"WHERE HELEN SITS."*

Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,
No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the gloom;
No mother's smile, no glance of loving eyes,
Lightens the shadow of that lonely room.

Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul
Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments shed.
The lovely light of holy innocence
Shines like a halo round her bended head,
Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep,
No children's laughter comes, no song of bird.
The great world storms along its noisy way,
But in this place no sound is ever heard.

Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody
Sweeter than aught from harp or viol flung;
And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each,
Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,
Where Helen sits.

—Laura E. Richards, in the Century.

* Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind.

BARBARA'S ESCAPE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

REALLY and actually engaged! It is a strange sort of feeling, and yet it isn't unpleasant.

Barbara Esmond stood in the middle of the room, one slender hand poised by its forefinger on the table, the other holding back the jetty tresses from her pure, low brow. She was very beautiful, in a dark, glittering style of beauty, and in that elegant room she might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket. Black-eyed and haired, with a creamy skin, fine-grained as velvet, and straight, delicately chiseled features, hers was an uncommon beauty, yet strangely fascinating.

Eighteen years old, and engaged to be married! It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful.

"I wish I had a mother to go to, or a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little tremulous sort of shudder. "The word implies a great deal. And Harry Milbrook is to be my husband!"

Barbara was like a newly-caged bird, restless, fluttering against the invisible bars of her prisoned existence; captured with her own toils, yet half disposed to break away into the solitude and independence once more.

Mr. Henry Milbrook, however, was troubled with no such vague ideas. He had won the heart of Miss Esmond, the heiress, and what was of rather more consequence to him, he had won the right to share her wealth.

"I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never could endure to work like common cart-horses. Therefore it follows that I must have money, and, possessing none of my own, I must marry the article. And although I object to red hair and a crooked spine, I am quite willing to accept the incumbrance of a beautiful girl along with said cash."

That was the decidedly practical and unromantic manner in which Mr. Milbrook contemplated his approaching felicity. He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft poetic whisperings for Barbara's ear alone, and she, like any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, believed in him.

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart; it would have seemed almost like desecration, but her lover was by no means so delicate.

"So you're to be married, Hal!" said Mr. Joseph Percy, at the club.

"Yes, I'm going to be married; to a cool hundred thousand, too," answered Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands.

"Who is it?"

"Oh, the lady, you mean?"

"Yes, I mean the lady."

"It's old Esmond's daughter."

"What, the star-eyed Barbara?"

"Exactly so."

"I congratulate you, old fellow."

"Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently pulling his mustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that travels on his good looks alone."

"I wish she had a sister for me," observed Mr. Percy.

"I don't. I can't afford to go halves in the cash."

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club room at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out.

"I promised she should have my picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the establishment of that poor devil of an artist in Grove street. I guess I'll go round there."

It was hard for so exquisitely gotten up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be compelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that toward which he now bent his footsteps, but economy was just at present something of an object with this modern Apollo of ours.

Signor Fernelli, the artist, was at home, a dark, courteous little Italian, with a wife and seven small children, and very glad he was to receive Mr. Milbrook's order.

"On ivory, I suppose, sir?"

"Yes, I suppose so. It's dreadfully expensive," thought Harry, with a grimace, "but engaged girls must have their own way, of course."

As he sat waiting for Signor Fernelli to bring out some specimens of his art, to select the most appropriate size and style, he saw through the open door a dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, clear profile of a face that he well knew, Barbara Esmond's face.

"Hello!" ejaculated our hero. "Fernelli, who the duse is that young lady, and how came she here?"

"That young lady, signor, with the brown dress and the long throat, and the head like the goddess Diana?"

"Yes."

"It is the music mistress of Pauline Delatour upstairs; she comes twice of a week, and sings, my word, like a nightingale."

"Who is Pauline Delatour?"

"A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses; but one day she will come out on the stage—she will sing at the opera."

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented.

"Which size did you say sir?"

"I—I don't think I'll make a selection to-day. I will call to-morrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down stairs, greatly to the surprise of Signor Fernelli.

