TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me, ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some valley in the west. Where free from toil and pain, The weary soul may rest? winds dwindled to a whisper low, The low And sighed for pity as they answered "No

Tell me, thou mighty deep. Whose billows round me play, Know'st thou some favored spot, Some island far away, Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sighs.— Where sorrow never lives, And friendship never dies? The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow, Stopped for awhile and sighed to answer "No."

And thou' serenest moon, That, with such a lovely face, Dost look upon the earth

Asleep in night's embrace ; Tell me, in all thy round Hast thou not seen some spot

Where miserable man

May find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe, And a voice, sweet but sad, responded

> Tell me, my secret soul. O, tell me Hope and Faith, Is there no resting place. From sorrow, sin and death?

Is there no happy spot Where mortals may be blest, Where grief may find a balm,

And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals Waved their bright wings, and whispered

"Yes in heaven?"

My Sister's Lover.

The month of May, and through my half-open window came stealing a soft wind, filled with summer warmth and summer fragrance. The trees in the garden were full of blossoms. The early roses were in bloom, but of all this I saw nothing. My gaze was fixed upon two figures slowly walking down the garden path-a man and a woman.

The man was tall, and strong, and masterful, yet tender as a mother with her first-born, gentle as a girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life. The woman was young and very beautiful, with a figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Geoffry Branscombe's face. He was her guardian, and he loveed her. She was but my half-sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence. Indeed, only a little month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed, in the fashionable sense of the term, and since then I had been very ill. Over-study, the doctor had said, but I knew better. To my own soul I could whisper the

such a thing, but I was no heroine. I you are to be my only brideswas only a foolish child, who had lived | maid." but eighteen years, and could only look forward to a long, long life of lonely ask me, Alice ! It would kill me !' misery-for I loved Geoffry.

He had not meant to make me love him-I know that; but when I had come home for my Chistmas holidays, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day. We had ridden and driven, and walked together, and, as I have said, his manner held unconscious and inherent tenderness toward things weaker than himself which had charmed my heart into recklessness, pouring forth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in representing all this, and seeing the seal set upon my misery, brought its own punishment. For a week my life was again despaired

Then, because I did not wish the boon, strength came slowly back. Every day he came ; every day he sent me flowers, or fruit, or some sweet message ; but it was all an added torture.

At last, when I grew better, the physicians said I must have change, and so they sent me to the seaside, to visit an aunt who had a house at Worthing.

I was glad to go. Had I stayed at home I should have gone mad. Alice and Mr. Branscombe went with me to the train. I bade her good-by, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the window.

"You will let me come and see you," he said, and I had only time to answer; "No, no, you must not come !"

Only time for this, and to note the swift look so like pain, which swept over his face ere he moved away, and my last glimpse was of them both henceforth stand through life.

Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came. I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon, as I sat alone, dreaming, as I dreamed all my idle hours away, I saw the face which a moment before had floated in my fancy.

For a moment I was happy, supremely, ecstatically happy, and springing up I held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank back cold and stern again.

But that cry had brought him close beside me, and my hands were so tightly held in his strong clasp, while his great brown eyes looked into the very depths of mine, that I trembled and was still.

Merciful heaven ! what was it that I

"I cannot !" I answered, "Don't

"Do you really love me so well, dear? But you will not refuse me this? It ly practiced in this section, with the would mar all my happiness, Mabel, difference that now the top is mostly and I am so happy. When you have out off and saved for hay, and only the seen Harry-when you learn to know roots, with what foliage cannot be and love him for himself-you will un- mowed, turned under. One fact about derstand."

"Harry !" I gasped. "Who is he ?" "Harry-Harry Stretton ; the man I am to marry. Why, Mabel, you told me you knew it all. Is it possible you did not know ?"

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Chrismas visit-an engagement finally ratified and approved by her guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about to tell me-this I had refused to hear. Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last! And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth. She should know how mean, how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Geoffry's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story. In silence she heard it through, and then she sealed my lips with the kiss of love and pardon.

All night I battled with my misery and remorse. Alice expected her lover ably the effect in helping the plowing the next day. I felt I dare not meet by removing the summer foliage would him.

In the afternoon she came into my room.

