With many a frown and shudder, With many a sigh and tear, They'll tell you the world is out of joint; But don't you believe it, dear.

The world is the old-time planet, Kept up by the same old fires; And the people, if not the self-same lot, Are the types of their ancient sires,

They'll tell you that hate is rampant; That love is now dying out; That the devil will conquer the sons of men, And put all their plans to rout; But don't you believe it, daughter,

And don't you believe it, son; For the good that exceeds the evil deeds In life's battle is ten to one. Yes! love is a thing electric,

That girdles the teeming earth, And love is a thing unmeasured-No length, no breadth, no girth; It enters the town and city, The village and country nook,

Mong rich and poor with its mission pure, To be read like an open book. In the hearts of the little children, There are oceans of love to win;

Enough to blight, with its billows bright, The rankest weeds of sin. There is love in the heart of woman, (Not she of the brazen face), That may lead a man to the gates of heaven, And bless a coming race.

Then let the grumblers grumble,

And let the croakers croak, The world is what we make it, dear, And love is the master stroke. It will kill the wrath of nations, It will soften the chastening rod-It will even abide, and lead and guide The love that was born in God. -Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in New York Ledger

## A BUSINESS TEST.

BY HOWARD M. HOPE.



OOKING at the matter in all ways, with one exception it seemed to James Harvey to be presumption for him to ask Ralph Kirland for his daughter, Annie. Kirland was an eminently practical and conservative merehant, vigorous

and consistent in his opposition to the modern, rapid, hazardous manner of conducting business. Harry was his chief book-keeper, a young man of pleasing address, active and ambitious, but affected, to some extent, by the prevailing haste to be rich. His birth, however, had been humble; he had, in fact, begun life as a newsboy; so his suit for the hand of the staid old merchant's daughter did seem presumptuous. The one exception mentioned was looking at the matter from the standpoint of love, which knows no presumption. Best of all, Annie herself did not think it presumptuous, and would not let James say so. He had long ago told her his love, and she had blushingly confessed her joy and her reciprocation. It is needless to tell how it began, for it is the old, old story. In a word, though, it sprang from a dinner her father had given to his clerks, at which she had presided with a grace and charm irresistible to the young man. Now the only thing between him and

"When will you ask him, James?" she inquired, as they sat in her parlor considering the subject.

happiness was the father's consent.

Her manner and look as she asked him brought to his face a look of determination which instantly called admiration to her own. "I will ask him now," he said de-

cisively. "Is he in?" "Yes, he is reading in the library. Go

in to him, an oh! James, how anxiously I shall wait."

It was no easy matter to approach the matter-of-fact merchant, whose freedom of speaking his mind was well known even upon a question of business, but upon this particular subject he was formidable, sitting by a table peacefully reading the evening paper; his thoughts leagues away from such an uncommonplace affair as love.

He looked up annoyed as Harvey went in, dropping the paper and revealing his strong face and his steady eyes fixed inquiringly upon him.

The young lover was tempted to change his errand to one of a business nature, but a thought of Annie's disappointment decided him, and he said, taking the chair indicated by the old gencleman:

"Mr. Kirland, I have come to ask you for Annie."

The steady eyes grew even steadier, the strong face stronger, and the precise lips were drawn in a moment before he

"Very well, we will have a plain, free talk over the matter. Put yourself at ease, as if we were discussing a business question. What do you want my daughter for?"

"For my wife." "Um, your wife. Do you need a

"I need her, Mr. Kirland." "Leave personalities out, Mr. Harvey. We will discuss it as we would a business

project." "On that basis, then, I think it is a good business policy for a man to marry when he reaches the proper age, and I

have reached it." it. These proper ages for marrying vary, do they not? That is, every man when he marries thinks he has reached the

proper age." "That may be so."

"So, then, as a matter of pure business policy, you think it is a wise move

"So far as love can be reduced to

business principles, I answer yes."
"Is Annie dissatisfied here?" "On, no!"

"Can you give her a better nome?" "No, I cannot expect that."

"Why take her away, then?" "Well, sir, love has business principles of its own; and one of them is for young people to leave the old home and start for themselves, to be contented with their lot, and to hope and work together i for the future."

"What are your prospects?" Harvey paused a few thoughtful moments, then quickly responded: "You probably know that better than

I do, Mr. Kirland." The old gentleman could not quite prevent his face showing the expression flattery produces. He studied a moment

and continued: "And does Annie think this is a good business move?"

