

## THE CHILDHOOD OF THE HEART.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood,  
How blissfully they sped,  
When not a charm had vanished,  
And not a wonder fled!  
The year was full of promise then,  
The tongue was full of praise—  
But I think the cup is sweeter now  
Than in the childish days.  
Oh, the laughing world of childhood,  
Of ignorance and ease!  
The lightest touch could quicken,  
And the least pleasure please;  
Yet the upward paths are dearer,  
With all the thorns they bear,  
Than a garden of a hundred flowers  
When Ignorance is there!  
Oh, the beating heart of childhood—  
That little heart of show,  
That doubt has never entered,  
Nor sorrow has brought low!  
Trust me, not all the rapture  
Its eager life can span  
Can shadow forth the perfect love  
That warms the breast of man.  
—Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Weekly.

## A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION.

LUKE MARPOD was neither better nor worse than the general run of mortals, and Mrs. Sarah Marpod, his wife, was, as the world goes, a very fair sample of a woman. Luke Marpod was a farmer, hence Sarah Marpod was a farmer's wife; both hard-working, unsophisticated people, conscientiously pursuing the straight path of life, while, on the other hand, a little keener insight into human nature and its motives might have shielded them from many a blow, and materially aided their right economy. In spite of hard work they advanced slowly in the acquisition of home comforts. Disappointments and misfortunes accumulated with pitiful rapidity and froze the fountains of domestic happiness. Before marriage the happiest of couples, they looked with sanguine hope to the future, not expecting great rewards, but trusting in Providence and loving each other fervently. They never had a lover's quarrel and the idea of post-nuptial disagreements dawned not upon their youthful imagination. A comfortable home, contentment and love was all they bargained for; all they sought, and surely fate might yield this to any one who means well and thinks honestly. Thus they thought, and thus they expected it would be, but the path of life runs continually into the dark. What jagged rocks may pierce the feet of the traveler on this highway no one can foretell. We can only judge by the light of the past, and to people of limited experience this light is a line so narrow as not to reveal the rocks and thorns on either side. Luke Marpod was simple, honest and narrow-minded. Mrs. Marpod was simple, honest and narrow-minded also, and perhaps the trouble lay in this very uniformity of tastes and temperament. Luke's little farm was mortgaged at the outset, and the few hundred dollars that Sarah received from her father disappeared in a twinkling and left no trace or footprint. Their first season was a bad one; crops were a general failure and weeds and creditors arose on every side. The neighbors, who always liked Luke's conscientious good nature, began to look askance at him, for they saw the tables turned, and, paradoxical as it may appear, found it much more convenient to be Luke's creditor than his debtor. As time passed without bettering their condition and creditors became importunate, Luke and Sarah took to brooding over their troubles and occasionally finding fault with the ways and means of the other, which might never have led to anything serious had the second year's crop proved a good one and helped to make up for the deficiencies of the first. This, however, was not the case, for, whereas, the year before the drought had baked the soil and scorched the growing blades of wheat and rye, the second year it began to rain in April—a very good prognostication, everybody thought, of a bountiful harvest, but Pluvius, having other aims in view, refused to recognize limits and gave the farmers time to plow and sow. Through April, May and June the rain poured down incessantly, day after day, until at last all hopes were abandoned and the Marpods entered upon their second year of infelicity. Luke, who began to think that the cause of all his troubles lay in his marriage, was rash enough one day to hint the same, and received a retort from his spouse that roused his latent dignity of marital lordship. Words were exchanged, and the result of their first pronounced disagreement ended by Luke's slamming the door behind him, and going hastily across the lot after the cows. That night he whipped the dog for letting the brindle heifer escape through the bars into the cornfield, had trouble with the same member of the bovine genus at milking time, and rose wrathfully to his feet after extracting the cow's hoof from the milk pail, to swear an unmistakable oath for the first time in his life. Then he beat the animal and made such a hubbub that Sarah came in hot haste to remonstrate on his brutality. "Shut up; mind your business, will you!" shouted Luke, as he hurled the talking stool after the cow and chased her around the yard. The same evening Mrs. Marpod, condoling over the loss of milk, gave vent to her indignation at her other half's carelessness, and the quarrel was renewed with vigor. Those first storm clouds in the domestic atmosphere soon cleared away, but each had discovered the other's lack of infallibility, and accordingly, while Luke lost a little of his manly pride, Sarah lost also in gentleness of disposition. For more than a month all went well, but aggravating things happened, es-

