THE PARTING.

By John Vance Cheney.

I.

Tow, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Hive us your hand, my boy,
Grasp we warm and long;
Thanks for the day when our hearts had joy,
Our feet had speed and our lips a song.
The sails are filling, give us your hand!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
Here's to us both! One left on the strand,
One off in the bark comes never to land.

II.

Two, here, side by side,
Two that tarry the tide.
Hive us a kiss, my girl,
Life and love are all;
Thanks for the glance 'mid the dance's whirl,
For the smile and the sigh and the sweet lids' fall.
The sails are filling, one more kiss!
Two and two,
And their hearts were true;
Thanks for the heart a heart can miss,
Here's to us both—the end of the bliss!

The End of a Journey.

By Claudia Ashton.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, John?"

The old man started. He had been gazing into the tiny fire till he was half asleep.

"To-morrow?" he repeated, sleepily. "To-morrow, Susan. What day is to-morrow?"

"The fifth of April," answered the woman, softly; "dont you remember, John?"

"The fifth of April! Why—why, bless me! It's our wedding day, surely. Of course, I remember now you mention the date; but somehow the days seem all mixed up and I forget. Let me see. It must be forty-eight—forty-nine years ago—oh, old wife?"

He touched her hand gently, and she smiled at him through the gloom of the little room.

"Fifty years, John fifty years to-morrow since you and I started on the road of life together. Its been a steep road, and now we're getting to the end it seems to get steeper." She sighed softly, and the smile died from her face. "Do you remember what a lovely day it was, John, dear that fifth of April fifty years ago. The sun was shining as if it were June, and all the village came to see us married. All the girls were jealous of me, John, for carrying off the handsomest man in the village. I remember my dress——"

The old man interrupted her. "I remember what your dress was, Susan; you were the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, and you looked it that day." He smiled at the remembrance. "Your dress was white, and your hat was trimmed with primroses, and you carried a big bunch of them in your hand. And do you remember, when we came down the church path the children threw primroses in front of us? I mind me, the clergyman said it was the prettiest wedding he had ever seen."

"Primroses," repeated the woman, musingly; "primroses then, when we were young, and strong, and happy, and now that we are old, and destitute and on the brink of the poorhouse—this." She looked around the miserably furnished room and shivered.

"A big bunch of primroses," she continued, as if speaking to herself. "It's years since I've so much as seen a primrose, to say nothing of holding one in my hand. Before I was ill, when I could get about, I could sometimes go to the park and see them growing, and I've seen them in the shop windows; but not now. No flowers would find their way to McDonough's Alley. I'm sick with longing for flowers sometimes, John; not always—not quite always"—she spoke quickly, as though now she had begun she would gladly finish as soon as possible—"but in the spring, when the sky is blue and the sun shines even here, I hurt, I ache, and I long for the country. I would give all I have, I would gladly die, I sometimes think, if I could get out in the fields again and gather primroses. I don't want to hurt you, old husband, my dear old John. I know you'd take me to the country and give me primroses if you could, but I can't help the feeling. It seizes me, it tears me, it grips my very heart, and I long for what I can never have till I am dazed with longing.

"Do you remember, John, how we used to go to the woods on Saturday afternoons—you and I and Tony"—the old man caught his breath, for the years had not entirely healed the wound his son's death had given him—"and pick primroses? I need only shut my eyes to see him now, my strong little sturdy son, with his dear little laughing face, and his soft brown hair, and his hands full of primroses 'for mother.' Oh——"

She stopped suddenly, exhausted by her outbreak, and the old man could find no words to answer the outcry from the unsuspected depths of his wife's heart. He only stroked her hand with his gnarled, work-worn fingers, and whispered:

"Don't take on so, old woman; it'll all come right in the end," and she quickly regained the usual self-control which, on a sudden impulse, she had let fall from her.

