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LOVE AFTER DEATH.
They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find us welcome faces.

I can not tell how that may be
In other homes, but this I know:
Could my life during come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Off-times the flowers have come and gone
Off-times the winter winds have blown
The while her presence went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

How slowly I learned from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But, whether good or whether bad,
I hide my memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends as round me, true and tried;
They have their place, but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with best of gray,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To see my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marble gleams
She still must slumber. God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best-loved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day,
Through years of years for one sweet face.

THE CAPTAIN.
The Park and Old Sea Dog Played
In Romance.

[Written for This Paper.]
A young lady, with a
tissue over her hat
and about her neck,
leaned far over the
rail of the bow of the
propeller.

Her figure was slight,
and she looked
separately more than a
spot of blue flannel
slung across the
guard, so slim and
delicate was her shape,
and so adaptable to
whatever whim it
might be that caused
her to lean there so long.

It made the Captain uneasy. He was a
sturdy fellow, with weathered wrinkles
of the corners of his eyes, and was out
there for his morning's game. It was his
custom to pace back and forth across this
narrow platform of deck, and look after
the progress of a game to a ship.

And the young lady, with her varied
tissues, had studied long the
progress of the game in his practical
brain. She had many good things to
say to him—the blue-beret
of the master's steward, the stateroom
agent, the counting room, the hospital,
the legislative hall.

He could do all his duty and hear besides.
It puzzled him to know what this young
lady had discovered that kept her so long
in one position.

He was relieved when a stalwart, white
flannel suited young man hove in sight,
evidently in search of her.

"While you are working yourself into an
eloquent temper, Paul, you might say all
you have to say about—the plan. So tell
me. It may be our last chance. I'm all
a-tremble."

"Nonsense, Paul. If you tease me I shall
go and talk to the Captain."
"Well, listen then," in a half whisper,
"for you need to get every detail. But—
Clarice, please don't seem to be in ear-
shot, so, so people will think we're
chaffing."

"There's hardly time to tell you now."
"People! What people!" she laughed gaily.
"Why—the Captain, of course. Don't
laugh. Hear me now: we are due at
eight o'clock. But it seems ungrateful.
They have meant to be kind to me."

"Kind? They would marry you to that
death's head—that old mausoleum. Do
you call that kindness?"
"They can't make me marry him!"
"They will make you marry him. They
will drive me away. They spurn, scorn
me. I have nothing in my pockets except
my bare hands when the weather is frosty.
I have no shelter for you—except these
arms."

In the gloomy haze that enshrouded them
he demonstrated that the arms were fully
capable of encircling her.

"Will you?"
"How did you say we should do?"
"The best arrives at or before five in the
morning. Few will go ashore until broad
daylight. Some of the humbler passengers
will, but Mrs. Winterfield will wait for her
carriage. Wrap a rain cloak about you. I
will wear my ulster. No one will know us,
or notice us."

"Hush! I will take you to my mother's."
You will be married as her daughter should.
Once you are my wife—let them whistle!"
As he said these words the lugubrious
blast of the steam whistle, which had been
lifting all day, shook the little pinch of breath
out of his narrow chest, close a couple of steady
fingers round his aristocratic windpipe
and heard the small final gurgle that would
announce.

No such malice occurred at the mere sight
of this bank president.
"Something of a fog."
"Yes, sir," from the Captain. "Our journey
has been very favorable. Good morning, sir,"
to Drexel.

A freezing nod.
"Yes, sir, a tip-top run. Right time
of year for that."—The Captain was more
than a little nervous for the benefit of the
young people—"thank 'ee, sir," he added, accepting
a Havana from the case courteously
extended to him by Mr. Cumberland.

"I don't smoke," was Drexel's surly
reply to the offer.
"I don't smoke," said the Captain. Mr. Cum-
berland, said the Captain. "Better eat before
you smoke."

And the two went in together.
Later in the forenoon rugs were brought
out and spread upon the deck, shawls and
blankets were adjusted and arranged,
and a party of ladies was encoined
where they could be carefully protected and
yet have the benefit of the fresh air. Mrs.
Winterfield, her mature daughter, Rosamond,
and her wayward niece, Clarice.