pecially during harvest time when reapers and mowers are constantly getting out of repair. Luke one day went to cut wheat in a field from which every stone and stump had been carefully eradicated. The sky was lowering and he wished to finish before a storm. Around and around the field went the horse, faster and faster fell the grain before the sickle. Luke's blood was warming with hope, when suddenly, smash—chunk—chunk went the machine and the horses were jerked violently back upon their haunches. The big cast iron seat hurled Luke clear across the sickle-bar into the grain. Scrambling to his feet he found that a sad accident had happened. A large stone had been lifted to the surface of the ground and left for removal. He had forgotten all about it, and hence a serious loss of time right in the busy season. It took several days to obtain repairs, and in the meantime the rain came on apace, leveling the wheat to the ground and causing great damage. Luke became gloomy, and Sarah could not help speaking regretfully of the loss her husband's forgetfulness had incurred. Everything was propitious for a quarrel and the quarrel came. Mutual recriminations became frequent and seldom did a day pass without unlovable scenes between the two Marpods. The neighbors began to make comments. Gossips took occasion to condole with Mrs. Marpod respecting the unreasonable-ness of her spouse, and, seeing her take their sympathy kindly, grew bold enough to betray all the rash things Luke had been guilty of prior to his marriage, acts which ought to have been buried long before in the graveyard of oblivion, so extremely remote was their connection with the present. Poor Mrs. Marpod! She took them to heart and at the next opportunity hurled them at the head of the astonished Luke. He owned up to everything, not even trying to soften his wife's too serious interpretation of his escapades, as he might easily have done, for the sinfulness was more against conventionalism than morals. He was in no mood to extenuate, and declared coldly that he didn't "care a cent about it" and that he "would do the same thing over again for all of meddling neighbors and ill-natured wife." Life gradually lost its charms for the Marpods. Through perpetual clouds and storms they pursued their gloomy pathway to the grave. Sarah had begun to think seriously of preferring charges against Luke for cruelty and praying for a divorce, when an event happened that temporarily dismissed the idea from her mind and made Luke more solicitous and tender. A little girl was born to them, and because it was in the spring time of the year they named her Flora. She came like a ray of sunshine to brighten the hearts of the parents and show them their dependence on each other for happiness, but by the time Flora was able to toddle around by herself and lisped the names of papa and mamma the parents had resumed their old fault-finding habits, and having once resumed them they were not long in regaining their former facility in the use of sarcasm and taunts. Luke in the first place found fault with the mother's method of nursing and declared it a miracle if Flora did not prove a weak, sickly child. He was sure that so much fussing would engender a frail constitution, yet as she grew older she seemed as strong and robust as a child ever is that breathes pure, country air. On the other hand, Mrs. Marpod declared that Luke's example was enough to contaminate the family, and that seeds sown in so young a mind would some day bring sorrow upon their heads. "Mercy on me, man!" she would shout, "don't touch that child with those dirty hands of yours. If you don't know how to be civilized, you had better not try to bring up children." One day, after a quarrel had been brewing between the parents for some time, they came to an understanding that something must be done at once. They seemed tacitly to agree that the time had come for them to separate forever. Dispassionately they sat down to discuss terms, and to an outside party all evidence of ill-temper had passed away. There was no question as to the division of property. Luke was willing to do more than Sarah wished, but regarding little Flora both were keenly sensitive. After discussing the matter for some time they agreed to hitch up the team and drive to town to see Lawyer Hobbes. Not wishing to go before a court, they decided that Mr. Hobbes should draw up all necessary papers and arbitrate as to the possession of the child. By this decision they were willing to abide. So, with Flora on the seat between them, they drove to town. In sad and faltering accents they told Mr. Hobbes how matters stood. Mr. Hobbes, a benignant gentleman, with long, white locks that had never been put to shame by a single mean act in all his life, and whose heart was as tender as a child's, tried to remonstrate, but both Luke and Sarah were sure that the old law would be revived and that it would be better to separate kindly; and in this they stood firm; so Mr. Hobbes, much troubled, entered upon the business. Little Flora listened with open-eyed wonder throughout the discussion. At last she seemed to comprehend, and the tears coming to her eyes, she toddled to her father, and grasping his coat in her tiny hands, lisped plaintively: "I want to stay wiv oo, papa," and then turning, she ran, and burying her face in her mother's lap she sobbed out: "I luv oo and want to stay wiv oo." Mrs. Marpod's eyes a-sam with tears, Luke's lips worked convulsively, and Lawyer Hobbes brushed something from his eyes. Raising her head, she laid her face against her husband's cheek and murmured: "I luv oof bof, I want to liv wiv oo bof." The long silence that followed was broken suddenly by Lawyer Hobbes.

