

GONE.

Days of checkered life together,
Hours of fair and stormy weather,
Thoughts of light as downy feather,
Gone, forever gone!

For Our Youth.

The Story of a Gold Eagle.

A good many years ago a merchant missed from his cash-drawer a gold eagle, which is worth twenty dollars.

Naturally Weston was suspected of having stolen it, and mere especially as he appeared a few days after the occurrence in a new suit of clothes.

That afternoon the young clerk was called into the merchant's private room, and charged with having committed the theft.

"It is useless to deny it," the merchant said, "you have betrayed yourself with these new clothes, and now the only thing that you can do is to make a full confession of your fault."

Weston listened with amazement; he could hardly believe at first that such an accusation could be brought against him, but when he saw that his employer was in earnest, he denied it indignantly, and declared that the money he had spent for the clothes was his own, given him as a Christmas gift a year ago.

The merchant sneered at such an explanation, and asked for the proof. "Who was the person that gave it to you? Produce him," he demanded.

"It was a lady," answered Weston, and I cannot produce her, for she died last spring. I can tell you her name."

"Can you bring me anybody that saw her give you the money or knew of your having it?" asked the merchant.

"No, I can't do that," Weston had to answer, "I never told any one about the gift, for she did not wish me to. But I have a letter from her somewhere, if I haven't lost it, that she sent me with the money, and in which she speaks of it."

"I dare say you have lost it," the merchant sneered. When you have found it, sir, you can bring it to me and then I will believe your story."

Weston went home with a heavy heart. He had no idea where the letter was; he could not be sure that he had not destroyed it; and it was his only means of proving his innocence. Unless he could produce it, his character was ruined, for he saw that the merchant was fully convinced of his guilt, and appearances, indeed, were sadly against him. He went to work, however, in the right way. He knelt down and prayed to God for help to prove that he was innocent, and then he began to overhaul the contents of his desk and trunk and closet.

He kept his papers neatly, and it did not take him long to see that the letter was not among them. He sat down with a sense of despair when he was convinced of this. What else could he do? Nothing but pray again for help and guidance, and strength to endure whatever trouble God might send upon him.

Skeptics may sneer at such prayers as this, but Weston (who is a middle-aged man now, prosperous, respected by all men, and deserving of respect) would smile and say: "Let them sneer."

"When I rose from my knees," he said, telling me the story years afterward, "I happened to catch my foot in an old rug that I had nailed down to the carpet because it was always curling up at the edges. A nail at the corner had come out, and stooping down to straighten the rug, I saw a bit of paper sticking out. I pulled it from its hiding place, and it was the letter."

"How it got there I do not know; the fact that I had found it was enough for me, and if I had not gone on my knees again to give thanks for such a deliverance, I should be ashamed to tell you the story now."

"I brought the letter to my employer. It proved my innocence, and he apologized. A month afterward the gold piece was found in Mr. Finch's overcoat pocket. He had never put it in the cash drawer at all,

though he thought he had.—He raised my salary on the spot to pay for his unjust suspicions; and I have never yet repented of trusting the Lord in my trouble."—Young Reaper.

Only Five Minutes.

"You've been stopping on the way, Tom," said a poor widow to her son, as he gave her the article that he had been sent for. "Why don't you come straight home when you know my time is so precious?"

"I did so, mother, until I got to Mr. Gaskill's," he replied, "and then I stayed to have a look through the window for only five minutes."

"Only five minutes," repeated the widow, "means a great deal when you come to reckon them all up."

Tom Price looked at his mother as if he had not understood her.

"Just reach down your slate," said the widow, "and then you will see what I mean."

Tom had his slate on his knee in a twinkling. "Well, mother, what am I to put down?"

"Well begin with five, and tell me how many minutes you waste in a day."

Tom wrote the figures, scratched his head, and looked into the fire. "Would thirty be too many?" asked his mother.

Tom thought not.

"Very well," continued Mrs. Price, "There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and half an hour for each day gives you a total of one hundred and eighty-two and a half hours, or upwards of fifteen days of twelve hours each lost in twelve months."

Tom Price put his pencil between his lips and stared at the sum before him.

"Suppose you put down two hours for each day, instead of thirty minutes," added his mother; "that will show a loss of more than sixty days in the year."

