E ANT ENGINEER.

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nels Joseph."

"Nonsense, Maggie, darling. I don't tegl.seph Hawick and his ways, and I gie. I nee going to pretend I do."

"His ways are very good ways. No ke can say wrong of Uncle Joseph, Ste had

at is just it; they are too good. I think I am old enough to know That is just it; they are too good. I her think I am old enough to know hat I want, I all and what I want. I are a good farm, I don't owe a penny, I have a good farm, I don't owe a penny, and any own hand. If palix i glover Joseph Hawick, he would be every first to say I wanted the title error wis to say I wanted the title error is the palix is glover Joseph Hawick, he would be every first to say I wanted the title error is the palix is glover sighed, and then looked up to stephen sight; a man

phen, of course, was right; a man his such eyes and such a figure could, in love's sight, be wrong. He was we and confident, too, and had that y of assertion which only very cool sensible people can resist.

"ucic Joseph sighted, too, but it was a fearer with from Margiels. He loved

Uncle Joseph sighed, too, but it was a flerent sigh from Maggie's. He loved is niece with a wise and tender affector, and she had not chosen the husband at he would have chosen for her eighent Gray was indeed "well to do," all had a fair character, but the keen old as say radical defects in it.

"He listens to no one but himself, and the hears no advice but a flatterer's," ald loogh, "besides, Maggie, he is so road, that I am feared he's bound to zwe a sumble."

But, unele, he has a big heart, and a good farmer, and even you can see the is the handsomest man in the

Dales."

"That is all true, girl, but God does not measure men by inches."

However, in spite of all disaffection, daggie Hawick's wedding with Stephen iray came off with great and widespread cospitality. Joseph Haywick had been or forty years the physician and friend of all the Dale families, rich and poor, and not one of them missed an invitation. The gentry feasted in the oak-raftered parlor, and the shepherds and cotters at the big barn. But all were merry and full of good wishes for the pretty bride and her Landsome husband.

and her kandsome husband.

The number of the bridal presents Maggie received testified to it. Stephen's sideboard ond buffet would be bright with silver tokens, and his present and blankets. But, upon the whole, it rather mertified him. He could not feel the loving kindness that sanctified the gifts, and the obligation was not pleasant to the self-sufficient young man. He bad assured Uncle Joseph voluntarily, and which with a mancessary pride, that he wanted nothing with Maggie, neither gold nor gear nor land; and yet, for all that, he looked rather anxiously for the old man's offering. d her handsome husband.

old man's offering.

Joseph Hawick was believed, in spite of his eccentric attentions to poor patients, to "have money," and Stephen felt that a handsome check on Kendall Bank or few government bonds would on the out of place; for he had been at the country some expense in refurnishing the old arm-house, and he was very anxious to ty some new scientific experiments with its worn out had

worn-out land. has worn-out land.

But Maggie said nothing about her unders present, and Stephen was far too pand to ask her, until nearly a year added to ask her, until nearly a year add a long talk with old Squire Twaites about 'high farming," and then the two men drifted into the discussion of some. men drifted into the discussion of some scheme for the draining of Druid's Moss. Then Stephen, thinking it all over as he smoked his pipe by the blazing ingle, saw untold wealth of harvest from the tich alluvial soft and fabulous wheat fields growing when are now caught leeches or also the blazing and caught

If he only had money! If he only had one thousand pounds in cash! Thwaites and he would buy and drain the Moss. He sat dreaming over the project and counted the acres and bushels over and over, until he began to look upon Druid's Moss as the one thing upon the carth to be desired. Too much had been thrown into the Moss to abandon the project, and yet

Druid's Moss as the one thing upon the earth to be desired.

"Maggie," he said, suddenly, to the little wife, sawing and gontly rocking herself beside him, "Maggie, what did. Uncle Joseph give you for a welding. You never told me.

I thought you would not like it, "Very likely not, but nevertheless, what was it?"

what was a. 
A Bible.

Gamble.