"The little girl is right!" he cried, emphatically. "She ought to live with both. Luke, confound your pate, you've got a good wife to be proud of; and you, Mrs. Marpod, have a husband to be proud of; and by gosh," cried Mr. Hobbes, becoming red in the face and striking the desk a heavy blow with his fist, "I'll have nothing more to do with it. I tied the knot when I was magistrate, and it looks as though you had lost confidence in me." Flora ran to him, and smiling eagerly through her tears, cried out: "Yes, yes; I want 'em bof." That settled it, for Luke rose to his feet, and taking Sarah's hand in his murmured: "I'll 'low that it's been all my fault, and if you'll forgive me I'll never get mad again." Mrs. Marpod, on her part, protested that it was she who had been to blame, but Lawyer Hobbes scolded both and sent them home as lovingly as possible. Flora, who is now a handsome young lady, has a slight remembrance of the event mentioned, but just the tenor of it she does not recollect. She would not believe us were we to tell her how serious that trouble was, so great has been the revolution. —Chicago News.

**A Race With a Waterspout.**  
The British steamship *Amur*, Captain Rouse, from Calcutta, dropped anchor off Gloucester, N. J., on a recent night and her outward appearance foretold the thrilling experiences she had with the elements. When on the southern edge of the gulf stream, the steamer had an escape from destruction by a waterspout, which fortunately passed under her stern not many yards from the ship. The first seen of this monstrous disturbance was in the shape of a heavy cloud on the horizon directly to the windward. But as it drew near it appeared as though it would overtake the ship and send all on board to the bottom. It was a desperate struggle to get out of its way and the ship already in a disabled condition, the engineer stood by with the engines wide open, realizing it was a race for life. Nearer and nearer the dangerous water column drew to the ship, but by the time the nose of its approach met the ears of the crew the ship had gotten north to a place of safety. It passed the *Amur's* stern with a deafening noise. It quickly passed and disappeared. The same evening the wind freshened up and by midnight was blowing a gale, the ship driving directly under the waves and sweeping from her decks everything movable. The tarpaulins on the hatches were washed away, ports were sealed and boat coverings torn away. A tremendous sea from the northeast still continued and decks were started through the immense pressure brought about by the great quantities of water that was being continually shipped. Everyone on board were more or less injured through the ship's terrific rolling, and Captain Rouse pronounced it the worst passage he ever experienced. —New Orleans Picayune.

**Antiquity of the Saw.**  
The saw is an instrument of high antiquity, its invention being attributed to either Dædalus or to his nephew Perdix, also called Talos, who, having found the jaw of a serpent and divided a piece of wood with it, was led to imitate the teeth in iron. In a bass-relief published by Winckelman, Dædalus is represented holding a saw approaching very closely in form to the Egyptian saw. St. Jerome seems clearly to allude to the circular saw, which was probably used, as at present, in cutting veneers. There are also imitations of the use of the centre bit, and even in the time of Cicero it was employed by thieves. Pliny mentions the use of the saw in Ancient Belgium for cutting white building stone; some of the oolitic and cretaceous rocks are still treated in the same manner, both in that part of the Continent and in the south of England. In this case Pliny must be understood to speak of a proper or toothed saw. The saw without teeth was then used just as it is now by the workers in marble, and the place of teeth was supplied, according to the hardness of the stone, either by emery or by various kinds of sand of inferior hardness. In this manner the ancient artificers were able to cut slabs of the hardest rock, which consequently were adapted to receive the highest polish, such as granite, porphyry, lapis-lazuli and amethyst. —Scientific American.

