

Bad Spelling;

OR, ARABELLA GREENLEAF'S
PERFIDY.

The last notes of the bell which duly summoned to their task the pupils of Madame Duvant's fashionable seminary had ceased, and in the schoolroom, recently so silent, was heard the low hum of voices, interspersed occasionally with a suppressed titter from some girl more mischievous than her companions. Very complacently Madame Duvant looked over the group of young faces, mentally estimating the probable gain she should receive from each, for this was the first day of the term; then with a few low-spoken words to the row of careworn, pale-faced teachers, she smoothed down the folds of her heavy gray satin and left the room, just as a handsome travelling carriage stopped before the door.

The new arrival proved to be a fashionably-dressed woman, who, with an air of extreme hauteur, swept into the parlor, followed by two young girls, one apparently sixteen and the other fourteen years of age. The younger and, as some would call her, the plainer looking of the two, was unmistakably a "poor relation," for her face bore the meek, patient look of a dependent, while the proud black eyes and scornfully curved lip of the other marked her as the daughter of the lady, who, after glancing about the room and satisfying herself that the chairs, tables, and so forth were refined, gave her name as "Mrs. Greenleaf, wife of the Hon. Mr. Greenleaf, of Herkimer County, New York."

"I have come," said she, apparently speaking to Madame Duvant, but looking straight at the window, "I've come to place my daughter Arabella under your charge, and if she is pleased with your discipline she will finish her education here—graduate—though I care but little for that, except that it sounds well. She is our only child, and, of course, a thorough education in the lower English branches is not at all necessary. I wish her to be highly accomplished in French, Italian, music, drawing, painting, dancing, and, perhaps, learn something of the old poets, so as to be able to talk about them a little, if necessary; but as for the other branches, such as geography, history, arithmetic, grammar, and the like she can learn them by herself, and it is not my wish that she should waste her time over anything so common. These will do for Mildred," and she glanced toward the poor relation, whose eyes were bent upon the carpet.

"She is the child of my husband's sister, and we have concluded to educate her for a teacher, so I wish you to be very thorough with her in all those stupid things which Arabella is not to study."

Madame Duvant bowed, and Mrs. Greenleaf continued. "Last term they were at Bloomington Seminary, and, if you'll believe it, the principal insisted upon putting Arabella into the spelling-class, just because she didn't chance to spell every word of her first composition correctly! I dare say it was more Mildred's fault than hers, for she acknowledged to me that 'twas one of Mildred's old pieces that she found and copied."

An angry flash of Arabella's large black eyes and a bright red spot on Mildred's cheek were the only emotions manifested by the young girls, and Mrs. Greenleaf proceeded: "Of course, I wouldn't submit to it—my daughter spelling 'baker,' and all that nonsense, so I took her away at once. It was my wish that Mildred should remain, but husband, who is peculiar, wouldn't hear of it, and said she should go where Arabella did, so I've brought them both."

After a little further conversation it was arranged that Miss Arabella should go through a course of merely fashionable accomplishments, Madame Duvant assuring her mother that neither spelling-book nor dictionary should in any way annoy her. Mildred, on the contrary, was to be thoroughly drilled in everything necessary for a teacher to know, Mrs. Greenleaf hinting that the sooner her education was completed the better she would be pleased, for it cost a great deal to clothe, feed, and school her. Madame Duvant promised to execute the wishes of her patron, who gathered up her flowing robes, and with a dozen or more kisses for her daughter and a nod of her head for Mildred, stepped into her carriage and was driven rapidly away.

Just across the spacious grounds of the Duvant Seminary, and divided from them by a wall which it seemed almost impossible to scale, stood a huge stone building, whose huddled walls, bare oors, and dingy windows—from which were frequently suspended a cap, a pair of trousers, or a boy's leg—stamped it at once as "The College," the veriest pest in the world, as Madame Duvant called it, when, with all the vigilance both of herself and Argus-eyed teachers, she failed to keep her young ladies from making the acquaintance of the students, who winked at them in church, bowed to them in the streets, tied notes to stones and threw them over the ponderous wall, while the girls waved their handkerchiefs from their windows and in various other ways ended the watchfulness of their teachers. A great acquisition to the fun-loving

members of the seminary was Arabella Greenleaf, and she had scarcely been there six weeks ere she was perfectly well acquainted with every student whom she considered at all worth knowing. But upon only one were her brightest glances and her most winsome smiles lavished, and that was George Clayton, a young man from South Carolina, who was said to be very wealthy. He was too honorable to join in the intrigues of his companions, and when at last he became attracted by the witching eyes and dashing manners of Arabella Greenleaf, he went boldly to Madame Duvant and asked permission to see the young lady in the parlor.

