

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

When the wind blows—wind of the north; Wind of the wild, dark, raging sea;

When the wind blows—wind of the east, Wind of a dawn that is chill and gray;

When the wind blows—wind of the west, Wind from the way of the reddening sun;

When the wind blows—wind of the south, Wind of a bloom and a nightingale's thrill;

STELLA'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY HELEN EVERSTON SMITH.



HAT is the matter, Stella? You look as if some misfortune had happened to you.

"I am discouraged!" "What! You? I didn't suppose you ever could be that; and I don't see why you should be."

The last speaker was a slender, delicate woman, in her early twenties, and the work on her lap and lying about betrayed her occupation to be that of dress-maker.

"I know, dear," said Stella, ruefully, "it does seem ungrateful of me to find fault with my position; but then I am not so good and patient as you; and then, too, I am constantly seeing men advanced while I stand still."

"Yes," he said, as if answering some unseen objector, "I think you'll do, and if you do I'll—"

"I will do it," she said firmly, without awaiting the conclusion of Mr. Cruikshank's sentence, while a rich glow mounted to her cheek, and the light of courage and self-reliance came into her eyes.

"Yes, I think you will. I've watched you a good while, and I know that you have social tact and sound business judgment. You may depend upon it that, though I probably should not have thought of you had you not offered, I should not have accepted your offer to go had I not already known your qualities and qualifications. In this envelope you will find full instructions; but, of course, your success will depend on the use you make of them."

"Your chance will come, Stella. It must. You have grounded yourself so well, and are always so ready for every emergency. I think if you were asked to go to Alaska to-night you could be off before I could get my mind made up, and while I should have to take a trunk you could go with only a grip-sack."

"Yes, I suppose I could, for I am always well and strong, and don't need to carry both thick clothes and thin to be prepared for all changes of weather, or to burden myself with an alcohol lamp, a hot water bag, and all the rest of the traps that would be absolutely necessary for a frail little thing like you. Really, Kitty, I am ashamed at having been for a moment discouraged, when I look at you and see how hard you work, and remember what you have to contend against, and all without a murmur."

"So saying the tall girl bent to kiss her companion's pale cheek, and turned with quick firm steps to go to the office, where she was always on time—not a moment too soon or too late."

Arrived at the office of the great Anglo-American Polyglot Insurance Company, Stella was surprised to see the American head of the firm, who usually by no means manifested the promptness which he required of his subordinates. He sat forward in his chair, resting his elbows on his desk, the tips of the fingers of both hands pressed tightly together as he held them erect and slightly waving in the air before his face, his whole bearing that of a man who is brimful of an impatience which he is striving to control.

and Edinburgh and return on the fast steamer which leaves Liverpool on December 8, and is due here on the 15th. Will you go, Tracy?"

"I can't possibly, sir," said the man addressed. "If you had only told me last night—"

"That will do! Last night is a dead dog. You, Denning?" "I could take to-morrow's steamer, sir."

"Too late! Fraser, what's to hinder you?" Mr. Cruikshank was waving his hands violently by this time.

"Nothing, sir, only—" "Only! 'Only' never gets there! You, Johnson!" "My wife is sick, sir. I cannot leave her."

Mr. Cruikshank looked rapidly around the room, glancing at the clock, where the minute hand seemed to move with a terrible velocity. Apparently he did not see Stella, though his eyes rested on her a fraction of a second in their rapid sweep, so he was greatly surprised when she stepped quietly forward, saying in her low, clear voice:

"May I go?" The man looked up sharply into her face, and his own cleared.

"Think you can? All right! I'll send down and get a berth for you. My carriage is at the door now. Jump into it, go home and get your traps, and drive down to the pier as fast as possible. I will meet you there with written instructions and some English money. You have just one hour and five minutes."

While he was speaking Stella had been resumming her hat and jacket, and she was out of the door by the time the last word was spoken. A few minutes more and she was in the room she had so lately left, exclaiming:

"My chance has come, Kitty! I start for England in an hour." Kitty rose hastily.

"What can I do to help you?" she asked, her face flushing with generous pleasure.

"Nothing," replied Stella, "only to write and let my mother know; and don't work yourself into a fit of sickness before I get back."

While talking Stella was putting into her satchel a few toilet articles, a change of underclothing, a night-dress, a pair of rubber shoes and a waterproof cloak.

"Good-bye," she said. And with a warm kiss the friends parted.

Arrived at the steamer, Stella was met by Mr. Cruikshank with a rug on his arm and in his hands a guide-book and a well-filled purse.

"I thought you'd need the rug," he said, "and as this is your first trip you might not think of it."

Though not handsome, Stella was very pleasing in appearance. The severe lines of the dark blue business suit, relieved by touches of narrow gold cord, which she always wore when at her work, were becoming to her tall, symmetrical figure, and clear, healthy complexion; and so was the little hat of dark blue velvet, with a bunch of gold acorns, which rested firmly on her abundant coils of chestnut hair.

Notwithstanding the season, the weather was pleasant during most of the voyage, and Stella passed much time on deck, enjoying to the full the bracing air and the sense of freedom from care of every sort. She knew that she had been intrusted with an important matter. She must secure, and that quickly, the powers necessary to enable Mr. Cruikshank to act for the English directors in a grave emergency. Some of these directors, as she had gathered from their correspondence, were distrustful, and in the words applied to Carlyle by his mother, slightly modified, "they'll do deal wi'"; but during the voyage Stella would not allow herself to dwell upon this, and, on the whole, she felt herself equal to the task she had undertaken.