"There, there," she said, "I'm tired to-night, and a bit upset, I suppose. Don't think anything of what I said, John, dear. Very likely, as you say, it'll all come right in the end, only I get thinking that we've very little money left, and you can't get work, and there's nothing but abject poverty before us, and perhaps, being our wedding day to-morrow, made me feel a bit sore, for fear it may be the last one we'll see in a home of our own. But after all, things may turn out better than we think; maybe you'll get a job one of these days soon. Don't worry, old man, you've done all you could, and I've no right to be hankering after primroses when I've got a roof, and food, and you—more, far more, than many another woman has. See, the fire is dead out; come along, we'll go to bed."

But long after his wife slept, John Renshaw tossed from side to side sleepless, thinking of all she had said. He had never suspected her hidden longing for the country and its flowers. He had always known she enjoyed the country life she had lived for so many years, but never before had he suspected how the days she was forced to spend in the dreary room she now called home tired and tried her. On one point only was he now certain. He must somehow manage to get some primroses for Susan on the anniversary of her wedding day. He could not buy them, the sum of money between him and utter destitution was so small it must be carefully guarded; but none the less he must get the flowers. He would journey to the country to-morrow and see if he could not get a job and receive payment for it in primroses. "Anyhow," he thought to himself, as he at last fell asleep, "it won't be for want of trying if to-morrow night she hasn't got her primroses."

So in the early morning light he whispered to his wife that he was going after a job, and started. He walked for a long way before he left the densely packed buildings behind, but by degrees the roads grew wider and the houses farther apart. Then they began to have little gardens in front of them, and here and there were spaces as yet untouched by the hand of the builder. In some of the little gardens he saw primroses, but not very many, and with his mind full of the yellow carpet of them in his own village, he scorned them. As he went on the surroundings became more and more countrified. Trees, radiant in their new spring atttire of bright green, were on either side, and the houses stood quite a long way back from the road.

Suddenly he came to a stop; surely here was what he sought; here was the end of his journey. The white house before which he stood had "Primrose Cottage" painted on its gate, and the name was deserved. Primroses bordered the path up to the door, primroses filled the boxes in front of each low, wide window, clusters of primroses filled the beds on either side of the well-kept lawn, and their golden heads showed themselves here and there among the grass.

The old man opened the gate and entered. He was just going to ring the bell when a lady came out of a summer house in a corner of the garden.

"Do you want anything?" she asked, kindly.

John touched his hat. "If you please," he said, humbly, "would you let me do some work for you? I can black boots or clean knives, or weed, or anything you like. I don't want money, if you will only let me have a bunch of those." He pointed to the primroses.

The lady stared at him in surprise. "I don't quite understand," she said.

John opened his mouth to explain, but no words came. A horrible feeling of faintness overpowered him. He forgot what he wanted; he only remembered that he had left home early without any breakfast, and that he had been walking for hours along a hard and dusty road. He tottered and would have fallen had not the lady supported him.

When he knew what was happening again he was sitting in an armchair, and by his side was a dish of soup.

"You were faint," said the lady, kindly; "you must take this soup before you tell me anything more."

The warm, strong soup soon revived him, and then Mrs. Munroe called her husband, and together they listened to his story.

Long before he had finished tears were raining down her face, for, helped by her gentle questioning, he told her everything.

"Of course you shall have primroses, as many as you like, to take to your wife," she said, brokenly, when he had done. "And you must have other things, too—food and drink, and money. How odd that you shhould come here to-day"—she smiled through her tears as she turned toward her husband—"this is our wedding day, too, only ours was five years ago, instead of fifty. And now you must have a rest and some dinner while I get a basket of good things ready for your wife."

John felt that he ought to do some work in return for all these benefits, but Mrs. Munroe only laughed at his suggestion and left him. He was more tired than he knew, and the armchair was very comfortable, so he slept for some time, and then had a dinner such as he had not even seen for years. And afterward Mr. Munroe came and talked to him, and said he was in need of a caretaker for his office, and if John could give a satisfactory reference he would engage him. John gave the name of his old employer in the country, and Mr. Munroe said he would write to him that very day.

Then Mrs. Munroe appeared with a basket. "See," she said, "I have put necessaries—bread and meat, and tea, and butter and sugar, but I want you please to give this bottle of port wine and cake to your wife especially from me. I want you both to drink our health at supper to-night when you drink to each other, and my husband and I will do the same for you."