Tom Price was a sharp lad, and he soon proved the truth of the widow's statement.

"So it does, mother," he said. "But when I send you for anything I want, and you stay loitering in the street, my time has to be reckoned up as well as yours, hasn't it?"

Of course Tom could not deny that. "Then try and remember," said the widow, "what a serious loss even five minutes are to me. You know, my boy, how very hard I have to work to pay rent, buy bread and to take you to school, so that you ought to endeavor to help rather than to hinder your poor mother."

"I'll run all the way the next time I go," said Tom.

"No, no; I don't want you to do that. I only want you to bear it in mind that our lives are made up of these same minutes, and that we cannot afford to throw them away just as we please."

Like a sensible little fellow, Tom Price took his mother's lesson to heart, and it was a long, long time before he was again heard to use the words, "Only five minutes."

Let our readers also reflect upon the value of precious time, so as to improve it to the best advantage.—And let them remember that to help us in this, as in every duty, we need God's grace; and this we shall receive if we ask in the name of Christ. He only can "so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Young Reaper

For Farm Boys to Learn.

From a western paper we extract the following practical remarks; they will be useful to every one on a farm: How many of the boys who read this paper could "lay off" an acre of ground exactly, providing one of the dimensions was given them? Now "Hoe Handle" likes to be useful, and I have taken some pains to make out a table, and I would like to have every one of the farm boys have it. There are 160 square rods in an acre, and there are 30 1/2 square yards in one rod. This gives you 4840 square yards in one acre.

10 yards wide by 484 yards long is one acre.

20 yards wide by 242 yards long is one acre.

40 yards wide by 121 yards long is one acre.

80 yards wide by 60 1/2 yards long is one acre.

70 yards wide by 69 1/2 yards long is one acre.

60 yards wide by 80 1/2 yards long is one acre.

Again, allowing nine square feet to the yard, 272 1/2 square feet to the rod, 43,560 square feet to the acre, and we have another table:

110 feet by 399 feet—one acre.

120 feet by 363 feet—one acre.

130 feet by 327 feet—one acre.

140 feet by 291 feet—one acre.

150 feet by 255 feet—one acre.

First masher—"Well, did you make the acquaintance of that strange girl you were raving over?" Second ditto—"Yes, followed her home." First M.—"How did she strike you?" Second ditto—"She didn't strike me at all; she got her brother to do it."

Agricultural.

Plaster and Ammonia.

One of the most interesting subjects that concern the farming class is the retention of ammonia in the manure heap. It is well known that the application of plaster to decomposing matter prevents the escape of ammonia, but how this process is accomplished is often discussed in the agricultural journals and farmers' clubs.

For the information of those who are not familiar with the chemical reactions that take place when plaster comes in contact with manure, let us call to notice the communication of "J. P. S.," which appeared in these columns some time ago, in refutation of a previous article from the Country Gentleman. The claim by the latter is that ammonia has no effect on sulphate of lime (chemically termed calcium sulphate). Sulphate of lime, or ordinary land plaster, is a compound of lime and sulphuric acid, chemically united. Pure ammonia is a gas, but prefers existence when united with some other substance, such as a sulphuric acid, when the two substances combine and produce sulphate of ammonia. It is true, as the Country Gentleman alleges, that ammonia cannot deprive sulphate of lime of its acid, though many have affirmed that it can, and our correspondent, noticing that the plaster "fixes" ammonia, no doubt overlooked the fact that in the laboratory the change can only be effected when the ammonia is a salt. Thus, carbonate of ammonia (carbonic acid and ammonia), when placed in contact with sulphate of lime, compels a reaction, the carbonic acid leaving the ammonia and passing over to the lime, while the lime gives up its sulphuric acid to the ammonia and carbonate of lime (chalk—calcium carbonate).

The union of nitrogen and hydrogen to form ammonia is the coming together of the two elements at the moment of liberation; but when plaster and carbonate of ammonia decompose each other, there is a chemical reaction, causing a change of bases, though the plaster has no chemical effect on the ammonia gas. Ammonia exists principally, when in the manure heap, as a carbonate, and the pungent odors with which we are so familiar when in proximity to decomposing substances is usually carbonate of ammonia instead of the gas.

