

Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXII.

For an instant this unending intelligence seemed to paralyze mind and body, and if Mary had not already had a hand upon the stairs rail she would have fallen at the shock. She turned ghostly white, and her heart began to beat furiously. She could not have told if she were glad, or sorry, or resentful.

In a little while this extreme agitation subsided, and, standing with one foot on the lowest step of the staircase, with the maid staring round-eyed and frightened at her white face, she listened and heard the deep breath of the returned prodigal snoring and falling in a regular cadence. The room in which he slept was on the ground floor. The door was ajar, and a faint gleam of light came from a single gas jet, which was lowered so far that in daylight it might have been invisible. Mary moved softly to the door, trembling from head to foot. Three steps barred her across the narrow little hall, and then she paused with a hand upon the doorpost of the room. The maid, open-mouthed and open-eyed, waited for that might happen. The mistress entered the room noiselessly, and peered through the dusk at the sleeping figure in the armchair. Hackett was lying broadside with his feet wide apart, and his arms hanging loosely over the arms of the chair. His head had lurched forward. Even in that poor light there was no mistaking him.

Yet when she had looked a while she was impelled to turn the gas a little higher. In the clearer light the returned prodigal lay at a marked disadvantage. The feet seemed to be cast forward in veneration of the gaping boots and the broad edges of the trousers. All his ailments were wrinkled, and seedy, and irreparable. His shirt cuffs were crumpled and dirty, his cheek bore a week's black stubble, his nose had taken a tinge of red.

His wife absorbed all these details of his aspect, and stood wondering that she should care so little and feel so undisturbed. She did not know as yet that the shock of his return had dulled all power and feeling, and she stood and noted every shabby sign of social failure and moral degradation as if they were all pointed in a picture and had no personal interest for her.

She sat down in a chair opposite to him, regarding him fixedly, going over and over again, one by one, the signs of bluntness and decay, and little by little she thought grew up in her mind that he was bound to this man for his life or hers. The first apprehension of this fact arose clearly enough. It was not that the knowledge of it seemed incomplete; but at first she lacked the power to connect it. Then slowly it grew more and more definite, because more and more horrible, and at last it overwhelmed her, so that she rose in physical protest against it. She turned the gas light to be full, and went on over every sign before her. Hackett changed his posture, winking and muttering at the light, and she started behind the table instinctively to place some barrier between herself and him; but he settled back again in a mere second or two, and breathed her storm as though it were a breeze.

And now that she was awake to the horror of the position she set her wits to work to find out what she might best do for the moment. There was no creature to whom she might run for advice or assistance, and she was thrown entirely upon her own resources. But she managed in a while to grasp the position pretty thoroughly. Above all other things, it was evident that no pity, compassion or affection had brought this wretched husband home again.

He had come in search of spoil, and in that respect she was quite defenceless against him. In the flush of her dread of him and her abhorrence of him, she would willingly have surrendered everything in her possession to be rid of him once and for all.

No she slipped to her bedroom and searched her desk to see what she had there. Finding some bills and gold, she packed the money in a sheet of note paper, and then wrote a hasty note. "Take this, and make yourself respectable. When you want more write to me. Do not try to see me, for I would rather die than speak to you."

She enclosed this and the money in an envelope, and, descending to the kitchen, gave it into the hands of the maid.

"You must sit up," she said, "until Mr. Hackett awakes, and then give him this. If he asks for me, never mind that. Give him this when he awakes." Then she fled to her room and locked herself in, and he hurried the door, and by in wait for what might happen. Footsteps and voices passed, and distant important sounds shook her with dread a score of times. Once a rap at her door, following on the faint sound of healthy footsteps on the stair, so made her tremble that she could find no voice to answer. The knock was repeated loudly, and Mary whispered: "What is it?" "I've brought you a cup of tea, ma'am," the maid whispered back in a voice as frightened as her own.

"Take it away," said her mistress. "Don't come again until Mr. Hackett has gone away."

note she carried, she recognized a passing figure in the dusk and hailed it. "That you, Hepzibah?" "What's the matter?" Hepzibah demanded, pausing and peering at her. "Who is it?" "Me," said the maid, beginning to whimper a little. "I wish you'd come in and sit wif me a bit. I'm afraid to be by myself, and I'm that cold I don't know what to do a-standing here."

