He Gave Her Up.

Pretty and sweet as the maiden looked, Josiah had a natural prejudice against both her and her mother. They were worldly people and the girl was by no means the wife he would have chosen for his adopted son and nephew, John Parr. Even a Quaker maid would have been likely to become demoralized by the perpetual making of fine gowns and furbelows for the ladies of the neighborhood, and Ella Massie—why—— Suddenly his train of thought was broken by Ella's gay voice.

"O, Mr. Fry!" she said. "I have watched you all day, and I have thought how tired you must be. You are a good bit older than I am and I know I get awfully tired at work and I expect you do, too."

The Quaker drew himself up to his full height and his handsome middle-aged face, with its fine eyes and gray locks looked grand to Ella as he replied:

"Work is good, and, thank God, I have plenty of it. It keeps one from sin."

"I am afraid I do love the world very much. It is so beautiful and every one is so kind to me, but I should like to be better. Won't you teach me? I will try so hard to learn."

Josiah's reply was not very coherent, but whatever he said he certainly thought a good deal of Ella after this and he decided that although she did not belong to the Society of Friends—she looked as sweet and good as any young Quaker maid—she might yet be converted and she had asked him to teach her to be good. "And so I will," he sudden, startled himself by exclaiming as he pondered over the matter in the silence of his chamber that night.

"She is only a frail sapling now," he said to himself, "but she will learn and will grow and the mightiest oak was once an acorn."

From this time Josiah made a point of seeing Ella Massie frequently and doing his best to convert her to his ideas and opinions. He found in her a docile, loving nature, and her pretty ways fairly charmed him.

The idea of having her about the house was certainly attractive, and yet somehow he could not picture her there as John's wife—the girl had fairly twined herself about his heart, and by the time the golden harvest had come Josiah knew the fact only too well.

At first he chided himself and told himself he was an old fool. It was absurd to think that a beautiful girl of 20 would care for an old widower of more than double her age. Still, after all, at even forty and five, a man can love, and love passionately, and Josiah loved Ella with all the strength of his soul. He would not, of course, wish to steal her away from his nephew but John's had been probably a mere passing fancy, and he was sure—was he, though?—yes, he believed he was quite sure—that Ella loved him.

One beautiful August evening, after the day's work was over Josiah Fry and Ella stood talking in the gloaming at her mother's gate.

"Ella," he said, "I have come here this evening because I have something important to say to you. Ah, you smile. You guess what it is, don't you?"

The girl looked down for a moment, and then, though she blushed deeply, she gazed at him with her lovely blue eyes and said:

"Yes, Mr. Fry, I felt sure you would say something soon."

Josiah looked radiant. It was strange how Ella's words pleased him, and yet they were not like those he should have expected from a Quaker maid. Still it was delightful to think how she had understood him, and no one could be more charming or more sweet.

"Then thou art not afraid to trust me? Thou thinkest I shall suit thee?" he said gayly.

"Yes," she answered. "I know it. They used to tell me you were cold and hard, but I did not believe it then, and now I laugh when I think of it, for I have learned to love you."

She accompanied her words with a squeeze of his brawny hand, which she then raised to her lips and kissed. Josiah felt his blood coursing madly through his veins. He was delighted to find himself so beloved, and, though he was distinctly being courted by this young maid it was so sweet to him that his sense of the proprieties was in no way shocked.

"But, my dear, thou knowest I am five and forty and sometimes cross and crabbed.'

"That's nothing," laughed Ella. "I love old men and feel so proud of you with your beautiful gray hair and your straight, tall figure. You will be a lovely old man, and I shall be prouder than ever of you.

"Jack wanted to tell you all about it long ago, though he knew you would disapprove of me for his wife, but I begged him to wait. I told him if you were all he said—and you are—that I was sure I could make you fond of me. I loved you a little already because you were Jack's uncle and had been so good to him, and if I like people I can always make them like me a little.' She paused and then after a moment's silence she went on:

"Only yesterday I told Jack he might speak to you to-day and now I do believe you must have guessed it, for here you are giving all that we want without our even asking it, and I am so glad, for we could never have married without your consent!"