His request was granted, and during the two years he remained at college he continued occasionally to call upon Arabella, who, each time that he saw her, seemed more pleasing, for she was beautiful, and when she chose to be so was very courteous and agreeable. One evening when George called as usual and asked to see her, he waited a long time, and was about making up his mind to leave, when a fair, delicate looking girl, with deep blue eyes and auburn hair, entered the room, introducing herself as Miss Graham, the cousin of Arabella, who, she said, was indisposed and unable to come down.

"She bade me say that she was very sorry not to see you," added Mildred, for she it was, blushing deeply as she met the eager, admiring eye of George Clayton.

Gladyly would he have detained her, but with a polite good-evening she left him in a perfect state of bewilderment. "Strange that I never observed her before, for I must have seen her often," he thought, as he slowly wended his way back to his rooms, "and stranger still that Arabella never told me that she had a cousin here."

The next time he met Arabella his first inquiry was for her cousin, and why she had never mentioned her. With a heightened color Arabella answered, "Oh, she's a little body, who never cares to be known—a perfect bookworm and manhater."

The words bookworm and manhater produced upon George Clayton a far different effect from what Arabella had intended, and he often found himself thinking of the soft blue eyes of Mildred Graham. Unlike some men, there was nothing terrible to him in a bookish woman, and he might, perhaps, have sought another interview with Mildred but for a circumstance which threw her entirely in the shade.

The annual examination of Madame Duvant's seminary was drawing near, Arabella was to graduate, while both she and Mildred were competitors for a prize offered for the best composition. There was a look of wonder on Mildred's face when she saw her cousin's name among the list, for composition was something in which Arabella did not excel. Greatly then did Mildred marvel when day after day she found her pencil in hand, apparently lost in thought, as she filled one sheet after another, until at last it was done.

"Now, Milly," said Arabella, "you correct the spelling and copy it for me—that's a good girl."

Mildred had acted in this capacity too often to refuse, and with a martyr's patience she corrected and copied the manuscript, wondering the while from whence came the sudden inspiration which had so brightened Arabella's ideas. But if she had any suspicions of the truth she kept them to herself, handing her own composition in with that of her cousin, and calmly waiting the result.

(To be continued).

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Toothless dogs have soft snaps. The beauty of some women is only cosmetic deep.

Just as long as there's a case there will be a woman in it.

When all is lost save honor a man tries to stand on his dignity.

It's surprising how well most shiftless people manage to get along.

A woman is never surprised when she is handed a compliment.

With the exception of those that are still-born, kind words never die.

If a criminal has money it's easy to convince his lawyer that he is innocent.

One way to sidetrack popularity is to insist on having your own way at all times.

Many a man would never amount to anything if he didn't have a wife to push him.

A glance at the divorce statistics should be sufficient proof that this is the land of the free.

A girl is always sure she is in love with some man even if she isn't sure which man he is.

If men were to write their own epigrams marble cutters would be compelled to work overtime.

After celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth, the average woman's chief aim in life is to not look her age.

Time gets away from an old man almost as quickly as money gets away from a young one.

LAND OF QUEER CUSTOMS

"HERMIT KINGDOM" IS A PARADISE OF QUACKS.

Bullocks and Dogs Are Common—
Seoul, the Capital, Is Rich
In Fleas.

Korea, called by outsiders the "Hermit Kingdom," is known to its own people as Chosen, meaning, "morning calm," or "morning freshness."

It comprises a peninsula of Asia, north-east of China, 600 miles long, 135 miles broad and including an area of about 83,000 square miles. The population is estimated at from eight to sixteen million people, including foreigners, of whom the greater number are Japanese. There are about 300 Americans resident in the country.