Mr. Cumberland was in polite attendance,
and his assiduous devotion to their comfort
received gracious recognition from the two
elder ladies, but won little favor from
Clarice. She was restless in their company,
nervous and restrained.

The boat had been long seated before she
expressed a desire to go for a few minutes
upon the hurricane deck. She wanted to
escape them, and, besides, she had caught a
shadowy perspective of Paul's hat round the
corner of the pilot house.

Mrs. Winterfield demurred. Miss Rosamond
objected. But Mr. Cumberland
greeted the proposition with considerable
indulgence, offering to go with her, if Mrs.
Winterfield did not object.

He sped up the ladder like a cat and
reached the top with a feeble claw to steady
Clarice's ascent.

Rosamond and her mother were left to
themselves, two such pale personalities that
where they were could literally be called
solitude.

words so supreme that her cheeks burned
in memory of them all the day thereafter.

Her elderly lover with the cold orb had
supposed Drexel to be a lounging deck hand.
After those words no passenger could
have been better than the young girl.

The Fates were propitious, too, for Miss
Rosamond had a nervous headache and
went early to bed. Mrs. Winterfield's
sensibilities were so harried by the continuous
blowing of the fog-bells, which music
has a way of getting into every crevice
—that she too was forced to seek her
state-room.

She ordered Clarice not to set foot on deck
that evening. "Stay in the cabin and
entertain Mr. Cumberland," she said.
"Very well," demurely. She knew Mr.
Cumberland's neuralgia had driven him into
retirement long ago.

At ten o'clock, when the Captain began his
watch, two muffled figures were there be-
fore him. The cool air of a clear but
trayed the sex of one, and a dim pension of
a ray that of the other.

The weather was very thick, they were
evidently the only romantic passengers on
board. The man said, "it seems the Captain
—he was just here."

"But Paul, that's really dreadful. I can't
do that."
"Yes, you can. Dreadful! Dreadful to
go with me! You just now said you would
give all the world to go with me."
"Yes, yes. But it seems ungrateful.
They have meant to be kind to me."

"Kind? They would marry you to that
death's head—that old mausoleum. Do
you call that kindness?"
"They can't make me marry him!"
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extreme measure. Clarice, however, she
was perplexed. She had never before
been so much in the hands of her family.

She sighed, "like so impetuous, just so re-
gardless of consequences."
As the day went on Clarice grew more
and more puzzled in her own mind as to
whether her attempted flight had been pur-
posely intercepted, or whether it was more
chance that her aunt and train had appeared
at the critical moment.

Her doubts were set aside in mid-after-
noon, when Mrs. Winterfield, having had
her nap, sent for Clarice to come to her
state-room.

"My child, sit down," was her rather
agitated greeting.
Clarice obeyed.

"Is it true, Clarice, is it true that you were
dipping with that young man this morning?"
"I was prepared to be defiant."
"Where were you going?"
"I was going to his mother's house."
"And you were to be married?"

"Do you think that a dignified thing for a
young lady to do?"
"Quite as dignified as for the woman who
should be my mother to try to make me
marry a man I hate—a man old enough to be
my grandfather!"

"Hush, Clarice, I am astonished at you."
Clarice's unvoiced temper took a sudden
turn in the direction of tears. She burst
into a storm of them, and they were a relief
from the day's complex emotions.

"And Clarice fell to sobbing anew."
"Dear Mrs. Winterfield," I had
no idea you felt this way. I supposed it
was the most frivolous flirtation. You can't
have known him more than three weeks."
"Why, auntie, I've known him ever since
I was a little girl. He was my first boy lover
before he died."

"Clarice!"
"I told you so when I first met him, but you
didn't seem to hear. I hadn't seen him
for years, of course, until he came to the
spring."

Mr. Rosamond said that story was made
up to secure greater freedom."
"It was not true. Paul used to
draw me on his hand, and fight about
me, too."

"No doubt," smiled Mrs. Winterfield, "and
he seems inclined to fight again."
An idea was slowly dawning within Mrs.
Winterfield's mind which caused her man-
ner to grow rather sunny. Why oppose
these two young people? Why not, after
all, rather give Mr. Cumberland with the
discretion in the direction of Miss Rosa-
mond? There might be two weddings in
stead of one.