Darkness seemed to fall over the landscape, and Josiah Fry felt it suddenly turn cold. His face blanched, but he uttered not a sound. He merely turn as if to go home.

"Must you go now?" cried Ella, seeing and suspecting nothing. "Well, perhaps it's time. It's getting dark, and Jack will be in from Birchley fair by this time and will want his supper. Besides I know you want to make him as happy as you have made me. Good night and thank you so much, Jack and I will never forget your goodness.'

"Good night!" said Josiah mechanically, and he made his way across the field to his own home. He staggered somewhat as he walked, and his feet seemed like lead, so that the short distance across the meadow to the farm seemed longer than ever before. For that, however, he was not sorry, for the meeting with his nephew was painful to anticipate.

Josiah, however, was no coward, so he put a brave face on the matter, and entering the parlor, where Jack was waiting for him to come in for supper, he exclaimed:

"Well, John, business first and supper afterward. I want to tell thee that I know all—everything. Ella has just told me, and, lad, thou hast my blessing. She is a good girl and will make thee a faithful, loving wife, and thou must marry as soon as possible."

DEFIES LAWS OF NATURE.

A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS NOT SLEPT FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Sad Plight of a Philadelphia Man — He Is Able to Work Every Day — Has Been the Victim of Nervous Prostration.

For fifteen years William Kelly, a young machinist employed in the Baldwin, Locomotive Works, has been denied nature's commonest blessing—sleep. Physicians of note from the different medical centres—men who have devoted years to the study of the human nervous system—have examined this young man and have agreed in pronouncing his affliction the most extraordinary case of insomnia on record.

Although somewhat discouraged at the inability of doctors to give him what he desires most of all in the world—sound and refreshing slumber—Kelly has decided to go for treatment to the University of Pennsylvania Hospital. The young man is twenty-six years old, of slight, wiry build, and weighs about 125 pounds. He is a skilled riveter, but when not at work employs his time with books, being a most assiduous reader.

REPOSE, BUT NOT SLEEP.

"I am perfectly willing," he said, "to state on oath that I have not slept—that is to say, as every one else does—for fifteen years, and that this insomnia results from a nervous affection. I do not go to bed, as a rule, until between twelve and one o'clock in the morning.

"Until half-past five in the morning I lie very still, in order to give my muscles a chance to get thoroughly rested. I close my eyes simply to give the nerves an opportunity of being relieved of the strain of the day, but even this does not prevent the lids from paining me and being very heavy at times. After morning ablutions I eat a hearty breakfast, it being to me one of the best meals of the day, although I have not a very strong appetite. Then I go to work.

"All day long I ply the hammer in the riveting department, only getting a few minutes at a time for rest. As you can imagine, I am thoroughly tired out when I reach my boarding house in the evening, and am ready to do justice to a hearty meal. The evening I spend in reading and in playing games with the other lodgers."

SUFFERED FROM CHILDHOOD.

Kelly is a native of Rockford, Ohio. When eleven years old he became a victim to nervous prostration, and as a result spent six months in a hospital at Cleveland. This left him in a very weak condition, but he recovered rapidly and soon became strong and healthy again. His parents noticed that his nerves had become unstrung again, and he complained that he could not sleep. His condition went from bad to worse, and within a few weeks he was unable to sleep at all. This, of course, frightened him and his friends, but he soon became accustomed to his inability to sleep, and was able to do a hard day's work with any one.

The only reminder of his trouble was the shooting pain across the eye. Treatment, the young man says, seems to have little or no effect on him. For many years he has indulged in the tobacco chewing habit, and the use of coffee as a nerve stimulant, both of which eminent specialists say, are in a measure, responsible for his inability to sleep.

Under medical instructions, Kelly has abstained from the use of both coffee and tobacco for months at a time.

DURABILITY OF IVORY.

The durability of ivory is proved by the fact that billiard balls, which for the sake of curiosity had been made of well preserved mammoth ivory undoubtedly many thousands of years old, were played with for several months by experienced players in Paris without it being noticed that the balls were not made of fresh ivory. Mammoth ivory is, as a rule, not as tough as fresh ivory.

LYE FOR LEAD PIPES.