Glust like him; and we had two family ones to begin with, not to speak of the little ones you have in almost every

"In the same way, Stephen, people gave us napkins enough for three gener-

gave us napkins enough for three gonerations, and silver mugs enough to serve all our friends. Uncle's Bible was by no means an ordinary one."

"How not?"

"It has been in the Hawick household since A. D. 1616, and contains the family register for more than two hundred years. I am the last of our branch; treats the market I would like to have it. It

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"A man's hat in his hand never did m any harm, Stephen, and I wish, ar, you had been a little more civil to lebesch."

"Nonsense, Maggie, daeling labout."

"Nonsense, Maggie, daeling labout."

"Buy and drain Druid's Moss, Mag

Maggie drew her eyebrows together and looked wonderingly at Stephen, who had risen and was pacing the floor with rapid, thoughtful steps

"Why, love, 'she said anyiously, 'what rapid any norm. The Draid's Moss! What list that worth!"

"A few leaches and wild birds now, and it distinct. I was talking to Thwaites about it to day. Both our upband are worn out; the Moss lies between us. I would give like years of my life to own half of it and man mould.

"How much money would do, Ste

phen?"
"A thousand pounds. I could drain part, and then save the proceeds to drain the rest. But where could I get the money?"

drain the rest. But where could I get the money?"

"I was thinking of Unole Joseph. Would you let me ask him."

Nothing is so wonderful as the growth of a master passion. In a few hours, the desire for this particular piece of land had strengthened itself so that Stephen began to consider whether it might not be worth while to let his wife go borrowing for him; and the longer he talked, the more eager he became; so that, at last, Myggie felt hurt to see what a trille he made of her feelings and of the risk Joseph Hawick would run.

However, next day she went to see the old man, and, as they sat together over their tea and crumpets, said:

"Uncle. Stephen wants to joln Squire Thwaites in buying the Druid's Moss."

"What for? To raise cranberries?"

"Uncle! Why they talk of great wheat-fields and meadows."

"It will need a sight of drainage, and that means a sight of money. I should not think Stephen had idle cash sufficient."

"He wants to borrow it."

"He wants to borrow it."

cient."

"He wants to borrow it."

Joseph's face clouded.

"Wonders never cease. I thought
Stephen Gray would stave before he
would borrow or owe money."

"Don't cast up the past, uncle. Stephen thinks that if he could borrow a
thousands pounds he would make it ten
in a very few years; and, uncle, I came
to-day to ask you to lend him it."

"You came a useless journey, Maggie,
forbye I don't like that pride that makes
others stoop for its concelt."

"Squire Thwaites said you had plenty
of money in Kendal Bank."

"If I had money I'd never trust it, in
any bank; but I make no more than I
need now. I am getting an old man,
Maggie."

"Stephen will be sorely disappointed."

"He has no course to be ab. I told him

Maggie."
"Stephen will be sorely disappointed."
"He has no cause to be sb. I told him
you would have no fortune, and he quite
scorned at the thought of money with
you. He had his choice between you
and Kate Crofts, with the Crofts Manor
at her will."

oxperioriest surveyors mad to be sent for, and entirely new means and machinery used. Too much had been thrown into the Moss to abandon the project, and yet the constant cry for "money" was fast exhausting the patience and purses of both Squire Thwaites and Stephen Gray.

both Squire Trivaltes and Stephen Gray. The former more able to bear his loss, became, after two years' labor, quite in different, talked of the affair as hopeless, and was half angry with Stephen for persisting. But something like desperation animated the young farmer, for he had so far mortgaged his home and estate that their redemption was hopeless if the Mose failed him.

tate that their redemption was hopeless if the Moss failed him.

Poor Maggie, with her two babies to eare for, strove to help him by taking upon herself lators she was totally unfit for; and she rapidly broke down between the unusual physical strain and the constant, anxious worry regarding Stephen. All her husband's life dwindled down to these dame, black corrs or rich mul.

again he reconnoitered, rushing for again he reconnected, rushing for maid and then back.

In spind some a loosened mortar in the against spind some and attack.

In spind some a loosened mortar in the against spind some and attack.

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In spind some and another in the spind some and a tack.

