

THE FAMILY STORY



An Adventure in Valparaiso.

'Twas a bright morning in the summer of '69, said Capt. Handy, that Jack Bolles and I, a couple of boys, not yet 20 years old, were discharged in Valparaiso from the whaling bark *Goleonda*, of New Bedford, with a hundred and ten dollars apiece in gold "condors" in our pockets. All the romance of whaling in the South Seas and its attendant dangers which had filled our imaginations when we shipped as green hands at the "190th lay," had been of factually dissipated by the greasy realities of "blanket and hawse pieces," "cutting up in the blubber room," "down scraps" and "trying out," supplemented by a ten hours' pull in the boats every other day, poor food, and rough, if not brutal, treatment, from the officers.

So, as we stood that morning on the jetty, clinking the money in our pockets and watching our old ship disappear in the offing, we felt, indeed, "monarchs of all we surveyed."

At last she was hulled down, and turning away with sighs of relief, we clattered once more up the ill-paved street to the Consul's office, where we had been paid off, and inquired of him when we could take passage for home. We learned, much to our disappointment, that there were no ships in port bound for the States, nor would there be any, except an occasional whaler, for six months to come.

"We must resign ourselves to the inevitable," said Jack, "and the next question is, Where are we going to stop?"

The Consul assured us that an American named Henderson kept the only decent place in town, outside of the rough sailor boarding houses, and recommended us to go there. We found Henderson a good fellow, who gave us a large room with two beds in it, and after seeing our chests safely stowed away, we strolled out to look at the town, and incidentally to get work.

After walking about the city for an hour or two, we descended to the first or commercial street to look for work. Being young, persistent and fairly well educated, we were lucky enough to find employment with two English firms, branch houses of London and Liverpool traders. Next morning we went to work, and for a couple of months our lives moved on tranquilly enough. In the evenings after supper we smoked our cigarettes, and managed, with the aid of an old grammar, to learn a little Spanish. Occasionally, on moonlight nights, we walked out through the town, but we never went far, as Henderson warned us that it was no uncommon thing for a stranger to be found in the outlying parts of the city with his pockets rifled and a dagger wound in his breast.

One evening my superintendent discovered that a mistake had been made in the outward manifest of the ship *Lord Palmerston*, and noting that she was lying "off and on" with her anchor afloat, ordered me to board her as soon as possible before she squared away for old England, and rectify the error. So, without delay, I hurried to the jetty, embarked, and in a half hour climbed up the side of the *Palmerston*. My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and it was fully 9 o'clock before I stepped to the side. As the tide was on the ebb, my boatman had to land me at the nearest point, and I figured that I had about four miles to walk home.

It was moonlight, but here and there the dark shadows seemed to invite the assassin, as I hurried on, I cast many an anxious glance behind me. I had reached the outskirts of the city and was congratulating myself, when suddenly, from under an overhanging "balcon," a woman darted forth and clutched my arm, crying out in piteous accents:

"Por el amor de Dios! Señor Americano! Por el amor de Dios!" (For the love of God, Señor Americano!)

"Que quiere conigo, Senorita?" (What do you want with me, lady?) I replied, as I stepped under the solitary lamp on the corner and looked at her more closely. She was dressed in soubert black and the mantilla she wore was so drawn over her face that but one eye was visible; that single orb, however, shone with singular limpidity and beauty.

She was evidently greatly excited, and as she went on in her voluble Spanish, I gathered from the little I knew of the language that her father was lying at the point of death in a house near by and she wanted me to go with her to his assistance. Why she wanted me to accompany her, I could not understand; therefore I asked her why she did not appeal to her own people.

She replied that she and her father were strangers, who had but recently come from Santiago, and that there were so many "adrones," or robbers,

among her own people that she dared not trust them, and in a still more urgent tone, begged me to go with her.

