



## JIMMIE AND JANE.

THESE were their names—Jimmy and Jane. Everybody in the village knew them; they had many friends; yet all agreed with wonderful unanimity that they were two of the strangest individuals ever seen.

Jimmy—his full name was James Bradford—was a bachelor of about 50 years, reputed to have a stocking full of gold and silver coins, which he kept in his feather bed. He was a noted hater of women and seldom spoke to one.

Jane—or more properly Miss Jane Green—was called an old maid, lived in a tiny house by herself, and had a holy horror of the biped man. Her age was "uncertain," but her 49th birthday was of the past.

Jimmy took life easily, but was opposed to ostentation and the modern acceptance of the term "luxury."

He dressed without regard to fashion, but within the bounds of respectability. He even rode out in his own carriage, but it was by no means a modern vehicle; it had done service, he would proudly tell you, since his grandfather's days, quite a century ago.

He cared little for books; society he abominated, because it was spoiled by admitting women, and of the few diversions that went to make up the sum of his life's pleasures, fishing held the place of prominence.

Even in the pursuit of this gratification Jimmy was not free from harassment, for he was obliged to pass by the door of a cottage occupied by a woman in order to reach the river. The woman was no other than Jane.

One bright afternoon in September Jimmy was lounging along the river bank when the splash of oars in mid-stream fell upon his ears. He looked in the direction of the sounds, and then a scowl wrinkled his forehead.

"Humph!" he muttered, "that old maid Jane Green is trying to row over to Ned Brown's. She'd better be home drinking tea. Most likely she'll manage to get drowned. What a fuss she makes, splashin' an' flappin' about."

He pulled up his line with an angry jerk, put a fresh worm on the hook and then cast out the line again, with an outburst of strength quite unnecessary, unless to give vent to his indignation.

The "splashin' an' flappin' about," instead of dying away in the distance as the boat reached the other side of the river, grew louder and more disturbing, and, half in wonder, half angry, Jimmy looked around again.

"That the luck!" he cried. "If she ain't gone and rowed right smack inter that eddy—the only one within two miles at that. If that ain't jest like a fool woman I'd like to know what 'tis like."

Just then his attention was attracted to his line, and Jane's peril was for a moment forgotten.

A forcible reminder came in the form of a loud, piercing scream, followed by a frightened appeal for help.

"There, jest as might ha' been expected! The first bite I've had for an hour, and that miserable woman had

Green! Ketch hold of that rope an' I'll pull you out."

"Never!" cried Jane, spurring out a stream of water from her mouth, and paddling desperately with both hands to keep afloat.

"Then I'll pull ye out, anyhow!" ejaculated Jimmy. "I never knew any livin' woman had such grit. You're too plucky for fish bait, an' I'll save ye, whether or no."

Despite Jane's gurgled protests, he hurriedly hauled in the rope, formed a slipknot at one end, and hurried it over the half-drowned woman's shoulders. Then he exerted his strength in a vigorous pull, which Jane resisted with all her wailing powers, and succeeded in lifting her into the boat.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped. "And to think that I should owe my life to Jimmy Bradford," and then, too much



exhausted to bear up any longer, she closed her eyes and fainted away.

"Wuss and wuss!" cried Jimmy. "Did ever a man hev such luck? What in the world am I goin' to do with a faintin' half-drowned woman, I'd like to know? I've half a mind to leave her here in the boat an' start for home."

He drew the boat up on the sloping shore and after carrying Miss Jane to a sheltered spot beneath a wide-spreading willow tree, proceeded to restore her to consciousness. When she opened her eyes the first thing that met her gaze was Jimmy's face.

"Oh, my soul!" she gasped, feebly. "Am I in the power of the Evil One?"

"Draw it a little milder, Jane Green. I ain't the Evil One, nor no kin to him, as I knows on. An' you're showin' mighty little appreciation for havin' your life saved. I can tell ye."

