Here at life's silent shadowy gate. O Soul, my Soul, I lie and wait; Faint in the darkness, blind and dumb, O Soul, my promised comrade, come!

The morn breaks gladly in the east; Hush! hark! the signs of solemn feast: The softened footstep on the stair; . The happy smile, the chant, the prayer; The dainty robes, the christening-bowl-'Tis well with Body and with Soul.

Why lingerest thou at dawn of life? Seest not a world with pleasure rife? Hear'st not the song and whir of bird? The joyous leaves to music stirred? Thou too shalt sing and float in light; My Soul, thou shalt be happy-quite.

But yet so young, and such unrest? Thou must be glad, my glorious guest. Here is the revel, here is mirth, Here gayest melodies of earth; Measures of joy in fulness spent; My Soul, thou canst but be content.

Is this a tear upon my hand? A tear? I do not understand. Ripples of laughter, and a moan? Why sit we thus, apart, alone? Lift up thine eyes, O Soul, and sing! He comes, our lover, and our king! Feel how each pulse in rapture thrills! Look, at our feet the red wine spills! And he-he comes with step divine, A spirit meet, O Soul, for thine.

Body and Soul's supremest bliss-What, dost thou ask for more than this?

Stay, here are houses, lands, and gold; Here, honor's hand; here, gains untold; Drink thou the full cup to the lees; Drink, Soul, and make thy bed in ease, Thou art my prisoner; thou, my slave; And thou shalt sip wherein I lave.

Nay? nay? Then there are broader fields, Whose luring path a treasure yields; Thou shalt the universe explore, Its heights of knowledge, depths of lore; Shalt journey far o'er land and sea; And I, my Soul, wilt follow thee; Wilt follow-follow-but I lag: My heart grows faint, my footsteps flag.

And there are higher, holier things? Is this a taunt thy spirit flings? What is it, Soul, that thou wouldst say? Thou erst had time to fast and pray. Give me one word, one loving sign, For this spent life of yours and mine!

I held thee fast by sordid ties? I trailed thy garments, veiled thine eyes? Go on, I come: but once did wait, O Soul, for thee, at morning's gate. Canst thou not pause to give me breath? Perchance this shadow, Soul, is death. I stumble, fall; it is the grave; I am the prisoner; I the slave; And thou, strange guest, for ay art free; Forgive me, Soul; I could but be The earth that soiled the fleshy clod. The weight that bound thee to the sod.

Dust unto dust! I hear the knell: And yet, O Soul, I loved thee well! -Emma H. Nason, in the Century.

THE DOCTOR'S LESSON.



R. FORD was drivresult of an import- fight pain and death. ant surgical opera-

cosy parlor, dinner ready, and a long, eyes. restful evening before them.

But, as he drew near home, no cheerful light streamed from door or window. All seemed as dark and deserted as the dripping street. He threw the reins to faltered piteously. the boy, whose duty was to hold the horse on his professional rounds, and flung open the door with an irritated, per, shaking her head. injured feeling.

No tender smile; no sympathetic voice; no firelight; no dinner, apparently.

"Elinor!" he called. No answer.

"Elinor!"

This time a voice spoke out of the darkness -- a tired voice-"Do be more quiet, John; the baby is

just going to sleep."
"Confound it! Why isn't there a light here? And why isn't the baby asleep before this time of night?"

"He has been fretful all day with his chair. teeth, and I have not had a chance to

change my dress." A wailing cry from the nursery sent the voice hurrying thither, and the doctor, with some inaudible words pro-

ceeded to light the gas and take off his wet overcoat. The house was cold, the parlor had evideatly been arranged by day's work. He ran up stairs with no gentle foot-

step. His wife sat by the nursery fire, the patient! her face wore a weary expression, and she had on the same blue gown which she had donned for breakfast. The baby at length slept in her arms. She held blundering in, but already baby's light slumber had been disturbed and the process of soothing and singing had to be

repeated for the fifteenth time. It seemed to the young mother as if her patience could hold out no longer. It was provoking to have the little one startled from his uneasy dreams again. She knew Bridget would spoil the dinner. She had been trying all day to get down stairs to make the house pleasant with a magic touch here and there, She his, longed to get into a fresh gown and brush her hair, but there had been no time for her to do one of these things. Nurse was away with a sick sister, and are tyrannical and know and seize every mean to."

who are happy, after all, to be their

When at last the dinner bell rang Mrs. Ford laid the baby in his crib, sound asleep this time, warm and lovely in his ulter repose. She gave a hurried dab at her wavy hair, caught up a fresh handkerchief and ran down to join her husband, who sat at the table with a decidedly cross look on his face. He barely tasted the soup, then pushed it away in disgust.