"Where's the missis?" Hepzibah demanded. "Her's locked herself in," answered the maid, with a dreadful enjoyment of the situation. "The master's come home again, and he's asleep downstairs, and he's afraid of him."

"Will Hackett back again?" cried Hepzibah. "It's pretty plain to see what's brought him back. He's got news somehow as his wife has got money. Has her seen him yet?" "Her's seen him," said the maid, "but he ain't seen her. He was asleep when the missis came home."

Hepzibah opened the gate with great cautiousness and, preceded by the maid, entered the house silently and stealthily. In the kitchen she drew forth a whispered history of the manner of Mr. Hackett's arrival. The maid, it seems, had heard a loud and bullying noise of knocking at the front door, and going in haste to answer it, had just escaped from being staggered over by the new arrival, who, after glaring at her for a minute without apparent recognition, had felt his way into the front room, fallen immediately into an armchair and gone to sleep there. Then the narrator of these things produced the note with which her mistress had entrusted her.

"I'm to sit up till he wakens," she said; "and then I've got to give him this. But I'm afeared to go much him."

"I ain't," said Hepzibah. "You just run down to Mrs. Blane's and tell her I shall stop and sleep at mother's tonight, with my compliments, and then run on to mother's and tell her to sit up for me. I'll see this job through, any way."

So the small servant, happy to escape, got out by the back way and ran swiftly on her errand. She had scarce been gone a quarter of an hour when Hepzibah, seated there in listening wrath, heard a movement and a series of mutterings, and marching bolt upright into the front room confronted Hackett. He was rubbing his eyes with both hands and yawning when she first set eyes on him, but a second later he threw his hands aloft and stretched himself. The sudden sight of Hepzibah glaring stonily at him from the doorway froze him in that attitude for a moment, but he recovered himself almost immediately.

"Hello!" he said, "what are you doing here?" "I'm told to give you this from Mrs. Hackett," said Hepzibah, throwing the envelope on the table. It dropped heavily there, and a muffled jingle arose from it.

"Oh!" said Hackett, staring angrily back at her as he made a step toward the table. Hepzibah folded her arms and regarded him uncompromisingly. He became a little restless under her gaze, and to escape it took the envelope and opened it. When he had read the note he opened the package within it and counted its contents from one hand into the other.

"Where is Mrs. Hackett?" he asked, transferring the money to his pocket. "How should I know?" asked Hepzibah in turn. "What do you want with Mrs. Hackett? You've got what you came for."

Will, finding no immediate answer to this direct attack, tried his wrathful stare again, but finding himself looked down, swaggered round on his heel and began to look for his hat. It lay beside the chair he had lately occupied, and having found it, he stood brushing it with his arm, shivering sharply twice or thrice.

"Tell her I'll see her to-morrow," he said, fixing his hat upon his head, and avoiding Hepzibah's gaze. "Not I," said Hepzibah. "If you've got any messages give 'em yourself." "Of course this was very discourteous and impudent; but Will was a little out of sorts and indisposed to combat."

"Let me get by," he said, advancing toward her. "Glad and willin'," returned Hepzibah, making room for him; "and rare and plesed I should be to see the last of you."

Even this Mr. Hackett declined to resent, not caring to provoke just then any fuller expression of Hepzibah's sentiments concerning him. As well as his cold, cramped limbs and shuffling boots would allow him, he swaggered to the front door, and throwing it wide open and closing it with a bang, marched from the house, and for that night disappeared. He turned up again next morning in a brand new suit of clothes, with linen, boots, hat, gloves and neckcloth, all new and fine, and made a call upon the solicitor who had acted for John Howarth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The returned wanderer was, of course, a great deal increased by the note his wife had left for him, and it began to lead to his own intelligence that before he had read that heartless greeting he had been inspired by the tenderest and most husbandly sentiments. After that, however, he was going to stand no nonsense. She had declared war, and it eased Will's conscience to be able to regard her as an acknowledged and open enemy. He was able to swagger in upon the solicitor and lay claim to his wife's belongings without any too pressing sentiment of self-died. At bottom he knew that he was acting like a block-guard, but he was not forced to admit as much himself.