"Wall, said Jane, after a moment's thought, "perhaps I was a little too harsh. I s'pose there are wuss bein's on the face of this airth than you be. I reckon you'd set all the tongues o' scandal waggin' against me."

"You're too plucky a woman to feed fishes on, an' too good-looking, too."

Jane's pale face changed in a moment to a deep carnation hue, and her tone might have indicated either real or pretended reproach as she replied:

"Same on ye, Jimmie Bradford, to make fun of a misfortunate an' defenseless woman. I'll go home this minute."

She arose, trembling and weak, and attempted to walk away, but staggered and was obliged to grasp a branch of a tree for support.

"You're too weak to go home now, Jane," said Jimmy, approaching. "You'd better stop a while longer."

"So you could make more fun of me, I s'pose," said she tartly. "No, thank you, Mr. Bradford."

"I didn't say more'n I meant, Jane Green, nor more'n I'd say another time. I never knew before that women had so much gumption. But if you're bound to go, I'll give you a boost, for you couldn't get there alone. Here, take my arm."

"An' set the hull town to talkin'," cried Jane.

"Tain't best that they talk," retorted Jimmy. "The first one that says a word aginst you will feel that," exhibiting a hard and formidable fist.

After considerable persuasion, Jane was at last induced to take his arm, and off they walked, a most singular looking couple.

"Now be careful an' see that you don't take cold after yer duckin'," said Jimmy, as they reached the woman's home. "You'd better make you some hot ginger tea at once. An' if you'll agree to it I'll drop in to-morrow an' see how you are."

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### MATTERS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

Suggestions to Those Who Would Raise Broom Corn—Increasing the Value of Farms—The Poorly Made Straw Stack—Quality of Maple Sap.

An excellent authority on the subject of raising broom corn says: "Alluvial lands are the best for raising broom corn; yet almost any soil that will raise good corn will produce a tolerable crop of broom corn. It will pay for manuring and careful culture. The planting is generally done with a machine drawn by a horse in rows three feet apart, wide enough for cultivator or plow to pass. The seed is dropped in hills from sixteen to eighteen inches apart, four quarts of seed being sufficient to plant an acre. The seed will germinate and the blade will make its appearance in four or five days. It may be manured in the hill or by spreading the manure upon the ground. After the corn is well up the cultivator can be profitably used three or four times before hoeing, after which commences the weeding and thinning. As a general rule, two hoeings are sufficient. Planting may be done from the middle of May to the last of June. In harvesting, bend the stems or stalks of corn two and a half or three feet from the ground and leave for a few days to dry; then cut six or eight inches from the brush and lay into heaps to be carried to the scraper. The seed is removed from the brush by horse power or hand machines made for that purpose. The yield of seed is uncertain, but it will often pay the whole expense of cultivation and preparation of the brush for market, if it can be used at home for feed. It is excellent for fattening sheep and can also be fed with advantage to horses and poultry, and when ground with other grain it can be fed to cattle. It may be dried on a floor, and the ground if perfectly dry is often used for that purpose. Frequent stirring while drying is essential, and it should be run through a fanning mill before grinding.

The harvesting of the crop most generally commences while the seed is in its earliest stage, or milky state, as the early harvested broom is the brightest and best; consequently there must be a sacrifice more or less of seed.

