

THE UNFORTUNATE.

Because a woman does a thing
Which she should never do,
It is not right that you should bring
Her shame to public view.

Then bear in mind e'er you express
The feeling of your heart,
To pity those in deep distress
Should be a Christian's part.

Pray do not curse her when she falls
Into the path of sin,
Her heart will glow when friendship calls
Her erring soul to win.

We all have faults to some degree,
The monarch and the slave;
But O it makes me sad to see
A woman play the slave.

Wit and Wisdom.

Irish driver: Shure that's the Custom House, sorr. But it's only the rare of it you'll be seeing this side, sorr. The front's behind.

A little girl, being asked by her grandfather where cotton grew, replied with the greatest simplicity, "in old gentlemen's ears."

Which is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

Reason wrapped up in a few words is generally of the greatest weight.

A little girl four years old was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question what became of little children who told lies, innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

The mouth of gossip, like a drug store, is open at all hours.

When jealousy comes in at the door love blows his head off with a revolver.

Truth is mighty, but some men get aloft through life with a mighty little of it.

"My dear boy," wrote an Irishman to his son, "never put off until to-morrow what you have done to-day."

A man went to see his lady love, and, wishing to be conversational, observed, "the thermomerkon is twenty degrees above zero this evening." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

I cannot abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it.

Beggar woman to neighbor: "How much do you ask for your little girl to go with me one day?" "A mark." "What, a mark?—Why, for a mark I can get a blind woman."

A brother rose in a weekly prayer meeting in New Jersey and said: "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of this life I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

When Moore's Lalla Rookh appeared Lady Holland said to him: "Mr. Moore, I don't intend to read your Larry O' Rourke, I don't like Irish stories."

New servant: "Oh, if you haven't any children I can't come, because whenever anything is broken there will be nobody to blame it on but me."

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party, so terribly as fool friends. A fool friend always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or principle.

A little boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandma, and said: "Grandma, which of all the people do you like the best?" "I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like the best?" "Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said, slowly: "I like Christiana." "Why, my son?" "Because she took the children with her, grandma."

When the officials of a banking institution commence to use the funds for their own benefit, they say, "Let's speculate." Pretty soon this suggestion is slightly changed to "Let's speculate."

"Is this the Adams house?" Inquire a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes, till you get to the roof; then it's eaves."

A Chicago clothing store gives a present of a coal stove with an overcoat. That is a great deal better than painting a fireplace on the tail of a coat or putting a coil of steam pipe in the back lining. Some of the ready-made coats need a furnace in them to keep a man warm. More wool and wadding and less coal stoves is what the boys want.

VANISHED HOURS.

Where are they gone, those dear, dead days,
Those sweet past days of long ago,
Whose ghosts go floating to and fro,
When evening leads us through her maze?

They did exist when we were young,
We met our life with strength and trust,
We deemed all things were pure and just,
Nor knew life had a double tongue.

And then all changed; as life went by,
The friend deceived, or bitter death,
Smiled as he drank our dear one's breath,
And would not also let us die.

Yet it was ours, that perfect past!
We did have days that knew not pain,
We once had friends whose hearts had not been ta'en;
And flowers and songs that could not last.

God keep those dear old times; ah me!
Beyond our vision they may never red,
Till some perfect day and blest,
Once more those dear dead days will be;
For death, who took all, may restore
The past we loved to us once more.

After Long Years.

"What is this, Burt?" "This is the mortgage of an estate called the Derby Place, Mr. Faxon foreclosed more than a year, I believe."

"Well, its what I've been looking for, I will take charge of the papers and attend to the matter soon. Down east, isn't it?" "Yes, sir."

Mr. Faxon put the papers into the breast pocket of his coat, came down the office stairs, and stepped into the glittering, purple-lined phaeton, beside his wife.

The delicate Arabian, Mrs. Faxon's horse, sped away out of the city confines, and soon tossed his jetty mane along the open roads, lined with gardens, ornate cottages and villas.

"Going away to-morrow, dear?" asked Mrs. Faxon, suddenly lifting her fair countenance, as she interrupted her husband. "You seem to be away all the time, lately. Take me with you?" "Not this time, Violet."