The Koreans are of Mongolian origin, tall, robust, and rather prepossessing in appearance. Their language is polysyllabic. In dress, customs and architecture they show the influence of Chinese civilization. The Chinese claim to have civilized Korea in the twelfth century B. C.

WOMAN THE BURDEN BEARER.

Korea has been under the suzerainty of China from earliest times, except for a brief period between 1692 and 1698, when it was under Japanese protection, until 1876, when Japan signed a treaty recognizing it as an independent nation.

The burdens of life fall more heavily upon the women of Korea than in most countries, even in the Orient. Indeed, it would be difficult to point to any nation where the lot of woman is more completely unenviable than in Korea. The male Korean, except in the highest classes, regards his wife as the burden bearer of the family.

Curiously enough, however, the male Korean does not attain to the full dignity of man's estate until he marries. No matter how long he may defer that event, he is compelled to go bare-headed and to wear his hair in a pig-tail until his wedding. He is treated as a boy, excluded from the councils of men and is a person of no consequence during the pig-tail period of his life.

QUEER MEDICINE.

Korea is the paradise of quacks. As medicine the ground skull of a tiger is high in favor for all ills, while ginseng, pulverized horns of a fawn, macerated spiders and similar mixtures are consumed in great quantities with trust and confidence in their virtues. In surgery their practice is limited to the crudest operations.

Religion in Korea, as far as there may be said to be any, is modeled on Chinese patterns with such results as might be expected. Law and the administration of justice are utterly feeble and reeking with corruption.

The reins of government, as in China, are in the hands of a class which, by family tradition, lives by the shameless oppression and robbery of the poor.

Koreans are passionately devoted to flowers, although comparatively few have the means to indulge their taste in this direction.

NEVER USE MILK.

The land is generously blessed with animal life. There are no oxen, however, and Koreans never use milk or any of its products. The work is all done by bullocks, which usually attain magnificent development. Without his bullock the Korean would be helpless, and this fact is cited to prove that the Koreans have never been a nomadic people.

Korea produces no sheep, but none in that country is so poor as not to own at least one dog. No family would be complete without a dog.

Koreans, unlike the Japanese, love a good fire when the chill blasts of winter sweep across the barren country. This fondness for warmth is the cause of that barren appearance which so often has been referred to by travellers. The Koreans keep their forests cut to the quick to provide fuel, while the canny Japs let their forests grow and shiver.

EVERYBODY SMOKES.

Everyone smokes in Korea. Both men and women use pipes with a tiny metal bowl and stems so long that generally assistance must be asked to light them. As they are inveterate smokers, the greater part of the Korean's day is consumed in loading and lighting pipes.

The Koreans are, essentially, an agricultural people. They come from a stock entirely different from their two great neighbors, China the merchant nation, and Japan the fighting people. They are undoubtedly of Turanian origin with a strong admixture of Chinese and Manchu blood.

The Koreans are a peaceful and hospitable people, though they have fought well and bravely when they have had to fight. They seem to lack the strain of fighting Malay blood which is so strongly marked in the composition of the warlike Japanese.

FORTIFIED BY SMELLS.

Seoul, the capital, is an ancient walled city built in a network of hills eighteen miles from the sea. It is fortified in the strongest fashion by a system of smells that would drive any but an Asiatic army gasping into the sea.

Seoul is poor in appearance, but rich in fleas. On autumn nights tigers and other beasts of prey frequently contest the right of way with belated travellers in the streets.

The vista across the house-tops of Seoul is one of appalling monotony. All chimneys empty into the narrow streets about two feet from the ground, and at eventide when the good wives start their fires the pall of smoke and ashes that settles upon the town would make a London fog to look like a section of the cerulean blue.

The one advantage of the smoke evil

in Seoul is its ability to suppress the odors which rise up from its thoroughfares.

CITY OF MOURNERS.

Seoul is the home of mourners. Indeed it may be said literally with the Scriptures that "the mourners go about the streets." When a Korean is bereaved by the death of a close relative he is entitled to mourn his loss for a period of three years, and during this time he is not expected to perform any labor. As the average male Korean professes a lofty scorn for labor at any time, it is quite to be expected that the period of woe is accepted with resignation if not embraced with joy by nearly all.

