, her face a little paler and a little sadder than when he had last seen it, but still as lovely and as sweet as ever. There was the warmth of surpassing joy about their mute greeting, and for a few moments, they stood looking into each other's eyes, while a silent tear ran down Lucy's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Winged Animals.

A French naturalist has shown that the wing area of flying animals varies from about forty-nine square feet per pound of weight in the gnat and five square feet in the swallow to half a square foot per pound of weight in the Australian crane, which weighs twenty-one pounds and yet flies well. If we were to adopt the last or smallest proportion a man weighing 168 pounds would require a pair of wings each of them fourteen feet long by three feet broad, or double the area of an ordinary room door, to carry him, without taking into account the weight of the wings themselves. To pick out other aerial instances, it may not be generally known that a frigate bird can travel at the rate of 100 miles an hour by chronograph and live in the air a week at a time, day and night, without touching a roost; that large and heavy birds can remain almost motionless in air for hours without flapping their wings; that birds can exert continuously about three times the horse power per pound of weight that man can and about the same amount more than a horse can. The energy given out by birds is, in fact, weight for weight, unparalleled in nature.

Old Chests and Trunks.

Old chests and trunks have a high value as curios, and are largely taken by the dealers in the like. As paper was costly in the eighteenth century, many such articles were lined with newspapers then current, and, if the pleasantries of the period are to be trusted, with rejected manuscripts. A curious old trunk with pentagonal ends recently turned up in the shop of a dealer in old furniture. It still bore a weather-stained card, showing that its last delivery had been to somebody in Pearl street. It was lined with a Philadelphia newspaper of 1773, and the pages exposed bore the tax list of that year in pounds, shillings and pence.

Sugar Cane in the Madeira Islands.

The sugar cane was introduced into the Madeira islands in 1425, and in 1498 the annual product exceeded 4,000,000 pounds. The introduction of sugar cane into the West Indies, however, destroyed the industry, and grape culture took the place of the sugar cane until 1852, when the phylloxera nearly swept all the vines out of existence. The sugar cane is again being cultivated and last year 500,000 pounds were made. The supply will always be limited, because the cane cannot be profitably cultivated at a higher elevation than 1,000 feet.

Expedition in the Police Court.

A Brooklyn police judge fined 120 prisoners $1 each for drunkenness the other day in bulk. They were brought into the court, the judge asked anyone not guilty to speak up. Nobody spoke, the fine was assessed and the judge had left the court room, all before 8 o'clock in the morning. The reason for this expedition was that the prisoners were all crowded into one small pen and it seemed inhuman to hold them in such discomfort till the regular session of the court.

An Important Decision.

"George, dear," said Mrs. George, "Am I to have a sealskin sacque this winter?"

"Well, I guess not," said George. "Do you want to go to prison?"

"Prison!"

"Certainly. Didn't you know that this Behring sea decision has made it a penal offonse to buy or sell sealskins.—Truth.

The Real Thing.

Mrs. Morris—I'm going to have some company this evening. Can you make the punch, Collins?

Butler, reproachfully — Can Oi make a punch, Mrs. Morris?

"But can you make a good punch, Collins?"

"Lave it to me, mum. Oi'll make yez a punch that'll knock 'm out in three rounds."

And Glass so High!

"John," said the editor, "never throw a man down stairs again while there's a window handy."

"Why not, sir?"

"Why not? Just suppose his head had bursted that glass door!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Excuse.

"My youngest son is 12 years old to-day, and I am puzzled to know what profession he should adopt."

"Why don't you make him a cashier?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't like railroad traveling."

THE FARM AND HOME.

WHY EVEN THE BEST OF POTATOES DEGENERATE.

More Care in Selecting Seed Potatoes Is a Crying Necessity—Plant Life and Land Growth—Farm Life—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Why Potatoes Run Out.