"The duse!" he ejaculated to himself as he strode along the narrow street, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling at every other step over the babies who swarmed on the sidewalk, "A music-mistress! Giving lessons in such a hole as that. Upon my word I've come preciously near being taken in and done for! So it's all show and empty pretense that wealth of hers, and she was going to entrap a husband on the strength of it. My stars! it's enough to make the hair stand right straight up on a fellow's head. What a lucky thing it was I saw through the stratagem before I was netted past escape."

He lifted his hat, and wiped the chill beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No, you don't, Miss Barbara Esmond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile wreathing his lips. "I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness."

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all unconscious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially opened door, and entered a small room in the story above. A pale young girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat at her sewing by the window. She brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually."

"Not at all kind. I am a genius worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you."

"How shall I ever pay you, Miss Esmond?"

"By cultivating the talent heaven has bestowed upon you. Nay, nay, Pauline, I am but following out a pet whim."

"And the piano, too, that you sent here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of heaven's angels could hardly be more generous!"

"Hush, hush, Pauline! Begin your lesson. I never thought, when first I heard you singing at your work and paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through the exercise book in less than six months. When you sing at the opera I shall be the first to throw bouquets at your feet."

Pauline looked with a shy brightness at her benefactress. Would that time ever come?

The lesson was longer than usual that day. Pauline and Miss Esmond were both deeply interested, and it was nearly twilight before Barbara emerged from the house, closely veiled, and walked swiftly through the darkening streets.

"There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she sat down to rest a minute or two in the reception-room of her own mansion before she laid off her things.

"A note? Let me see it. When did it come?"

"About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it."

"Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore, and take these wraps upstairs."

A soft rose tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry Milbrook's handwriting. She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its contents; but, as she read, the soft crimson flush died away into pallor.

It was very, very brief, but cruel as a blow.

"Miss Esmond," it read, commencing shortly and sternly, instead of the "Dearest Barbara" she had expected, "allow me to claim back the troth I have plighted to you. I had supposed when I engaged myself to you that I was about to ally myself to a lady, not to a music mistress in Grove street. It will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never, under any circumstances, forgive the deceit that has been practiced on me. Therefore, I shall take it for granted that all relations are ended between yourself and

"Yours very respectfully,
"H. Milbrook."

Barbara dropped the insulting letter with a sparkle in her black eyes, a curve to her lip, which were wondrously eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet she ground it down into the deep purple pile with her contemptuous foot.

"The puppy," she muttered between her set teeth; "the miserable poltroon! How could I ever have fancied for a single second that I loved him? Reply to this letter! Of course I shall not reply to it."

And Miss Esmond walked up stairs carrying her head high in the air, far, far beyond the reach of Harry Milbrook's petty spite.

That young man was seated at his breakfast table next morning when Rufus Kenward lounged in.

"Hal, Milbrook! I've just heard a little item about your lady love, Miss Esmond, that is, to my mind, better than all her bonds and mortgages. What do you think? She's giving singing lessons to my wife's little seamstress, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a glorious voice and can't afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter stoops to perform so toilsome a benefit as that."

Harry Milbrook had sat down his chocolate cup, and was staring with glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded that gentleman, somewhat shortly.

"N—nothing!"

"Dyspepsia, eh?"

"No. I tell you I'm well enough." Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his brilliant matrimonial aspirations.

"Why didn't I wait? What the mischief was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along the street toward Barbara's residence.

The boy might not have delivered the note—Barbara might not have read it—there were a thousand "might nots," and he resolved to try his luck, even in a forlorn hope.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked of the old housekeeper, who came to the door.

"Miss Esmond wished me to say specially that she was never at home to Mr. Milrbook any more," was the cold reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting. He had chosen his lot, and he must abide by it. And thus Barbara escaped the snares laid for her.—New York Weekly.

A Thrilling Adventure.

