To Store Vegetables For the Winter.

A. A. Southwick Tells How to do it in the American Agriculturist.

Potatoes, turnips, table beets, carrets, etc., should be kept where it is perfectly dark and the protection should be afforded as soon as they are taken from the ground. If stored in a cellar, there is nothing better than a good tight barrel with three inches of sand on top. Take any cheap material, old bran sacks are best, cut material, old form sacks are best, cut in pieces the right size to well cover the top of the barrel, then put on the sand, and the following spring you will find your vegetables as fresh and plump as when taken from the ground. plump as when taken from the ground. Keep the cellar cool, but never take any chance of letting frost get in. If there is the least danger of this, burn a few lamps, or, better, a kerosene stove, till danger is over. A great amount of storage room can be gained by ranking the barrels in tiers one above the

ing the barrels in tiers one above the other.

Potatoes deteriorate in cooking qualities when exposed to light probably more than any vegetable grown, and should strictly be kept in perfect darkness if the highest quality is to be preserved. Probably the cheapest and most desirable method of storage in large quantity is in pits in the field. Dig the pits when the crop is taken out and fill directly. Do not fear water, for you never will find any either in actual or imaginary quantity in the pits.

in the pits.

Experience suggests that a pit 6ft.
long, 3 wide, and 3 to 4 deep for general purposes is best, though for mangeis the length might be greater with safety. Fill the pits even full or a rifle less, and cover immediately with trifle less, and cover immediately with a good heavy layer of tops, or if these are valuable for feeding, with bright straw or hay. Do not put on any earth until there is danger of a winter freeze, and then do not cover more than 5 or 6 inches deep. When indications point to the ground freezing 2 to 3 inches in 24 hours shape the top of the pit like the roof of a house with all the soil. It is not necessary to make any provisions for bouse with all the soil. It is not ne-cessary to make any provisions for drawing off surface water. Before eovering on any soil a stick should be placed in each corner of the pit as nearly perpendicular as possible, for a guide in covering. As simple as the operation may seem, an expert cannot cover overly and be certain that exeover evenly and be certain that ex-posed portions are safe without these guides. Cover the cold side much more guides. Cover the cold side much more securely than the sunny side. Take out these vegetables any sunny day during the winter when wanted, when the mercury is above freezing. Do not leave any vegetables in a pit to be taken out at another time. In filling something over 2,000 pits I never have something over 2 does not see that and very rare-found any sign of water and very rare-ly damage by frost. The chief danger in the use of this method is in covering with earth before the sweating pro-

cess is completed.
Cabbage are best kept by turning Cabhage are best kept by turning the heads down on the top of a row, placing as closely as possible. After standing in this way for a day or two so that all the water may be well drained out, throw up the earth on each side in the shape of a roof, completely covering the whole cabhage. will keep best in a temperature very near freezing, but the air must be dry, and the layer about a foot deep or less. Shake over a little bedding, and if the frost happens to touch the bulb no harm will be done. Squash and pumpkins keep all right if the air is dry and moderately warm. If a family has vegetables in ever so small a quantity let the supply be cared for so that no wilting and subsequent deterioration in quality may ensue.

One Honest Man.

Dear Editor-Piesse inform your readers, that if wr. tien to confidentially, I will man in a sealed latter, parti tiars of a genuine, hopesi, home cure, by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous debility, shrunken parts. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in manking, but thank hoaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong and wish to make this r'ain means of cure known to all sufferers I have nothing to sell and want no money, but being a firm believer in the univers brotherhood of man I am desirous of helping the unfortunate to regain their health and happinese, I promise you perfect sec-recy. Address with stamp:

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JIM AND JOE AND I.

Undernesth the pussy willows Where the pool is deep; Where the shiners and the perch And the turtles sleep; Where the water, nice and cool. Dimpled to the sky: There we used to go and swim, Jim and Joe and I.

Down the valley in the glen Was a dam that we Built when we were little men, Happy, gay and free; There we camped a week or so, Sleeping in a tent; There we had a water-fall And a wheel that went.