He got up at the head, and his own arrival there excited a good deal of attention and comment. People for the

most part gave him the cold shoulder, and there was not a soul who met him with that enthusiasm of friendship which he felt to be due to a popular traveler on his return to his native place. There were some who were willing to be friendly, but they were not the people he wanted, and altogether he was less happy than he had hoped to be. In respect of mere money he had never been so well off in all his life. Howarth had died "warm," as the current phrase about him went, and Will had before him the prospect of an undisturbed nibble at that considerable hoard while it should last. The wife was defenseless against him, and as a last protest the possibilities of conscience—what had he married her for but her money?

The averages get wonderfully good care taken of them always, and by way of balance in this instance, if Will Hackett undervalued Mary, his wife, Ned Blane overvalued her almost enough for full counterpoise. For by this time there had never been so patient and so angelic a sufferer since the world began. So meek, so defenseless, yet so courageous, she seemed to Ned's eyes, that he worshipped her. His own stalwart limbs and rude health defied disaster and seemed somewhat to merit it, if only for the sake of a rough-and-tumble with the world and fate; but she, so delicate, tender and pallid, should surely have been sheltered from all imaginable ills, and have been called to confront nothing that was harsh, comfortless or unfriendly. And thus, as was natural for a man in love, though it could only be absurd for any but a lover, the infant school was the scene of a most valiant school tragedy, and the native instinct to hold body and soul together became an enterprise purely angelic.

The passion which defied the girl naturally enough demonized the scoundrel who was her husband. To look at him fairly, Will was no more than despicable, but Blane was not in a position to assume a purely critical attitude. To him the selfish rascal stood mountainous, phenomenal, hideously deformed. Blane had carried a dull, slow despair so long that he had begun to think of himself as a man of a dull nature; but now that it began to be noised abroad that Hackett was back again, and squandering his wife's substance he began to hate with a heat and intensity which sometimes terrified him. The fierce loathing and revolt he sometimes felt at the bare existence of this poor and commonplace creature as if with the sudden anguish of a red-hot knife, and he would sicken and whirl with the intensity of his own hatred.

Resolutely hour by hour and day by day he had to fight against himself lest he should seek the man and lay upon him hands that could be nothing less than murderous. But to do the villain a damage would be to rob himself of his own right to despise him. And beyond that, he had no right to interfere. He kept, in the very midst of his madness, self-possession enough to know that he could not quarrel with the husband without throwing an undeserved stigma upon the wife. What were Mary and he to each other? What could they ever be? If the current of his love had flowed in a smooth channel it would certainly never have run dry, for there was a perennial spring of loyalty within the man, but the obstacles it encountered dammed it and held it in until it gathered strength and volume enough to go dashing and spraying in those wild cataracts of passion.

(To be continued.)

USE OF APPLES.

Financial and Dietetic Value of a Growing American Crop.

One medical writer says: "The more mellow apples one eats the better, provided they be taken at meal time. It is best of all to eat fruit before meals, and freely as you like."

This will prevent loading the system with a heavy weight of less digestible foods. Senator Vest says that if a man wishes to live long and be able to keep up his work he must eat not less than one apple with every noon lunch; we are not sure but he said half a dozen. The no-nonsense fad tells us that we must not only go without the morning meal, but that we must live much more largely upon fruit. Some of its disciples insist that the apple may be taken in the place of the ordinary breakfast.

John Wesley once referred to apple dumplings as an illustration of the alarming advance of luxuries in England. Charles Lamb quotes a friend who says that "a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings," and Dr. Johnson speaks of a clergyman of his acquaintance who brought his family up almost altogether on this Anglo-Saxon combination. We have recollections of dumplings which might accord with the opinion of Lamb, and we have recollections of other dumplings which might have been the origin of Calvinism. It must be borne in mind that the ideal apple is one that is fit to be eaten raw; yet the glorious old Spitzenburg is only fit for the cook—in whose hands it becomes the very perfection of pie apples. The nineteenth century went out with a marvelous evolution of new sorts of fruits of all kinds; but there was nothing in the list to exceed the delicious juices of the Northern Spy, the Macintosh Red, the Shannon or the Stuart's Golden.

