

er, did not discover this un-
but, she in her misery at
imagined to be the man's
never answered his demands
Explanation—never spoke to
ed for a moment, overcomes
on. Vandeleur gazed at
me later," she proceeded
ity. "A book was published
entitled 'The Hand on the
heroine was called Gladys
e-letter that had destroyed
s happiness was reproduced
l for word in its pages."
is understood, and for the
discovered the awful misad-
made. It was too late to
repair the error. He had
last one day the news
he had been killed, and it
e her heart."
could not speak; the joy
was supreme enough to
utterance. He merely
as if he could never let
he drew her gently to
and rested his cheek
ive?" she whispered.
My darling!" was all

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

PURE WATER AND PLENTY OF IT.

The plan here described has given me more satisfaction and real benefit than the same amount of money expended in any other line, writes A. D. Barnes. Some 100 ft. from my house on top of a high hill I drilled a well through boulders and clay, and put in what is called a drive well pump. I was fortunate in striking a good stream of water. Over the well I erected a low tower and put up a windmill. I then went about 30 ft. down the incline of the hill and made a large excavation 18 ft. in diameter and 15 ft. deep. This I lined with a rough stone wall 2 ft. thick, laying the part next the earth in mortar and that portion toward the center in cement. The bottom was paved with cobblestones and cement, and the sides were carefully cemented. The excavation was covered with oak sleepers and three inch boards. The whole was covered with two feet of earth, with the exception of a manhole in the center 2 ft. square.

The water is conducted underground from the pump to the reservoir, in a 1 1/2-in. pipe from my buildings to the bottom of this reservoir, keeping it at all points 4 ft. under the surface of the ground. At the lower end of this ground I have three branch pipes, each three-fourths of an inch in diameter. One goes to the cellar under the house, then up through the floor into a sink. One goes into the horse barn and the other to my packing house. I also have a 60-ft. hose and nozzle which can be attached at a moment's notice, and as the reservoir is 60 ft. above the hydrant the pressure is very good. The hose can be used for washing carriages, carpets, rugs, windows, porches, horses, etc., and spraying lawns, flowers or shrubbery, and in case of fire water could be thrown into any room in the house or on the roof of any of the farm buildings. I have an overflow pipe from the reservoir, so that the mill can run continuously, and as the reservoir holds about 500 barrels, the water is always pure. It is just as fresh as when it came from the well. The hydrants cut off the water below the surface of the ground, so that it never gets warm, nor does it freeze.

My plant cost me about \$400. The drilling of the well was difficult, as much of the material passed through was rock. The trenches were dug through stiff clay, and the piping was more than would be necessary in many cases. If it is desirable I can turn on a small stream and let it run night and day for the benefit of the stock in lots or pasture, or for irrigation. I would most earnestly recommend this system of water works on dry and rolling farms and there are thousands of them that can be supplied by this wonderfully handy system at a cost of not to exceed \$200 to \$250.

HOW FARMERS MAY HELP THE ROADS.

It is easily possible for farmers to keep country roads in a much better condition than most of them are at present. The individual can afford to do road mending on the same principle that he repairs fences and buildings, "It pays me." And a land owner ought to feel as much shame, even guilt, before the general public over a mudhole that can be drained, or over a choked-up sluice along his premises as he ought over neglected cattle or a display of filth.

It is not necessary to wait for the road-wrecking season to come. The most profitable, common sense work can be put in a little at a time, if at the right time. Drainage is the beginning and the ending of the whole matter, if roads are to be roads and not sloughs. Watering-troughs and hillside springs are common causes of standing water, yet it is a very simple matter to direct the water flowing from them in the way it should go. A stone, a loose board, a chunk of soil washed down against the end of a sluice may choke it up till it is worse than nothing. Five minutes' work would send the water rushing through its proper channel. It is not uncommon to see water following the wheel rut for rods, when a man with half an eye can also see that a mere cut through the ridge at the edge of the ditch would lead the water into the ditch, perhaps down a bank.