"Some one wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go down ?"

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions went standing side by side, as they should down stairs, and crossed the hall to the room designated.

I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess-some one who advanced one step and then stood with wide-open arms waiting to close about me.

No need for me to tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair. Alice, my noble, darling sister, had told it all. Did I deserve my happiness? Perhaps not, but it was mine-mine at last, as was the great noble heart of my sister's guardian.

Alice had her wish-I was her only bridesmaid; but after the ceremony was ended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside the altar, no longer bridesmaid but bride. Henceforth my sister's guar-

Agricultural,

Plowing Under Clover. A New York State. correspondent

writes to the Country Gentleman: "Plowing clover for wheat is still largenecessary. the recently cut clover hay may not generally be known. It is that so long as the clover is standing the soil will be as hard as a brick, and almost unplowable; but if plowed within three or four days after the clover has been removed the soil will turn up with comparative ease. I have noticed two instances of this within the last month,

and it is a fact which I have never before seen recorded. That the mass of clover foliage should dry the soil rapidly is not strange. The inexplicable part of it is that after this foliage has been removed, without any rain, the soil should become friable and comparatively moist. It may be that the process of drawing water from the subsoil, which with full foliage is at once evaporated, goes on with little interruption for a time after the foliage is removed. The surface roots will thus be made very sappy, just as the sap exudes from the stumps of vigorous trees cut in spring after the flow of sap has begun. Prob-

not be the same with plants not having the long deep roots of clover. The experiments of Voelcker have shown that clover makes the best preparation for wheat after the second crop of hay is removed. The soil is then richer in fertilizing material than at any previous stage of clover growth. It is its beneficial effects on the subsoil that makes

clover so good a preparation for wheat. Other foliage plants, with roots near the surface, are of little value." -T. S. Gold, of West Cornwall,

Conn., says that the worm which produces gapes in chickens is propagated n the ground. He has grounds so infected that it is impossible to raise one out of a dozen chicks when allowed to range on it, while adjoining fields are entirely free from the malady.

-Oliver Baker, of Fulton county, Georgia, thrashed from twenty-nine and one-half dozen sheaves of "Strawberry" cats twenty-nine bushels; from fifty dozen of "Red Rust-Proof" oats, fifty bushels, and from fifty dozen "Burt" oats, grown on one and oneuarter acres, fifty bushels.

-Crop reports from Russia are favorble. The great wheat growing coun-

-A Tribune correspondent says that young horses should never have shoes imposed upon them until it is well proved that they cannot do without them. He predicts that the day is not far off when some humane benefactor of his kind and horse kind will produce a breed of horses having such firm, tough feet, in addition, to all other good qualities, that shoeing will be un-

-A great many farmers, says Seed Time and Harvest, believe that the breed of hogs is determined by the amount of corn in the crib. It is true that the best bred hogs require the most liberal feeding. In fact, it is one of the advantages of a good breed that it will make better use of the greatest amount of feed than a poor animal, but a starved pig of the best breed is the worst kind of a scrub.

-The Chicago Inter Ocean claims that hay can be shipped profitably from the West because the improved method in baling overcomes the disatvantages of being far from market. In the West improved presses and wire are used in baling hay, and a third more weight is put into the same space than in the Eastern States, where old-fashioned presses and wooden hoops are used.

-One advantage in planting fruit trees by roadsides is found in the fact that they are less liable to attack from insects. It is believed that the road dust is helpful in driving insects away. If this theory be true, dusting trees in orchards with lime should prove effectual. Ashes are still better, where they can be had, as in ripening fruit a considerable amount of potash is always required .- American Oultivator.

-The Farmers' Magazine, commenting on the experiment of permitting the students of Amherst College to cultivate land, states that the animosity of the farmers in that section does not arise from fear of competition, for the production would be too little for such purpose, but the farmers are averse to "book farming" and new methods, which are liable to throw "experience only" in the shade. It advises the farmers to watch the boys closely, and if they succeed adopt the improved methods.