**Danger in Feather Spring Rifles.**  
Army authorities are in great fear that the new magazine rifles now in use in the British army will be the cause of the death of many soldiers, because it goes off so lightly that a man, after being shot, may in the death spasm pull the trigger and shoot some of his comrades, or that even the moving of the body may discharge the weapon. It is therefore ordered that two men shall be detained from each company to follow the line in action, and when a man falls to immediately remove the magazine from his rifle and carry it away. The opponents to the use of the new rifle say that this looks to them to be a very clumsy arrangement and one likely to counterbalance the rapidity of firing gained by the use of these feather spring weapons. —New York Press.

**The Duration of a Dream.**  
Those learned and scientific gentlemen who have gone into the subject declare the longest dreams hardly last a few minutes. The following instance lends support to their views: One evening Victor Hugo was dictating letters to his secretary. Overcome by fatigue the great man dropped into a slumber. A few moments afterward he awoke, haunted by a dream, which, as he thought, extended over several hours, and he blamed his secretary for sitting there waiting for him instead of waking him or else going away. What was his surprise when the bewildered secretary told him that he had only just finished writing the last sentence dictated to him.



**DIVIDING THE OLD FARM.**  
It is the rule when a man has put a good deal of work into anything, he is pretty sure to develop an affection for it. The acres a farmer has toiled to bring to high productiveness are as the apple of his eye, sometimes it would seem even dearer than family ties. When sons and daughters come to an age for leaving home, nine times out of ten the wisest thing a farmer can do is to deed them a part of the old farm. More often than not what the farmer reserves for his own use will give him more profit than the whole would do if cultivated without the help of children who have helped him perhaps for several years before they attain their majority, more than he generally realizes. —Boston Cultivator.

**FARMING AT THE STATIONS.**  
The Pennsylvania station has been experimenting with silage corn, and some scientific results as to planting and feeding value of the different varieties of corn are given that the Boston Cultivator thinks must be of general value. Thick seeding has been found to give the best yield according to the nutritive value. Forty parts of seed corn planted to the acre gave a much larger percentage of drying matter for the silo than thirteen parts, and the dry matter of the thick seeded corn was 5 1/2 per cent. more digestible than from the thin seeded. Thick seeding in every way gave better results than the thin seeded. The early dent corn was found to be inferior to the large late dent, which is not so commonly sold for field crops as the former. The large dent produced forty-three per cent. more dry matter than the early dent, and it was 3 1/2 per cent. more digestible. There can be but one conclusion from such experiments. Thick seeding and the use of large stalked varieties of corn should be used for silage.

The Jensen system of treating grain seeds in hot water applications before using has been thoroughly explained in this country, and many farmers adopt the method of preventing loss through smuts. Recent reports at Copenhagen, Denmark, where J. I. Jensen has been experimenting, give as the resulting increase of the crops through the hot-water system of treating seed is between three and eleven per cent. This increase is explained by the fact that greater vitality is given to the seed by the hot-water soaking, and by the preventing of smuts. In the treatment of oats alone millions of dollars have been saved to the farmers of the world, and this was all due to annual outlay of several thousand dollars by the public spirited investigator and discoverer of the system. The treatment of grains by this method differs somewhat in various countries according to the moisture of the climate, but the general principles are the same wherever wheat, oats and other grains are cultivated.

**FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.**  
Knowledge of the apary must be gained by yourself. Others may supply you with facts, but results must be the work of one's own experience.

By feeding at short intervals all that an animal will eat up clean the hogs can be made to fatten more rapidly, but the work must be done regularly.

The light Brahmas are of the very best breeds to keep where it is desired to raise large, heavy roosters that can be made ready for market when six or seven months old.

Meach says it is always better to prune roses early in the winter than to wait till spring, and, as a general principle, it is much better to prune early than to prune late.

The new chrysanthemum, Golden Wedding, attracted much attention at the late show in New York, and has been pronounced as probably the finest yellow yet produced.

Have you ever figured out how much profit you made by letting sheep run in a field of cornstalks till their wool was full of burrs? Some time when in good spirits undertake the job.

Professor W. A. Henry has shown by experiment that it costs \$2.61 to produce 100 pounds of gain with lambs, and \$3.03 to secure the same gain with pigs of about the same age.

When the eggs are wanted for the incubator, a good plan is to separate the hens from the roosters for a week and then turn them together, and then begin saving the eggs in a few days.