"Very well," she said at length, "I will
send for Mr. Drexel and see what he has to
say in the matter. He ought to be ashamed
to take such a course as he has."
"He was compelled to do it. You would
not recognize him nor listen to me."

"Tut, tut, Clarice, you have said enough.
Go now and stop crying, or your eyes will
be red as dinner."
Paul Drexel came promptly at Mrs. Win-
terfield's summons. He did not act in the
least ashamed.

"I had to deal with prejudice," he said re-
spectfully, "and I desire to deal boldly."
During the interview Mrs. Winterfield
alternated between resentment and amuse-
ment. She felt at a serious disadvantage
before this handsome young giant, who would
say such audacious things in a courtly way.
Then both laughed again.

"If the Captain's face could have been
seen, too, all the wrinkles round his eyes
would have been found puckered into their
funniest radius."
"We can't have a cottage, Clarice, but we
can live in a fine house. Think of it!
Don't recede shyly from any such possi-
bilities. I offer you all—all, without reser-
vation—except, perhaps, this cigar. May I
light it?"

"Let me do it."
"Let me do it."—A match, bit off the end of a
cigar with a very face, and her whole con-
tenance glowed ruddy like a bunch of pop-
pies, as she drew it to a bright tip.

TEMPERING STEEL.
A Simple Mechanical Art Whose Theory Is
Not Generally Understood.

In the whole range of the mechanical
arts it would be nearly impossible to
find another process so simple
and so common in principle, and yet
so little understood in theory, as the
hardening and tempering of steel. It
was probably this fact which some
years ago led the Institute of Mechan-
ical Engineers of England to place this
subject among those to be specially in-
vestigated by a committee of its own
members, who reported upon it in due
time. To illustrate the facts that re-
quire scientific explanation, the pro-
cess of hardening and tempering a cold
chisel, which is usually done at one
operation, may be briefly described.

After heating the point it is dipped in
cold water and thus the tool is hard-
ened. After cooling, the smith lifts
the steel from the water and watches it
as the heat remaining in the
interior of the metal diffuses itself
through the hardened portion. As
the heat spreads the color passes
from a white luster to a pale yellow,
then to a brownish orange.

The point is dropped into water
again, and a full confidence that, after
cooling, the temper will be that desired.
If the steel is allowed to become
become too dark with purple, and
would then be successively into full
purple, light blue, full blue, dark blue,
and each color could give its own
temper upon cooling, as bright blue
for swords and axes, and springs, dark
blue for saws. These are the
well-known facts, and yet their
"how" and "why" are always been
equally a mystery to the artist
and the scientist, although upon the
correct solution of the problem de-
pends so important a matter, a knowl-
edge of how best to reach a judi-
cious compromise which blends
the maximum of hardness and tough-
ness. Now, either can be pressed to
pleasure, as the colder the steel the
harder the steel, and the slower (as in
oil) the tougher; but extreme harden-
ing is produced at the strength of tenacity
and vice versa. The committee's con-
clusion was suggested by Edison's ex-
periments upon wire, which he made
public in 1879. These experiments
showed that incandescent platinum
wire became covered with minute in-
sures, due to the expiration of the oc-
cluded gases under the action of heat,
and that when the wire was cooled in
a vacuum the fissures closed. By a
succession of heatings and coolings
the gases were entirely expelled, and
the platinum became much harder and
denser. As the committee suggests, it
may be that the first and extreme heat
dries out the gases occluded at ordi-
nary temperature, thus producing the
denseness of hard steel. When the
metal is slightly heated, as in temper-
ing, reabsorption begins, and the char-
acteristic color due to the changes in
the surface, the gradual opening of
minute fissures, which are produced by
this reabsorption. In connection with
this latest theory may be mentioned
one or two earlier ones. One is that
when steel is heated the carbon be-
comes amorphous and the steel is soft,
while if cooled quickly the carbon
crystallizes, taking the properties of
diamond, and the steel becomes, as it
were, diamond set in iron. This theory
of Julien's is, perhaps, the most strik-
ing one, but, while accounting for
hardness, it does not explain the tem-
per of steel, to say nothing of objec-
tions to the postulated liquefaction of
carbon.—*Jewelers' Review.*

UNNECESSARY WORK.
It Can Be Avoided by Systematic
House and Kitchen Duties.