-Sheep prefer upland pastures and a great variety of grasses. It has been proved that the pasture has a greater influence than climate on the fineness of wool. Fat sheep yield heavier and coarser fleeces, than those that are poor in flesh. The fine flocks East, when taken to the Western prairies in the same latitude, will in a few years change their character. The quantity of fleeces and size of sheep will increase ; but the age crop. The important country to the | fineness of the wool' will not be retained. Sweet or upland herbage is the best for -The Germantown Telegraph says:

Living to Purpose.

Everybody ought to have an honorable ambition and a supreme desire to be and do something in life. It is better to aspire and fail than to have no aspirations at all. There are far fewer who, having a laudable ambition, fail to make their mark than of those who drift through existence aimlessly, with no definite purpose in view. There are persons who devote half their lives in trying to solve the problem of their existence and the other half in longing for some friendly hand or propitious circumstances to give them a shove in the right direction. Much has been said and written of neglected lives and wasted opportunities, and yet the subject is by no means threadbare. It is one of those accomodating matters that will admit of "line upon line and precept upon precept." To live to purpose-high and noble purpose-is an ambition worthy of all men, and women, too. How to work out destiny so that it may inure to our own and the well being of others is one of the most profitable themes of contemplation. Men like the stars move in different spheres and orbits, and to keep in place is highly important. Fidelity to duty and station will enable any individual to become honored and useful. Should one of the small and comparatively insignificant heavenly bodies attempt to usurp the place of one of the brilliant planets, it would doubtless suffer for its pains and become the

ridicule of its associate twinklers. So with individuals. They often miss the accomplishment of any grand aim because of a failure to apprehend the plane on which they are best fitted to move and shine. It is not necessary to an honored and useful life that one should be president, or senator, or minister plenipotentiary. A man might be either of these and yet possess no extraordinary intellectual or moral weight. Yet, if he adorns the place by eminent fitness for it, he will certainly command the respect of his fellows, and make the best of his opportunities. A constable might be a better and more useful man than a king, so we see that place and power are not always attended by the characteristics and principles which entitle humanity to love and respect. To make the best of the position in which one is placed, whether that position be high or low, is the secret of a wise living. A clown and a preacher may be the very antipodes of character and calling, and yet a man may be both honored and useful in either. The palpable fault with most of us is what we fail to make the best of our

humiliating truth, could pour out the cruel confession, with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not the body, that suffered-the heart that had forever passed into Geoffry Branscombe's unconscious keeping. I loved him-he who was to be my sister's husband. If I had never suspected it before, I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty, as it burst upon me on the day of my retarn.

And what could be more natural than that things should be as they were? Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians.

I had never read a book which treated of such a relationship in which such was not the sequel of the tale. And yet-and yet, did it make it easier for me to bear.

I turned my gaze away from that other picture, and lifted myself up from the depth of the great chair in which I lay, until I could eatch a glimpse of my own face in the mirror opposite.

What a contrast 1 My eyes, the only beauty I possessed, looked many times too large for the thin, dark face; and my hair, which had been the rival beauty to my eyes, was close cropped to my head.

They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight hurt me.

I sank back, with a groan. At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room.

"Mabel," she cried-"Mabel, darling, I am so happy !"

And rapidly crossing the floor, she sank down on her knees beside my chair.

The constrast was too great. Never had I seen her half so beautiful.

"Don't tell me-don't !" I hastily exclaimed and lifted up my hand, as if to ward off a blow, "I know," I continued. "I congratulate you; but don't say any more."

"You know dear ?" she answered, a look of surprise sweeping over her face. "How is that possible ?"

"Don't ask me. Only, I know. I-" But I could say no more. My weakness conquered my strength, and I burst into bitter weeping.

""Poor child ! Dear little Mabel !" she whispered, tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me dear.

hear any more," and, sobbing bitterly, before, buried my face in my hands.

read there? Could it be that he loved me, and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold ?

I should have said before that my sister was an heiress. I had no dower -not even that of beauty ; but Geoffry Branscombe, I would have sworn was not a man to be bought and sold, to buy and sell; and yet, if not, his eyes had lied, for they had told me that it was me he loved.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though I realized or thought I realized, his bring him reports of baseball matches. baseness, yet I could not snatch from Now that the strike is over he will my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked again make use of the telegraph wires. their thirst. I held it there and drank.