Ezra Thomas, a prospector of Shasta County (where he is known as the "Mountain Boy"), had an exciting adventure on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Taylor's Flat. While leisurely walking along the trail with his pick on his shoulder his attention was suddenly called to the fact that something was running along behind him. On turning around he saw a deer coming on the dead run and within a few feet of him. He stepped aside, and, as the deer reached him, he struck it on the head with his pick, the point of which was embedded deep in the deer's forehead. The deer dropped dead. No sooner had he dispatched the deer than his attention was again directed to the trail over which the deer had come, when, to his utter astonishment and alarm, he saw a huge California lion bounding along after the deer. The "Mountain Boy" had barely time to step aside to give the animal the right of way and get his pick in readiness for an attack when the lion came leaping to where he was. He made a lick at the animal's head with the pick, but as the lion was going at such velocity he missed his mark and struck one of the lion's hind legs, breaking it. The lion with a savage growl and snapping its teeth in rage bounded away on three legs and disappeared. The dead deer was brought to the residence of J. D. Hayward, where it served to satisfy the cravings of the inner man.—Weaverville (Cal.) Journal.

Dried Flies From Mexico.

"No matter what it may be, if an article brings a fair price I deal in it," said a commission merchant to a writer in the Waverly Magazine. "My last venture consists of dried flies, just common flies which come from Mexico. People buy them for their singing birds. I sell them retail to the dealers. Flies are plentiful in the tropical valleys and the time of the Mexican Indian is not particularly valuable. When he can no longer sleep in his hut on account of the swarms of flies attracted by the filth which accumulates about his front door, he sometimes is stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet, and sweeter if there is any money in it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the floor of his hut, with some dry twigs under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its fragrant and far-reaching odor. They gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to the twigs on the floor and closes the apertures from the outside. The twigs emit an aromatic smoke which kills the flies and they fall to the floor in thousands. Then the native's wife dries them while he goes to sleep again."

The First Posts.

The first posts are said to have originated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected posthouses throughout the Kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish posthouses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe. This was in 1470, or about 2000 years after they were started in Persia.

In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on posthorses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles I. in 1631, that "whereas to this time there hath been no certain intercourse between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, the King now commands his Postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running post or two between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days."—Chambers's Journal.

CROWS IN THE CORN.

The best way to prevent crows pulling up corn is to roll the seed in coal tar, but if this has been omitted, twine stretched about the field four or five feet from the ground is the best form of scarecrow. Crows will keep away from a field protected with twine, as they seem to fear flying against it. Small wrapping twine will answer just as well as larger sizes, and it may be taken in when the corn gets too large for the crows to pull up, and then laid aside for use at some future time. The crow is a very useful bird, even if he does pull a little corn in the spring.—New York Sun.

EXPERIMENTS IN HOG FATTENING.

A series of experiments has been tried in Denmark under the auspices of the Government with the result that it has been determined that four pounds of boiled potatoes are equal to one pound of grain for fattening hogs for bacon. It was also decided that six pounds of skim milk, eight pounds of boiled turnips and twelve pounds of whey are each equal to one pound of grain for fattening purposes. In 1881 the Danish farmers exported to England 4,000,000 pounds of bacon; in 1893 they exported 200,000,000 pounds. Apparently the Danes know how to cure bacon, says the California Fruit Grower.

FERTILIZERS FOR ROOT CROPS.

All kinds of roots are benefited by a liberal dressing of salt; mangels, especially, are increased in product by it. The quantity usually applied is 600 pounds per acre, sown broadcast as soon as the young plants appear. Superphosphate of lime or finely-ground bones is also an excellent application, and is usually scattered on the harrowed ground before the seeds are sown; the sowing by the drill then mixes the fertilizer with the soil, and by the time the plants have made a start it has been dissolved and well distributed. For turnips a liberal quantity of plaster (gypsum) will be found useful. Turnips and cabbage are improved in growth considerably by this fertilizer, doubtless because it furnishes the sulphuric acid which these plants contain. Plaster is sulphate of lime, and contains 46½ per cent. of sulphuric acid and 32½ of lime; the rest is water, and hence it is found useful for all crops that contain sulphur to an important extent.—New York Times.

COST OF FERTILIZERS.