Bown among the alder brush, Hidden half away. Was the savmill by the stream Where we used to play: There we used to launch our ships— Chips upon the tide, Loaded down with sawdust, and

Dreams, perhaps, besides. Wonder where the boys are gone?

Jolly Jim and Joe—
Chaps who used to play with me
Years and years ago?
Dam and mill and water-fall

Dam and mill and water-fall
All have passed away;
And there's nothing left but dreams, Dreams that come to stay.

-H. S. Keller, in Chicago Post.

THE MARGE OF EVENING.

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken.

And winds of dreamy odor are loosaned from afar,

Or when my lattice opens before the lark has spoken.

On dim laburnum blossoms and morning dring star.

ing a dying star. I think of thee (O mine, the more if other eyes be sleeping). Whose great and noonday splendor the many share and see. While sacred and for ever, some per-fect law is keeping The late and early twilight alone and

sweet for me. Louise I. Guiney.

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court not the favor of the many! Be then through all impassive, strong and

Thou art a king! So live-alone. The path arsue where thy free genius of ever the fruits of loving thou Maturing ever the fruits of loving thought,
Demanding no reward for work schieved.
This in thyself—thyself, thy judge supreme.
No critic's censure more severe than thine.
Fastidious artist, look upon thy work!
Art thou content? Then let the crowd abuse is
The alter spurn which holds thy sacred flame
And try in childish, mischief loving glee
The tripod to o'erturn, thy throne divine.
—V. Ragozin in New York Sun.

HAIR TURNED WHITE

The windows of the crowded cafe had een thrown open, and the fresh, cool air of the spring night struggled for mastery with the close, tobacco laden atmosphere which filled the large hall. A glance out into the night showed the

deep blue heaven overhead and a brilliant full moon, whose cold, clear rays sparkled on the fresh foliage of the budding trees as they swayed gently to and fro in the light breeze. The members of the society to which I at this time belonged had been accustomed for some time past to reserve a certain table in the cafe for themselves where they met every evening to chat over and discuss the events of the passing hour. On the night I am speaking of our conversation was of a prosale enough charac-ter, as was only natural in a small town, and exhausted itself in discussions about local matters, the theater, taxes and sim-

ilar humdrum topics. Through some chance remark which l can no longer recall the question sprang up whether or not it were really credible that a man's bair could suddenly become gray in consequence of a violent shock to the mind. Some of those present were only half inclined to disbelieve this somewhat startling theory, while others could not be sufficiently scathing in the remarks they made concerning people who were simple enough to place any credence in such nursery tales.

As the discussion grew warmer and warmer, until every mamber of our party

As the discussion grew warmer and warmer, until every member of our party was engaged either in championing or combating the question in point, a man seated near us rose slowly, pushing his chair from him, and approached our table. He was a fine, tall fellow, of herculean build and his intelligent features, which build, and his intelligent features, which bore an expression of great determination, were rendered very striking by a pair of keen, blue eyes. But what made his ap-pearance still more remarkable was the fact that both his hair and beard were as white as snow, although they surrounded a countenance which would not permit one to reckon his age at more than about "Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am inter-

rupting your conversation," he remarked, bowing politely to all of us. "You were just discussing a subject that has more than ordinary interest for me. I happen myself to be a living proof that under cer tain circumstances a terrible shock to the mind can produce that selfsame physical effect of which you were just speaking, and which the majority of you seem to discredit.

These words naturally excited the curi esity of all present to the highest degree. We quickly made room for our new acpletely covering the whole cabbage, stump and all. When taken out they should be marketed at once. Onions produced such a strange and sudden change in his appearance. The stranger told us