"Mr. Kirland, you can hardly expect Annie to regard this matter in a business light. It is a matter of heart with a woman, not business.'

"True, true," was the musing assent. Then, looking up quickly as if a decision had been reached, he continued:

"Well, Mr. Harvey, we must have time to consider this matter, say two weeks. If I were going to place a sum of money into some one's hands, I would naturally be careful about the man. You'll admit that. Now how much more careful should I be of a daughter? Now, don't infer that I have anything against you. I think I have the right of it will be then." investigation. I have set these two weeks for the three of us to consider if this marriage is the best thing. Meet me here two weeks from to-night and you shall have my answer."

He picked up his paper as a signal that the interview was ended; and James, withdrawing, rejoined Annie in the parlor, where he reported the result.

Three days later a man came to the railing near Harvey's desk. He recognized him as John Clawson,a well-known business man of the city who had formerly been numbered among the conservative, but whose recent actions showed drifting toward the more progressive methods of the times.

"Mr. Harvey," he said, "I have never had the pleasure of knowing you, but I wish to have a private interview with you. When can you arrange it?" "I hardly know," the book-keeper replied, putting down his pen, "unless we say during the noon hour at Little Corner restaurant."

"That will suit me very well." Arriving at the restaurant, Harvey saw Clawson beckoning to him from a table which was secluded in a far corner. After ordering lunch, the merchant

"You are surprised, no doubt, so I'll relieve your natural curiosity at once. To be brief, you have been recommended to me as the very one for a-I dislike the word 'scheme,' but it has come into common business use, so I use it. There is to be a new company formed for a somewhat new line of business. Briefly, the object is to find out business concerns here in the city which are in danger of bankruptcy. The company will take charge of them, upon certain conditions, put money into them, and place them man's reading. But he looked up this upon their feet again. Some of the contine without impatience, motioned ditions, of course, will be a good rate of pleasantly to a chair, and, when the interest on loans, and after the concern young man was seated, asked: is out of distress, an interest in the business for a given number of years. All these details have not yet been decided, but they soon will be. Now, of course, keen judgment is required to decide what firms, now in trouble, are likely to tion; "I have taken it for granted that succeed when relieved, and also, superior tact in approaching the parties and making the agreements. In short, Mr. Harvey, you have been recommended as possessing the necessary judgment and

"Who are in it?" Harvey asked. street; Troxley, of Grand street, and several others, all capitalists."

"Very good names, I'm sure," said the bookkeeper. "Is Mr. Kirland in

Clawson shrugged his shoulders critically, and replied:

"Oh! no. He woulda't go into such a scheme; he's one of the old fogies, you know-with all due respect to you as one of his employes. Too conservative entirely. He'll go on plodding in the same old rut till he dies-away behind the times."

"Mr. Clawson," said Harvey, with some spirit, "he may be slow and fogy, but he is making money."

"Oh, certainly he is. I don't expect the new company will ever take old Kirland in hand for repairs; but, you see, he might be making more by more modern methods."

"Yes, or losing what he has."

Clawson smiled as he replied: "True, there's always some risk, and I see, without flattering you, Mr. Harvey, that you have the foresight and cautious shrewdness you were recommended for. Now, something about the offer. It is the intention to make you general manager at a salary far above what you get over in that old rut, and in side. a year or two you'll be made one of the company. But our time's up. Think over it; but I can't help saying it is a rare chance for a young man to feather his nest."

They parted, and Harvey was left to a question of judgment. Sudden promises of advancement, however dazzling, unsettle one, and the bookkeeper half wished he did not have it to decide. But it was flattering. It was no small affair for a young man to be sought by such men as Clawson and Smart and Troxley. Perhaps this was the chance of his life. But what would Mr. Kirland say to his leaving? He felt sure, how-"That is, you think you have reached ever, that the old merchant was too sensible to stand in the way of a young

man's advancement. Then, too, his being proffered such a place might increase his importance in the old father's eyes and make him more willing to give him the daughter. Prominence was as attractive to Kirland as to any one. He never forgot his own elevation, and allowed none of his employes to forget it. Harvey had often States is at Santa Barbara, Cal. It is twelve felt that the old gentleman believed that inches in diameter, and the annual prohe was condescending to speak to him. | duct is often four tons.