We spoke no word of love, but every and sing at the feast of death.

And so a fortnight passed, and still for the morrow. On that last evening | "garden destroyer," crouched for 3 mowe wandered down upon the beach, its rays, he turned and faced me clasparm.

"Mabel," he said, "I love you, child ! has outstripped you in the race of life by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear ? Has it been my make your happiness ?"

He paused then, waiting for my answer. Only a minute passed, but I had awakened from my dream. I had not thought his baseness ever could find words ; had not thought my sister would know his perjury.

Only a minute, but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet. I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion; I forgot that I had led out 22,000 to 25,000 boxes per month. hing ; I forgot my own baseness, my own love. What burning, scathing words I used, I know not, but when I had finished he offered me again his arm, from which I had withdrawn my clasp, and we walked back in silence to the house. Yet, as he left me, still without a word, I felt strange to say, only my own guilt. He had not borne himself like one convicted of a wrong. The next week I went home. Alice was the first to meet me, and that night

she crept into my room, and knelt "Hush !" I interrupted. "I won't down beside me as she had done once

Of course no heroine would have done month I am to be married, and lar record.

Domestic Animals.

dian was mine.

Their Intelligence, Affection and Reasoning Faculties.

-A pet turtle, at Lawrenceburg, Ind., catches rats and eats them.

-A Shetland pony, recently foaled in Pennsylvania, was nineteen inches high and weighed fifteen pounds.

-A keeper at the Philadelphia roological gardens used carrier pigeons to -A California hen, while engaged with her brood of chickens in plowing up a garden, recently, was charged upon day found him by my side. I was no long- by a full-blown rat. The old representaer listless; I was brilliant even merry. I tive of the "poultry show" immedilaughed and sang, as one might laugh ately established herself as a cordon

around her flock, and awaited the onslaught. The rodent, some what checked he lingered; but his return was fixed by the bold front presented by the ment, and then made a dart for one of silvered by the moonlight. Standing in the chicks. In an instant the old hen opened her cackle battery and coming his hand over mine as it lay upon his menced battle. She flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. You are but a child, and I am a man who The rodent came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat own blind fancy which has given birth was only able to crawl away a few feet crop is the most important natural proto the sweet hope that I alone might and die in disgrace. After contemplating her fallen foe for a few moments

the old hen called her brood around her and walked off.

Facts and Fancies

THE manufactured products of Georgia this year will aggregate fully \$400,-000,000.

D. MCPHERSON of Lancaster, Ont., controls 64 cheese factories, turning THE cotton crop in the United States in 1883 is 6,949,756 bales. A 3 A. T. THE creditors of Jay Cooke, who held on to their claims, have received \$1351.92 for each \$1000 due them-and another small dividend is expected.

THIRTY Indian pupils left the Carlisle training school last week for the different reservations to which they belong. They will engage in the mechanical pursuits in which they have been educated.

THE cancellation of Governments this year will probably reach \$100,000,-"Darling !" she whispered, "next 000, No other country can show a simi-

try of Russian Poland expects an avernorth of the Black Sea, from Odessa to the Azof, has been freshed by timely fine wool. rains, and gives promise of a good yield of wheat, THDAY D' TT

-The scarcity and high price of black always places on the farm where they by other products.

them to hogs. He contends that grapes fatal to animals." will fatten hogs faster than any other known food-from two to three pounds per day.

-The annual moulting season of fowls is now at hand, which is sometimes a critical periods with them. This transformation of the feathery covering is a great drain upon the system. They extended range to wander over.

-Over 80,000 head of cattle and many thousand sheep are now feeding on the plains of Wyoming Territory, and many more of both species on those of the State of Texas, and yet there are many who hestitate to admit that the grass duct of this country.

-Rye production in Russia is about 600,000,000 bushels, and in some years goes above 700,000,000 ; Germany about 300,000,000 ; France, 75,000,000 ; Austro-Hungary, 100,000,000; total of these countries, 1,075,000,000 bushels. The average annual wheat production in these countries is about 700,000,000 bushels.