Estimating the value of whole bones at $10 per ton and the cost of grinding the same at $10, will make the cost of one ton of ground bones $20. Suppose an average ton of bones to contain sixty pounds of organic nitrogen and 400 pounds of phosphoric acid. Now, 375 pounds of nitrate of soda will furnish sixty pounds of nitrogen and 131 pounds of soda; 1350 pounds of powdered phosphate of lime will furnish 405 pounds of phosphoric acid and will cost, with nitrate of soda at 2½ cents a pound and powdered phosphate of lime at three-fourths of a cent a pound, $19.49. The nitrogen in nitrate of soda is in its most valuable form, and there are also 131 pounds of soda, which is not to be had in bones alone. The phosphoric acid in the powdered phosphate of lime is more available than the phosphoric acid in ground bones because the powdered phosphate of lime is in a much finer state of division than ground bones.—New York World.

THE CROW ACCOUNT.

Now a kindly word for the crow, a bird which I consider the farmer's friend; for—excepting the short season in early spring when he may occasionally rob the mother hen of one of her darling chicks, or, possibly, her nest of an egg—the greater part of the year his food consists largely of the farmer's enemy—the grasshopper, the cricket and the worm. I have seen in the early autumn a flock of crows in a meadow spread out in line, marching along and devouring grasshoppers as would a flock of young turkeys, and could the farmer keep a correct account with the crow I think he would be surprised at the end of the year to see how much he would have placed on the credit side of the bird's account and how little to the debt side. Try the coaltar on your seedcorn, and let the crow live and continue his good work.

After the seedcorn is shelled, take say a peck at a time and place it in a pail, or, better still, an old-fashioned tin dishpan, into which drop a small quantity of coalter, say a tablespoonful at a time, and with a stick stir the corn until each kernel is completely coated, adding enough of the tar from time to time till this is accomplished, but using no more than is necessary to do this. Then sprinkle common plaster on the corn and continue stirring until each grain is covered with the plaster, when the corn can be handled and planted as though it had been simply rolled in plaster alone. Plant after it has been thus treated and you can rest assured that no crow will pull the second hill of corn. This has been used for years on the farm of my birth, as well as many others of which I knew, and with perfect success.—Manchester Mirror.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

Keep the hen house cleaned and whitewashed, writes Mrs. M. C. Sparkman. Let the fowls have pure, fresh water to drink, summer and winter. Keep the vessels clean, scalding them once a week with cold lime water; it should be warmed in cold weather, given to them morning, noon and night.

On rainy days, and when the ground is covered with snow, confine them in the house; other days they should run at large and have access to the woods and orchard.

Scatter wheat among the leaves, that the fowls may scratch for it; this keeps them busy.

In the morning I feed half a gallon of soft feed, consisting of table scraps, meat and potatoes mixed with wheat ground coarse; feed to them warm. For a change I scald bran, mix corn meal with it.

Have straw or leaves on the floor; at noon scatter wheat, rice and popcorn broken in pieces over the straw to give them exercise; give them a full feed of corn at night. Give them burnt bones and pottery well broken up. A box of fine dust should be provided for them under shelter.

The Brown Leghorns are a very good breed, and will lay from 100 to 150 eggs each in a year.

Set one or two hens the last of February for early use, not putting many eggs under them. Have most of the chicks to come out in April; they grow faster and give less trouble. If hatched in April they will begin to lay in October. If they are well fed and attended to they will do to fry in six to eight weeks. Bake corn bread for them; feed four times a day; when larger, give cornmeal dough (not too wet,) wheat and vegetables. Milk is very good; if too sour, scald it. Very salty food will kill them; a little is beneficial.

Have plenty of fruit, summer and fall. After the garden vegetables come in, give them lettuce, mustard, cabbage; chop onion tops and mix with their feed. Do not use much stimulants, a little red pepper fed occasionally is very good.

If they are thus fed and attended to, they will not have lice; cholera, gapes, roup and other diseases. Hens are not fed in warm weather unless the season is very dry. A house ten by twelve will be large enough for thirty hens; made so as to have it tight in winter and plenty of air in summer. If the chicks are confined much in winter the house should have windows.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fowls must be kept clean.

Save the good heifer calves.

Spray for the grape mildew.