Here was a chance to show him how he was regarded by others.

But there was the old adage-"a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Probably it was better to hold to what he had, than take the risk of the new project being successful; and there was risk, for it was visionary beyond all

doubt. He hadn't liked some of Clawson's expressions, "feather his nest," etc.; they smacked of the slang of schemers; and in particular, he objected to the criticism of Kirland. The merchant was slow and dreadfully cautious, but the money was rolling in from customers, who placed perfect confidence in the "old fogy." But, on the other hand, if every one would follow that old adage there would be no advancement; in fact, the world would stand still.

Thinking the matter over carefully, he finally decided that his best course was to candidly tell Mr. Kirland of the proposal and get his advice. So once more he walked into the library and again was almost turned from his purpose by the appearance of the stern, interrogative face over the newspaper.

"The two weeks are not up yet," began the old gentleman, with a sign of

impatience. "I know it," Harvey replied, "but I have not come to talk of that, although my decision would now be precisely what

He then explained in detail the offer. and finished by asking the old merchant's opinion. He pulled his under lip thoughtfully a few minutes before reply-

"Well, Mr. Harvey, I would be sorry to lose you, but I have always made it a rule not to stand in a young man's way, and if you think this a good chance, I will willingly let you go.

"But do you think it a good opening for me?"

"Mr. Harvey, you must decide this question yourself. A man shows his worth principally by his judgment. This is an important, I may say a critical question, and your own uninfluenced decision will be worth a thousand times more than one made from advice. Good, reliable manhood is built upon the decision of such questions.'

Again he picked up his paper and again Harvey withdrew, knowing no more than before, except that Kirland would not stand in his way. What should he do? His inclination was to stay with Kirland, because a man who was to become a son-in-law, would surely be made a partner; but on the other hand, did that show independence? Wouldn't the old merchant think more of him if he launched out for himself?

If he rejected the offer, Kirland might think him too timid to meet the responsibility and therefore too timid to have the care of his daughter.

The next day came a note from Clawson informing him that he must decide by a certain day, which, oddly, was the next following the night when Mr. Kirland was to render his decision.

That important evening came, and again Harvey interrupted the old gentle-

"Mr. Harvey, we'll dispose of lesser business matters first. I, of course, am interested in your new project, because if you go, I must get a new bookkeeper; although," he said, with a slight hesitayou would accept this flattering offer, and I have already engaged a man in your place."

"You have?" said Harvey in suprise. "Yes, wasn't it right? I didn't suppose for a moment you we u d reject such a flattering offer. Most young mer "Well, myself, Smart, on Twelfth | would be dazzled by the compliment and the prospects of such a position, so l argued that you couldn't resist them.'

"Well, sir," replied Harvey in some confusion, "you have misjudged me. The offer was dazzling, but I' have decided to remain with your old established business instead of risking my future on what looks to me very much like a visionary scheme."

The old merchant smiled a little, and without another word reached over and tapped a little silver bell. Its ring was instantly mingled with rapid footsteps and the rustle of a dress; and Annie hurried in. Harvey rose, and could not repress an exclamation of admiration at

her beauty and the eagerness of her face. "Annie," said the old gentleman, "you have had a question to decidebetween me, your own father, and this young gentleman who says he wants you

to be his wife." "Father," she replied, "I don't love you any less-'

"Oh! I see," he said with a smile, 'you choose the young man. Very well, it's the way of the world. Take

her, Mr. Harvey, she is yours." The young man was too stunned by the abruptness of the decision to walk to her, but she was not long reaching his

"Yes, Mr. Harvey, you cannot be my bookkeeper any longer. You and I will have some partnership matters to arrange soon. And by the way, if you see any coincidence between the answer you were to give to-morrow and my decision tonight, very well. I doubt very much if you will find any of the project left tomorrow. Now go back to the parlor, young folks, and make your own partner-

ship agreements."
"Do you mean, Mr. Kirland," said Harvey hesitatingly, "that that flattering offer was only a test?"

"Well I don't know as I said so," the old gentleman replied, with a smile that almost said so, "but I am fully satisfied you will take good care of my daughter." -Yankee Blade.

long, and Clear Lake, twenty-six miles long. Both support steamers. The largest grapevine in the United

California has many fine lakes. The

most noted are Tahoe, twenty-five miles



SYMPTOMS OF HORSE INSANITY.