Plaster has great affinity for moisture, and water absorbs many times its own volume of ammonia gas, which fact enables us to know that, independent of its chemical effect, it assists to arrest ammonia by absorption. We must admit, however, that the two deepest mysteries in agriculture are the actions and chemical influences of plaster to crops and ammonia to soils. It is well known that plaster is the cheapest of all fertilizers in proportion to the benefit it confers, and farmers should use it more. It is the proper method of getting at the facts when its chemical character is discussed, for if it has no other virtue than securing ammonia it is invaluable. Wood ashes, being rich in potash, which is very caustic, are dangerous to use in manure heaps, as all caustic alkalies rapidly drive off ammonia by forcing it from its combinations; but, while the ammonia gas will easily unite with muriatic, nitric or sulphuric acid when exposed to them, it cannot deprive lime of its sulphuric acid until it has first undergone a previous combination. There are in manure heaps many vegetable acids that exert an unknown influence, and they should also be considered as assisting in some of the chemical changes.

Farm Notes.

Butchers' waste, such as plucks, etc., when boiled and thickened with meal, answer a good purpose as a substitute for insects when fed to poultry.

The stock raisers of California estimate the aggregate value of their flocks and herds at \$35,000,000. The number of horned cattle is placed at 2,250,000.

An English paper asserts that it costs as much to transport a bushel of wheat twelve miles on a turnpike road in England as from an American seaport across the broad Atlantic.

When roots are injured, as in transplanting, the broken roots should be cut smooth and the top cut back in proportion to the roots removed. Dead wood is of no use, and should always be taken off.

An Illinois correspondent states that experience has taught him that cattle will thrive better on good, bright flax straw than on oat or wheat straw, and he never knew of cattle being injured from eating it.

It will be interesting to lovers of chocolate to know that the manufacture of chocolate cakes out of peanuts alone, without a particle of cocoa, is an immense and profitable industry in the Northern States.

In selecting potato seed two things should be kept in mind: first, plant only such seed as may be expected to produce smooth, fair-sized potatoes; second, plant only when the seed is in full vigor.

Basswood trees are urged for planting by the roadside as they serve the double purpose of attractive shade and abundant forage for bees; they also make excellent timber whenever it becomes desirable to fell them.

It is said that in England a new use has been discovered for damson plums. Farmers are planting quite largely; less for pies than for dyes, it having been ascertained that a beautiful color can be obtained from the ripe fruit.

If every farmer would keep a record of the number of eggs laid, chickens hatched and those sold or eaten each year, they would form the basis of most interesting statistics, and be a matter of surprise to every one as to the value represented by them in money.

Charles Beach, President of the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association, is authority for the statement that the cow had contributed \$250,000,000 to the wealth of the nation within the past year, and that cattle-raising had decreased over ten per cent. in the past ten years.

The Pillsbury A Mill, at Minneapolis, did one day last week what it has been trying for some time to do, and what some skeptical persons have said it could not do, viz.: turn out 5000 barrels of flour. It succeeded in making the best record ever made by any mill in the world—5107 barrels.

The aphid, or green fly, is one of the most troublesome enemies of potato plants. It is most easily destroyed by syringing the plants twice a week with tea made from tobacco stems, moving them up and down until the insects are thoroughly washed off. This will also destroy other insects.

Forty thousand horses are bought and sold annually by seventeen of the leading dealers of New York and Chicago, who unanimously declare that the one-half and three-fourths blood Percheron Normans have more style, action, best endurance on pavements and sell for more money than any other class of horses on the market.—Chicago Tribune.

H. W. Starks says: "I keep a cow for milk, and the better I feed and care for her the more milk I get. I pour hot water on the cut hay and stir the hay well after putting on four quarts of cornmeal. This ration I gave twice a day, with a little dry hay at noon. I do not waste a pound of hay all winter. My method keeps a cow in good order and saves nearly one-fourth of the hay."

Guinea grass, known also as "Means grass" and "Johnson grass," is reported to be growing in popularity among Southern farmers familiar with its value as a hay grass. Like Bermuda, it is said to be perennial, though the tops are killed by severe frosts. The roots being perennial the cost of renewal of the seed is saved, while the land is continually improved by their occupancy of the soil.