**Increased Value of Farms.** Wealth consists not only of that within the immediate possession of the farmer, but also of that which is available in the future. Every ounce of plant food added to the soil can be utilized at some future time, the increase of the farm being stored there on instead of invested elsewhere. Every drop that can be grown which leaves in the soil nitrogenous materials drawn from the atmosphere gives an unseen profit in addition to that derived from it when harvested, as the stored nitrogen in the soil is the ready material for the next summer, which will assist in providing another crop and at less cost than when a portion of the profits must be expended for fertilizers. All plants derive fat and starch from the atmosphere by utilizing carbonic acid gas, but only a limited number of plants are capable of deriving nitrogen from the air to an appreciable extent, the nitrogen, therefore, being expensive, while the carbon costs nothing at all. When the farmer buys feeding materials he buys fat and starch as well as nitrogen, but whether the nitrogen produces meat or manure, he is sure to get back more than its original cost, because he can utilize the fat and starch instead without diminishing the value of the manure. For the reasons given it is safe to claim that a large number of farmers who receive but little cash or who apply their labor to improving their farms, gradually increase their wealth in the soil until a time arrives when they realize the fact that they own valuable farms, which may be worth many times the first cost, and possess fertile soils which are capable of yielding enormous crops and giving large profits.

**Poorly Made Straw Stacks.** Except where the necessities of milkmen require large barns, we fear those of average farmers are not so good nor so commodious as they used to be. The hay goes into the barn, of course, as being more valuable than straw. The latter is put into a stack, often very poorly made. Straw is so little considered as feed that too many farmers think it matters little if it does get wet, as it is used mainly as bedding for stock. But this same stack, if they could have clean, dry straw, would cut a little straw if only for variety in their ration. If the farmer would buy grain, and especially if he would buy linseed or cotton-seed meal, he could make his straw as good as hay by cutting and steaming it, and then sprinkling one or the other of these meals over it. In this way, hay, which is always reckoned valuable, could be made to go much further, more stock could be kept and the manure pile would be many times richer than it is. All this can be done if farmers will save their straw in better shape. Most of the trouble in making stacks is from the accumulation of chaff under the straw carrier. This chaff is much the richest part of the straw. It should be stored in the barn if room can be found for it. With the chaff out of the way, keeping the center of the stack well filled and packed, and evenly packing all sides, the stack may be built up, so that when cut down in winter there will hardly be found a place where the wet has penetrated.—American Cultivator.

**Plowing Ground White Frozen.** It is sometimes possible to do a little plowing when there is a thin stratum

of frozen earth near the surface. If the plow can enter the soil, its lifting motion will break this thin crust of frozen earth, and the coulter or cutter will divide it so that it can be turned about as easily as if it had not frozen at all. This work is best done in the fall, just before freezing up, in which case there will be two stratas of frozen earth, each separated by air. In such case, there is an admirable tilth produced down to the bottom of the furrow. But unless such land has a good supply of underdrains to carry away water beneath the surface, the farmer will find little advantage from plowing frozen ground, or, in fact, from any kind of fall plowing. Whenever a furrow is frozen throughout the winter, it becomes so expanded that spring rains will soon turn it into a mud heap, unless the water can get away beneath the surface.

**Sorting Apples in Winter.** A great saving in apples may be made by frequently looking them over in winter and taking out all in which any speck of rot has made its appearance. If at the same time the apples are wiped with a cloth wet with some diluted antiseptic, and are then covered with something that will exclude light and air, they will probably keep perfectly until warm weather. A weak dilution of carbolic acid, one part to 4,000 of water, will be sufficient. Only the skin is affected by the dilute poison, and this is always removed before the apple is eaten, or at least ought to be from any apple that has been wintered in a house cellar. If when the apple is taken from the barrel or bin it has any odor of carbolic acid, a cloth moistened with water will speedily remove it.

**About Sheep.** Sheep have weak bones, and if one of the legs is caught between bars partly let down the bone may be snapped like a dry twig. Then the shepherd who does not understand his business fully thinks he has a sheep lost, and knocks it on the head. This is waste of the animal, whose bones will mend readily by simple treatment. Take some thick strawboard or wrapping paper, steeped in a thin mixture of plaster with water. Set the broken bone in its natural position, and wrap a few strips of this paper around the leg. Then take a long bandage of cotton cloth and dip this in the plaster, wrapping this over the paper. It will set stiff and hard in a very short time, and by this support the bone will unite in about ten days.—Farm, Stock and Home.