"Burned?" asked his wife. "Of course. Can't you smell it all over the house? Why don't you look after Bridget a little?"

"Why, John, I have hardly been downstairs to-day.

"Where's Hannah?" "She went to her sister's last night." "Oh yes; I forgot. What's this? Cold corned beef! Really. Elinor, have you nothing else to offer?"

"Would you like an omelet?"

"No." "What then?"

"A beefsteak, if there is one."

Mrs. Ford rose and went to the kitchen. The girl, of course, had just filled up the range with fresh coal, so there was nothing to be done but make the best of the cold meat, potatoes and macarroni, followed by a dessert of apple pudding and cheese.

Dr. Ford found fault with the potatoes and said he was tired of macarroni, the bread was dry, and the butter not perfect. As to the pudding:

"My mother always had mince pies at this season," said he. This was the last straw, and his wife,

unusually sensitive to straws to-night, could bear no more. "It is a pity you ever left your

mother." "I think so too," he responded pushing his chair back.

His wife hesitated a moment whether to run around the table and burst into tears upon her husband's shoulder or to rush upstairs and have a good cry by baby's side. She decided upon the latter course and, with quivering lip, left the room and shut herself up in the nur- mines pies. sery, where the fire was dying on the hearth and the baby breathing softly, in strange contrast to her overwrought con-

"Well, it is provoking. Women always must cry and fly into a passion about trifles.

But her husband, even as he thought these words, began to feel repentant. He remembered the teething baby, and the long day at home alone. In another moment he would have followed his wife upstairs and apologized for the pain he had given her. But the doorbell rang, and a summons to visit a sick man at a Elinor. But dearest, come and sit by distance sent him at once out into the wet night. And all domestic grievances man. I want to tell you all about it," were forgotten before he had driven 200

The patient lived in a squalid part of the town by the river. The darkness seemed deeper in this poor neighborhood, the rain more soaking and the wind keener. The river swept sullenly by, a black, swollen tide, reflecting the flaring lights on the bridge. But the ing home in the twi- doctor minded this discomfort very litlight after working the. He was in love with his profession, hard all day, tired ardent and young. Besides, the despised and anxious as to the dinner had given him new courage to

He entered the one room of the low tion performed that house to which he had been directed morning. The mud with a face quite free from impatience. spattered up from A woman opened the door for him-a the streets as he rolled along, and the lean, miserable creature, with pale eyes chilling November drizzle gave to the void of expression. Her thin hair hung familiar trees a forlorn, almost ghastly over her neck, her calico dress fell limply aspect. His heart warmed as he pic- from her sharp shoulders. She stared at tured to himself a wife watching for the doctor as he entered, and he could him, with a welcome smile, from their see there were tears in her childlike

> "Joe's sick," she said, slowly gazing into his face.

"What's the matter?" "He-he's goin' ter die, maybe," she

"No, I hope not." "Joe's sick," she repeated in a whis-

"Who's come?" asked a voice from the bed in the corner of the room. "Nellie, girl, who are ye talkin' with?"

"It is Dr. Ford, whom you sent for," said the physician approaching the bed. One candle lighted dimly the untidy, comfortless place, showing a stove and a man with tumble hair and rough beard lying among the pillows of his bed."

"Oh, the doctor," said he, with feverish eyes staring from under shaggy brows.

"How long have you been ill?" asked Dr. Ford, sitting down on a rickety "It's a week since I gave up, but I've

been feeling bad a long time. The doctor placed his little thermometer under the patient's tongue and

waited silently. "Jce's sick," moaned the girl, peering out of the shadows.

The sufferer seemed to be irritated by Hibernian hands, an odor of something the repetition of these words and made burning stole in from the kitchen. A an impatient gesture, but as he did so pleasant reception for a man after a long | glanced pitifully at the slouching figure. "What you most need is good nursing," said the doctor, after examining

The man's face darkened. The woman hovered aimlessly over the stove.

"She's my wife," said the sick man, hoarsoly. "I know she ain't quite like up a warning finger as her husband came other folks. But she's peaceable and good, not bold and noisy like other women. I pitied her first off; then I got kind o' fond of her. And she"-

The girl had crept to the bedside and stood there with her vacant, troubled face, fumbling with the pillows.