Truly, "he who hesitates is lost," for as I thought of Henderson's warning, the lateness of the hour, and the woman's singular persistence, and faltered, undecided, she dropped her mantilla, and in an instant every scruple had vanished. The light from the moon illuminated a face perfect in its classic beauty, and as innocent as that of the Madonna, and as I saw the girl's tear-stained cheeks (she was only about 16) and looked into her beautiful, imploring eyes, I threw caution to the winds, sailor-like, and motioned her to lead and I would follow.

A look of joy overspread her face, and she fervently murmured her thanks as she guided me up the dark and narrow street. Here and there some building was fantastically silhouetted by the moon, and among its grim shadows I fancied I could see a dark form moving, but at the low, sweet sound of my fair guide's "Por aca, señor" (This way, sir), all my suspicions would vanish, and I felt heartily ashamed of myself and hurried forward in her wake, graceful as a fawn, she bounded lightly up the steps which led to the street



"WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH SHE STROVE TO DRAG ME FORWARD."

above, revealing as she did so a beautiful foot and ankle, and I, agile though I was, could hardly keep up with her.

Panting with exertion, at last we reached the top of the plateau, which overlooked the town, and my guide gracefully waved her hand toward a light, like a star in the distance, and murmured:

"Ah! esta la casa" (Yonder is the house).

At that moment the moon sank behind a mass of black clouds and everything became dark about us; but my guide, pressing her little palm into mine, advanced steadily toward the light. Everything was as still as the dead and a damp and chilly mist penetrated my very marrow.

As the moon shone out in radiant beauty, my blood for a moment seemed to freeze in my veins, for there, before me, gleaming brightly in the moonlight, and winding like a serpent among the doddering crosses and moldering graves of the Pantheon, was the path that led to our destination.

The low-lying wall of the Pantheon lay directly in front of me, and my guide quickly tripped up the steps which led over it, beckoning for me to follow. Though loath to go further, yet the wondrous beauty of the girl held me as in a spell, and step by step I advanced until I stood upon the top of the wall.

As I looked downward I thought I saw the gleam of steel beneath the steps, and the shadow of a man's form crouching there.

I halted and called out to the girl: "Espera!" (Wait!)

At that moment the moon was again obscured and in the semi-darkness (for there was no street lamp there, and

now all my senses were on the alert) I felt, rather than saw, her form as she rounded the steps, and reaching forward, took my hand, saying, "Porque?" (Why?)

"Porque no me voy?" (Because I shall not go?) I answered, sternly.

As I spoke, her fingers clutched mine and with incredible strength she strove to drag me forward, but, ignoring her efforts, I cast a final look downward, and this time I saw distinctly (for the cloud had passed from the moon) a man coming swiftly and silently toward the foot of the steps.

With one glance at the girl, whose face was now transformed by fury into that of a demon, I hurried her aside, rushed down the steps, every nerve strung to its highest tension, and ran at my utmost speed toward the city.

I heard a man's hoarse shout behind me, and had reached the steps which led down into the city, in safety, when suddenly I caught my foot, stumbled, and half fell to the ground. Just as I fell forward something grazed my cheek, searing it like a red-hot iron, and fell, with a ringing sound, on the steps far below me.

Terror now lent additional wings to my speed, and I never paused until I fell exhausted through the portals of Henderson's home. Managing to crawl up the steps I staggered into the dining-room, where Jack and Henderson sat, anxiously awaiting me, and sank breathless into a chair.

Their looks of astonishment were succeeded by those of horror as Jack exclaimed:

"My God, Henderson! Look at the blood!"

Putting my hand up to my face I withdrew it wet with blood, and Henderson, who busied himself in washing it away, disclosed a cut two inches long where the knife had just touched me.

Explanations followed and as I ate the meal waiting for me, I told the strange adventure to my willing listeners. As I finished, Henderson, who had listened quietly, as was his wont, burst out excitedly:

"This explains it all, boys. It's no longer a mystery!"

Pressing him for his reasons, he went on to say that for the last two years foreigners had frequently been found, stabbed, in outlying and solitary parts of the city. The victims were invariably well dressed, but as no money or papers were ever found upon them, investigation had been of no avail.