When a horse goes insane he is apt to kill himself by butting his head into a corner. At the Veterinary Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, the largest of its kind in the country, such cases are treated in an oval brick chamber, perfectly dark. When this is heavily bedded with straw it is almost impossible for a horse to hurt himself. Insanity, or "dumminess," in horses is quite common. It is sometimes caused by a lesion on the brain, and is incurable, but when caused by stomach disorders it is often treated successfully .- Chicago Herald.

THE CURRANT BORER. The question is often asked why currant bushes grow weakly. Now and then a strong, vigorous shoot will appear, while most are puny. Mehan, in his Monthly, says that in most cases this results from the work of the currant borer. If a branch be cut across it will be found hollow. This channel is where the borer has been. Only a very small black puncture on the outside of the stem shows where the insect laid his egg. If one could get used to noting this puncture in the fall of the year, and cut out such twigs and burn them, it would help currant culture .- New York World.

TO DESTROY STUMPS.

There have been several methods recommended for the destruction and removal of stumps from cleared timber land, but so far none of them is of any practical value. The saturation of the stump with kerosene oil is not easily possible, nor is its impregnation with solution of saltpetre or sulphuric acid; and unless the stump is completely saturated it cannot be burned with ease. The most effective way is to throw out the stump by explosive, and, as dynamite is too dangerous for inexpert persons to handle, the common blasting powder is the best to use. The usual method is to bore a two-inch hole down to the centre of the stump and charge it in the usual way with the powder, using an iron screw with a hole through it for the fuse to confine the powder. In this way the stump may be split into pieces that are easily handled and the use of the wood for fuel will pay the cost of the work .- New York Times.

GEESE KILL GRASS.

Formerly geese were raised here-Vermont-in considerable numbers, writes O. S. Bliss, but feathers and carcasses are neither as profitable as they were, and the birds were found injurious to pastures, and few are now kept. We kept the Embdea, or, as they were then more generally called, the Bremen geese, for several years, and they paid wel but their run was so restricted that they pulled the best grasses up, so as to spoil the feed, and we got rid of them. Others kept the Toulouse, but our farmers generally contented themselves with a purebred gander, and stuck to the natives and crosses. In my boyhood, father used to pick up among his neighbors enough to make up, with our own, a sleigh-load of fine carcasses and take them to Montreal every winter, and it paid; but you could hardly persuade anybody here to keep geese now if you gave them a good outfit of the best breed. Then the grasses grew spontaneously and luxuriantly everywhere; now the stand of grass is maintained only with care and expense, and a goose will eat and destroy as much as a sheep. I like to see a flock of fine geese, and if I lived where they could have a good run on strong deep land, where the grass could hold its own against them, I would keep them .- New York Tribune.

WATER IN THE DAIRY.

In every gallon of milk there is at least seven pints of water, a fact in itself sufficient to convince one that good milk cannot be obtained from an impure quantity will be attended by an immedi- manure also, and will pay for it. ate and corresponding diminution of the flow; indeed, it would seem that the butter from any one feed; but there is importance of water as an element in no question about our being able to milk production is represented by the make good butter from ensilage, although fraction representing its value as a con-

Some men seem to think that nature made the cow a filter or rectifying apparatus, into which any amount of stale, unwholesome and impure water may be introduced with impunity, but the experienced cheesemaker knows better. In the course of an extended experience as a cheese instructor in Canada, Scotland and the United States, the writer of this article has met with more difficulty from bad water than from any other cause. It is a fact that in ninetenths of the pastures throughout the dairy belt there are low places, swamps and frog ponds, at which, in the course of the season, the cow are compelled to resort to quench their thirst. This ought not to be. No prudent dairyman will permit his dairy to drink at these places. They should always be filled up or fenced out, and an abundant supply of pure, living water be furnished at three pounds more of swamp water milk should be left in each hill, and they be to produce a pound of cheese than it engenders gaseous curd and cheese of loathsome flavor. - American Farmer.

KILLING THISTLES AND BURDOCK.

At a Farmers' Institute at Hortonville, Wis., the essayist gave his method of dealing with the above weeds as follows: and I would cut off at or below the sur- ping away of foliage.

face what I didn't sait. If I could not turn it into pasture I would have a sharp plow and plow it, and drag it thoroughly after it was plowed with a fine tooth drag. Then cut them up whenever they come up. I dug mine out twice a week with a spade. In the fall of the year the weeds came up thick, and for fear I might miss some I put the plow in and plowed it up again, and killed them the first year. Kerosene will kill them, and salt in a wet time will kill them. Brine will kill them."