"Joe," she said, much as a mother might speak her baby's name. "She can't do nothing for me nor for

clasped one of the fluttering hands in

"Poor thing!" murmured the doctor. "I can earn good wages when I'm well," went on the invalid, "and I did the cooking and kept the house tidy babies always demand more from their then. Now everything's going wrong. mothers than from any one else. They She spoils all the victuals, but she don't

opportunity to prove their power over At this moment something on the stove

the anxious, half ignorant young mothers, | boiled over with a loud hiss and filled the room with the odor of scorching milk. The girl stared, then moved towards the ruined mess.

"Oh, dear me," said the sick man, under his breath. "Don't burn yourself, Nellie," he called, as if to a child,

"It's scorched, Joe," she said, the tears overflowing at last. "Never mind, my girl, throw it away. We can get plenty more. You see, doctor," he said in his hoarse voice, "I can't speak rough to her. She's my

wife. The doctor sat with bent head, speech-

"I'll send you a nurse, my man," he said, after a pause. "What you need is good care. I will come again to-morrow." And with alow bow to man and wife, now clinging together, hand in hand, the doctor said good-night, and went on his way.

"Thank you, sir," called out the sick man, much moved.

The girl only stared and wiped the last tear from her lashes.

Two hours later a capable, kindhearted woman was installed as nurse in the little home by the river. She brought with her food in abundance, and comforts of all kinds.

Dr. Ford drove slowly homeward. Though it was late a bright light shone from the parlor window as he stopped. The glow of a wood fire illuminated the room as he entered. But no one came to meet him. His wife sat in her rocker fast asleep. The lamp threw a radiance over her bronze-brown hair and one delicate cheek as she slept with her head against the crimson back of the chair. Her face wore a sweet, childlike expression, with a touch of pathos about the lips, and her hands lay loosely clasped in the lap of her gown of soft dove

Near the fire stood a white-draped table holding a tempting little repast, carefully arranged. From a slender glass in the midst hung one red rose. The doctor knew she had cut it for him from her favorite plant. On a pretty plate reposed the flakiest and most delect able of

Dr. Ford stooped and kissed his wife's fair cheek reverently. She stirred, then opened her large eyes slowly. "Oh, you have come. I am sorry I was not awake to meet you. But here's

a mince-pie. I sent over to your mother "Hang the pie!" cried John Ford.

Elinor, I am a brute!" "Oh, no, dear-only a man, instead of an archangel, as I once believed you to be. But never mind. How do you like my dress?"

"It is divine, and you are an angel, me. I have just been to see a gentle-

WISE WORDS.

A friend is less a rock of refuge than a cross to be alternately sustained and leaned upon. In matters of love and matrimony in

especial should one prepare to be overtaken by the unexpected. In reckoning the world's benefactions the fancy that flits must share equally

with the patience that plods. If fine natures were ever given to revenge, the most effective means to such would be favor shown to an enemy.

Just and contemplative minds will question whether a finite life may be long enough to commit sins deserving an

eternity of punishment. Rules and resolutions are a sort of poor relation, expected not to interfere with matters generally, but good to appeal to in an emergency.

Youthful defects of vanity and affectation are classed as moral shortcomings only after the dark spot of dissolution has appeared in the ideal.

Man is not measured by what he does not do, though in condemning some offenses we are apt to place the offenseless clod above the offending man.

Religious faith in one's self is a laudable belief in that not dependent upon natural laws; superstition is the reprehensible belief of the uncivilized in the

supernatural. There is a certain kind of jealousy which is sweet and without sting-that which is tacitly recognized as fictitious all around, set a guard over a love grown too precious to leave without some show of mediæval defence. - Judge.

The Great Salt Desert of Asia.

Some seventy odd miles south of Teheran, in Persia, is a large tract of land known as the Great Salt Desert of Asia, and a wonderful curiosity it is. A traveller, C. E. Biddulph, with a party visited the section and gives a very interesting account of what he saw. The salt tract is a great area, being covered with an incrustation of solid salt of various depths, and resembles somewhat a vast frozen lake. From the outer edge for about three miles toward the centre of the field the salt is found to be soft with an admixture of earth. Beyond this distance the salt began to assume more the appearance of solid ice, and will sustain the weight of horses, mules, camels, etc. At a distance of about eight miles towards the centre it was necessary to employ the service of a large hammer and an iron tent peg to break off a piece of this phenomenal incrustation to carry away as a souvenir .- Boston Cultivator.

Whose Eats Meat Cannot Sing.

One whose business it has been to find persons suited for vocalists says he never loses his time looking for a fine voice in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Vocal capacity disappears in herself," whispered the man, as he families as they grow rich, because they Those Italians who eat eat more meat. the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in Irish women of the country, and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers because they eat too much fish, but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing .- Musical Millions.