"But here's a clue which can be followed up," said Henderson, "and to-

according to the methods of that country, were shot three days after the trial. The girl, owing to her youth and beauty, was sent to finish her days in the penal colony at San Carlos.

The years have rolled away since then—years of danger and adventure. Many a time during the war of the rebellion have I looked death in the face, and yet my blood thrills when I think of that night's adventure in Chile."—Philadelphia Times.

SHAMED THE BURGLAR.

An Old Woman's Appeal Induces a Midnight Marauder to Depart.

At the outskirts of Mount Vernon, N. Y., lives Mrs. Pardon Hazleton, an elderly woman. She has an income sufficient for her wants and lives alone save for a woman who works in the house during the day. Her neighbors know her only as a white-haired, pleasant-faced old lady, who never speaks of her antecedents. From her conversation, however, it is evident that she has traveled much. The house is modest and not the sort of a place to catch the eye of a burglar. Mrs. Hazleton has in her possession certain valuable papers in an important estate, and she believes that the capture of these documents was the object of a stranger whom she found in her room some time after midnight. She was badly frightened, of course, but raised herself in bed and asked what the man wanted. He said he wanted money and threatened to shoot her if she made an outcry.

"You wouldn't shoot me," said Mrs. Hazleton. "Why, I'm old enough to be your mother. Is your mother alive?"

"No," said the burglar, curtly.

"Well, I'll be honest with you," continued Mrs. Hazleton. "There's only myself, a helpless old lady, in the house. Surely you're too much of a man to take advantage of a woman—an old woman."

The burglar stared at her, completely unnerved. He was a good-looking young fellow, Mrs. Hazleton says, with a dark complexion and large eyes. He hung his head in a shamefaced way when she looked him squarely in the eyes. He walked half way down the stairs and stopped.

"You'd better come down after me and close the parlor window. That's the way I got in," he called back. Mrs. Hazleton followed closely.

"Good night," she said, as the man climbed out of the window.

"Good night," said the burglar. "I won't trouble you any more, old lady."

MEAT NOT NECESSARY.

Its Too Generous Use Breaks Down Americans in Middle Life.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on "Do We Eat Too Much Meat?" in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, answering her own query affirmatively. "Meat," she asserts, "is not at all necessary to a perfect existence. Most people, however, look upon it as though it formed the only food upon which they could work, and yet many great athletes have never touched it. Meat, after it enters the stomach and is digested, may be injurious, but for all this the ordinary American has made up his mind that lean meat gives him less trouble than any other food, so he takes it in large quantities, invariably breaking down at middle life with just such diseases as come from the over-use of concentrated nitrogenous foods. Children fed on beef juice and beef soups, with white bread, lose the various salts necessary to the building of bones, teeth and muscle, and the soda for the blood. The outer part of the wheat, which is so rich in these earthy salts, is cast aside, so that the child in growing gets weak bone structure as a frame for his lean flesh. The stalwart men of Scotland find that porridge and milk contain all the muscle, bone and nerve food necessary for an active existence.

"An excess of carbonaceous food, on the other hand, forms an accumulation of fat, preventing the complete nourishment of the muscles. The over-fat person has bulk without strength; his vital power is always deficient, while the excess of nitrogenous food which he consumes increases the tendency to disease of a plethoric character, showing at once that the surplus is burned and stored the same as fuel foods."

Hard on the Irishman.

Gentleman (to an Irishman)—Well, Pat, I see you have a small garden.

Pat—Yes, sir.

"What are you going to set in it for next season?"

"Nothing, sir. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up."

"That's strange; how do you explain it?"

"Well, sir, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions."

"Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?"

"Yes, sir, Bead, then onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering."—Answers.

He Wanted to Go Back.