Dr. Johnson, of Indiana, says: "In dairy products we in the West, with our method of using five acres of high priced land to keep one dairy animal a year, cannot compete with the intensified farming of the East, where they keep one animal a year on one acre of land, and that, too, of a natural fertility much inferior to ours; and, more than that, where by means of silos and ensilage now they are keeping two animals to a single acre."

In contrast with the common practice of letting dairy cows go dry four months or so every year, a recent writer says that he has a cow that has completed her fourth calving year and has averaged during the past six months a fraction over five pounds of butter per week of first-rate quality. He cites also the case of a cow in Berkshire, England, which ten years ago dropped twins, and has since a good mess of milk daily ever since.

In Ireland the sod cut on boggy ground is piled up in heaps until dry, then burned into a species of charcoal. This is then pulverized and mixed with well-rotted stable or hen-house manure, or night-soil in equal proportions. Placed in drills, where turnips or carrots are to be planted, it is said to make them attain a monstrous size. The experiment is certainly worth of a trial by farmers who can get the bog mold without too much labor or expense.

Time to Kill Him.

"Pa," said a boy looking up from his grammar lesson, "Why am I a preacher?"

"Why are you a preacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are not a preacher."

"Yes, I am, for don't you see I'm a parson."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Why, don't you see? A preacher is a parson and I'm a parson. It's a pun."

"Jane," said the father, turning to his wife, "hand me that stick of stove wood. I can pardon his lying and can excuse his stealing but now the time for killing him has arrived."—Arkansas Traveler.

Old Sir James Herring was remon started with for not rising earlier. "I can make up my mind to do it," he said, "but cannot make up my body."

Didn't Want Advice from Strangers.

The afternoon of Thanksgiving day was of that dreary, hazy nonpareil character when the soft glories of a soft Italian rain were slowly fading into the autumnal tints of a blue northern that came streaking down from the bald summits of the Rocky Mountains, and cast its chilling shadows on the shingle roof of the City Hotel at Brenham, Texas. Our scene opens in the famous hostelry.

Five solitary drummers were lying around the stove, not in picturesque groups, but in obedience to the natural instinct all drummers seem to have to impart a fictitious expansion to the truth. They had been lying so much in a professional capacity that it was a treat to them to have a little go-as-you-please lying match with each other on general principles. The subjects under discussion, or rather under prevarication, were fishing, hunting and field sports generally. They told such fearful lies that the very stove turned red, which stove they had surrounded as completely as if it was a country merchant who needed goods.

The youngest commercial emissary in the delegation was a youth named Levi Jacobson, who was raiding in Texas in the interest of a Baltimore house in the boot, shoe and clothing line. He did not join in the conversation, and there was really no reason for him to do so, as the sacred cause of truth was suffering abundant mutilation, as it were, at the hands of the other inquisitors. The reason Levi Jacobson did not volunteer to help them was because there were other topics on which he could do better. If they had talked about the drama, or of female loveliness, he would not have been found without something to say, for was he not a critic and a masher of the mashers? He prided himself on being one of the knowing ones; but having lived all his life in cities or on the road he was somewhat lost when the talk was of quail, trout, deer, and of the rival merits of choke bore, centre fire, 10-calibre, etc.

Snipe were mentioned, and some one made an allusion to that hackneyed old practical joke about catching snipe in a sack, never supposing for a moment that there was any one alive on earth who did not know the joke. Jacobson, however, was ignorant, as he demonstrated by remarking that "those snipe must be stupid, like that ostrich was, to put their heads in a bag."

It was nuts to the other drummers to find at last the most "innocent man on the road."

A snipe hunt was at once proposed, Mr. Jacobson to take the leading role and carry the sack and the lantern. They went out about three miles from town in a hack at 9 o'clock at night, across creeks, through woods and swamps, until they came to what the driver said was a good snipe ground. Jacobson was placed in a path with the lantern in one hand and the sack in the other. The rest of the party were to scatter out for some distance, and then to gradually close in and return back to Jacobson, driving the snipe before them. The leading man in the comedy was instructed how to kill the snipe when he captured the full of the bag, and how to set his trap and wait for more. Then the other drummers went howling out into the darkness in pursuit of snipe.

Mr. Jacobson waited. Holding the sack made his arms ache.

Bullfrogs croaked. Jacobson continued to wait.

Owls hooted.