There is nothing in the world to exceed the beauty of the apple blossom; while the air is laden with an exquisite perfume that has charmed a hundred generations—has added to the poetry, the love and the comfort of Greek, of Roman and of Briton. But if there be anything more beautiful than the apple in blossom it is the same tree loaded down with crimson and golden fruit. Then it is that the apple touches human nature and wakens in the house-keeper the highest conceptions of the science and the fine art of dietetics.—Independent.

Genuine Artists. Sinkins—And you really consider her a great vocalist, do you? Tinkins—Sure thing. Why, she can actually sing "Home, Sweet Home" so that nobody can tell what it is without looking at the program.

Science and Invention

The illuminating power of the sun at zenith is estimated by M. Charles Fabry at one hundred thousand candles.

In recent European experiments, corpses have been kept for a certain time in a bath of chloride of calcium heated to 123 degrees, then taken out and steeped for twenty-four hours in a cold solution of sulphate of sodium. The bodies are transformed into perfect mummies, to be kept indefinitely.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce, who has been studying the strange "sleeping sickness" which affects many of the inhabitants of Uganda, ascribes the spread of the infection to a species of the famous tsetse fly, whose attacks are fatal to horses and cattle in Africa. These flies are found to be infected with the parasite that causes the sleeping sickness by entering the blood and the cerebro-spinal fluid, and the well-defined areas of country to which the flies are confined correspond absolutely with the distribution of the disease. Where this species of tsetse fly is not found sleeping sickness is unknown.

A second blossoming of trees late in the season, after the usual forming of buds for the next year, may result from some injury, such as removal of the leaves, if the inference of M. E. Apert is correct. In October, 1907, this observer saw a white lilac in full bloom, the bush having small green leaves and beautiful clusters of white flowers, while some hundreds of feet away was another bush of the usual autumnal appearance. Investigation showed that worms had eaten off the leaves of the first bush several months before. A return of the worms in July, 1907, was followed by a partial reproduction of the phenomenon, and M. Apert believes that a second flowering of a fire-jarred tree, reported by M. Jolly as a result of the action of heat, was really due to destruction of the leaves. It is proposed to test the theory by removing the leaves of apple trees, pear trees, etc. in July or August.

It is an old question, "Are the 70 odd chemical elements really elementary, or are they compounded of something still more elementary?" In the light of the recent discoveries about radium Prof. F. W. Clarke recurs to a theory, advanced by him many years ago, that as the planets were evolved out of the original nebula which gave birth to the solar system, the chemical elements themselves were also evolved out of something far less complex than themselves. The fact that existing nebulae are very simple in composition, while stars in various stages of evolution exhibit more and more complexity, until, in solidified bodies, like the earth, a great number of chemical elements with a myriad of compounds are found, is regarded as strongly supporting this theory.

The phenomena of radium lead to the additional suggestion that as in the development of the heavenly bodies we seem to see the growth of the elements, so in radio-activity we witness their decay.

FIND HIDDEN WEALTH.

People Discover Treasure at Unexpected Places and Times.

Hidden treasure has an irresistible attraction for the human race. On the slightest hint from seer or fortune teller some one is sure to dig where the hidden treasure is supposed to be, and disappointment does not discourage another attempt when another "tip" is received. Very few have ever come upon hidden treasure, and the few have found it unexpectedly.

Take, for instance, that romantic unearthing of 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove, in Staffordshire seventy-two years ago. Some workmen were engaged in removing a nut bank which had formed in the center of the river, when one of them was amazed to find on raising his spade it that glistening with silver coins.

Attracted by the digger's exclamations of astonishment and delight, his fellow workmen hurried up, and in a moment half a dozen men were scrambling and fighting for the treasure feverishly filling their pockets, their hats and beer cans with silver coins which were worth their weight in gold for they were of the time of the first two Edwards, and had lain in the river for 500 years. That the bulk of the treasure trove was ultimately claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster matters little, for its finders had already appropriated scores of thousands of precious disks.

Only two years later a few village boys were playing at marbles on Sunday afternoon in a field near Beaworth in Hampshire, when one of them caught sight of a piece of lead protruding from a cart rut in a rough road that crossed the pasture. Tugging a strip of metal he disclosed a hole and through the exposed opening he saw a pile of glittering coins, bright as if fresh from the mint. To fill his pockets and those of his playmates was the work of a few moments, and so little did the youngsters appreciate the value of their discovery that of their way home they amused their selves by flinging the coins into the village pond.