And then she gave John, who was almost too overwhelmed to speak, a basket full of lovely primroses and some roots in a pot, and money to pay his fare back to the city, and with kindly handshakes and wishes, and promises of help to come, she and her husband saw him off on his homeward journey. His parcels were heavy, but his heart was light, and he pictured Susan's joyful surprise when he poured the primroses into her lap. The dreary city streets seemed brighter as he passed along them now, because of the hope that was within him.

He almost ran up the creaking stairs to his room, and turned the handle gently. It resisted his pressure, and, surprised, he tried again. It still resisted, and unreasoning fear curled around his heart. Why had Susan locked the door? She could not be out, for since her heart had been so bad she had hardly been able to walk about the room.

As he stood perplexed, the door on the other side of the landing opened, and an untidy woman looked out.

"Oh, you're back, are you, Mr Renshaw?" she said, with an important air. "I've been expecting of you all the afternoon. I'm sure I was that upset——"

The man interrupted her almost roughly. "The door is locked," he said. "Why? What has happened? Do you know?"

She tossed her head. "In course I know; none better. I was busy with my washing, and the clock had just struck twelve, when I heard Mrs. Renshaw calling to me and I runs across—but I was too late. It was her heart poor soul. I sent Bess for the doctor, but bless you, before he got here it was all over, she was a lying dead in my arms."

She stopped for lack of breath, and sniffed importantly. The man stared at her with dazed, uncomprehending eyes.

He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, and the woman resumed her talking. "There'll be an inquest, of course, and I'll have to attend. And about your black for the funeral. Don't worry yourself. There's the black coat Tim had for his father's funeral last year. He'll be glad to lend it to you, and I've a nice bit of crape I can put around your hat. Why bless me"—as her eyes fell suddenly upon the basket of primroses he still held in his hand—"where did you get all them flowers? You'd best let me put them in water for you; they'll make a lovely wreath for your poor wife's coffin."—New York Weekly.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FERTILIZER.

Invention Perfected By Which Nitrogen is Obtained From the Air.

There is a happy timeliness in the appearance in Harper's Magazine of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's article on "The Scientist and the Food Problem." In it he states the facts in connection with the exhaustion of the soil in agricultural countries, particularly by the depletion of nitrogenous products, which are the greatest of all natural fertilizers. "The problem," he says, "as seen by the pessimists, is simple: The world is reaching the limits of its capacity for food production, while the population continues to increase enormously: How soon will starvation begin?" But Mr. Baker is not pessimistic. "When man seems just at the limit of his resources, science and invention step in and open new fields, literally as well as figuratively." The writer proceeds to give an account of the fine work in scientific fertilization that is being accomplished. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this useful article comes the announcement that two American electrochemists, Mr. C. S. Bradley and Mr. D. R. Lovejoy, have perfected an invention by which the nitrogen of the atmosphere is readily turned to nitric acid and made available, in abundance and at a moderate cost, for agricultural fertilization and commercial use. The fixation of nitrogen is effected by electrochemical treatment of the atmosphere. The inventors of the process seem to have arrived at this important achievement by following up a clue furnished by Dr. Priestley, a famous physicist, as long ago as the eighteenth century. Sir William Crookes, too, recently proposed that nitrogen be obtained in this way. There are seven tons of nitrogen gas weighting down every square yard of the surface of the earth. Thus a building the size of Carnegie Music Hall holds about twenty-seven tons of nitrogen, and if this could be fixed in the form of nitrate of soda it would be worth at least $10,000. The immense importance of the new invention may be gathered from the following remarks of Mr. Baker in the article before mentioned: "The failure of the nitrogen of the soil and the inability to supply it in sufficient quantities by artificial means has formed the basis of the predictions of coming starvation made by Sir William Crookes and others. Indeed, if the world ever starves, it will be from lack of nitrogen; and yet if such starvation takes place, it will be in a world full of nitrogen."

