

Story of Real Life in Colonial Days.

Two hundred years ago the sunlight of an April morning shown on old Haverhill, embosomed in the primeval forests, near the tranquil Merrimac. It was a compact little hamlet consisting, at this time, of about thirty cottages and log cabins...

cape. "If I hadn't shouted I believe you never would." "Yes, I should, though, for I should have seen your white frock. Besides, I would have known you were here." "Well, you just shut your eyes and let me hide again," cried the child, darting away.

The door was a wide, thick plank, split or hewn and hung on stout walnut hinges. The latch and catch were of wood, too, and the latch was raised from the outside by means of a leather string, which passed under it and through the door. When the latch-string was drawn in the door was securely fastened. This method of fastening gave rise to the hospitable saying: "My latch-string is always out."

"Kill us! Yes, if they find us," whispered Eben, "but I intend that they shall not find you. Here, Prudy, let me hide you behind this pile of boards, and I'll tuck you in so that your white frock shan't betray you this time."

"Come in," called Mr. Keyser, in the familiar fashion of the time. The latch rose with a snap and a shy little miss of about 10 years entered. "Mother said I might come and play with Eben awhile," said Prudence Hartshorn, the only child of the minister of the parish.

Farmer Keyser was killed in his field, where he was sowing grain. His wife attempting to escape, was also murdered by one of the savages. The party then scattered, some going into the cellar to feast on the milk and provisions, the others going out through the garden, hunting after more victims.

was afraid they would fine you." The boy laughed. "They would not have done that so easy," he answered. "There is a pit dug just beyond that pile of logs, and it's right under some boards. I thought of it the last minute, and crawling in pulled the boards over it again. Two or three times they stood right over me and jabbered, but they never once thought of looking for any one under the timber. It was a regular game of hide and seek, and we beat them this time, sure. But, Prudy, it must be terrible over there. I am afraid no one escaped."

When Mr. Hartshorn returned the next day he found a sorry spectacle awaiting him. He took Eben, now an orphan, to his own home, and treated him as he would his own son. Eben lived to grow up and went into New Hampshire to live. Near one of the towns of that State there is a beautiful sheet of water, which bears the name of Keyser Lake, in honor of the boy that hid his playmate at the Haverhill massacre and thereby saved her life.

NEURALGIC PAINS.

ARE A CRY OF THE NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich Red Blood, and Drive These Pains from the System—Read the Proof.

A high medical authority has defined neuralgia as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to effectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them.

A HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

THE Great Bird Rock lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is one of two bare rocks of red sandstone. As the name indicates, the Great Bird Rock is the home of countless sea birds—gannets, puffins, gulls and auks—and on the summit stands a lighthouse, its light being visible twenty-one miles away.

During the winter of 1896-97 the keeper in charge of the light was Angus Campbell, who kept vigil with his wife and two male assistants. The island itself is harborless, and its great frowning cliffs rise so precipitously from the sea that men and provisions have to be raised to the station, one hundred and forty feet high, by means of a steam-hoist and then only when it is calm enough for a small boat to approach the cliffs from the supply steamer anchored in the open.

nodded their heads in a satisfied way and remarked, complacently: "They had a long run of bad luck, poor things, but now they'll have some help in their old ages." Well, the years went by. The 'burdens' grew apace and proved to be industrious maidens. Two of them worked themselves up from going out sewing by the day into a firm of fashionable dressmakers, two more became teachers, one is a trained nurse, another is a bookkeeper and the youngest remains at home to take care of the old people. By their combined efforts the seven 'burdens' freed the farm from debt, bought a snug home for themselves in the city, and—most herculean task of all—they educated the 'help.' Nature had been rather niggardly with him in the way of brains, but the girls were ambitious and he was their only brother, so they paid his way through college, and by dint of scolding and much advice, to say nothing of the waste of money, they forced him through 'the law' till he came out a full-fledged lawyer. And then—before he had secured a brief in the 'help' brought home his bride. It was a little hard on the 'burdens.' They had counted so on being taken out and made much of on account of their distinguished brother. They had been cherished secret intentions of shifting a little of their responsibility to his broad shoulders; but after shedding a few bitter tears, they generously buried their own hopes and set up the family idol in a brand new office. There he may be found to-day, with nothing nobler in the vista of the future than the advancement of his own humptious, selfish self.—Home Journal and News.

Montalembert's Letters

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Paris correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," has a lengthy contribution in that organ upon the subject of Montalembert and his early advocacy in France of the liberty of teaching and the separation of Church and State. The entire argument is based upon some extracts of letters written by Montalembert to the Abbe Delor, in 1839, and upon the fact that Lacordaire and Lammenais, in 1830, helped Montalembert to found the subsequently condemned organ "Avenir." Out of this material, as far as we can see, it is sought to extract an argument in favor of the Law of Associations, or rather of the attitude of the present French Government in regard to teaching communities. Nothing could be more far-fetched and illogical. Conditions are vastly different to-day, and so are issues, and no comparison could be fairly instituted between the two periods. Montalembert was a monarchist prior to the Revolution of 1848; a Republican after the fall of the monarchy; and a Bonapartist, supporting Prince Louis Napoleon, when the latter aspired to Imperial power. He placed religion above politics, and he submitted to the condemnation of his organ by Pius IX. Veillot proved him to be misguided, if honest, in some of his cherished views. That he advocated the liberty of teaching in France is very true; but were he alive to-day he would be stung to the quick to think that his theory of liberty of education could find application in the methods of the Combes' administration. It is exactly that liberty, for which Montalembert and Lacordaire contended that is ignored, and trampled upon at this moment. So instead of his letters furnishing an argument in favor of the coercion of the Orders, they supply a powerful one against such a course.