To clear lead pipes pour a strong solution of concentrated lye down them. This will cut grease, etc. Never pour greasy fluid down a pipe—it collects on the iron and clogs.

THE FARM.

MEATS FOR FAMILY USE.

Meat should be salted as soon as it is thoroughly cool after being dressed. If a number of hogs are butchered at one time, it will be well to have a separate barrel each for salting the hams, shoulders and sides. The shoulders and hams, after having been dry salted for three days, says a writer, should be removed from the barrel, all the salt taken out, and repacked as closely as possible. This may appear to incur a loss, but it does not, for you will be fully repaid in the quality of the meat for any loss of salt. For each hundred pounds of pork take seven pounds of coarse salt, rock salt being preferable, two ounces of saltpeter, and three pounds of brown sugar, dissolve all in water enough to cover the meat, by boiling, and when cold enough pour it over the meat. Care should be taken to have the meat thoroughly covered with the brine. The meat is weighted down with a heavy stone. It is small scraps of meat that are permitted to float on the surface, of the brine that causes what is known as rusty meat. Let the hams and shoulders stand six weeks and the sides four for good results. Longer will not hurt it for keeping, but it may be a little too salt. After the meat has been in the brine for some days the latter will usually turn red, caused by the blood from the meat. This should be racked off and boiled, skimmed and when cool returned to the meat again.

Meat may be thoroughly smoked in two days, but it is much better to be at least two weeks in the smoking. In smoking, two things are important: The meat must be hung so far from the fire that it will not be affected in the least by the heat this is important, for if the meat gets too hot the outside will get so rank and strong that a good deal of it will have to be cut off and thrown away; the smoking should be made from wood that is free from bad odor while burning. Any, sound, hard wood will do, but hickory and hard maple are considered best. Bright cobs will make a good, sweet smoke, but will require more attention to keep up a steady smoke. The best results may be obtained by smoking in a good smoke house, and this should be done before flies can have a chance to do damage to the meat, and then one good smoke may be built each day for two weeks, and if the meat is not sufficiently smoked at this time, it may be continued longer. The smoking and the curing will be of advantage to it, when it comes to keeping it. I have adopted this plan of making and curing pork for many years, with an exception or two when an improvised smoking arrangement was used. I found that this was a quick way to smoke meat, when, for any reason butchering was delayed, until along towards spring. I have employed an old cook stove for making a smoke. The old stove was discarded because it smoked too much, and now it can have all the chance to smoke it wants to, and that, too, unhindered. After the meat is well smoked, the hams and shoulders are wrapped in two thicknesses of heavy brown paper, and sewed up in a small muslin sack. These are hung up in a cool, dry place. Just before fly time a thick whitewash is made—as thick as can be applied with a brush, and the sacks are given a thorough whitewashing, employing care to get all the seams sealed up with the lime. They are now ready for summer, and will withstand almost anything but a torrid temperature, and they will even withstand that as well as it is possible to make them. I have never tried selling cured meats on the market, or to private customers, but it seems to me that a good market could be built up in this way. A lot of fine hams could be cured, and sold to influential citizens of your town, with a request to give them a trial, and if they are what they should be, you will have no trouble in supplying them later on with all the smoked meats they use. A reputation once established means a large trade in the future.

RAPID RUTATION.

The high price of land in the old countries has led to an effort to get the greatest possible income from it, while in this country the cheap land and costly labor, result in a tendency to try to farm a large area with small expenditure of labor. This tendency frequently leads to such a scattering of effort that very unsatisfactory results are obtained. No doubt but if the energy and thought of the farmers of this state were concentrated on the best two-thirds of the land now tilled, and the other third allowed to go back to woodland—from which it should never have been taken — much better results would be secured.

At Cornell this idea has been advocated and practised for a number of years. Rotate rapidly and keep the soil occupied by living plants, is the watchword. The early potato ground is immediately sown to crimson clover, the late potato ground to rye, which is ploughed under in the spring or kept for a forage crop. Forage rye is followed by a crop of Hungarian grass, also cut for forage, and the land sown to oats and peas, which are left to go down on the land for its improvement. Crimson clover may be sown in the corn at the last working, or rye immediately after the crop is cut. It is not necessary to replough well-tilled potato or corn land to fit it for crimson clover or rye. A thorough use of a good spring-tooth harrow is sufficient.