J. H. Halston, a colored convict, who recently escaped from the Virginia penitentiary, has just sent a pathetic appeal to the superintendent of that institution to get him back. That official on Tuesday received a telegram from Halston, dated at Farnville, in which he said: "Please send up here after me at once." This is the first time in the history of the institution in which one of its escaped inmates indicated so much anxiety to return. His wish was complied with promptly.

A new curtain-pole bracket has an attachment to hold a shade-roller in position, two extension shafts being provided with sleeves into which the ends of the roller fit.

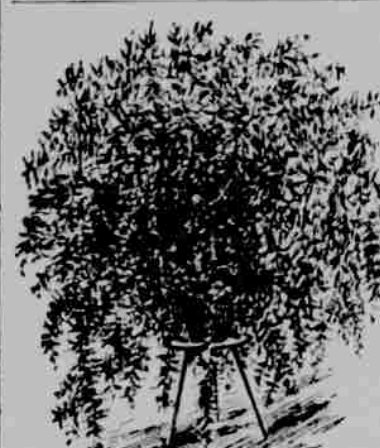
No man is as good as a good bond signed by several good men.

FARM GARDEN



A New Ornamental Asparagus.

One of the best and most attractive house plants of recent introduction is *Asparagus Sprengerii*, which is rapidly superseding the once so popular *smilax* for floral decorations. Our engraving shows its graceful form and habit when grown as a pot plant, but it is equally well suited for planting in hanging baskets. Its fronds are frequently four feet long, of a rich shade of green and very useful for cutting, retaining their freshness for weeks after being cut.



ASPARAGUS SPRENGERII.

As a house plant it has exceeded expectations, as it stands dry atmosphere better than the older kinds of ornamental asparagus, and is not particular as to any special position. It delights in a well-enriched soil, rather light in composition, with plenty of drainage, and grows very rapidly. It is decidedly pretty when in bloom, its little flowers being pure white on short racemes, and the anthers are of a bright orange color.—American Agriculturist.

Water Over Underdrains.

It sometimes happens when severe cold comes before snow and rain that the ground freezes so hard over drained land that when the snow is melted the surplus water cannot at once make its way to the drain beneath. Sometimes in winter these sheets of water will be frozen over, during some cold spell, and while thus covered with ice, the water beneath it will find its way through the tiles and disappear. No harm comes to grass land thus left covered with ice for two or three days. But winter wheat is sometimes winter killed by ice on the edges of the pond, where the freezing of the water catches the wheat plant in its icy embrace, and often snaps the stem where it is joined to the root at the surface of the ground.

To Bridle a Colt.

The horse that has been properly bridled when a colt will rarely forget the lessons learned in youth. The way to do this is to smooth out the foretop so it will not be in the way, grasp the brow band of the bridle in the right hand and the bit with the left. The bridle is thus held in position, and with the fingers of the left hand entrance to the mouth is made by pressing against the gums between the incisor and jaw teeth. This will seldom fail to cause him to open his mouth, and the bit can easily be put in, but it should not be



BRIDLING A COLT.

done suddenly or violently. After the bit is in the mouth the ears should be carefully and gently placed in position.—Iowa Homestead.

Oats for Young Animals.

There are two reasons why oats are an excellent feed for young and growing stock. They have enough built because of their chaff, so that the grain in moderate amounts will not heat or clog in the stomach, and the character of the grain supplies just the nutriment required for growing animals. It takes very little oats per day to keep a yearling calf or a colt thrifty and greatly increase its value after the winter's feeding.

New Varieties of Potatoes.

In choosing varieties of potatoes for spring planting it is advisable to select those that have been recently produced from seed, provided, of course, that their quality and productiveness have been tested and are generally known.

The variety that is newly produced from seed is generally more vigorous than that it is likely to be after a few years' contest with potato bugs, and the blight and rots which all help to decrease potato vigor and productiveness. But it is not advisable to plant potatoes, however good, which are very unlike standard sorts, and whose good qualities are not generally known. There is so much difference in potatoes that the mere fact that a potato is a potato is not enough with most consumers to secure a market for it until after they have given it a trial.

Wood Ashes for Potatoes.