The amount of unnecessary exertion
given in this country to the accom-
plishment of any task has long been a
subject of comment among wise men.
Individuals who seldom choose the quiet,
systematic way, allowing each detail
of their task to follow the other in
regular order till every thing is done.
In no place is want of system so sorely
felt as in the household. The erratic
housekeeper is responsible for more
than half the ill-health attributed to
untrained servants. The fact that ser-
vants in this country are sadly un-
trained is a reflection against their
mistresses. It requires a large amount
of patience to take a green girl and
train her to the work of a refined
household. The reason so many girls
give up their work in anger
as a hopeless task is that
they are taught without system to
go from one thing to another,
and can never feel that the tasks of
the day have been rounded each to
completeness. The worker who does
not feel some pleasure in a success-
ful accomplishment of well-dones
work must have a low, brutish na-
ture. It is the unnecessary steps the
girl takes usually that weary her, and
these the careful housekeeper always
seeks to save her from. Uneducated
people are often very obstinate, but if
they are once shown or made to com-
prehend a system by which all their
work can be done in order and time
saved for themselves, they will usually
prefer it. It is certain that in metho-
dical households the servants usually
remain longer and there is less com-
plaint than in easy-going homes where
rules and hours are scorned. In one
house the servant knows every hour of
the day what is expected of her. There
is but eight variation in the work
from week to week. The servant's
time to herself may be limited, but she
is always sure of that time. It is not
taken from her on trivial pretense,
while she in her turn knows too well
that any appeal to set aside the allotted
tasks will be of no avail. There are
few housekeepers who can not remem-
ber their kitchen where so large amount
of work was done, yet every one was for-
ever in a hurry, rushing "hither and
yonder," and the tasks of the day seemed
to be forever undone, and elsewhere
an immense amount of work was ac-
complished by the same number of
hands. Yet the kitchen was cleanly,
and the quiet manner of the workers
hardly a sign of what was being done.
If there was extra work, it was
carefully planned out and ordered by
the mistress. Is there any reason
that a girl trained to the easy way of
a systematic household should not prefer
to the disorder and drudgery of "spang-
ing" homes.—*E. E. Stevens.*

A TALK BY THE REV. DR. W. W. W.
One of the best things we can do
when the sky and all the things
around us are so dark and gloomy,
is to turn our eyes inward, and
look at our hearts. We are all
in need of a better life, and
a better heart. We are all in
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heart. We are all in need of a
better life, and a better heart.

As the sun came out for a bright
brief space, the butterfly fluttered
eagerly about the window, and imparted
to the sick room an air of cheerfulness
and hope. Towards evening, however,
the tiny creature dropped its wings
upon the mantle-piece. During the
night a hard frost came on, and the
room was in consequence very cold.
In the morning the butterfly lay in the
bottom of the tumbler, apparently dead.

The invalid, grieved that her gentle
companion of the previous day should
so soon perish, made some effort to
restore its fragile existence. She put it
on her own warm hand, and, breathing
upon it, perceived it gave signs of re-
turning animation. She then once
more placed it in the glass house on
the rug before the fire. Soon the elan-
gant little insect spread out its many-
colored wings, and flew to the window,
where the sun was shining brightly.
By and by the sun retired, and the
window-pane getting cold, the crea-
ture sank down on the carpet again,
apparently lifeless. The same means
were used to restore animation, and
with the same success.

This alternation of life and death
went on for many days till at last the
grateful little thing became quite tame,
and seemed to be acquainted with its
benefactress. When she went to the
window, and held out her finger, it
would, of its own accord, hop upon it;
sometimes it would settle for an hour
at a time upon her hand or neck when
she was reading or writing. Its food
consisted of honey; a drop of which
a lady would put upon her hand,
and the butterfly would uncurl its
wings, and gradually sip it up; then
it would sip a drop of water in the
same way. The feeding only took
place in three or four days.