While the farm affords plenty of range and an abundance of grass for the fowls, yet with this good feed and care are necessary, especially during the winter, if the best results are secured.

Overfed hens are liable to disease, and when leg-weakness, egg-bound, soft or extra large eggs are laid, or poor hatches occur, they may be directly traced to overfeeding of the hens.

Some of the winter-flowering salvias are very showy. *S. involucrata* is one of the best; it has long spikes of pink flowers, and it lasts in bloom three months, says a correspondent in Garden.

On the farm, at least, it is often possible to keep a small flock with very little expense, as they will be able to pick up the greater part of their feed, while if a larger number were kept more feeding would be necessary.

The main reason why shallow cultivation succeeds so well with the onion is according to A. A. Crozier, because the roots grow best in a compact soil, and the explanation which attributes the general practice of cultivation to the supposed shallow-rooting habit of the plant is erroneous.

**WHEN TO SOW BEETS.**  
Any kind of beets may be sown in May or early in June. The soil needs to be made fine and mellow, and the seed is sown in rows twenty-four inches apart for the sugar beets, and thirty inches for field beets. The seed is sown in these rows ten inches apart, but as it is more labor to drop the seed exactly this distance than the cost of more seed, the quantity of seed is increased to six pounds to an acre, which distributes it quite closely. The excess of plants is then taken out by the hoe, or by running a small hand cultivator across the rows and leaving strips of three or four inches, with clear intervals of eight or ten inches between them. These small squares thus left contain the plants and these are kept free from weeds with the hoe. The rest of the land is worked with a common cultivator, and the small one in the cross rows, thus greatly reducing the hand hoeing, which otherwise makes much labor in the weeding of the crop.

The seed may be sown by hand when only a small plot is cultivated, or by a hand seed drill which drops and covers the seed at the same time, when a larger plantation is made. For the best yield the crop needs liberal feeding, either with manure plowed in the fall, which is the best time, or with fertilizers in the spring, just before the planting. —New York Times.

**CHANGE IN DAIRY METHOD.**  
Of late years the whole practice of dairying has changed. It used to be that cows were pastured through the summer, and the butter was packed away for sale late in the fall or in the winter. Then the buyers went around and bought up the stock made in the summer. The cows were dry by the first snowfall and were merely kept alive through the winter and turned out on the fresh grass in the spring. There are many farmers who got so deep in this old rut that they could not see out of it and notice that they were left behind, and were going on alone, and quite out of sight of their wide awake neighbors. And they are still plodding along in the same seclusion. But others on the look-out for improvements changed their method and management, and are making their cows work and make profit every day in the year that is possible, and for the time they must rest this is chosen when it costs the least for feeding. Thus winter dairying is the basis of the new practice, and by high feeding at this season and most improved methods, butter is made for sale fresh

The New York Society for Ethical Culture, of which Professor Felix Adler is President, proposes to build a hall for itself to cost \$400,000, of which about \$100,000 is already obtained.

French influence is practically at an end in Panama.

**THE GRIP**  
Left me in a terribly weak condition; my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone, I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and severe sinking pains in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." Geo. W. Cook, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

**HOOD'S CURES**  
HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

**THE KIND THAT CURES**  
DANIEL C. EGGLESTON, Corvallis, N. Y.

**HELPLESS AND SUFFERING, PAINT AND WEAK FROM RHEUMATIC TORMENT, YET CURED BY**  
**DANA'S.**  
DANA'S SARSAPARILLA CURE. DANIEL C. EGGLESTON, Corvallis, N. Y., writes: "I am 65 years old, by occupation a farmer. For the last 2 years I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism, and at times I could not stir my arms. A constant pain in my shoulders. One arm was so bad that my fingers were drawn out of shape. Was also afflicted with a burning sensation in my stomach with severe pains. I would be faint and weak, so I could hardly sit up. I have taken Dana's Sarsaparilla and my stomach is WELL, no pain in my shoulders and arms. I am indeed grateful. Yours truly, DANIEL C. EGGLESTON." The above testimonial was sent to by W. H. Clayton, the well-known Druggist, Maple St., Corvallis, N. Y., which is sufficient guarantee that it is true. Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.  
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Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pain, blood, mucus or pus.

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