Ultimately nearly seven thousand coins were recovered from this buried treasure chest, and they proved to be of the reigns of William I. and William II. and in a wonderful state of preservation.

A similar discovery was made near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, when a heavy cart, passing over a country road, struck

fast in a rut, and on being released disclosed a number of silver coins, which had escaped from the burst lid of a chest laden under the roadway. It was assumed that the chest of coins had been buried there in the perilous days of the civil war, and that the gradual sinking of the road and the weight of the passing cart had at last brought it again to the light of day.

In the year 1848 a most valuable deposit of treasure was revealed in the strangest fashion at Cuernetale, near Preston, in Lancashire. Some laborers were digging near the banks of the River Ribblesdale when the pickaxe of one of them struck something harder than earth and more yielding than rock. On removing his pick he found transfixed at the end of it a large ingot of silver. Plying his tool with renewed vigor he soon discovered wealth, consisting of scores of silver ingots weighing in all over 1,000 ounces.

Similar fortune befell a couple of laborers who were digging in a ditch near Cladstonebury, in Somersetshire, when they unearthed an ancient chest full of coins of the days of the Stuarts. They took samples of the coins to a neighboring antiquary of wealth, who not only paid the men a large sum for their treasure, but purchased a score or more acres of land adjacent to the lucky ditch. And here the irony of fortune is well illustrated, for although the antiquary spent thousands of pounds in buying and excavating his land, not a single coin was discovered beyond those which a stroke of the spade had revealed.

This is the kind of trick fortune loves to play on designing men. Not very many years ago, when the thatched roof of an ancient cottage near Ripon was removed a rich nest of 5-guinea gold pieces was discovered hidden away under it. When the news of this treasure trove came to the ears of a neighboring land owner he was so fired by the lust of gold that he forthwith purchased a dozen similar cottages in the district and had them all pulled down, but not a solitary coin was found in exchange for the £3,000 the experiment cost him.

Grow Young as You Grow Old.

Next to air and food in the human economy comes exercise. We may have plenty of fresh air, and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet, without helpful daily exercise these will not avail to keep the body in good condition. In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a French writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes, which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death." Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise.

There is nothing else which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy. "Grow young as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthful, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis or croquet, or any other mild form of exercise in the open air keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening. It fills the lungs with life-giving oxygen and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and "up to concert pitch," just as exercise keeps the voice or a musical instrument in perfect tone.—Success.

Possums Show Cunning.

John Toussaint of Cahokia declares he is the first man to discover how opossums ravage hen roosts, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He states that for years the farmers of this vicinity have lost their chickens and could not account for it. Mr. Toussaint says that he was sitting at his window early in the morning, when he noticed a "possum steal along the fence and enter his poultry house. He believed the animal would soon return and secured his shotgun. The animal did return in a second or so, and as it came in sight Toussaint fired. He killed the "possum and went to secure it, finding one of his fine chickens firmly grasped in the "possum's tail.

Mr. Toussaint says that the animal visits the henroost regularly, and that no chicken ever screams, because its breath is cut off by the pressure of the animal's tail. When the tail is safely stretched around the neck of the chicken the "possum starts off, dragging the fowl after him.

The Poor Composer Ain't.

There was trouble between the proprietor of the Daily Trumpet, published in Slowbury Center, and one of the prominent citizens of the town.

The citizen is Orlando Vance Jones, who writes occasional verses for the "Poet's Corner" and pays for space in which to advertise his dental surgery. The trouble arose soon after the birth of Mr. Jones's grandson. Being much gratified by the resemblance to him which many of the diplomatic mothers in Slowbury detected in the features of Orlando Vance, third, Mr. Jones composed a tender poem which he entitled, "A Pig My Counterpart."

When he opened the paper, of which he had ordered one dozen copies, he saw at the head of the column his poem under the title, "A Pig My Counterpart."

Good Reason. She smiles and laughs the livelong day; I say do not think her simple—She'll laugh at anything you say—Because she has a dimple.