"If any of you gentlemen have ever interested yourself closely in American affairs, the name of Auburn cannot well be strange to you. It denotes much the same for the United States as Spielberg does for Austria. You must not picture Auburn to yourselves merely as a gloomy and extensive prison, as one large, soli-tary building—no! It is rather an entire colony of criminals, a sort of town or metropolis for the wretches that the commu-

nity has thrust out. Shut in by immense walls, which rise up from the level plain to a considerable height, are crowded together a large number of detached buildings—houses that contain the prison cells, warders' dwell-ings, hospital and workshops—all sullen and forbidding looking, and here and there dotted about may be seen a small patch of grass, a few trees and very occa-sionally a flower bed, like the last linger-ing recollections of innocent childhood

among the black thoughts of a criminal. "Certain events which would have but little interest for you had led to my journeying from Hamburg, my birthplace, to America immediately after the completion of my studies, and after a short stay in New York I accepted the post of prison doctor at Auburn. I was intrusted with the medical supervision over that part of the prison which was set apart for the worst class of criminals—men, or I should say human byenas, whose blood, as Mephistopheles says, had already ceased to be

'a fluid of rare quality." "Two of these wretches were destined to spend the remainder of their days in the prison, and they, by reason of their great physical strength, as well as by the extraordinary cunning they had evinced in several desperate attempts to regain their freedom, were subjected to even closer supervision than the rest of their companions. I was an object of particular hatred and dislike to these two scoundrels be cause I had been instrumental in the discovery of a number of iron implements which they had concealed under their clothes, and again on another occasion because I had refused to receive them into the hospital when they had feigned illness, expecting doubtless when they were once in there that they would find more favorable opportunities for accomplishing their The ruffians were separated and placed in remote parts of the prison and were laden with chains, but in spite of all these precautions one fine morning the one and a few days later the other, togeth-

er with their chains, had disappeared with-out leaving a trace behind them. "It must have been almost a fortnight after the flight of these two criminals which had caused the utmost consterna tion among the authorities at Auburn, that I ordered my horse one afternoon and started off for a ride to Cayuga Bridge. It was midday when I reached the end of my was midday when I reached the increase in journey, and I stood still for some time contemplating with silent delight the exquisits seenery which lay stretched out for miles before me. The Cayuga lake, one of those which, together with Lake Erie, compose that vast system of inland seas in the state of New York, lay in all its beauty at my feet. The long, slender streak of silver wound in and out of the rugged black cliffs which hemmed it in and which rose sheer up out of the lake, facing each

PROVIDENCE THANKED.

It is with pleasure that I recomm B. B. B. for the cure of indigestion and impure blood. I had tried many medicines but received no benefit until, I thank Providence, I was advised to use B. B. B., and it was with perfect success. MRS. WM. LOCKE, Osbawa, Ont.

other like grim opponents who had for thousands of years bid one another defi-ance. Far down the lake, which is 40 miles long and at this particular spot about one broad. I could discern the enor nous trestle bridge, a marvel of American

mous trestle bridge, a marvel of American engineering skill, which carries the Auburn division of the New York Central railway across, passing on its way through the small station of Cayuga Bridge.

"My business in the village was soon finished, and toward evening I started home again. Do you know how delightful a ride on a summer's evening is? Cayuga Bridge is surrounded by extensive
tak forests, through which the greater
part of my journey lay. The grafted and massive trunks cast long shadows, and the foliage rustled so gently in the soft evening breeze that one seemed rather to feel than to hear it. As I rode between these giants of the forest sweet recollec-tions of my distant home crept into my heart, and, sunk in my thoughts, I let the reins fall on my horse's neck, and he trot ted steadily forward. I admired the mar-velous variety of color that the rays of the setting sun produced as they shone through the mass of dark green leaves and seemed to kindle their edges into flame.

"Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie by a slight noise which appeared to come from the undergrowth on either side of the road. Turning sharply round I of the road. Turning snarpy round I grasped my revolver, but at the same moment I received a stunning blow on the back of my head which knocked me senseless from my saddle. Once more I recollect opening my eyes and thinking that I could see indistinctly one of the escaped criminals bending over me, and then all oriminals bending over me, and then al became a blank.

"It must have been late in the night when consciousness again returned to me. Slowly opening my eyes I saw far above me the dark, blue vault of the sky and the full moon shining brightly. A dull, pain-ful sensation at the back of my head prompted me to place my hand there, and I then discovered that I was bound hand and foot. Gradually I collected my thoughts. I remembered now the murder ous attack in the forest, and a fearful fore boding flashed through my mind which almost caused my heart to stand still. felt that I was laid across two sharp paral-lel projections, which cut into my shoullel projections, which cut into my shoulders and the back of my legs, causing me intense pain, and far below me I could hear the gentle plashing of water.