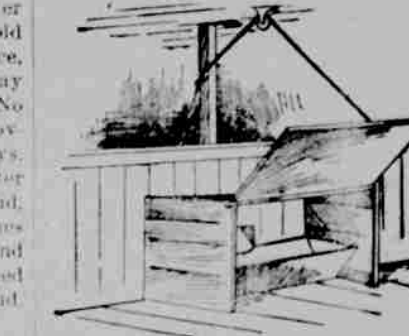
Of the fertilizers that can be secured on the farm unleached wood ashes make one of the very best that can be used with potatoes, writes N. J. Shepherd, in *Nebraska Farmer*. They can be applied in the hill or in the furrow broadcast, but it will be an exceptional case when a sufficient quantity can be secured to apply broadcast over the surface. For this reason applying in the hill will prove most economical. The ground can be prepared in a good tith all ready for planting and the furrows run out and then a small quantity of ashes dropped where each hill is to be planted and stirred in the soil, and upon this the seed can be dropped and covered. Potatoes require potash and phosphoric acid, and this can be supplied with unleached wood ashes, bone dust or bone meal or in a commercial fertilizer with less waste than in almost any other way. If farm or stable manure is used it should always be well rotted and fined and then thoroughly incorporated with the soil. My experience is that applying fresh manure to the soil just before planting furnishes conditions favorable to the development of scab and also in many cases produces a fungus growth of tubers.

Barley as Stock Food.

Barley is not extensively grown, yet it is a superior stock food and will grow on soils that will not produce wheat. In England hogs are fattened on barley, and the meat contains more lean than that produced from corn. In feeding pigs as a test barley gave better results than corn, a pound of growth being secured from 3½ pounds of barley, at a cost of 2c per pound, which was better than from any other food. Pigs, however, grow more rapidly than adult hogs. Ground grain proved superior to the unground. In steer feeding both corn and wheat surpassed barley, and with lambs the results were about the same with corn, wheat and barley. Corn and barley mixed gave better results than either alone in some cases. These tests should make barley a favorite where it is not now grown at all.

A Safety Pig Trough.

The pig will get into the trough when one wishes to clean it out, and he will put his head under the spout when one



THE SAFETY PIG TROUGH.

wishes to pour in the milk. The device herewith shows how the pig can be kept away from the trough until everything is in readiness for him to eat. The swinging door is closed until the trough has been cleaned and the milk or other food poured in. Then it is raised and all the usual bother obliterated. Have a ring on the rope to avoid the necessity of having to tie it whenever the swinging door is raised.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Low Prices for Tomatoes.

Tomatoes can be grown more cheaply than potatoes, and at the same prices per bushel the vegetable grown above ground pays better than the other. The chief cost of the tomato is the waste that is incurred in marketing the crop. In the hands of dealers the tomatoes often shrivel and become unsalable, and this of course adds to the selling price of what can be marketed. But where canneries take the crop as fast as it is ripened, the managers find that they can induce the growing of tomatoes by the acre at much lower prices than most farmers thought it would cost to produce them.

Pruning Grape Vines.

It is often possible during mild weather in winter to do considerable work in the vineyard. After warm weather in spring starts the sap, the vines will bleed more or less before the cut ends dry up so as to stop the flow. It is always better in late pruning to leave an inch or more of stub above the bud, so that if sap does start it will not chill the bud as it will sometimes do, and thus check its growth.

Have Wheels in Their Heads.

When young men tell you they never read experiment station bulletins, that they take no stock whatever in the farm institutes, and, at the same time, they are about to be sold out under mortgage on a farm their old father gave them free of debt, there is something wrong in the brain machinery of those men and no mistake.—Herd's Dairyman.

Milk Curd for Fowls.

In giving fowls milk there is often danger that they will soil and spoil their feed while eating it. If the milk is made into curd, and is then dried by mixing cakes made of corn meal and wheat bran with it, the fowls will be much less liable to disease than if they are fed milk in its cold state.