The wall surrounding Seoul, from which kites fly perennially, is a small replica of the great Chinese wall. The traveller is welcomed at the west gate, but, should unfortunate chance delay him until the sun has disappeared and a big bell booms its warning note, he must prepare to camp in the open until the morn brings the gatekeeper back to his duty.

HOW BAKING IS DONE.

Barring an occasional court pageant, Seoul is singularly free from sights to interest the tourist.

A Seoul bakeshop is a triumph of cleanliness and altogether a unique institution. Of course there is an oven. Rice flour is dampened and kneaded into dough. This mass is spread upon a block and two lusty men proceed to treat it to a pounding process with heavy wooden mauls. While this is being done an elderly assistant dips his hand into water and performs the somewhat hazardous feat of keeping the dough moist by patting it between the blows of the others. The oven crowns the work.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

A Few Interesting Facts About Some Well-known People.

Earl Roberts, who fifty years ago was fighting in the Indian Mutiny before Delhi, where he encountered his first bullet, which fortunately was stopped by his cartridge pouch and did no harm, has just made an interesting confession. "I have kept myself young on purpose," says this seventy-four year old V. C. hero. "I have not drunk or smoked, and I am really not a day older than after Majuba in 1880." It is over fifty-five years since the sprightly Earl first became a soldier.

Sir Edwin Elgar, the eminent musical conductor, while in New York a few weeks ago, was aroused from his slumbers, after midnight, in a hotel by an irrepressible would-be interviewer, who, while knocking violently at the musician's door, exclaimed: "I represent the Sun." Sir Edwin made reply: "Go and represent the moon; it is more suitable at this hour of the night!" All the same, a column "interview" appeared the following morning.

When once touring in Scotland, Mr. Beerbohm Tree got into conversation with a Gaelic guide. "And what may you do for a living?" asked the old fellow. "I," said the actor, a little taken aback. "Oh! I'm on the stage." "Circus or hand-bell ringing?" asked the guide next. Tree hastened to explain that he did neither, and added, "my work is more serious than that." The man eyed him doubtfully. "Ah, weel," he said at length, in a tone of disappointment, "it seems tae me ye're nae muckle better than a meenister."

Many stories are being told of Dr. Richter, who has just celebrated his thirtieth year as a musician in England. Recently, when rehearsing a Mozart symphony, he stopped the band and exclaimed: "Please, gentlemen, more pianissimo. I want you to play like Queen Mab, not like suffragettes." On another occasion, when going through Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" scenes, he pulled up the orchestra and remarked: "You all play like married men, not like lovers." Dr. Richter is certainly at the top of his profession, for he obtains sums from £100 to £300 for conducting a single concert.

The finest private residence in the world and the largest in Great Britain is that possessed by the Marquess of Bute, in Mount Stuart, Rothesay. Everything, from a dining-room to an aquarium, is to be seen there, and among other things are three libraries, up-to-date swimming and Turkish baths, aviaries, a billiard-room, and a dining-room which will accommodate 300 visitors. The mansion cost \$10,000,000.

Earl Fitzwilliam owns the finest English house. Surrounded by 1,500 acres of beautiful park lands, the mansion (Wentworth House) stands 600 feet in length. The hall alone is 60 feet by 40 feet, from which can be gathered a good idea as to the size of the other rooms. Another famous residence is Eaton Hall, which the Duke of Westminster owns. Over fifty suites of rooms are set aside for guests, while the length of the house is nearly 500 feet. Chatsworth House possesses grounds nine miles in circumference.

The Duke of Newcastle, who recently returned to England from the United States, has a great admiration for Americans and Americans. He crosses the Atlantic nearly every year, and spends some weeks with his many friends in the United States, who are mostly leaders in the religious world. The Duke has none of the tastes that might be looked for in one who occupies such an exalted station in life. Small and slight in stature, he has shown no affection whatever for sport, nor is he a society man. Church matters are his serious concern in life, being an advanced Ritualist and one of the main supports of the advanced Church party in the House of Lords. The Duchess of Newcastle loves sport just as much as her husband despises it. She hunts during nearly the whole of the season, drives constantly, and is a breeder and a judge of dogs. She was Miss Kathleen Candy, and married the Duke in 1889, when she was barely eighteen. She shares her husband's love for music.