Nord: "You have the power to do so; but the doors will not open themselves—you will have to break them in, and you will find me behind them in my sacerdotal robes." There were educational difficulties sixty years ago in France, even as there are to-day. But the Villemain Bill of 1841 was withdrawn when it was found to meet with the disapproval of the Bishops; not so the "Law of Associations." In the case of the troubles concerning the Carmelite monastery in 1844, we see the attitude of Mgr. Bertheaud, and how it quelled the attempts at violence. Montalembert was ready to stand beside the Bishop in defense of the religious, and in the proper assertion of that liberty which seems to have become a phantom to-day in France. We repeat, there is absolutely no similarity in the situations and the conclusions are wrong.

Notes for Farmers.

POTATO ROT.—It is learned that in some localities farmers are suffering from potato rot. Dr. Fletcher says this loss may be avoided if taken in time. Most farmers believe there is no way of ascertaining whether the potatoes will be sound or not until the tuber is wholly formed and is past treatment. Dr. Fletcher points out that the potato rot is a fungus disease and may be successfully treated by Bordeaux mixture. The disease appears about the first of August, particularly in low-lying districts. It shows itself as rust on leaves and you can tell at once by the musty smell from the fields. The potato rust appears at that time, and the rust on the leaves is exactly the same disease in another form as that which later in the year develops into the potato rot of the tubers. It appears first on the leaves, and the odor of the disease is easily detected when passing a diseased crop, particularly early in the morning or late at night, in muggy damp weather; that is the time when this disease is developed quickest, and spreads. Its first appearance is as a downy mildew beneath the leaves. Here the spores, minute bodies analogous with seeds, are borne, and from these subsequent infestation comes; these are blown on to other plants located near the injured plant, where they produce more rust. At the same time many of these spores fall to the ground, and by the first rain are washed down into the ground, where they reach the tubers, and the rot sets in. Like many other fungus diseases, conditions favorable for its development may not be present; the spores may simply fall on the outside of the potato, and if we have clear dry weather, they may go into the root-house with the potatoes and never develop at all. In such cases we may have a good deal of rust, but no rot; but at the same time they may develop, and generally do. When you find rot developing, late in the autumn after the potatoes are put into the root-house, then it is simply because the conditions are favorable for the growth of the parasite. In a well ventilated root house there is less danger than in one where the ventilators are closed, and it becomes hot and muggy. There is no way in which you can prevent this loss better than by spraying the potato foliage about the first of August with Bordeaux mixture, which is a mixture of blue-stone, lime, and water, and is very destructive to all fungus growths. This destroys the rust or prevents its spread to other plants in the field. We have found at the Central Experimental Farm, where we have carried on experiments for many years, as object lessons, that where potatoes had been sprayed on a strip right through the middle of a field, potatoes which are sprayed will hold their leaves five or six weeks longer than those close to them, which were not sprayed. By the first of September many potato fields are brown, and all the leaves are dead. This is not because the leaves are ripened, but because they have been killed by the disease. The potatoes or sprayed plants in the same field are twice the size of those of the plants of which the leaves have been destroyed by the rust. This is because the leaves are preserved so much longer in a green condition, and continue all the time doing their work of manufacturing starch and storing it up in the tubers.

Even if the spores get on the potatoes does not rot it is perfectly sound and uninjured. The potato is alright until the disease works into it. As soon as the disease makes headway the potato turns into a liquid rotten mass. If potatoes, begin to rot in the root-house, they should be picked over and the sound ones used at once, because the rot is a very infectious disease.

THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

International conference tuberculosis in Berlin, under 22-26, is awaited the keenest interest. It is expected that discussion of prevention of consumption the way to more order. At the Sanitary Manchester recently, it is noted that through the England spends \$5-42,000 who die annually on consumption. The great disease, the greatest between twenty and forty of age, and their deaths economic loss to the nation. The mere loss in wages in wage-earning classes is estimated at fifty-five million dollars is urged as a national measure of national importance, to increase the number, and also to prevention of homes which

Seven Daughters and One Son.

The neighbors may sometimes be mistaken, as is shown by a little parable told by a contemporary:—"Once upon a time there was a household where girls were not wanted or welcomed, but they came and came with the most absurd persistence till the magic number seven could be counted over their unlucky heads. The neighbors had grown used to saying 'another burden' when anything happened over the way; but one morning the wonderful news went forth that a man-child had been born, and then they

The man who thinks his sins will never find him out has deceived himself.

A certain Bishop was once asked: "What is the simplest way to Heaven?" He replied: "Turn at once to the right and go straight on."