Mexico now has over 11,000 miles of railways. Nearly all the rolling stock comes from the United States.

There were 9,700 American tourists in Switzerland last summer.

FARM AND GARDEN

FEEDING GREEN CUT BONE.

Considerable has been said about the value of green-cut bones for laying hens. The term means the bones that are fresh (not those that have lain around until they have become dry), ground in a bone mill until like meal. In beginning to feed green-cut bone to the hens—and the feeding of it should begin as soon as the hens are put in winter quarters—give it to them at the rate of about one-half ounce a head, twice each week for some six weeks, then gradually increase the quantity until at Christmas, and from then on they are having a little more than an ounce a hen three times a week. In feeding it a good plan is to mix it with one of the grain feeds for the day and try and scatter this grain so that each hen is likely to get her share of the green bone. Another good way is to scatter the allowance through the chaff in the scratching shed together with a scant supply of wheat at the mid-day meal and let the hens gather it by scratching for it.

If too much of it is used, and particularly if corn is a part of the grain ration, it causes fat and thus makes trouble with the egg production. Just here a word about green-cut clover for laying hens. If one has a supply of clover hay, cut a portion of it up into inch lengths, and, after wetting it thoroughly, feed it several times a week. If no clover is on hand, buy some of the cut kinds that are put up especially for poultry. Feeding cut clover will add wonderfully to the egg supply.

POULTRY HOUSE CURTAINS.

Unless one is located in the far South, where even during the seasons of rain it is warm, there is no section where it would not be a good plan to provide some sort of an arrangement to go over the windows of the poultry house when the night promises to be cold or unusually damp. An excellent plan is to have a sliding window of closely fitted boards, which may be put in place at night; another is to have a curtain of heavy cloth which can be buttoned over the window of glass just as one buttons on a curtain to a carriage. If these protections are not possible, then take a strip of waterproof paper and tack to a rough frame made of laths. At night put these over the windows, on the inside, and hold them in place with a wire nail driven through the side pieces into the side of the house. This may be a crude way, but it is better than no protection, costs but little, and can be put in place in a few minutes.—Indianapolis News.

GROOMING DAIRY COWS.

Have regular hours for grooming your cows. Many people do not realize the importance of giving cows a thorough brushing every day. Often I have seen the flanks covered with a coat of dried excrement. Every motion the cow makes dislodges some of this filth. Every time she switches her tail during milking, every motion of her legs, and every rub and brush of her body by the milker dislodges particles of this material, which is sure to fall into the milk pail. All of this filth is crowded with bacteria (germs) in excessive numbers, and these find their way into the milk during the whole of the milking. Always moisten the udders with a damp cloth previous to milking, and a good brushing each day will keep the skin clear and healthy, prevent diseases, and well repay the labor bestowed, besides making the cows more comfortable and contented. A stiff brush made of broom corn is best.

GOOD TONICS FOR SWINE.

It is necessary to keep constantly accessible to all hogs, both pigs and old hogs, some material that supplies lime and salt to aid in bone-building, as an appetizer, and to remove intestinal parasites. This mixture should be kept in a strong box protected from rain, and the quantity and frequency with which pigs will visit and eat of the mixture will often be surprising. The following is the mixture that we use:

Charcoal, one and one-half bushels.
Common salt, four pounds.
Hard wood ashes, ten pounds.
Slacked lime, four pounds.

Fresh water, shade in summer, grain food when on grass, and dry bed free from dust; shelter in winter, and, above all, when confined have an area sufficiently large so that it will not become foul with droppings and mud-bugs. These are essentials for successful hog raising.—Arkansas Bulletin.

HORSES AND HAY.

It is getting to be unfashionable—and here fashion should be followed—to allow horses to eat hay at will, or to keep hay or other coarse fodder before them all the time. Such feed now has come to be regarded an essential part of a regular ration, with its quantity to be as fixed as that of grain. From eight to twelve pounds of timothy hay, according to size of horse, is now believed by the best feeders to be a full ration for working horses, and all they should have, in connection with as much grain as experience demonstrates each individual requires to keep it in good condition. Idle horses fed less grain, may be given more hay, but in such cases good red or alfalfa clover hay is the better forage, since it contains more of the nutritive elements found in grains than timothy hay does.