-A writer in the Country Gentleman composing a summer house in crude petroleum, saying it will make any common wood nearly or about as durable rich brown color. It would be an excellent idea to apply the same preservative to trellises, etc., on lawns. -The Country Gentleman recomments planting English ivy on the bare ground under trees where grass will not grow ; adding that where the winters are too severe for it when trained on walls it will often remain uninjured

and plenty of old manure given.

"Peach leaves are poisonous, and often prove fatal when eaten by animals. walnut timber should induce farmers to The leaves are said to contain prussic cultivate this valuable tree. Young acid, and a number of instances are men especially should pay attention to recorded of sheep being killed by eating the culture of black walnut. There are them. Instances have occurred, in which cattle and sheep have been poican be grown, which are not occupied soned by eating the leaves of the wild cherry. It has been said that the leaves -A prominent Californian, who has of the cultivated cherry are free from

fifty acres in the raisin grape, says when- poison until they have wilted ; but ever grapes become unprofitable for cases have been known in which the raisins he can make money by feeding green leaves have proved poisonous and

-Herbs for winter use should be gathered when the plants are in flower. Just as the flowers begin to fade is considered to be the best time to harvest them. The herb garden was formerly of greater domestic importance than in these days of patent medicines, but should be fed liberally at this time with health may well be questioned. To dry than the writer can understand, a varied supply of food, and allowed an herbs it is best to tie them in small shed .- Washington Tribune.

-The Michigan Farmer gently remarks that "a farmer who has tried the no-road-side-fence plan, declares his pious soul to have been greatly vexed because of the trouble and damage caused by any transfer of stock from parts of his own farm, or the passing droves in the highway, and also that in crop rotation the want of a fence compelled him to omit pasturing fields when such forage would have been of great advantage to him. He thinks he cannot quite spare the fences yet."

A Parvenu Princess.

Mrs. Parvenu had recently furnished her new house, and it was gorgeously done. Everything was in style, and recommends the soaking of the wood | the carpets were woven in one piece to fit each room. Mrs. Parvenu has a daughter, and of her she was talking to a visitor, "Ah, Mrs. Parvenu," said as cedar, besides imparting to it a the lady, "your daughter doesn't go out much ?" "No, not a great deal. It tires the poor dear so much." "Indeed ! Isn't she well ?" "Oh, yes, well enough ; but, you see, at so many of the houses where she must call she has to walk over the seams in the carpets, and it hurts the poor dear's feet and makes her so tired."

Mrs. Emily Feiner, the President of on the ground. Plants should be set the Working Women's Protective Aswithin four of five feet of each other sociation, testified as to the working of resume his former relations with the 4 her association.

opportunities and aspire to positions for which we are not fitted. An important thing to be remembered is that character is everything, and that without the foundation of a good character to build upon, all efforts to inspire the confidence of others in our capacity for honorable distinction will become painfully abortive.

Correspondence and Reporting.

There are many bright minds of both sexes engaged in corresponding and reportorial duties; and then again there are a great many whose brains are as opaque as a cobblestone. They seem to dip their pens in bilge water or slush, and then our olfactories suffer to the extent that we concentrate our nasal protuberances over their work. All men are not perfect, but how so many weak brethren creep into the realms of journalism and shake their whether this change is an advantage to quills at an intelligent public is more Papers all over the country are filled bundles and hang them up in an airy with the trashy writings, so called society's doings, what this or that great man eats for d.nner, or how the wife and daughter of that snob was decorated, which emanate from the rumheated brain of some worshiper of the mammon of high eating and drinking whose clouded wit and benumbed ideas, added to a befogged and clouded imagination, presents the public with a melange of chaff signifying nothing. What does the great mass of the people care what Fitznoodle, Miss "Fitz," or the little "Fits" are doing, here, there, or anywhere? This catering to the love of seeing their names in print, of the snobs of the varied fashionable centres, is a trifling matter, but the press of the country are yearning for a higher standard of correspondence and reporting. There are, we will admit many writers of the class mentioned who possess to an eminent degree all the requisites to commend them to the intelligence of the country, but, as we have stated, there is a large class who are below the standard of even mediocrity, and of this part of the fraternity it is time they were sent to the wall .--Thoroughbred Stock Journal, Philadelphia.

> Mr. Errington is expected to return to Rome from London in October, to Vatican.