It is a common complaint of farmers that potatoes do not show the vitality and vigor they used to do. Varieties that endured thirty or forty years, as the old Mercer or Neshannock, have long since entirely disappeared, though new varieties greatly resembling them have been reproduced from seed. Even so recent a potato as the Early Rose is not what it once was. Those that produce best now are not descendants by cuttings from the original stock, but have been reproduced from seed, says the Market News.

This tendency to rapidly degenerate dates from about the time the potato bug made its appearance. It was most pronounced as it affected late potatoes. The year before the potato beetle became very numerous we grew Peachblow and Peerless potatoes in the same field. It was a good crop of each, upward of 200 bushels per acre of Peachblow and about 350 of Peerless, the latter variety being then new and growing more vigorously than it ever has since. Late in the season some potato bugs got on one corner of the Peachblow patch. It was after the vines of other varieties had died down, and the bugs did some injury before they were discovered. The yield of the potatoes did not seem affected, as the bugs came so late in the season. Not much harm was thought to be done, but the next season a few of the Peerless potatoes and more of the Peachblow variety, came up weak, and made only a spindling growth. In two or three years thereafter, the Peachblow variety became wholly unreliable and was scarcely grown at all.

There can be little question that any injury to potato foliage during growth results in some deterioration of the vigor and vitality of its seed. It is inevitable where bugs exist that they should do some damage to the leaf. If poisoned when very small they are obliged to eat some of the foliage to get at the poison. Sometimes, too, the poison itself is used so freely that it burns the leaf. This, of course, is just as bad as to have foliage eaten by the larvæ. Potatoes grown thus do not ripen as they should. When dug their skins slip as those of new potatoes do. The potatoes have to lie in pits in the field thinly covered to dry out, In this unripe condition they are, of course, more exposed to rot. We may say, indeed, that if potatoes can be ripened early and properly in the field, loss from rot would be unknown.

As the potatoes have mostly got their growth, the common idea is that it does not make much difference how severely their tops are eaten down. So long, however, as frosts leave the leaves alive, they are building up and developing the tubers. In the old Peachblow a good deal of growth was made after the leaves were frosted, from the sap in their stalks. The late crop of bugs prevents this. It is, therefore, as important for future crops that this late crop of bugs be destroyed as it is for the present that the early bugs be poisoned. Not only do the late bugs threaten greater dangers to the crop next spring, but they decrease the ability of the potato to resist them.

More care needs to be taken in selecting seed potatoes. It will usually be found that the potato beetle leaves uninjured the most vigorous sappy vines. Instinct teaches it to lay its eggs chiefly on those vines of slender growth. Yet at digging time those poor hills may contain one or more good-looking, marketable tubers that in a bin would be naturally selected for seed. The only way to guard against poor or missed hills next year is to select seed while the crop is growing, keeping off all bugs and taking the best and smoothest tubers from hills that give the largest yields.

The Life of a Farmer.

An old farmer gives some hints in a letter to an exchange that may be useful to our readers. He says: "I have been a farmer all my life, which is over fifty years, and love it for what can be made out of it. I do not mean dollars and cents entirely, but real, genuine happiness, contentment and independence—the noblest occupation 'our Maker ever designed for man.' I think what makes so many get disheartened is the hard work, before daylight and after dark, and also on stormy days. No need of it now, with all of our improved machinery. Do your work in season. Don't try to cultivate too many acres. Make all around attractive and neat. Have a place for everything, and put it there when you are done using it. Keep up your fences, and gather up the old rubbish. Mow and trim up the weeds and brush around your fences and buildings. Make your home pleasant, indoors as well as out. Have plenty of good books and papers."

Plant Life and Land Growth.

I have made the life of plants a study for forty years. While at the world's fair I interviewed many foreign horticulturists and agriculturists and in my opinion the Japanese know most about these subjects. They are now dwarfing all trees and fruits without budding or grafting and I believe I partly understand their mode.

It is my opinion that by producing trees by grafting and budding, and potatoes by tubers instead of from the seed, we unsex the plants and trees, which will sooner or later destroy them by disease, that is, finally impair their vigor and vitality to such an extent as to finally fail to produce fruit.