In spind some and another in the spind some and a trend; the spind some and another in the spind some and a trend; the spind some and a spind some and and trend; the spind some and a spind some and a

pondered them that evening as she silent, beside her sleeping children. It was hard to sell the dear old be

but Stephen would hear of nothing else; so the doctor's house went into the mar-

and was more enthusiastic than ever over his idea.

But Maggie was almost hopeless. She was beginning to suffer for very necessities; strange, hard men came with authority about her home, and Stephen looked so ill and haggard and was so irritable that her cup was full of sorrow. One gloomy afternoon, when it rained so heavily that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and comfort the gloomy man, looking dolefully across the empty farm-yard toward the great, flat, dreary Moss.

"It will soon be over, my dear Maggie," he said. "To-morrow I am going into Kendal, to get another five hundred pounds, if I can, upon the farm plenishing and the remnant of the stock. I am sure, if I get it, to put the whole Moss under wheat this year, and that will practically save us. If I don't, I have lost my estate and all these years' labor, and we shall leave this place, beggars, within a month. You know the worst now, Maggle."

within a month. You know the worst now, Maggle."
The next day, amid the driving storm, she watched her husband make his last desperate effort. She turned and looked upon the pleasant room, with her three children playing unconsciously about it; then she fiel upstairs, and, falling down upon her knees, poured out all her heart in passionate, pleading prayer. As she rose, with streaming eyes. Uncle Joseph's last words flashed across her mind. Somehow, they held a new meaning for her. She unlocked her drawer, and lifted the old brass-bound book carefully and tenderly out.

tenderly out. "It has comforted my fathers "It has comforted my fathers and mothers for many a generation," she said softly. "I will see what it will do for me." And she unclasped it with a prayer: "I was brought low, and He helped me." ned me.

rayer: They were good words, and she read the whole fasim through and turned the leaf. A Bank-of-England bill tor one hundred pounds fell at her feet. She lifted it as though it had fallen from heaven, and commenced to turn, with eager, trembling fingers, the well-worn pages. One after another, bills fluttered into her lap until, from between the boards of Uncle Joseph's wedding-gift, she had taken eight thousand eight hundred pounds.

he intended it should be in two wayshe intended it should be—in two ways— for Maggie and Stephen - learned to love it, not only for the material help it had brought them in their extremity, but also for the promise of the fur more exceed-ing and abundant riches which it prom-ises and provides for. - [The Ledger.

# THE WAYS OF WOLVES.

Westerners Used Not to Mind Ther More than Ground Squirrels.

More than Ground Squirrels.

Does the American wolf ever attack human beings? Up to a few years, ago, almost the only account of the killing of persons by wolves is to be found in Autobon and Buchman, which tells of the devouring of a slave by a back of wolves in some one of the southerp states. This account came to the authors at second or third hand, and to my mind it is not at all convincing.

all convincing.
In the old days in the west a man no In the old days in the west a man no more thought of being afraid of a worl than of a ground squirrel. With a stick, or without one, a man could chase a pack of gray wolves as far as the could rhn, and as long as his wind held out. Even in the bitterest weather the wolfers never thought that there was any dauger of being attacked by wolves. The ohly case of which I ever heard which suggested anything like this was toward the end of a very long snowy winter, when a large white wolf one night followed a 'frieid of mine up to his cabin door. The end of a very long snowy winter, when a large white wolf one night followed a friend of mine up to his cabin door. The animal trotted along only a few steps behind the unarmed man, who confessed to feeling somewhat uneasy lest the beast should spring at him, but it made no demonstration of this kind.

Of late years more or less frequent accounts have been published in the newspenses of marks of wolves attacking

counts have been published in the newspapers of packs of wolves attacking human beings, in Minnesota and North Dakota, but I have always believed, and still think, that such dispatches are mere newspaper "fakes," and no more to be credited than the bear and hoop snake stories which so frequently adorn the pages of the journals to day [Forest and Stream.