GIRDLING GRAPES.

Among the many artificial expedients for making plants do as one wishes, that of girdling or ringing the grape, which is now and then practiced by horticulturalists, is not the least curious and interesting, says the Home-stead. It consists of the entire removal of the bark just below the fruit cluster about a month before the time of

ripening. Its effect is to hasten the ripening by a week or two, and to increase the size of the fruit. The sap ascends through the pores of the wood and sustains growth, but on descending the elaborated sap, which passes down between the wood and the bark, can go no lower than the point where the vine has been girdled. It stops there and goes to feeding the bunch of grapes growing at that point. Of course ringing is a thing that can only be done to a limited extent, and the experiments can only be tried, on scattering branches. It is evident that all that part of the vine below the cut will suffer the following year, and that the entire vine itself would be permanently injured and perhaps destroyed if the practice were made at all general. As an interesting experiment however, to be made on branches that one thinks of removing anyhow, a trial of ringing will furnish an interesting study to those curious in such matters.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER 'TATIES.

The Student and the Kettle Full of Potatoes—Roast Seal for Dinner.

Robert Stephen Hawker, the famous vicar of Morwenstow, known far beyond his little Cornish parish for his wit, his verses, his eccentricities, and his kindness of heart, was, as a young man, extremely fond of practical jokes. While an undergraduate at Oxford he mounted one night to the cottage roof of Nancy Heale, an old woman, commonly reputed to be a witch, and peering down her chimney flue, saw her crouched before the fire, watching an iron kettle full of potatoes. Very quietly the mischievous student lowered a rope with a hook at the end, hooked the kettle, and drew it slowly up—up—up, and out of sight.

Poor, near-sighted old Nanny, when she saw her trusted utensil vanishing thus mysteriously, peered after it in blinking bewilderment, crying out in despair at the top of her voice:

"Massey pon my sintul soul! Art gawn off—'taties and all?"

A moment later there was a knock at the door. Young Hawker had returned the kettle, and hidden himself near enough to hear her joyful exclamation as she nearly stumbled over the repentant wanderer.

"So then," she cried, "theer't come back to holt! Ay, 'tis a-cold out o' doors!"

Oddly enough, the student's jest directly benefited his victim, for when she went about the next day telling her tale, the authorities supposed that the poor old creature's wits were leaving her, and compassionately increased her weekly allowance from the town.

If he puzzled old Nanny about her queerly behaving 'taties, however, another old woman, Joan Trewoy, of the tiny Cornish seaport of Boscawen, once puzzled him and a friend of his nearly as much. They stopped, very hungry, at her little inn, 'The Ship,' and inquired what fare was to be had.

"Meat and 'taties," said Joan, adding scornfully, "some call 'em potatoes, but we always says, 'taties here."

The guests inquired what kind of meat—veal, lamb, beef or mutton—she would provide.

"Meat," she responded, "nice, wholesome meat and 'taties," and no more would she say.

The meat was at length served. The 'taties were good, and the meat was not bad, but it was peculiar. They could not "place" it. It was tender and not unsavory, but it had no familiar outline or joint or bone about it. The hungry youths ate, but felt a trifle squeamish, and when Hawker suggested that it might be a "piece of Boscawen baby," his friend dashed hastily to the kitchen to make further inquiries—in vain. Old Joan still stuck serenely to her "meat and 'taties," and with that they had to be content.

Not till years afterwards did they learn that the meat which had been served to them was a viand known to Boscawen kitchens alone in all England; it was young roast seal.

WOMEN'S NEW FIGURE.