QUARTERS FOR STOCK.

Most farmers, except the snifiless ones, are quite willing to make their stock comfortable during the winter, but say they are unable to do so because they cannot afford to buy this, that or the other. In some cases it is necessary to buy more or less material, but on most farms the question of comfort for animals is simply a question of a little ingenuity on the part of their owner. For example, there are many cracks between the boards in the stable, and one cannot afford to buy the necessary lumber for repairs.

Go to the nearest town where a newspaper is published and you can buy enough old copies for fifty cents to close all the cracks in every outbuilding you own; twenty-five cents for tacks, and twenty-five cents for third-grade laths will complete the fund necessary to spend. Then the outbuildings may be set on posts at each corner with open spaces between. Get a lot of the old lumber around the farm, put it in position and bank soil up against it. If one has no lumber, then a little more soil will take its place. The work mentioned can be done at little or no expense except of labor, and the increase in the milk flow and the egg supply materially increased, to say nothing of the added comfort of the animals.—Indianapolis News.

POULTRY NOTES

Fowls quickly recognize strangers and know those who attend to them.

Sunshine is the best germicide known. It is very cheap, but not always plentiful at this time in the year.

Hens that are accustomed to low roosts are less inclined to scale fences, and may be confined to pens with less trouble.

Roup is easy to get and hard to get rid of. Prevent it by keeping the house dry and the sleeping quarters free from draughts.

The best remedy for lice in poultry houses is to add a pound of concentrated lye to a wash boiler of soapsuds and to apply the suds hot on the walls, floors and roofs of the houses. All lice, with their nits, will thus be destroyed surely and quickly.

A DRAWN BATTLE.

Assault and Battery on the Vernacular by Hans the Cherubic.

"Well, Hans," I said to the big, cherubic faced German who sometimes does odd jobs for me, "I hear you've been on the warpath."

"Vot vas heem?" inquired Hans, with a puzzled frown.

"The Mayor told me he had to fine you and your brother for fighting," I explained.

"Oh, yah; dat vas so," assented Hans, with a pleased laugh. "I vas verocious, undt Yacob he vas verocious, undt so ve had a leedle paddle."

"Which licked?" I asked.

"Oh, neider von; ve vas bod yust efen," answered Hans, earnestly.

"How's that?"

"Vell, Yacob, he called me a fool, undt so I called heem a fool, undt so ve vas efen dere," exclaimed Hans.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a big fool, undt so I again called heem a big fool, undt dere ve vas efen again.

"Undt Yacob he called me a liar, undt so I called heem a liar, undt dere ve vas efen some more times.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a big liar, undt den I hit heem, undt so I vas a leedle aheadt, ain't it?

"Budt den Yacob he hit me, undt so dere ve vas efen some more all ridt.

"Undt den der policemans run us bod in, undt dere ve aas efen dere.

"Undt der Mayor he vined me five shillings un vined Yacob only half a crown, undt, so Yacob he vas aheadt, ain't it?

"But den I porrowed half a crown from Yacob to help pay mine vine, undt so dere ve vas efen against all ridt, all ridt.

"Undt you pet you ve vas going to stay efen now. It don't pay to paddle, so Yacob says, undt I guess he knows vat vas vich," concluded Hans, nodding his head sagely.—Tit-Bits.

Wellington's Courtesy.

A strong light is thrown on the essential quality of Wellington's mind by the incident of the broken bell. When he pulled it several times and no footman appeared until after great delay, he "stormed with very strong language" at the man for neglect of duty, whereupon the duke said: "Yes, I was wrong. I am very sorry, William, and beg your pardon." To the little girl who was present he added: "Always own when you are in the wrong." This is almost a test quality in life. It is rarely found without other great moral virtues and intellectual strength. It helps us to understand the man who faced Napoleon's strategy with invisible coolness, and hung on until Blucher came up.—Review of Wellington.