And Violet Faxon's husband fell into a fit of abstraction, from which the smartest chatter failed to arouse him.

They came at last to the Faxon mansion, grand and simple, and fulfilling the promise of a beautiful interior.

Amid the white lace and crimson silk of her chamber, Violet was brushing out her long fair hair, when her husband paused in the doorway, and looked at her sharply. Then he came slowly across the room, and lifting the oval face in his hand, looked closely at the rosy cheek, pearly ear, and curved eyelashes.

"What is it?" asked Violet; a freckle?" "No," he answered, smiling faintly, and looking across the chamber. "You looked like my sister then—that was all."

"Your sister, dear? You never told me about her." "No," he answered, and said no more.

Mr. Faxon bore no resemblance to his delicate patrician wife. A little less than thirty—dark, strongly built, active, vigorous, he impressed one as a strong character. If, with a remarkable richness of countenance, there were some sensual lines, there was also a certain evidence of strong, good sense, and a look of deep experience. Mr. Faxon looked like a man who carried weight.

He was up and away at daybreak the next day. An early train bore him eastward, and nine o'clock found him landed at a little station called Seabrook.

The dismal little building was set in a field of clover, around which a road wound away among mounds of verdure.

After a glance around, Mr. Faxon took this road, and walked slowly along. The robins hopped across it; the bobolinks sang in the trees over it. The unassuming white clover among the grass perfumed the cool morning air.

He passed only a few houses, but he observed them attentively. They were all old and humble farm houses. Apparently this property, which had by the foreclosure of a mortgage fallen to Mr. Faxon, was not situated in a very rich or enterprising neighborhood.

When he had walked nearly a mile he came to a green door-yard, among wide-spread apple trees, with a well-sweep among them, and a residence, though plain, more pretentious and more comfortable than the others.

There was a narrow and well-worn path among the short grass and buttercups to the porch, where a bitter-sweet twined its strong arms. In a corner, under the verdure, was an arm-chair, with a book on the seat, and a cane lying across it—a gnarled, twisted stick of hickory that Faxon looked twice at. The book he saw was a Bible.

There was an old lady, with a sweet faded face, and snowy cap-strings tied

under her double chin, knitting at a window near by, but his quiet step had not disturbed her.

He had put his hand to the knocker; he took it down again as he caught sight of this placid face. He stood there quite still for several minutes. A gray cat came and rubbed against his leg, some apple-blossoms floating down, touched his cheek.

At length the gentle lips moved. "Father," said the mild old lady, "you had better lie down and take a rest."

"Such old people, and I have come to take their home away," said Mr. Faxon.

There was a strong pain in his dark face now, as he stood looking down at the porch floor.

After a moment he stepped off the porch on the further side, and walked away under the apple trees.

When Mr. Faxon came back from his brief stroll his presence, as he crossed the yard, was observed.

A white-haired old man, who had come to the open door and taken up the hickory stick, turned back hastily with a few hurried words, and the aged women dropped her knitting and rose up, with a paleness dropping over her face.

But, while Mr. Faxon hesitated on the porch again, both came to the door. Sad, startled faces both had, but they were civil. Their greeting was kindly, as to a friend.

"My name is Faxon," said the visitor; "I—" "We know you, sir," said the old man; "we know you, sir, but we have never seen you before. Will you come in?"

Mr. Faxon stepped across the white hall floor into the quaint, cool and comfortable sitting room.

The rough blue paper, like chintz, on the wall, some "honesty" and dried grasses in opaque white vases upon the high, narrow mantel-piece, unconsciously struck his eye while he took his seat, his mind occupied with other thoughts.

"We've been long expectin' you, sir," said the old lady.

Her hands, clasped on her spotless gingham apron upon her lap, trembled a little, but the serenity of her manner was not much changed.

But the old man's eyes swam in tears. He rested both hands on the hickory stick between his knees, as he sat in a corner, and bending his forehead upon them, partially hid his face.

"Yes! yes! but it comes sort o' sudden, now," said the old man.

Mr. Faxon sat in speechless sympathy. After a little pause, old Mr. Derby looked up and met his eyes.

"Of course it's all right, sir. We don't question your right to the place; but we've been sort of unfortunate. I think so—don't you, mother?"