By the way, if you are laboring under the impression that padded hips are the prevailing fashion, get rid of it at once. The new figure, fresh from Paris, is hipless, and especially suited to the clinging fashion of gowns. It calls for the full bust, naturally placed, but no hips, and this is the way in which it is secured: Two sets of loes are provided, one of elastic, which begins at the waist line and continues to the top, where it is and continues to give a full left extremely loose to give a full bust effect. The elastic expands and contracts with the movement of the chest. The other lacing of linen or silk is put in at the bottom of the corset and extends to the waist line, bringing the two parts of the corset as near together as possible. This gives a most fetching figure. As for hips, many of them are seen, all hip pads, many of them are seen, all showing plainly, and giving a grotesque appearance to the wearer, particularly when one or both have been pushed out of place.

A FRIENDLY TIP.

Young Author—Tell me frankly what you think of the manuscript of my book. I want to get it in shape for publication, as I have several other irons in the fire.

Critical Friend—Well, that being the case, I would advise you to use the manuscript for fuel. It might at least help to heat the other irons.

A QUEEN'S "POINTERS."

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, DILATES ON MEN AND WOMEN.

Man and Wife Should Never Cease Caring—Love, Hate, Jealousy and Fate are Blind—Men Say Women are Weak.

No book in Europe today is attracting more attention than the one entitled "Thoughts of a Queen," which has just been published in French, and the author of which is Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, who is better known to the literary world under her nom de plume, Carmen Sylva. An attractive woman she is, with her blue eyes, well shaped mouth, heavy brown hair and sweet smile. A Princess of Wied by birth, she was carefully educated by her excellent mother, and the result is that she is not only a ready writer and a witty talker, but also a good housekeeper, as well as an adept in those arts which fit women to become leaders of society.

She began to write prose and poetry at an early age, having apparently inherited the poetic gift from her grandmother, Princess Louise of Wied, who was a poetess of no mean skill. Her first poems, however, of a real merit were those which she wrote after the death of her first born child. This was the first great sorrow of her life, and the poems which she wrote then show how deeply she lamented the loss of her babe.

In "Thoughts of a Queen" she frankly expresses her opinion on many subjects. Here, for example, are some of her views about man:

"If we study the human body carefully we shall find that the soul is not far away. Animals move freely in their native element; does not our condition of slavery show that we human beings seldom find ourselves in our true element? When a woman is bad, it is her husband who is blamed. Do not trust a man who scoffs at domestic happiness."

HAS GIVEN A WHOLE WORLD.

Her remarks about women are specially interesting. According to her:

"A woman is expected to give her love freely, to take care of a household and to educate her children; moreover, she must be pretty, elegant and lovable. Yet in spite of all this men say that women are weak. Among savages the woman is a beast of burden, among the Turks she is regarded as a creature who is fitted only for luxury. Europeans claim that she is useful for both purposes. When a woman gives herself away she fancies that she has given a whole world; the man, however, believes that he has simply acquired possession of a new toy. A woman would be stoned if she began to do those things which a man of honor may do with impunity. A woman who is misunderstood is a woman who does not understand others. An unhappy woman is like a flower exposed to the wind; for a long time she remains a closed bud, and as soon as she begins to flower she withers. Man often gains his end through the brutal strength of an ox or a bear; woman under similar circumstances uses the tactics of the timorous mouse or those of the murderous snake that coils around its victim. A woman's virtue must often be very great, since there are many cases where it has to suffice for two."

In regard to love the Queen of Roumania says:

"A man who is unhappy in love thinks that this is sufficient pretext why he should enjoy himself without love. A person who pardons does not love any more, since true love does not know the meaning of pardon. Jealousy on the part of one who loves us is flattery. A man and wife should never cease paying a little court to each other."

About friendship she says:

"Words of sympathy fall on the sorrow stricken heart as drops of water fall on melting butter; they cause it to overflow. Friendship loses its potency in all cases where one of the persons is too happy and the other is too unhappy."

MAN HIS OWN MARTYR.

Here are her thoughts on happiness and unhappiness:

"There is only one happiness—duty. It takes a hundred lovely and fragrant leaves to make a perfect rose, and it takes a hundred pure joys to make perfect happiness. Is that not happiness when one has the power to do good? Unhappiness or suffering only humiliates sorrow or suffering only humiliates one. As a rule a man is the martyr of his own faults. We often mourn for something which we lost long ago, and this is a mistake, since time robs tears of their rights. How unhappy must that man be who makes two attempts to commit suicide."