"Heavens! There could no longer be

any doubt. I was lying stretched across Cayuga bridge, bound, incapable of moving an inch, with the hideous and absolutely certain prospect of being cut literally to pieces by the next train that passed. For the second time that night I almost swooned as I realized my situation, but by a powerful effort of will I recovered myself and tugged desperately at the ropes that bound me until they cut almost into my muscles. I shricked and wept finally like a child. I made mad endeavors to roll myself into another position and then recollected that a careless movement might precipitate me into the flood below, bound hand and foot to sink like a stone!

"A shudder ran through my frame, and I lay motionless again, but not for long, for the light of the great, almost fearfully bright moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs and then died away again giving place to a deathlike stillness, occa sionally broken by the scream of some dis tant night bird-all was unbearable and caused me the anguish of death. And then the rails, the rails! My thoughts were terturing me, and yet I could not escape them. The wooden beams of the bridge vibrated perceptibly from the movement of the water below, and I thought that I could already feel the approach o the train, and my bair bristled with the orror of it. The breeze now blew somewhat stronger, and I imagined that I could already hear, far away in the distance, the puffing and panting of the locomotive, and my heart stood still, to beat with redoubled force the next moment.

There are certain things, gentlemer which are absolutely incompr me. One of them is the fact that I was able to survive that night. One thought stood ever clear in my mind. I must endeavor by some means to shift my position if possible, to one between the metalsif I did not wish, possibly even in the next moment, to become the prey of the most awful death one could conceive. I strain ed every muscle, every sinew, till I could strain no more. I wound and twisted myself and panted until I thought my head must burst, and after superhuman exertions which appeared to last an eternity and perhaps lasted but a minute I found myself in the hollow between the rails.

"Was I saved? I had no time to conside that or to rejoice over the fresh chance of life which was now offered to me, for my whole being concentrated itself in inten-listening. Far away in the distance could now hear—first of all indistinctly and then gradually increasing as it drew nearer and nearer—the regular, monotonous panting which heralds the approach of notive. The fearful stillness of the night gave way as each minute passed to more fearful noise, to the clanking and thundering of the engine as it raced on toward me at the headlong speed of American trains. Now 1,000 feet more, now 500-all the horrors of hell possessed me, but I lay without moving a muscle. Once indeed I tried to scream. I could no longer lear my own voice. How, then, could the people on the train be expected to hear me? And now for an immeasurable are served. ably short space of time a blaze of light beat down upon me and a blast of hot air rushed over me, then everything became dark and I heard a thunder as if the heavens were crashing in. Close, quite close, at scarcely a hairbreadth's distance, rushed

the enormous mass over me. I was saved.
"Already half unconscious, I was still ensible of a deafening clattering and roar ing above me, and I saw shadowlike masses flying past. Still one moment more of deadly anguish-one of the coupling hooks, hanging somewhat lower than the rest had caught and torn a large piece out of the breast of my coat—then all objects seemed to whirl around me, the moon, the bridge and the lufty cliffs, in one mad dance, and I became insensible.

When I next woke, I found myself in my own bed and around me well faces. And now, to be brief, I had bee found on the morning after that awful night by a plate layer who had recognized me and had brought me back to Auburn. For a fortnight I lay delirious with brain for a fortnight I lay delirious with crain fever, hovering between life and death, but my strong constitution pulled me through. The first time after my recovery that I had occasion to use a looking glass I saw what traces those moments had

The doctor ceased speaking, but his pale face, the look of horror and the great heads of sweat on his forehead all showed how keen his recollection was of that t experience. We also had listened to his parrative with breathless attention, and it was some time before we could shake off the impression it had left upon us.—Strand Magazine.

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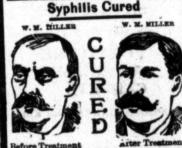
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