A failing meadow may be mown early, immediately ploughed and sown to buckwheat, Hungarian grass, or barley and peas. We have found that barley and peas are better for late sowing than oats and peas, since the barley endures the late summer sun better than oats, and also is not so easily killed by frost. Flat turnips sown in August, on an inverted clover or timothy sod, or on the early-potato ground, will often give an abundant harvest.

This system of rapidly turning the soil and keeping it occupied with vigorously growing plants, gives the weeds no chance to gain the ascendency, the tillage aids in rendering available the inert plant food, and it gives opportunity to frequently turn under a crop for green manure, thus adding to the stores of humus in the soil. If the clovers are freely used, the supply of nitrogen in the soil will be steadily increased.

HIRING FARM HELP.

It is always best to employ only efficient help on the farm, writes a correspondent. A few dollars extra a month will be repaid many times over in the course of the year by the difference in the work between a first-class hand and an inefficient one, and it costs as much to board one as the other. A careful man who has judgment and uses it in doing his work, will save his employer a great deal in the use of tools alone in a single season. The careless, inexperienced hand will break and injure the implements he uses far more than a good hand will. It does not take many breakages to come to as much as a man's wages for a month.

There is also great advantage in employing competent men, if the farmer wishes to leave home occasionally. He can feel that the work will go on in his absence the same as if he were there. If anything gives out his man will know how to repair the breakage. His judgment can be relied on as to how much a team should do in a day, and he will see that they do it. A man who is kind and careful in handling horses is worth more than one who is the reverse. Very few farmers care to hire a rough-talking, swearing man. Good ones can be found who will be choice in their language. Certainly we may expect that he whom we are to have about the house, who will eat at the same table as his employer's family, will not be uncouth in table manners. There are very many farm hands who are so disgusting in their table habits as to be repulsive to a refined person. It is not at all necessary to hire such. After years of experience in managing a farm requiring a great deal of hired help, I find that it is not difficult to obtain desirable help. If inducements by way of good wages, fair treatment, and not too long days in the field are accorded, which any intelligent farmer is perfectly willing to give to the right person, one will never have any trouble in securing the class of help he would like.

BRAN FOR POULTRY.

Bran is excellent for poultry, and one point in favor of bran is that it contains a much larger proportion of lime than any other cheap food derived from grain, and as the shells of eggs are composed of lime, it is essential that food rich in lime be provided. It may be urged that the use of oyster-shells, will provide lime, but it will be found that it is the lime in the food that is most serviceable, because it is in a form that can be better digested and assimilated than carbonate of lime. Clover is also rich in lime, and when a mass of cut clover and bran is given the fowls they will need no oyster-shells or other mineral matter as a source from which to provide lime for the shells of eggs. Do not forget that in summer, however, the use of all kinds of foods should be used with judgment. If the hens have a free range, give no food as long as they are laying, but if they begin to fall off let bran be a leading ingredient of the foods allowed. In winter the bran and clover is even more essential, as the fowls cannot then secure green food on the range.

COGITATION.

The gentlemen of the bar, who not infrequently have to take rebukes from the bench, greatly enjoy a chance to make a legitimate retort against the court. The story is told that a certain judge who, during the plea of a rather prosy lawyer, could not refrain from gently nodding his head in sleep, was caught at this by the lawyer, who looked significantly at him.

Perhaps, said the judge, testily and prevaricatingly, the counsel thinks the court was asleep, but he may be assured that the court was merely cogitating.

The lawyer talked on. Presently the judge, again overcome by his somnolency, nodded off and aroused himself with a little sudden snorting snore.

If it please your honor, said the lawyer, I will suspend my plea until the court shall have ceased to cogitate audibly!

You may go on, said the judge; and he did not fall asleep again

SUPPLY LIMITED.

Mrs. Hashly—Gentlemen, what part of the turkey do you prefer?

Two Boarders, in chorus—The breast.