MARKING SHEEP.

Marking sheep may be readily and permanently done for a year, while the feece grows, by taking a pinch of Venetian red in the fingers and pulling through the wool. The Prussian blue and common lampblack may be used to designate different grades or classes. The use of oil or turpentine is to be avoided, as it cannot be removed from the wool and is a waste, -- American

NUMBER OF PARTICLES IN SOILS.

The size of the particles of a soil largely determines its water-holding capacity, and thereby its fitness for certain crops. M. Whitney, of the Maryland station (R. '91), is investigating farm soils in the well-equipped laboratories of Johns Hopkins University, under the supervision of the station, and aided by the United States Department of Agriculture. The accuracy and thoroughness of the investigation is a credit to American science. Among other results, it was found that no crop can be successfully grown, unless highly manured or irrigated, on a soil having so few as 1,700,000,000 particles in a teaspoonful weighing a gram. Good market truck is grown on a soil having 6,868,000,000 particles in a gram, Tobacco soil contains 8,258,000,000 particles, wheat soil has 10,358,000,000 particles, and limestone grass land contains 24,653,000,000 particles in one gram .- American Agriculturist.

FLAX MEAL FOR CALVES. At the Iowa station experiments have been in progress to determine the feeding value of ground flaxseed for young calves. A bull and heifer calf of both Holstein and Shorthorn breeds were chosen, the two bulls being fed on whole milk, and the two heifers on mllk skimmed after being set twelve hours, with as much flaxseed as they could assimilate without scouring. These experiments lasted through three months, the calves being weighed every fifteen

The results indicate: 1. That a ration of skim milk and ground flaxseed compare favorably with a new milk ration for young calves-2. The skim milk and flaxsced meal fed calves were less interupted in their growth by weaning than were the whole milk calves -3. A saving value of butter fat alone at \$1.11 per month on each calf, was effected by substituting the ground flaxseed-4. The cost of producing a pound of gain, estimating new milk at 871 cents per former may be dealt with by picking off hundred pounds, skim milk at 15 the first infested leaves, by which the cents per hundred pounds, grain 1 cent rapid spread of the pest may be preper pound hay \$5 per ton (the latter two being fed alike to both lots), and flaxseed | treated with a dusting of finely ground meal 31 cents per pound, was 7.6 cents per pound increase with the fresh milk white worm, which gnaws into the roots, ration, and only five cents with the skim | may be successfully combatted by pourmilk ration. It seems, therefore, more economical to feed calves skim milk and flaxseed than with whole milk .- American Dairyman.

HOW TO DEHORN.

Horns on my cattle are a thing of the past, writes Waldo F. Brown. Every calf I raise now is treated when a week or so old, and the horns are killed. I get a stick of caustic potash at the drug store; throw the calf on its side, so as to hold it easily, and wet the hair on a spot the size of a half dollar over the embryo horn, and then rub on the potash thoroughly. When I began using the potash I did not rub it on long enough, and I got one or two one horned animals; now I rub till the hair comes off. and the blood begins to start through the skin, and it represses the horns effectually. I would not use any liquid preparation of potash, as there is danger of its running down where it is not wanted, or being spilled by a sudden movement of the calf; I never tried the twelve weeks of age. liquid but once, and came near putting out an eye. Be careful not to get the stick potash on your fingers; wrap several thicknesses of paper or cloth around

The dehorning of grown cattle is a simple process; takes but a few seconds if the cow is properly fastened, and I do not think it is very painful, for the cattle begin to eat as soon as the horns are off, and cows do not shrink in their milk at all. I dehorned the first week in June a Holstein that was boss of the herd, and from being kept in a small lot, milk. had become entirely too handy with her horns, opening gates and doors. Since her horns were taken off she has become smallest beifer in the herd makes her walk away from her feed, or drives her where she pleases. The saw is much better, I think, than nippers; the latter is likely to crush the bone and prevent healing so quickly. The only application we made after sawing was to fill the cavities with wheat flour, and although it was hot weather and fly time, the wounds healed over in a few days .--New York Tribune.

GROWING CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLES. We do not suppose it would be profitable for the great majority of farmers to undertake to grow cucumbers for pickles. Immense quantities of these pickles are annually consumed, it is true;

but it doesn't require a very large area to grow an immense lot of cucumbers. Yet for farmers in a locality favorable for educating the colt for future usefulness. the purpose it might be worth while to make the trial, for the crop is a profila-

The conditions most favorable to success in pickle-growing are wearness to a stick to it.

large city, or facility for disposing of the product in a fresh state to a factory in which vegetables are pickled either in salt or vinegar; or, in default of these, the necessary appliances for pickling on the farm, for supplying the home or distant markets. A cucumber grower should be in a good apple country, where abundance of cider could be obtained at small cost for conversion into vinegar.