The night grew on apace and found Jacobson still waiting for the snipe to come out of the darkness.

It was midnight.

Around the same stove four solitary drummers were gathered. They were full of mirth and gayer, and they laughed loud and long.

Suddenly the laugh died away on their lips, the merry joke was chopped off in its utterance and an unripe pun was hastily thrown under the stove by the long-legged drummer, for there in the doorway stood a ragged and mud-stained remnant—all that was mortal of Jacobson, the snipe hunter.

He said: "My vrends, you thought dot was a good joke, but I was acquainted with dot joke seven years ago. I stayed out with dot bag there just to see if you was so mean as to blay dose tricks on a stranger, and I vants nodings more to do vith you."

He refused all overtures looking toward a reconciliation, and went to bed swearing he would leave the place on the next day's evening train. He stayed in his room all of the next morning. The joke got over town. Mr. Moses Solomons, a leading merchant of the place, thought it was decidedly wrong to have treated Jacobson so badly, and called to make his acquaintance and extend his sympathies.

When he was admitted to Mr. J.'s room the latter said:

"Vat you vants? Guess you would like to go bear hunting with me and a flour-sack; or do you vant to have some fun driving jack-rabbits into a mosquito net, eh?"

Mr. Solomons explained that he had heard that the boys had treated Mr. Jacobson rather roughly, and that he had threatened to leave the city without showing his samples. He merely called, he said, to say that the citizens should not be blamed and to advise that Mr. J. should change his intention and prosecute his business as if nothing had happened.

"I don't vant any advice from strangers. I was treated paddy in this town, and I leaves it right awsy. There was no shentlemans in this place."

Mr. Solomons has a great deal of pride in the social and financial standing of the people of Brenham.

When Mr. Jacobson was dragged from under Mr. Solomons it was found necessary to adjust his scattered Abrahamic countenance with about a yard of court plaster. He is now traveling in Western Louisiana, and he tells the merchants with whom he does business that he was run over by a hand-car on the Central Railroad.

There was a dispute among three ladies as to which had the most beautiful hands. One sat by a stream and dipped her hand into the water, and held it up another plucked strawberries until the ends of her fingers were pink, another gathered violets until her hands were fragrant. An old, haggard woman passing by asked, "Who will give me a gift for I am poor." All three denied her; but another who sat near, unwashed in the stream, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave her a little gift and satisfied the poor woman. And then she asked them what was the dispute, and they told her; and lifted up before her their beautiful hands "Beautiful, indeed," said she, when she saw them. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said: "It is not the hand that is washed clean in the brook; it is not the hand that is dipped with red; it is not the hand that is garlanded with fragrant flowers; but the hand that gives to the poor is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and she stood before them an angel from heaven with authority to decide the question in dispute. And that decision has stood the test of all time.

The Legend of the Beautiful Hand.

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Time on a "Mixed" Train.

On some of the Western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and call it "mixed." It isn't in the order of things that such train should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the "traffic." "Are we most there, conductor?" asked a nervous man for the hundredth time. "Remember, my wife is sick and I'm anxious." "We'll get there on time," replied the conductor stolidly. Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again. "I guess she's dead, now," said he, mournfully. "but I'd give you a little something extra if you could manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I would recognize her!" The conductor growled at him and the man subsided.

"Conductor," said he, after an hour's silence, "Conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead I wish you would put on some steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone is crumbled to pieces! put yourself in my place for a moment." The conductor shook him off and the man relapsed into profound melancholy. "I say, conductor," said he, after a long pause, "I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it so as to rattle along a little?" "If you come near me again, I'll knock you down," snorted the conductor savagely. The nervous man regarded him sadly and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chattering gaily and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him. "Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?" "Time heals all wounds," sighed the nervous man. "And you are not so particular about the note," sneered the conductor. "Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up and I find that the note has been outlawed since I spoke to you last!"

There comes down to us the story of two looks of Jesus, the one historical, the other traditional—the look he gave Peter, and the look he gave the cobbler who mocked him on the way to his crucifixion. The one look wrought penitence deep and sincere; the other set the mocker throughout the world and throughout time a wandering, wasting, but never dying Jew. So for every soul there is born of the look of Jesus repentance or despair—the one lifting to eternal day, the other sinking to eternal night.—Grit.