## Unconquerable Feelings.

"The term 'unconquerable feeling,' taken literally, is still an actual fact," said Ives Armford to a Globe-Democrat reporter in the Lindell. There are times when feeling is the master, and strive as one may, it still holds, dictates and drives in a manner that is strangely It was hard to sell the dear old home, but Stephen would hear of nothing else; so the doctor's house went into the market; the quaint furnitine was scattered all over the Dule and the mency went into Druid's Moss.

It only put off the evil day, Squire Thwaites abandoned his improvements he would throw no more good money after bad, he said; but Stephen, with a determination that many thought a kind of madness, worked away.

And rally, in the fourth year is looked as if he would secreed. A portion that had been finished produced such a crep as made the farmers round the craggy hills doubt their own eyes. Stephen was jubilant; what could be done for two hundred. He had proved his position, and was more enthusiastic than ever over his idea.

But Maggie was almost hopeless. She was beginning to suffer for very necessitie; strange, hard men came with authority about her home, and Stephen looked so ill and haggard and was so irritable that there cup was full of sorrow. One gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon, when it rained so the victor of the gloomy afternoon was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and complority that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and complority that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and complority that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and complored to try to reason with and complored the provided to recover the work of the provided to recover the work of the provided to recover the provided to recover the times tries that the try and the subscible to the provi

# The Metrical System.

Though a simple enough thing when properly applied, the metrical system is exceedingly confusing when come upon suddenly in connection with matters and objects the dimensions of which have hitherto been expressed in common figures. The difficulty of a quick mental conversion from the old system of our grandfathers to the metrical is apparent when a man states his height in metres and his weight in kilos. Harald Hagen, the professional champion skater of Europe, now in this country, on being asked his height and weight replied that he was 1.86 metres in height, and weighed, in racing condition, seventeen kilos. It is no easy matter to understand at a thought that he is about six feet weighed, in racing condition, seventeen kilos. It is no easy matter to understand at a thought that he is about six feet two and a half inches high, and weighs about 160 pounds. The metric system has been without a strong public champion in this country ever since the death of Alexander H. Stephens. It is slow in taking hold. Cloth is still measured by the yard, lumber by teet and inches, liquids by pints, quarts and gallons, and weights by pounds and ounces, grains and drachms. -(N. Y.-Times.

# .. ...... Origin of a Soup.

Ox-tail soup is considered by people who know what is good to eat, as one of the greatest of delicacies. Few of those who like it, however, know the origin of soup of this sort. It dates back only to the French Revolution, and is one of the very good things that have grown out of that frightful social convulsion. During the reign of terror in 1793 many of the at her will."

The old man was quite gloomy after this talk; and Maggie was almost glad to escape from the silent hearthstone to the bustle of her own busy farm and the noisy welcome of her husband.

Stephen took the refusal very proudly, but the idea had now become paramount, and Joseph Hawick's refusal had only made him, the more determined to carry out the project. He had a fierce struggle with his pride and his independence, but the next day he went into Kendal and made arrangements to raise the money by a mortgage on the farm that had been unincumbared for six hundred years.

In a few weeks all arrangements had been made, the Maggie's fortunes was oddly given, but Mag

### RELIABLE RECIPES.

CORNED BERT HAM.—One pint of cold corned beef, chopped fine, a pint of cold boiled potatoes added and chopped, season with a little salt, but not as much as though the beef were not already satted; mix and add a little beef stock if salted; mix and add a little beef stock if you-have it; -te-moisten it, put an ayen spoonful of butter in stewpan, when hot, put in the hash, put half a spoonful of butter on top and a few spoonfuls of hot water, if you have no stock; cover and set on top of the range, where it will cook slowly and brown on the bottom; watch closely and bosen from the bot tom with a knife; serve hot.