The old lady lay back among the cushions of the dimly-covered chair. She had a look of physical weakness. Mr. Faxon had not noticed before. She did not speak.

Her husband looked at her attentively. A sudden flush went over his thin face.

"It's not for myself I care—it's her!" he cried, striking his cane violently on the floor. "She helped to earn this place when she was young. There was no kind of work but what then hands you see lyin' so weary in her lap, sir, was put to. She was up early and late, always a doin' for me and the children. God never made a better wife and mother. And now, sir, it's hard that she should be turned out of her house in her old age."

"Hush, hush, Daniel!" said the old lady, softly. "The Lord will provide, and it's not long we have to stay in the world, you know."

"Will you tell me the history of the place, Mr. Derby?" asked Mr. Faxon. "How you came to lose it?"

"It was mortgaged, sir," said the old man, at last, "to pay the boys' college bills. You see, we had three children—Selwyn, Roscoe and little Annie. Mother an' I didn't have an education, but we said all along that our children should have; an' they went to the district school and then to the academy—and by and by we fitted them off for college. Bright, smart boys they were—everybody said my boys had good parts, though Roc was always a little wild. I think mother there loved him better for that. He was more trouble, and she clung to him closer because others blamed at times. Annie, his sister, was always a pleadin', too, for Roc. He played truant, and he whipped the boys who told on him; he was always putting his bones in peril, and twice half drowned—yet in spite of all he was ready for college when Selwyn was, though Selwyn was steady as a clock. Mother and I had been scrappin' together for years, and at last we fitted them off.

"We went on denyin' of ourselves, for it was just the one hope of our lives to have the boys graduate with all the honors; an' lime went on, but many of the crops failed, and there came disappointment here, and disappointment

there, and failure to get together the money the boys sent for—especially Roc—we mortgaged the farm for five hundred dollars.

"They were nearly through, you see, an' mother and Annie thought that Selwyn might be principal of the academy or something, when he came home, an' Roc would be a lawyer, 'cause he could argue and speak so smart in public, and the money would be paid back easy."

"But from time to time there came rumors I didn't like, as to how Roscoe was up to his old wild ways again, and at last it came like a thunder-bolt—Roc was suspended and had run away to foreign parts. Well, I pass over that, sir; I tried not to be too hard on the boy. Then Selwyn came home. He had graduated well, but he had a cough. He didn't complain, but he was thin and pale, an' 'soon mother an' I saw that the son we had meant to rely on was an invalid upon our hands. The thought struck me dumb. But mother was all energy. We traveled here with him, we traveled there. We saw all the noted doctors east and west. We borrowed more money on the place, and we never paid any back. I had made one or two payments at first, but they were but a drop in the bucket. At last we brought Selwyn home to die."

"Don't Daniel," said the mother, softly.

"He wants to hear the rest. There's only a little more, but it's no better. Annie was like Selwyn—good and patient; delicate like, too. We didn't mind it at first, but her cheeks grew thin, an' too red; a cough she had from childhood grew harder, an' though the best doctors we could get came early and late, it was only a year after Selwyn died before we laid Annie down among the snows. Thank ye, sir, for your pity. Mother an' I have shed most of our tears."

Mr. Faxon put his cambric handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Your other son, Roscoe, Mr. Derby—did he ever come home?" "Never. It's nigh on to eight years since we have seen Roc. He knew he disappointed us; but that was nothin', was it, mother?"

"I never think of it," said Mrs. Derby, shaking her head. "Perhaps—I don't know—we took the wrong course with Roc. He was restless and active. He was wild, but he was lovin'—"

Her voice broke.

"Mr. Derby," said Mr. Faxon, "I find I know something of your story already. Your son, Roscoe Derby, who ran away at nineteen years of age, is probably living; and it may come in my way to obtain some information of him for you."

The old people had risen from their seats, and he went on quickly:

"Meantime, be at no inconvenience regarding your stay here in your old home. Your right to occupy it is unquestioned in my mind, and let me say you will never during your lifetimes be required to go hence. There is the mortgage,—he placed some papers on the table—'Derby place is your own.'"

He rose, putting them gently back as they pressed toward him, trying to express their gratitude.