Mrs. Hashly—I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is not a double-breasted bird.

BETTER THAN SUN'S LIGHT

PRODUCED BY THE VACUUM TUBE AND OSCILLATOR.

Artist's May Now Paint at Night — Lighthouses to Send Shafts Through Densest Fogs — Remarkable Discovery of Nikola Tesla.

Nikola, Tesla, the well-known New York electrician, has forged to the front with a discovery that will certainly prove a great blessing to humanity. For years Mr. Tesla has been experimenting with vacuum tubes, and announces that he has so far perfected a tube as to be able to photograph objects at night, with even better effect than is had in the open sunlight. The tube is of high illuminating power, with a radiating surface of about 200 square inches. The frequency of the oscillations which were obtained from an Edison direct-current supply current is estimated to have been about 2,000,000 a second, while the tube was about 1,000 candlepower. Mr. Tesla sat five feet from the tube, and only five seconds' exposure was made. A half tone engraving was made from the photograph. Could the photograph itself be shown it would startle and delight the whole

WORLD OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The utility to which the discovery will be put in this field alone can hardly be estimated, as the photographer will now no longer have to depend upon fickle sunlight for his operations. The light produced is of such a beautiful translucent consistency as enables the camera to take cognizance of even the threads of the linen in the shirt front. Every little delicate line of the face is shown, and in fact the variegated pigments of the eye are suggested by the scrupulous intensity which the light allows the lens.

Mr. Tesla has another picture showing his hand at a distance of four feet from the tube. The exposure was about the same number of seconds, but in this picture the object stands out with remarkable solidity and rotundity. Every delicate line in the epidermis is plainly visible. The whole result of his experiments with the light in the science of photography has been settled upon as remarkable. Another point is settled which will awake the world of art with a new impulse. Electrician Tesla has found that colors can be seen in this new light. How often upon visiting a studio an artist will be found working like mad because he has only 'an hour more of daylight!" As soon as it fades he can no longer distinguish between a streak of buff or lemon and a splotch of virulent yellow. As a consequence he has to put by his brushes and wait for another day. By this light it will be possible for the artist to pose his model and work all night if he so chooses.

In 1895 Mr. Tesla's laboratories were burned down and his valuable experiments

WERE SADLY INTERRUPTED.

He has always been a discoverer of new principles and not the inventor of mere appliances, and thus it was that the vacuum tube and the oscillator afforded his genius a means of creating something of a beneficial nature to humanity. It is not, however, only the photographer and the color artist that the discovery will benefit by any means. It will reach millions of others. It will play an important part in criminology, as by the use of this light every line in a man's hand may be photographed so plainly as to enable the authorities to identify it with more accuracy than than could be done with a picture of his face, for the face changes, while the lines in a man's hand remain forever the same. Another and very great use to which the light may be put is that of illuminating lighthouses, so that seamen can see it through the densest fogs and keep

OFF THE ROCKS.

It is hard to get a light that will penetrate a fog. The vacuum tube will do all this, and practical experiments in this direction are soon to be made. It will be accompanied by making tubes of much greater candle power. Already one has been made in Mr. Tesla's laboratory which is about 1,000 times greater in power than the ordinary vacuum tube. The great electrician says that he as yet has no idea of the extent of light producable, and that it may illuminate great cities.

AN EGG-JOKE ROLLING.

At a small social gathering the other night somebody started the egg joke a-rolling.

Did you ever hear the story of the hard-boiled egg? he solemnly inquired of some one across the table.

No, was the innocent answer.

It's hard to beat, said the joker with much gravity.

You can't help smiling at these things, and after the laugh died down somebody else sprung this:

Did anybody hear about the egg in the coffee?

No, said an obliging somebody.

That settles it, remarked the funny man, blandly.

Of course there was another laugh and then a brief silence. It looked as if the egg jokes had been exhausted.

But presently a little woman at one end of the table inquired in a high soprano voice if anybody present had heard the story of the three eggs.

The guests shook their heads, and one man said No.

The little woman smiled

Two bad, she said.

OF COURSE IT WAS.

Brainard—How did that baby party your wife got up last week turn out?

Ferguson—It was a howling success.