The cultivation of cucumbers for pickles is very simple. A warm, rich, sandy loam is the best soil. It should be well manured and plowed deeply, in order to hasten the growth so as to secure the requisite tenderness and succulence, and allow the roots to penetrate the soil to a considerable depth. The variety best suited for pickling is the Green Prolific. The time for sowing the seed

is usually about the middle of July. In planting, the ground should be marked out four feet each way, a deep furrow being made so as to leave room for a good shovelful of rich compost at each intersection. This should be worked in with the spade or hoe and the ground leveled. Five or six seeds are enough for each hill, which will require between one and two pounds per acre. When the plants are well started and all danger from insects is past, they should be thinned out to three or four plants to the hill.

An experienced cucumber grower recommends that when the seed is sown a broadcast dressing of three or four hundred pounds of Peruvian guano per acre should be applied, as that fertilizer seems to have an especially good effect on the crop. By the addition of four hundred pounds of guano, costing \$15, to the previous preparation, over three hundred thousand cucumbers to the acre were obtained, which is double the average yield. As the crop was sold for \$1.50 per thousand, the expenditure of \$15 added nearly \$200 to the price received per acre.

The cultivation required is to keep the soil loose by frequent stirring until the vines cover the ground. The main vines should be pinched at the ends to keep them within bounds and encourage the growth of lateral branches, which are the most prolific of fruit, as they bear chiefly pistillate blossoms, while those of the main branches are mostly stamenate or barren flowers. The fruit should be gathered every morning as soon as it has reached the proper size, from two to three inches in length.

The principal enemies of the cucumber are lice, which prey upon the leaves, and the striped beetle and its larvæ. The The striped beetle should be gypsum; its larvæ, a small, slender, ing about the roots of the plant a mixture of one gill of kerosene oil with a solution of one pound of common yellow soap in one gallon of hot water, the whole being shaken into an emulsion. This has been found an effectual remedy. -New York Mail and Express.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

By the way, how clean do you keep your cows' udders? The farmer or dairyman who allows weeds to taint his pastures is not a suc-

If fowls have a large range now, the grain feed may be cut to once a day. Let them hustle for the rest they have. If the milk can is old and corroded

with rust, buy a new one for the milk, use the rusty one to bring whey from the factory. Keep your chickens growing from the shell, and they will be ready for the table or market any time after ten or

The good layers are active and generally on the move and scratching about -are the first birds out in the morning

and the last to roost at night. Does it cost more to raise 1000 pounds of flesh in the form of poultry than it does to raise 1000 pounds in the form of beef? Which sells for the most?

The agricultural experiment stations and dairy schools ought, in each State, to note the appearance and spread of weeds that cause an unpleasant flavor in

The wet season makes very "slushy" grass. The cows, the milk and the butter will be better if some grain is fed. a most proper and respectable cow; the Bran is better than corn meal for hct weather feed.

The Malta bees are noted for the purity and delicious flavor of their honey. They extract most of it from sulla, or clover, of which there is an extensive crop. Do not feed a lot of cockerels till they become "old roosters," then sell on the

general market. It is hard to make them pars as "spring chicken" even if the dealer cuts the spurs off. Clover is valuable in the winter feeding of hogs as well as for summer pasture. Stow away a little that is cut

the stock hogs that you carry over. Many horses that are unruly and have had dispositions are made so by bad treatment when they are colts. Gentleness is a first requisite in training and

young and nicely cured, and feed it to

ble one when properly managed, yielding sometimes as high as \$75 per acre the dairy, beef, mutton or wool, the, horse for the road or the saddle, and then

Beware of Continents for Catarrh That Contain Mercary.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney-, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Nervous, bilious, disorders, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.



Fixed just right -Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do it in just the right way, tooby using Nature's own methods. That's why they're better than the dreadful, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence.

But they're better in every way. In size, for instance, and dose. They're the smallest and the easiest to take; only one little Pellet is needed for a gentle laxativethree for a cathartic. They cleanse and regulate the system thoroughly - but it's done easily and naturally. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are

prevented, relieved, and cured. They're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for value received.

Something else, that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for him, but it can't be, for you.

"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. George W. Dye, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rheumatism. Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver.

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or deblitty

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