About the Farm

DAIRY FARMING IN DENMARK.

In Denmark a system of highly intensified farming prevails in all parts of the country. More than 70 per cent of all the farming land is under cultivation each year, leaving less than 30 per cent for grass and hay purposes. A seven years' rotation of crops is in very general practice, and the land is utilized in much the following manner: First year rye; second year, roots; third year barley sown with clover and grass; fourth year, clover and grass; fifth year, grass for grazing purposes; sixth year, oats; and seventh year, a system of fodder crops for summer feeding. The rye is cut green in the month of May, and used for feeding purposes. In this manner the rye furnishes an early form of green food, which is very helpful in maintaining the milky supply before the other forms of green feed are available.

It is the prevailing custom to stable the cows about eight months out of each year, and the feeding of some form of soiling crop is practised during the remaining four months. While about one-seventh of each farm is devoted to grass, the cows are seldom allowed free access to the same. In some instances these grass lots are cut and the produce from the same is fed to the cows in the stables or open paddocks. The most prevalent practice, however, is to tether the cows in rows by means of ropes, and allow them a new feeding ground each day. This system is regarded as being very economical on grass, as it allows each strip of land several days' rest, during which time it makes a rapid growth. In this manner the Danish farmers claim to get much more feed from a given area of ground than would be possible under conditions where the cows have free access to the entire area at will. The cows always receive additional food, either in the form of green fodder crops or some form of concentrated feeding stuff; in fact the best farmers generally furnish some of each. The main object of the grass is to afford a means of supplying exercise and fresh air, both of which are so beneficial to the health and vigor of the cow. Some farmers who do not deem it profitable to set aside land for grazing purposes have open paddocks in conjunction with the stables, where the cows spend several hours each day for the purpose of supplying fresh air and sunshine. In some instances a part of the fodder is fed in these paddocks.

SKIMMILK AS A FERTILIZER.

Skimmilk as a fertilizer for crops is interesting the farmers in the vicinity of Halsey, N. J., and several declare that astonishing results have come from its use. Several weeks ago a creamery of that place had a lot of skimmilk that could not be used. W. Clark Mains and John A. Segler, farmers, took the milk and poured it on their lands as an experiment. Mains emptied seventy-five cans on a timothy sod lot. Segler emptied 150 cans on a piece of meadow land. Remarkable results have been obtained.

Their grass is now seven times as vigorous as on adjoining fields where the milk was not used, but which were covered with commercial fertilizers. The farmers predict that milk will be used henceforth.

There is no reason, practical or theoretical, why skimmilk should not make a good fertilizer. Analysis shows that each hundred pound contains seven cents worth of plant food, in the best possible condition for immediate use by the plant. But it is hardly a profitable proposition to use milk in this way as it is worth from 15 to 30 cents per hundred when fed to young stock. The above is an interesting experiment, but not one that is profitable, if the milk can be used in any other way.

FARM NOTES.

Nitrate of soda is being used on grass land with great success.

Charcoal given to animals, especially to poultry and swine, acts upon the blood as a purifier, often being found of benefit when there is no definite disease.

Do not let the little pigs get too fat. This may cause them to have thumps. Keep them growing nicely and see that they get plenty of fresh water and exercise.

If your fields show any signs of the presence of mustard, do not throw up your hands in despair, but spray it with blue-stone and pull and burn what may be left. Mustard is one of the worst weeds in this country, but its destruction is not impossible.

When a person buys an animal that is claimed to be registered the purchaser should demand the certificate of registry and have the transfer of ownership made with pen and ink on the back of the certificate. This transfer should give the name of the purchaser and date of the transaction, and should be signed by the seller.

Salt is essential to the health of all animals. Do not stint the salt supply to your cattle, sheep and hogs, but give them free access to the salt lick. Your horses will enjoy salt in their grain now and again. Free access to salt, and plenty of pure water will facilitate the production of milk. These things are well known to most farmers. A few men here and there need, however, to be reminded of them.