"No—no thanks! Believe me, you owe me nothing—nothing."

He took his hat. The old man, who was voiceless, wrung his hands. Mr. Faxon turned to Mrs. Derby, and taking her soft, wrinkled fingers in his strong palm, bent low and kissed them. Then he turned to the door, but in a moment he had come back.

"Mother—father!" he said, "I cannot go, for I know you have forgiven me!"

And the next instant the strong man was kneeling with his head on his mother's knee.

"After long years, mother," said he, as he stroked his temples with fond fingers. "I am but twenty-eight years old, but sorrows for my early faults have brought some gray hairs about my head."

"And you are not Mr. Faxon, after all, Roc?" said the father, with a puzzled smile.

"Yes, I am, dear father. Five years ago I had the fortune to gain the good will of one of the wealthiest American shipping merchants then in London. He gave me a good position, and I decided to return home with him, and served faithfully in his employ until just before his death, when, having formed an engagement with his only daughter, he gave his consent to our marriage with the proviso that I would take his name, and carry on his interests exactly as they had been. To this I consented, for in spite of my settled habits and ideas, I felt an alien and alone; but, mother, I have a good wife and the best of sons—a little fellow two years old, named Derby. Does that please?"

"Ah, indeed! What loving old woman is not pleased with her grandchild? Soon the house was graced by the presence of Violet Faxon and the loving boy, whom grandfather could not praise enough, and grandmother could not fondle enough; yet it was sweeter, perhaps, to Roscoe Faxon, to hear his mother's voice whisper:

"I like your wife, and, do you know, I think she is very much like Annie?"

THEROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the seaweed's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of
yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glittering sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling tings 'neath the old roof
tree;

A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and children
bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silver hair,
And the open book of God close by,
Sweet on the boy the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening
stars.

But dearer to them are the Jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west,
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

Agriculture.

Sago and Tapioca.

Sago and tapioca differ in value materially, as was shown recently in a lawsuit between merchants of the Pacific coast.

The difference is explained in the plants and the cost of production. The sago tree is a palm twenty-five feet high. It grows in the marshes of Singapore and elsewhere in China, where plantations of 1000 acres are often seen.

A sago palm is not ripe for its first and only harvest till fifteen years from the planting. Its diameter is then some twenty inches. The harvester works on a shifting plank in the swamp and fells the tree close to the ground. The bark being removed the body of the tree consists of soft pith, which is broken and ground in water while the pulp is being stirred. Transferred to a vat the starch is precipitated and the water is drawn off, after which the starch is dried and ground into the sago flour of commerce. Chinese tapioca differs essentially. The plant grows fifteen feet high and fruits in two years; otherwise it is not unlike the potato. Every motion is the same as in a potato field. Grasping the plant, its huge bunch of massive roots is shaken and taken to mill, where, being washed and stripped by machinery, the tapioca of commerce is made as sago is precisely.

Variety in Feeding Fowls.

When fowls run at large they gather a great many different substances, and also get sufficient exercise. If they are kept in confinement the natural system should be imitated as nearly as possible.

So far as the exercise is concerned, we can induce them to scratch and work by scattering a lot of cut straw, salt hay or leaves in their yards in dry weather or in their quarters when it is storming, and throwing thereon a handful of grain. But the feeding is another matter. In the winter they should have meat at times, and also some green food. The meat is not easily procured by farmers remote from slaughter-houses, nor can fowls get insects even when at liberty at the present season.

Variety, however, assists us to get partially over the difficulty. Not only corn and good wheat screenings should be used, but oats, buckwheat, hayseed and barley. A mess of soft food in the morning, consisting of bran, meal, linseed or cottonseed meal and a little ground bone, is a good substitute for meat, as these substances combined contain phosphate, nitrogen, lime and carbon—just the material for eggs. Green food may be furnished in the shape of chopped cabbage, early rye, finely cut clover, steamed onions and boiled turnips, carrots and potatoes. The secret is to change the food as often as can be conveniently done, as there is more virtue in variety than in quantity. Feed early in the morning and late at night, and when the fowls begin to get too fat it shows that the food is too carbonaceous, and corn should then be omitted. When once the hens begin to lay they will not then fatten too much, as the eggs cause a heavy demand for food. During a resting spell, however, with heavy feeding, they soon become too fat. At all times, however, they should have enough.