When a woman imposes on her husband with kin, how the people roar! But the woman never knows it; they are very careful to do their talking behind her back.

TO LIVE 500 YEARS.

Singular Idea Which is Finding Believers in England.

Can man live for 500 years? There is a large number of people who believe that they are going to live that length of time.

Their leader is one of London's well-known editors, E. J. Kibbleshite, a man ordinarily credited with wisdom and common sense.

The people who have not been converted to the new theory and hope of longevity are standing aside and pooh-poohing the whole idea. The biologists and chemists—scientific men, in fact—are advising the undertakers to get coffin measurements for these people at once, for they are dabbling with dangerous drugs and doing other things that are called unwise if not perilous.

But Kibbleshite and his friends expect to be here when the millennium begins. They are enthusiastic. They declare the doctors, the preachers, and the grave diggers are facing sorry times. These men have not been stampeded up to date.

The people who hope and believe they will live as long as they want to have been studying the habits of the whale, the pike, frog, and lizard. The whale lives 300 years. The pike often lives to be 250 years old if some hidden hook does not draw him from his favorite stream. Frogs live an indefinite period. They are found sealed in rocks that must have been centuries in forming. Lizards, likewise, have an almost eternal lease on life.

Why not man? That's the question the live-for-ever theorists are asking.

The secret of long life lies in the liberal application to the skin of glacial acetic acid, according to the unscientific Britishers. Persons who have dabbled in chemistry are aware of the fact that acetic acid has an effect upon the epidermis. Acetic acid baths restore the hardened and wrinkled skin of oldsters to the freshness and softness of a child's skin, say the believers. It cures death and all the signs of approaching death. In short, it makes a man over. It is a refined idea of the fiction for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain.

Kibbleshite claims to have cured various cases of disease which were pronounced "incurable" by doctors and really believes that glacial acetic acid is capable of prolonging life.

THESE BOYS' WORK.

Value 540 Acres of Corn, for Which They Receive \$4,154.52.

By industriously tending a patch of corn all last summer three Missouri boys earned not only the handsome sum of \$4,154.52, but sufficient distinction to have the fruit of their industry selected to be one of the features of Missouri's exhibit at the World's Fair, and to cause the commission to place their photographs in a place of honor in the Missouri building.

The boys are John, George and Joseph Christian, aged 18, 16, and 13 years respectively. They are the sons of C. A. Christian, and their home is in Tarkio, Atchison county. The work was all done between May 1 and Nov. 1, and the boys are now in school.

The Christian boys accepted an offer from Davis Rankin of Atchison county, Missouri, who is the most extensive cattle feeder in the world. Mr. Rankin has 30,000 acres of land in Atchison county, and each year he raises corn on from 15,000 to 20,000 acres.

When the Christian boys applied for a tract of land on which to raise corn Mr. Rankin promptly turned over a tract of 540 acres and agreed to pay the boys 12 cents for every bushel of corn they would raise.

Hitching six Missouri mules to a lister the boys went to work. This machine plows, harrows, and seeds all at one operation. They worked like Trojans and soon the 540 acres were all planted. Then the boys had a breath spell. When the corn began to grow another task appeared for them, and three times the growing corn had to be cultivated. Again was a requisition made on the Missouri mule, and six were attached to each of three two-row cultivators. The weeds were kept down, the soil loosened, and the corn grew. This corn was gone over three times. Meanwhile the grain grew and ripened, and when November rolled around the harvest was begun.

Up to this time the work of making the crop had been done altogether by the three boys. Extra help was employed in the harvest, however, and when the corn was gathered and measured into Mr. Rankin's great corn bins it was found that the boys had grown 24,621 bushels of the grain. At 12 cents per bushel this netted the sum of \$4,154.52, and Mr. Rankin gave them a check for that amount—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Or-American Mailships.

On all the American mailships nowadays there is a regular postoffice in charge of three postal clerks from the New York postoffice, who live aboard and assort the mails just as is done by the clerks upon the railway postal cars.

Electricity in Farm Work.

The use of electricity in connection with farm work is being strongly advocated. The idea that the light is deleterious to vegetation is said to be all wrong and that the contrary holds good.

A nice, worthy, ambitious and capable woman, married to a worthless man, is a pitiful sight.