In the manner the butterfly's exist-
ence was prolonged through the whole
winter, and part of the following spring.
As it grew old the end of its career
its wings became quite transparent, and
its spirit evidently departed. It
would rest only in its "crystal
palace," even when the sun was woo-
ing it to come out, and, at last, one
morning in April it was found dead—
quite dead.—*N. Y. Times.*

RINGS OF OPAL.
Talisman that are supposed to hold off
Misfortune and Evil.

It is madam's true to say that the
opal is restored by fire to high
favor. Surely not; for the opal is not
discredited all the ill that it has
heard of this wonderful gem, the
heart of fire. The true reason is,
but that the possessor of it is a
like of God and man. So you
wear your opal in content, and
its soft beauty with all your heart
that it will bring you nothing but
trouble. An opal that is rarer than
fine opal is the blue opal. This has
a silvery, blue charm in its mar-
velous depths, which shades to gleaming
gold and the soft opacity of the pearl. Heat
and cold seems to affect this gem; the
blue will be most intense in a warm
atmosphere, while in a colder temper-
ature it will be as softly silvery almost
as the moonstone.

But with all the brilliant gems she
must not overlook the moonstone,
the magic stone that brings good luck to
its possessor, the talisman that holds off
misfortune. It may not represent so
much in value as the other rings, but
it is one of the most important of all,
or, at least, she must imagine so, or
she will not be quite in the
fashion. And, beside the moonstone
"for luck," set in a ring that
should never leave her finger. This
ring should hold the gem that rules or
represents the month of her birth.
This, like the moonstone, is talismanic.
If she is born in January, she must
wear garnet; if in February, amethyst;
if in March, bloodstone; if she is an
April child, the sapphire is hers; if
she opened her eyes in smiling May,
she may claim the diamond; for July,
June the emerald is the type; July is
controlled by the sardonyx, August by
the carnelian, September by the chry-
solite, October by the beryl, November
by the topaz, while December's child
may wear the ruby. As for the set-
ting, that may fall on the whim of the
wearer. It is not how she has it, but
what she has, when she tries to propi-
tiate fate with her talismans. Let us
hope that she may be successful, and
that with the moonstone may come
good fortune, with the opal happiness,
and with her birthday stone content, and
with them all a happy life, sweet
as the honey of her bright girlhood.—*Boston Herald.*

EFFECT OF WORD-PAINING.
A wealthy man who owns a country
residence recently became dissatisfied
with it, and determined to have
another. So he instructed a real estate
agent famous for his descriptive
powers to advertise it for private sale,
but to conceal the location, selling pur-
chases to apply at his office. In a few
days the gentleman happened to see
the advertisement, was pleased with
the account of the place, showed it to
his wife and the two concluded it was
just what they wanted and they would
purchase it at once. So he went to the
office of the agent and told him that
the place he had advertised was such
a one as he desired, and he would
purchase it. The agent burst into a
laugh and said that it was a de-
ception of his own house where he was
then living. He read the advertise-
ment again, and said that the "grassy
slope," "beautiful view," "magnificent
lawns," etc., and broke out: "Is it
possible? Well, make out my bill for
advertising and expenses for, by
George! I couldn't see the place any
more than I could see what I had
purchased."—*Philadelphia Record.*

FARM AND FIRE.
—When the horse chews at some ob-
ject or stumbles, do not whip him.
Help him to stand, and show him the
folly of his fear.

—Placing soil or soil on a stump
wetting it once a week, will cause a
gradual rotting. It is said that boring
a large hole in the stump and filling it
with sulphuric acid cuts the fiber and
causes decay.

—By pulling up the cabbage stalks
and storing away and then setting
them in a good condition, a supply
of young greens can be secured earlier
than by sowing spinach or dandelion.
—Ginger Crackers. One and a half
cups sugar, one teaspoon molasses,
one cup butter, two large table-
spoons flour, three tablespoonfuls
baking powder, a little warm water,
mix together, roll out thin, bake
quickly in a hot oven.