**Cheaper Production of Butter.** The cost of butter, and indeed of all dairy products, is dependent mainly on the character of the herd. The same feed given to the best cows will make twice as much milk and butter as it will with ordinary scrub animals. The farmer cannot make the price of butter higher. But he owes it to himself and family to get the very best cows that he can buy, so as to make the cost of producing butter less. Of course these better cows must be better cared for and better fed than are the cows he has been used to keeping. But when a farmer makes the right beginning by purchasing the best cows all the other requisites for successful dairying will follow naturally in their course.

**The Quality of Maple Sap.** There is a wide difference in the sweetness of sap from different trees that are yet of the same variety. Of course, the hard or upland maple produces a much sweeter sap than the soft maple which grows mostly in low, wet places. But when a hard maple seed starts to grow in a tree in low, wet ground, the sap from it is apt to be more abundant, but of poorer quality than that from a hard maple growing on upland. A tree in a dense forest with small top gives sap less rich than one that grows in the open with branches widely spread to catch all the sunlight.

**Milk Curd for Hens.** Milk contains most of the elements that go to make the egg. Its casein is chemically the same as the albumen, of which the white of egg is entirely composed, and which constitutes a large part also of the egg yolk. But it is not best for fowls to take their casein with so large a proportion of water as is found in milk. Heat the milk until it is curdled, and perhaps adding a little rennet to separate the curd from the whey more fully. Then to further dry it mix it with corn and oatmeal ground together, and it will be a winter ration, that will not only be greedily eaten, but will make the hens lay in winter better than almost any other that can be given to them.

**Pollen and Honey Bearers.** Weights were taken by C. P. Gillette of honey stomachs from incoming workers of honey loads and pollen loads, with the following average results: Honey stomachs, 0.879 gm., or 7.964 to the pound, and pollen loads, 0.173 gm., or 40.880 to the pound. The object of weighing was to determine the truth of the statement often made by beekeepers that pollen bearers also bear honey. In no case was it found that such was the case. What little honey is found in the stomach or used in sticking pollen to the legs seems to be a store carried with the bee from the hive.

**Dispose of Surplus Hogs.** All the hogs, except those required for breeding, should be fattened and killed in the fall. It will keep cheaper in the barrel than on the hoof. The room allowed for hogs ought at all seasons to be given to those the most profit can be made from. In wintering a hog it is pretty sure to get some setback from cold or lack of food when needed that interferes with its profitability ever after.

## PEARY AS A HUNTER.

### The Capture of Two Little Bears in the Arctic.

Lieut. Peary narrates in the St. Nicholas the capture of two little polar bears, and the difficulty he had in housing them on his little ship, the "Hope."

While boring through the heavy ice, in an effort to enter the Hudson Strait, a polar bear and her two cubs were seen, and the Hope was immediately headed in their direction. It was a beautiful trio of unusually white animals. A few moments after the rifles began to crack the old bear was floating lifeless in the water between two pans of ice, and the cubs swimming lustily away from the ship, among the pools and lanes of water which intersected the floes in every direction.

Quickly the dory was lowered and with five men started in pursuit, while others of the party and crew scattered over the ice to head the cubs if they left the water. Soon one of them was lassoed and turned over to the care of Bonesteel, who had followed the dory over the ice, and the chase continued after the other. Mr. Bonesteel immediately found all of his college athletics called into active play, as, with the line about the cub's neck in one hand and a boat-hook in the other, he endeavored to maintain his balance.

He was almost dragged into the water by the sturdy little fellow's efforts to swim away. The next moment he was doing his best to keep the vicious youngster from climbing up on the ice-pan with him, where he would have an opportunity to make effective use of teeth and claws.

After an hour's chase, during which the dory was re-enforced by a whale-boat and then by the Hope herself, the second cub was finally headed off, cornered, and lassoed. Then the body of the old bear and the growling and snapping youngsters were hoisted on board, the former deposited amidships to receive the attention of Mr. Figgins the naturalist, and the latter tied to a ring-bolt aft, until a couple of hogs-heads could be prepared for their quarters.