A red comb is a sign of health.

Keep fowls supplied with green food.

Fat hens are apt to lay soft-shell eggs.

Old hens often fail to become good mothers.

Put the manure where it will do the most good.

Rotation of crops should be studied and practiced.

The sugar beet is a valuable adjunct to dairy foods.

There is money in poultry if carefully looked after.

The Orange Globe is a good variety of mangel wurtzel.

Lack of green grass will make the yolk of the egg light-colored.

Good layers should not be allowed to get very hungry or very fat.

Spraying with Bordeaux mixture will destroy the tent caterpillar.

The Parker Earle is a good variety of strawberry for general culture.

For hatching purposes eggs from old hens are better than those from pullets.

The milking should be done as rapidly as possible without hurting the cow.

For fattening sheep, alfalfa is one of the best and most economical kinds of feed.

Much attention is now being paid to improvement in the breeding of sheep.

Spraying with fungicides and insecticides has become a matter of necessity.

The Polaris is a good all-round potato. It is early, yields well, keeps well and cooks well.

To be a success farming requires as continuous and unremitting attention as any other business.

The egg production of a hen in her prime is about three times her weight in the course of the year.

A mixture of whisky and camphor diluted with water is said to be an excellent remedy for dysentery in fowls.

For scratched or cracked teats an application after each milking of a little of the cheapest molasses is recommended.

The body of the fowl must be properly nourished before eggs can be produced, for eggs are the product of the surplus food consumed.

The better education a man has, the better he is fitted for his business, whatever that might be. The agricultural college will help your boy toward that end.

The clot of blood often found in eggs is caused by the rupture of a blood vessel in the fowl. It generally occurs in the spring of the year, when fowls are out of condition.

To Be the Largest Yacht Afloat.

Those who have commented on the fact that William K. Vanderbilt is having a new steam yacht built in England may be consoled by the news that an American yachtsman, Mr. James Gordon Bennett has ordered a larger yacht than Mr. Vanderbilt's. She is to be constructed at Cramp's yard, Philadelphia, the work to be completed in two years or less.

Mr. Bennett's yacht will be 340 feet long and she is to have quadruple expansion engines that are to drive her twenty-three knots an hour. She will be built by American labor, of American material and she will be paid for with American money. The new yacht's equipment will be of the best and much of it will be original in design.

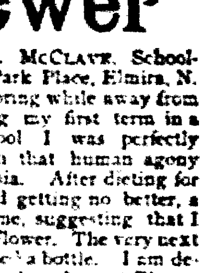
It is understood that Mr. Bennett will sell his present steam yacht, the Namouna. The new yacht will be a valuable addition to the fleet of the New York Yacht Club, of which Mr. Bennett is a member. His third yacht is a boat called the Serela. She is a twin-screw yacht of seventy-two tons and she measures 101 feet over all. The Namouna is 234 feet over all.—New York World.

Man With the Head of a Goose.

The man with a goose's head first appeared before the public at the famous "Gingerbread Fair," Liverpool, in 1872. He was twenty years of age at that time, had eyes perfectly round, and a nose eight inches in length, flat, and shaped exactly like the bill or beak of a goose. His neck was three times the length of that of an ordinary person, surmounted by a round flat head perfectly devoid of hair. He seemed to have as much common sense as that of the average country boy of his age; learned very fast, and, after giving up the show business, became a photographer. His name is Jean Bonder and he lives at Dijon, France.—Philadelphia Press.

Napoleon was inordinately fond of roast chicken, and his cooks had one or more ever ready for him

SWELLINGS IN THE NECK



Or goitre, made my neck fully twice it natural size. For three years all my strength seemed to go into the swelling. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave me strength, relieved distress in my stomach and best of all, entirely removed the goitre. I am now in the best of health." Mrs. Mrs. Sutherland. Mrs. H. C. Swinnman, Union County, Mifflinburg, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

When other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

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Miss C. G. McClave, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition." ●

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Are given us in order that life may be as bright and happy as a terminable thing can be. But to enjoy them all with a thorough relish we must not neglect the demands of nature for sleep and rest. Obtain a

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