About suffering she says:

"A beast when it suffers goes off in alone to some lonesome place; it is only man who lets every one know when he is suffering."

Here are some bright thoughts on life and intellect:

"Love, hatred, jealousy and fate blind; in order to see clearly a man must first depart from this life." "A man never becomes weary of life; he only becomes weary of himself." "A only becomes weary of himself." "A housewife who is too industrious is always in a condition of uneasiness, and one would often prefer to find her home less neat but more peaceful." "Great thinkers and lofty mountains elevate us in our own eyes." "When two intellectual women can get nothing out of a man than there is nothing out of a man than there is nothing

ing in him." "Intellectual people often talk nonsense when they find themselves in a critical or unexpected position, just as a dog barks when he is afraid of something." "One can only be intellectual with intellectual people."

Carmen Sylva has evidently not a high opinion of women who interest themselves actively in politics, for in a smart little epigram she compares them to erratic hens. She also points out that kings and queens differ from all other mortals in the fact that when attacked they are not supposed to have the right to defend themselves, either with tongue or pen. As for princes, she evidently regards them merely as ornaments, for she says:—

VALUE OF SMALL INVENTIONS.

Enormous Fortunes Have Been Made From Simple Devices.

The invention of the roller skate made £200,000. The gimlet-pointed screw has been responsible for more wealth than most silver mines. One hundred thousand pounds in first-class securities would not represent the fortune made by the man who first thought of copper tips to children's shoes. Even a little thing like the common needle threader is worth £10,000 a year to its owner, while the "return ball"—a wooden ball fastened on a piece of elastic—yields £10,000 per annum; this is only one of the many profitable toys. We may mention the "Dancing Jim Crow," which produces £15,000 a year; the "wheel of life," worth in all full £100,000; the walking figure, "John Gilpin," and the "chameleon top." The sale of the last-named toy has been enormous and the profits also enormous. Indeed, the "chameleon top," as a profitable invention, has probably excelled any one discovery in modern times, however valuable and important this may have been. As far as profits are concerned, the invention of toys pays better than those of anything else. Money has been and always can be made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation.

Great discoveries take so many years and cost so much to perfect that the fortunes made from them are small compared with those we have instanced. The man who discovered that a candle if tapered at the end would stick firmly into its socket patented the idea and afterward founded the largest candle factory in the world. Might not anyone have thought of this simple device? Out of the millions who own umbrellas how many realize that these unfortunately indispensable articles represent wealth untold! The frame, the cover, the materials used, all are the result of numberless experiments and patents. An umbrella years ago used to be made of whalebone and gingham. It weighed as much as a portmanteau. Alpaca was substituted for gingham, then silk for alpaca. Each change meant a fortune to the inventor who brought it about. For a long time the ribs were solid; then Samuel Fox arose, took the umbrella and cut grooves along its ribs. He designed the "patent paragon frame" and lived to see his invention used universally. At the death of Samuel Fox his heir was benefited to the extent of £179,000—the residue of a total profit of at least £500,000.

AN HISTORIC SLIP OF PAPER.

Written by the Duke of Marlborough at the Battle of Blenheim.

A scrap of paper that carries one back to the very atmosphere of a great decisive battle in the world's history is among the historical treasures of Blenheim House. On the paper are a dozen lines scribbled in pencil. They were written by the Duke of Marlborough at the close of the fierce struggle at Blenheim.

The tumult of battle was rolling westward, where French and Bavarians were in disordered retreat, with Marlborough's cavalry riding fiercely in their rear. The slopes of the hills and the marshy plain were strewn with thirty thousand killed and wounded.

But Marlborough, with the excitement of the great fight yet strong within him, pulled up his horse on one of the little rustic bridges across the Schwanbuch, and scribbled these dozen lines to his imperious wife in London, to tell her of the great event.