The burdock he cuts up as soon as he sees it. An old root in rich ground often has the crown several inches below the surface in loose, rich ground. When cut below the crown they never sprout again, but new ones may come from the seed. Until more than two years old they do not run down more than two or three inches and are easily killed. An old morticing chisel with a long handle is the best tool for such work, and it is improved by having a spur in the handle upon which the foot can be placed in cutting a tough root. Many other weeds in the meadows or lawns are easiest killed with such an implement, and while it is quite a task to go over a ten-acre lot that very weedy, yet the number of such weeds that come after a year or two of cultivation and seeding to grass is not large unless foul seed is sown .- American Cultivator.

ASPARAGUS. Asparagus is the earliest, easily cared for, and most delicious of garden vegetables, yet in how small a number of gardens it is found. It grows with the ease of weeds, and when once started, if taken care of, it will come up every spring for a lifetime. It grows with great profusion in the Southern States, coming up in the gardens, orchards and grain fields, and for several weeks furnishes the farmers with a dish of the most exquisite taste. Many farmers grow it for profit, and when cultivated and fertilized it will yield a net profit of \$100 per acre.

Before the plants begin to start in early spring the dead stalks of last year's growth are cut and raked off the field with a harrow, which loosens the soil at the same time. As soon as the young stalks reach the height of six or eight inches they are cut, trimmed, packed in bunches of twelve stalks to the bunch, and shipped to the city in crates. The cutting then continues at intervals until the people get tired of asparagus and it does not pay to ship. After the cutcultivated and the plants are hoed and fertilized.

Asparagus can be raised from seed, but in starting small beds the best way is to buy the plants. They can be procured at small cost of almost any seedsman and will give the bed a start of at least a year. The soil should be well prepared rich loam and the plants should be set out in rows eighteen inches apart and a foot apart in the row. Great care should be taken to get the roots spread and well covered. In the Northern States it is best to cover the beds some time in the fall with three or four inches of manure, and early in the spring salt should be strewn profusely on the bed. Salt is one of the best fertilizers for asparagus, and raw bone is excellent.

Asparagus is a luxury which every farmer can possess, whether he lives at the north or south, and I advise all those who do not already enjoy this most delicicus of vegetables to set out a bed of asparagus this spring. It will do to begin cutting in a year or two, after which it will be a source of pleasure as well as profit .- Farm Herald.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Pumpkins are splendid food for cattle and hogs, and save a great amount of costlier rations.

Put your sawdust around your currant water supply, and that a shortage in and gooseberry bushes. They need good We cannot make the finest grades of

> not the best. If you will mix a ration of cottonseed meal, ground oats, wheat bran, wheat middlings or linseed meal with the ensilage, you will be able to make as good

June and July. Some asparagus grower claims that an improvement of fifty per cent. can be made in the asparagus bed by selecting two-year-old plants that bear no seed. These are males, and the shoots from them will be earlier and larger.

butter in January and February as in

Keep a little box of ground charcoal. one of clean, ground bone, and one of small, sharp flint before the poultry, and plenty of coarse, sharp sand on the floor; also, a box of ground oyster shells, as grit. But in recommending these substances it may be stated that any kind of sharp small grit will do.

Squashes want light, sandy soil, with abundance of manure placed directly in whatever cost. It requires from one to the hill with the seed. But two plants given about 100 square feet of ground does of pure water milk, and it always to run over. They can thus be made to produce five tons to the acre, worth all the way from \$6 to \$10 a ton.

Where there are undesirable trees or shrubs, which it is desired to have killed so completely that they will not sprout again, June is the time to cut them down. The sap that was stored up from "If I had a patch of Canada thistles I the previous year will have been exwould turn it into a pasture and salt my pended and none new will have been stock on that lot at least twice a week, prepared, and life ends with the ohop-



Miss Mattle A. Cobb of Providence, R. I. For the terrible weakness and prostratio

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Picture of Health

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liked Hood's Sarsaparilla, I thought I would say a few words. I think it is the **Createst Blood Purifier** 

before the people. Some of my friends say 'go away with your medicine.' I said the same once, but since my daughter has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla

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## A SICK LIVER

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