There are three tests of the vitality of a tree, the roots, the wood and the seed. All are shown in the peach, apple and pear; viz, borers, yellows and blight and other tree diseases.

Our whole system of fertilization of land is erroneous. So long as land is covered, shaded by plants and trees, it grows richer and more productive. On the other hand it is impoverished by exposure to sun, to wind and to washing. Productive land grows, has organs like plants and trees, absorbs, grows by layer upon layer just as a tree lays on layers of wood. All the growth and productiveness comes from the air. True, the rocks disintegrate by the action of air and water and adds to the power of the soil to absorb and retain moisture, and in both hot and severe cold to hold an equal temperature, thus preventing sudden changes like the clothes on our bodies.

Plants and trees get all from the atmosphere, nothing from the earth. Leaves are full of pores, roots and bark have none, and if they absorb anything it must be gas, not water or vapor. The test of productive land is physical not chemical. Land that absorbs most water and holds it longest is best. Sap does not circulate, it flows down not up. There is no digestion or assimilation.—John C. Bender in Colman's Rural World.

Farm Notes.

Eight pounds of bran a day fed to the cows, even when they are on good pasture, will pay.

Sweet cream butter does not please the average consumer as well as butter from ripened cream.

A spring, or weight and pulley, on the cow stable door is a good investment, as it insures against accidentally leaving it open some cold night.

There are still some people who think that in days gone by when there were none of the modern methods of butter making, the butter was just as good as now. Not as a rule, friends, if ever.

Putting a horse upon the market unbroken and trying to get a good price for it, says a writer, is like putting green lumber on sale and expecting the value of the seasoned and finished product.

An average yield of black raspberries is about seventy-five to eighty bushels; red raspberries, seventy; blackberries, 100 bushels per acre, according to the estimates of Professor Bailey of the Cornell experiment station.

Beans after thrashing should not be stored in large quantities, as they are liable to sweat and mold; it is well to spread them in a dry room for a time, and then put them in sacks to prevent the generation of moisture.

A very handy truck for moving barrels of grain, vegetables, etc., may be made by framing together two pieces of 3x3 scantling and three strips of planks, so as to form a platform three feet long and two feet wide, and resting the same upon four piano casters.

A Kansas fruit grower says that corn is undoubtedly by far the best crop for an orchard that can be grown as it breaks the wind and the trees grow up straight. Insects, as a rule, will not trouble a tree when there is plenty of green fodder and corn for them to work on.

Home Hints.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to one teacupful of water for cleaning jewelry.

Before laying a carpet wash the floor with turpentine to prevent buffalo bugs.

Powdered pipe clay, mixed with water, will remove oil stains from wall paper.

Place a strip of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

In bottling pickles or catsup boil the corks, and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

Vinegar and salt will clean the black crust off sheet iron frying pans, but they should be thoroughly scoured afterwards with sand soap or any good scouring soap.

If shelves and floors of closets are wiped with water hot with cayenne pepper, and afterwards sprinkled with borax and alum, roaches and other vermin are kept at bay.

Steel knives used at table, or for cutting bread, meat or anything for which a sharp knife is needed, should never be used for stirring or cooking anything in hot grease, as it makes them very dull.

A simple plan of disinfecting rooms consists in putting a saucerful of salt in the middle of the room and pouring on it a dram or two of sulphuric acid. The fumes that arise do the work of disinfection.

To prevent the spread of influenza where there is a catarrhal discharge, all handkerchiefs used by the patients should be placed where they will not be likely to be handled by other members of the family, or to come in contact with other clothing. When they are washed they may be thoroughly disinfected, freed from stains and whitened if first soaked in cold water to which a half-cupful of the best kerosene oil has been added. Add enough boiling water to the cold to heat it, and with soap wash them out of this water, and through another warm water containing soap and a little oil. Rinse thoroughly and dry in the open air, leaving them out of doors an entire day, when they should be entirely free from the smell of oil.