SOME EXCELLENT VEAL DISHES

great value of yeal to the cook is not as a

SOME EXCELLENT VALL DISHET.—In a great value of veal to the cook is not as a piece de resistance, like beef and mutton or even tamb, but as the foundation of many duinty small dishes. It is a necessity to the first class cook in making stocks, both white and brown, for sauces of all kinds. The poorest parts of veal may be utilized in some delicats dish. The brains, the liver, the sweetbreads and even the tendons of veal are esteemed delicacies. The meat of the leg, which in full-grown beef is the comparatively tough round, is the fillet of veal—one of the daintiest parts. In the last score of years we have learned the value of sweetbreads in this country, and they are no longer thrown away, as they once were.—But there are many other small pieces of year this country, and they are no longer thrown away, as they once were. But there are many other small pieces of yeal which make very appetizing dishes (if properly prepared) at a very small price, and there merits are yet comparatively unknown to the average housekeeper. Of these, the breast of yeal is perhaps the best known, yet it is very little used. Every part of it, except the fat and hard bones, may be made into appetizing food. For breakfast, the breast snay be boned, trimmed free from fat and cut in small squares of about two inches. These squares should be simmered in stock slowly until they are so thoroughly tender that they may be easily pieced in all parts with a larding needle. They should then be pressed, and should remain in press for eight or ten hours—so that it is necessary to make the stew the day before it is to be served. In the moroing skim off any grease that may have risen to the top of the stew. Take the pieces out of press and heat up the liquid in the naucepan. Thicken it with a tenspoonful each of flour and butter mixed, taste it to see that it is well seasoned, and let it simmer again for ten minutes. Replace the veal in it and let it warm up. When thoroughly heated, dish the pieces in a circle and pour the gravy over them. Six mushrooms added to the gravy when it is warmed up gives a pleasant flavor. If you wish a very ornamental dish, place a mound of green peace a mound of well browned peits toss in the centre of the platter, and errange the pieces in year a ground it. These 'trendoms' are perfectly tender if preparly stewed and pressed the day before. They are depleted in egg and fine breaderumbs and fried and served with tomato sauce.

Esparto Grass.

# Esparto Grass.

Esparto Grass.

Esparto grass has recently been recommended for introduction into the United States as a fiber plant. It is a native of Spain, Portugal, Greece and Northern Africa, thriving upon sand and gravel in arid situations, and growing especially well on limestone and gypseous soils. It is not cut, but pulled, sometimes twice a year. It can be grown either from seeds or divisions of the roots. Ten tons of dry esparto, worth from \$20 to \$25 per ton, can, under favorable circumstances, be obtained from an acre. In Spain, where now the product amounts to from 70,000 to \$0,000 tons annually, it formerly ran to waste or was used only as fuel. Now, such is the demand for it, that land considered valueless a few years ago is worth thousands of dollars. About 60,000 tons are sent to Great Britain annually from Spain. In the latter country it is used in the manufacture of ropes, baskets, sandals, matting etc., while in England it is largely used in making ropes and paper. Goad writing paper is made from it without etc., while in England it is largely used in making ropes and paper. Good writing paper is made from it without the admixture of any other material, and the price of this paper varies from \$200 to \$250 per ton. There is certainly an opening in this country for some enterprising individuals to grow this grass.—(Scientific American.

# Poor John Fitch.

One of the saddest suicides that has One of the saddest suited that shall be ever occurred in our own land was that of John Fitch, who, instead of Robert Fulton, invented the steamboat. Parton aws: "In all the records of invention there is no story more sad and affecting than his. Poor he was in many senses; have no proven in appearance, poor there is no story hore sad and arching than his. Poor he was in many senses; poor in purse, poor in spirit. He was born poor, lived poor, and died poor. He made a steamboat and plied it in the Schuykill before the members of the Constitutional Convention, but it moved too slowly and failed to pay. He wished to build a larger boat. He petitioned Congress and visited France, yet nobody would give him the means to develop his invention. "Johnny Fitch will be forgotten," he cried, "but other men will carry out his liless and grow rich and great upon these and grow rich and great upon them." This humiliating thought drove him to suicide.—Detroit Free Press.

# Fruit and Health.

Lemons, grapes and tomatoes are most valuable from a medical point of view, and if the uses of such fruits and their juices were preserved in there is every reason to believe that not only cancer, reason to believe that not only cancer, reason to senere that not only caneer, but many other diseases of a similar nature with which the skill of the surgeon and physician are unable to cope, might be actually cured, or so much alleviated as scarcely to shorten life.

[St. Louis Republic.