Apparently the duke borrowed the scrap of paper from some member of his staff, for on the back of it are the faded items of a tavern bill. He used the parapet of the bridge for a writing-desk. He had been seventeen hours in the saddle, most of that time riding in the very heart of one of the greatest battles in all history, yet the letters are firm in shape, a curious testimony to that serenely unshakable temperament which was Marlborough's most striking characteristic.

WHAT THEY ARE USED FOR.

What are the holes for? asked little Edna, looking at the porous plaster that her mother was preparing to add just on Willie's back.

It's funny you don't know that, sis, interposed Willie. They're to let the pain out, of course.

TREASURES OF THE SEA.

New Apparatus Which is Used to Bring Gold to the Surface.

The treasures hidden by the sea have from olden times formed a strong temptation for man's ingenuity and greed, and in ancient mythology treasure-troves intrusted to the waves play a disastrous part in individual and national fate. No sooner has, in our time, some inventor brought out a new submarine device or diving apparatus, when, to use Shakespeare's words, "all the profound sea hides in unknown fathoms" begins to glitter before man's eyes with its "demonic allurements."

On the 19th of last month the anniversary occurred of the sinking of the Alabama by the Kearsarge off the French port, Cherbourg. A series of experiments was being made about this date at Cherbourg with a new diving apparatus that enables work to be carried on at far greater depths than has hitherto been possible. The new apparatus, it is expected, will prove effective at 500 feet up to 1000 fathoms. The experiments, it is true, have so far been made at a depth of only 170 ft, but this is already a decided advance over previous diving operations, and the trial was entirely successful. The inventor of the new device is a Tunisian engineer, M. Piatti del Pozzo, and his apparatus consists of a sphere ten feet in diameter, fitted with three screws that enable it to

SHIFT ITS POSITION

at the bottom of the ocean. Another of its features is a species of dredger worked by machinery that can be used to pick up cables or other objects. M. del Pozzo intends shortly to search for the hull of the famous Alabama sunk opposite Cherbourg on June 19, 1864.

At this very moment the lifting of a rich treasure-trove from sunken warships in the Aegean sea attracts the attention of Europe. The 5th of the month marked the 129th anniversary of a famous sea fight, which took place off Tsheshme, an Asiatic-Turkish seaport, between the Russians and Turks, Count Alexis Orlov, the Russian admiral under Catherine II, who, with his own hands, in 1762, had strangled to death the czar's husband, Peter III., defeated the Turkish fleet there on July 5, 1770, with great losses on both sides. And now the sea gives up its treasures from the bottom of the Aegean. The divers report that the whole ground about the wrecks is covered with a gigantic carpet of silver coins. In view of the immense yield of treasure, the operation thus far has been confined to the Russian flagship, which lies at a depth of a little over 130 feet. A very large amount of Venetian, Austrian and Russian gold pieces has been brought to light, and they are so numerous that the steamship Inebolia, three weeks ago had already twice carried shipments of 20,000 gold coins each to Constantinople. One day's yield alone amounted to nearly 20,000 coins, the silver being left untouched until the yellow metal's removal has been completed. The enterprise's daily results are recorded by the Turkish officials and the company in charge of the work, whereupon everything saved is brought aboard the government guard-ship, where it is watched by soldiers. Besides the coin, bars of gold, gold and silver crosses, medals and religious images, silver and gold services, a Bible bound in silver and adorned with gems, etc., has been found. The value of the objects, at the time above mentioned, was estimated to be above £250,000.

THE PRINCESS' FEET.

The Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian War might never have been waged.

Bismarck was unfriendly to France but her beauty to influence him, so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German Prince and his wife to visit the court of France and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuileries.

That evening there was a grand reception, and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm.

Now, the Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt and ugly, and her feet were generous. As she walked she showed a great deal of sole.

While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment.

A year later when Paris was besieged Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts, and those who were near him heard him shout:

"Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!"

The slight was avenged.