Says the Sugar Beet: "Silos, if not properly closed, will permit rain to enter, and much harm will result. The consequence is that, rain entering, it carries away a large amount of the nourishing elements."

In making gilt-edged butter the housewife should see that the milk is set where it will be free from all contaminating odors. Set in shallow open pans, two inches deep, the room to be at a temperature of 66° the year round. Scab is said to have been eradicated

from New Zealand and almost driven from Australia by a law imposing a penalty of \$500 for every acre of scab found after seven months from the date of going into effect of the law.

Farmers trying to make a living off worn-out lands must stop selling their calves and pigs, and sell fat oxen and hogs instead, and they will soon see an improvement in the fertility of their lands and in their bank account.

One of the results of the late Commissioner Le Due's experiment in tea-raising at the South has been the adoption of the shrub in some localities as a hedge-plant, for which, where the climate and soil are suitable, it is said to be excellently adapted.

A process has been discovered in Mississippi by which sweet potatoes can be kept through the winter without difficulty. The water is evaporated, leaving the sugar and starch by another process, and farmers are thus enabled to either store away or dry them, as preferred.

The attention given to market gardening around New Orleans is increasing. There is not only a good home market, but a large demand from Northern cities, such as St. Louis and Chicago, which get their first supplies from Louisiana market gardeners. The business thus far has been very profitable.

A good cow has a full eye, a small and short head, dished in the face and sunken between the eyes; a soft and loose skin, deep from the loin to the udder, and a very short tail, a thin udder and a square bag with teats a good distance from each other, and one which, when milked, shrinks to a small compass.—Farmers' Magazine.

Wedge-shaped fruit-houses, to be managed without artificial heat, are being built in London, according to The Garden. They run north and south, are about twenty-five feet long, seven feet wide at the bottom, and slope to three feet at the roof. It is claimed for them that in this shape the rays of the sun glance off, so that there is no burning.

According to the Fort Worth Journal, Texas sold 600,000 beef cattle and 350,000 head of young stock, cows, etc., this year for \$23,100,000; increase in value of the 4,000,000 cattle in the State, \$16,000,000; cost of raising cattle, expenses, etc., leave a net profit of \$27,200,000, of which \$23,100,000 is in cash and \$4,100,000 in increased value of stock.

The steam plow is reported in successful operation at Blanchard, Dakota. It is the invention of an Englishman who represents a firm at Leeds, England, that manufactures steam plows. It consists of a frame-work to which are attached six plows, each of which cuts a 16-inch furrow. The motive power consists of two immense traction engines.

The Farmers' Home Journal, of Louisville, Ky., says that a German gardener beyond the Alms-house bought some land in 1881 at \$130 per acre. This last year he put it all in potatoes, which cleared him \$300 per acre. He paid for the land and bought for cash as much more land at \$140 per acre, and has now a big farm, all paid for out of one year's crop.

At the meeting of the Western Iowa Horticultural Society at Cornin, in their practical discussion on small fruits, it was said that the strawberry is the most discriminating of all fruit plants of common culture in regard to composition and texture of soil. It must be moderately rich and deeply pulverized, and fed from year to year with fertilizers.

A Colorado ranchman has sold 184 head of cattle for \$8145, averaging four cents to five cents per pound gross weight. He avers that the only expense they had been to him was the cost of branding and gathering, averaging \$1 per head per year of the animals' lives. They were high-grade Shorthorns, and brought more than the ordinary price for wild steers.

Every one interested in potatoes should try on a small scale new varieties, till they find something adapted to their cultivation, etc., and, by being a little careful, can double their yield on any of the old kinds with but little additional expense. Money spent for good seed is well invested, and will be very certain to pay a large dividend.—New England Farmer.

A dairyman says: "In the case of an unusually large and well-developed heifer there is no objection to having her first calf before she is 2 years old, but when undersized or at all weakly it is safer to let her reach the age of 2 or 3 years. If thirty heifers come in at an early age and are properly attended to they usually make better milkers than when they come in late."

Barber-ous: "It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in hard times you ought to lower your price for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber; "now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great more surface to shave over."