—The common
pipe may be used for it. This is
first boiled in water and stored in
brown when it has absorbed the
white, when it is spread on a
flat dish and a more stock poured
over; the dish should be garnished with
pieces of toast.—*Home's World.*

—Egg Hash. Take two tablespoonfuls
milk and a pinch of salt to each well-
beaten egg; to each egg add one
cupful of chopped, cold, fresh meat
of any sort. Grease a frying pan
with well-drippings, and constantly
stir until dripping through.

—A horse that is naturally irasci-
ble may be made curiously tame. If
he often receives blows the more
they are uppermost, and any unpleas-
ant noise is imagined to be coming
from the escape from which is an uncon-
querable impulse. The man who abuses
his horses is often rewarded by the
destruction of his property and injury
to himself, the result of runaway.

—Soiled bedding should be kept
through the day away from the stalls.
If piled under the mangers, the horses
are compelled to breathe the offensive
ammoniacal odors, which are injuri-
ous to their eyes, lungs and general
health. Many a horse has learned the
habit of pulling on his halter through
his efforts to get away from the smell
of soiled bedding.—*American Agriculturist.*

—The value of clover as an egg food
is readily seen by the large percentage
of lime and phosphoric acid. Of all
vegetable kingdom it is the most acces-
sible and cheapest food. Fed with
meat scraps it makes a nearly complete
egg food. Sulphur is also present, as
well as salt—in fact all ingredients
necessary to the formation of an egg
can be found in the above foods, and
all are in such a form as to be readily
assimilated by the digestive organs of
a fowl.

—Dressed Oysters on Toast. Open
two dozen large oysters, keeping them
separate from their juices. Then mix
smoothly the yolk of two eggs with a
little flour, beat the mixture
smooth, then dip them separately in the
mixture of egg and flour, and fry in a
saute-pan and brown them in a little
clarified butter. When brown take
them out of the saute-pan and pour
the juice of the oysters into the butter
remaining in the pan. Thicken this
with a little flour, and, after stirring
for a few minutes, put the oysters
on a hot plate and let them remain
until they get thoroughly hot, then
serve on toast and serve on slices of
bread.

PENCE QUESTION.
An Editor's Comment on the
Recent Subject.

Undoubtedly as an exchange sug-
gests, the only way to manage broadly
animals is to give the kind of fence
that they can jump over or jump
over, for both are equally sure.
Cattle regard the fence where the
fences are poor, and they can be
seen from jumping both in five or six
feet. It is surprising to find a horse
will keep them with a light fence. It
is therefore important that the fence
should be kept from crossing broadly
habits while young. A kind of
fence a man can meet with. Ideally
build and maintain will depend upon
his locality, the severity of the
regions, the character of the
soil, the character of the
old Virginia worm fence processes
advantages. It is easily built
readily moved when necessary,
change the shape and size of field.
But there is an economy of timber in
the worm fence and at the best it
requires constant care and attention.
A good, solid post-and-rail fence
requires a better class of timber
and more labor to build, but it will
last many years, with little or no
care, and if made five rails high it
is about the most "unobjectionable"
thing that a broadly animal is likely to
tempt. On farms encumbered with
stone, stone walls, if well-laid up on
a foundation below frost line, will last
long time with slight repairs, but
directly the work is done in too much
of a hurry, and a poorly built stone
wall is only a nuisance. It is a ques-
tion whether in most cases the stone
could not be disposed of to better ad-
vantage in some other way. An old
stone wall that has been stacked and
riddled is about the most untidy and
ugly combination in the shape of a
fence that one can imagine. The
barbed wire fence, in spite of its
burr, is rapidly growing in popularity.
Its comparative cheapness and the ease
with which it may be kept from be-
coming a harbor for weeds and other
weeds are in its favor. There is a
tendency to do away with the long
and dangerous barbs that were first
introduced, and to make them just
long enough to act as reminders. An
old man once inquired to prevent a
fence from being so high. Still, the
fence, even in its modified form, is
from being a perfect one. The
fence is still a thing of the past.
Perhaps Yankee ingenuity will
day furnish us with a cheap, per-
manent and durable stone barrier that
is a terror to the man who wishes
to cross late, or to the
jumps for a rest on the top rail
end of his nose.—*Philadelphia Record.*