The little brutes were possessed of truly marvelous strength. While transferring them to their hogheads, one succeeded in freeing himself from the ropes, trotted aft, and was on the point of jumping overboard when I saw him just in time to jerk him back on to the deck, where Professor Burton fell upon him bodily in a Greco-Roman embrace and re-enforcements rapidly arriving, the youngster was again securely bound and transferred to his hoghead. It was quickly evident that those would hold the cubs but a short time, so a strong cage was constructed by the ship's carpenter from heavy planks. To this they were transferred, and their house was lashed to the rail on the port side of the quarter-deck.

They were fed on meat and water, and soon went to sleep like innocent kittens, with their heads resting upon their paws. During their first nap on board ship they were named "Polaris" and "Cassiopeia" after the two blazing constellations which, circling about the pole-star, light the gloom of the "great night" of the Arctic regions. In this cage they lived and thrived during the rest of the voyage, occasionally taking a mouthful out of the boot of an incautious sailor, or snapping up a careless mitten, and on one occasion securing a bit of finger with the mitten.

**A GREAT WORK.** Tunnel More than Twelve Miles Long Through Swiss Mountains.

Although it is only five months since work was begun on the new Simplon tunnel, which will be the longest in the world (12½ miles), already inns, houses and roads have sprung up in what before was a wilderness, and there is a continuous going up and down of horses, carts, workmen and machinery.

The chief difference between the Simplon and its two great rivals, the St. Gothard and the Mont Cenis, will be the double tunnel. Each is designed to be 17 feet wide, 26 feet high and 55 feet between the two, communicating by openings every 615 feet, and having a half-way underground station. But at present only one tunnel will be cut, which it is expected will be finished in five years, while the other will only be constructed at those points required for the ventilation of the first, etc., reserving the complete opening until such a time as the increased traffic shall require it.

The workmen employed in this gigantic operation number 1,906, all Italians; putting together the work done on the Swiss and Italian sides in those five months, it makes a cutting of 1,610 feet at 2,320 feet above the level of the sea. Telegraphic and telephonic communication advances with the work, so that in case of need help or medical aid can be quickly obtained. Over \$1,500,000 has already been expended out of the \$15,000,000 which it is estimated the whole will absorb.—Rome correspondence New York Journal.

**Ruined by a Battle.** Sweden was ruined by a single battle. It was the battle of Poltava, in 1709. In this battle Peter the Great of Russia defeated Charles XII. of Sweden. Sweden, under the Great Gustavus, had risen to the position of a first-class European power, while Russia was just emerging out of obscurity. Charles XII., by his marvelous victories, seemed on the way to make Sweden one of the greatest of the powers. The crushing blow that was dealt at Poltava ruined Sweden.

At the battle of Jena, in 1806, Napoleon crushed the Kingdom of Prussia. The battles of Sadowa and Sedan practically crushed France and Austria.

How little people know about history, geography, grammar and arithmetic, which are useful, and how much nonsense they know!

## Oldest House in America.

The oldest house in America is in St. Augustine, Fla. It was built in 1564 by the monks of the order of St. Francis and the whole of the solid structure is composed of coquina, a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost indestructible. When Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house left in the trail of destruction. It has been purchased by the well-known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter residence.

**Odd Gift to a Methodist Mission.** The gift of a Buddhist temple to the Ningpo Methodist Mission is an unprecedented incident, it is said, in the history of missions. The villagers were not only willing it should be used as a preaching hall and school, but would convey it by a legal deed of gift. The British consul pronounced the deed legally valid. In addition to the temple and its demesne, twenty-two Chinese acres of land have been conveyed.

**"Peace Hath Her Victories"** No less renowned than war," said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory, over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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