The morning of December 5 found Stella landed in Liverpool just in time to allow her to call upon the two directors who resided in that city, and, without waiting for dinner, to catch the train which, rushing up the 200 miles to London, would get her there on time to meet the directors before business hours were over. If curious looks were cast at the quiet, self-possessed young girl, traveling alone, and proving her ability to do so, she was too earnest to heed them. Every instant was of consequence to one who had yet to travel about 800 miles, to points as distant as Exeter and Edinburgh, meet the directors of those two places and get back to Liverpool in time to take the "Servia" on the afternoon of December 8.

sociations. To see the Edinburgh directors at their own houses before breakfast, catch the train back to Liverpool and board the tug which carried passengers to the "Servia" just in time to secure her passage in her, was all that Stella could do; but she did it.

The homeward voyage proved an exceptionally stormy one, even for December, but the "Servia" reached New York on the 15. As Stella stepped ashore she was met by Mr. Cruikshank, into whose hands she gladly delivered the so-much desired proxies.

The hour was a little late for arriving at the office; but, feeling that the delay was excusable under the circumstances, Stella presented herself at her desk, as fresh and serene as if she had left it only the day before. Another young woman was occupying her chair. Stella turned and met the smiling gaze of Mr. Cruikshank's second in command.

"It's all right," he said, reassuringly. "The best typewriter and stenographer we ever had has proved herself to be worthy of a big advance. See!" And he showed a cable dispatch from the chief of the London office, recommending that "Miss Hardenburg be promoted to the place of second assistant in the New York office, with a salary of \$1800 a year."

For the first time Stella felt frightened. Her good fortune seemed too good to be true.

"But," she stammered, "are you sure this is right? Have I earned it? Shall you not be sorry?" "Yes, you have indeed earned it. No, we shall not be sorry," answered the official reassuringly.

"A woman who does as well as a man is worth as much as a man. You have always done, in the most thorough manner, everything you had to do; and so, when your opportunity came, you could profit by it. Go home, now, and take a week's rest. You are more tired than you know."

"I am not tired," she answered, "but I will go home and tell Kitty." As Stella turned to go down the stairs, she said to herself, "It shall go hard if I am not able, before long, to put an opportunity in poor Kitty's way. She is just as ready for them in her line as I am in mine."—Demorest's Magazine.

Turtle Power. A paper published in Saigon, in French Cochinchina, gives an account of a singular experiment recently made in that colony with a new means of motive power. A French resident at the town of Hatien, a port on the Gulf of Siam, conceived the idea that it would be perfectly practicable to make the immense turtles, which are not uncommon in those parts, and which swim with no little rapidity, do service in drawing the small fishing boats. He purchased two large turtles at a cost of \$25, and fitted them out with harness and reins. Then he obtained a light, open boat, about fifteen feet long, and attached his turtles to it by means of traces. Holding his reins fast, he set out on a little trial voyage with the turtle team. The creatures paddled along very prettily, at a rate somewhat exceeding the ordinary walking of a man. As they directed their course toward the open sea, and as the weather was calm and beautiful, and the voyage exceedingly pleasant, it did not occur to the Frenchman to make any very thorough test of his ability to guide the animals. Much delighted, indeed, he kept on and on, until he presently noted that the sun was setting. The interested navigator then attempted to turn his team about, but the turtles resisted any such movement. They had evidently made up their minds to go to sea, and they would not be dissuaded from their purpose. The driver pulled his reins until he upset his turtles in the water; but as often as they regained the use of their flippers, they set out again for the middle of the sea. Night settled down rapidly. Luckily the inventor of the new means of marine traction had brought with him a pair of oars, and as a last resort he took a knife, cut his tugs and let his sea steeds, harness, reins and all, go their way. Then he rowed back laboriously to his village, lamenting his expenditure on the turtles, and resolving not to try any further experiments in navigation.—New York Dispatch.

Trees in French Cities. One of the chief beauties of the larger French cities, and second only to their edifices and monuments, are the trees. The almost interminable vistas of chestnuts and acacias stretching along the broad and well paved avenues as far as the eye can reach, their bending branches almost touching one another in an endless arch of verdure, form not only a delightful perspective for the eye, but serve to add beauty to cities already beautiful, and grace and symmetry to whatever might be harsh and forbidding. This, however, is not the result of nature's handiwork alone, for science and art have lent their aid. The planting, as well as the maintenance of the trees in French cities, is an item of no little importance in the annual budget prepared by the municipal council, which does not look upon their preservation as of less consequence than the repairing of the roadways or the lighting of the streets.—London Times.

Building in Bermuda. Bermudians have very little trouble in building an ordinary house. A man scrapes enough lumber together to buy a little piece of land and then borrows or begs a cross cut saw, a hand saw and an ice chisel. He takes off the thin surface of soil and gouges into the coral rock with his chisel. Then he commences to saw into the porous limestone and presently has a collection of white blocks about two feet long, eighteen inches wide and twelve inches thick. When he has taken out enough of them he has a cellar ready, and he uses the blocks for walls. Not much timber is required and the process is very simple. But only a Bermudian or an Englishman can do all this, for no foreigner is permitted to own real estate on these islands.—New York Press.



AN OLD MOSS-COVERED PASTURE. This is advice given in the Farm Journal to those who want to renew an old moss-covered pasture without plowing.

Harrow well when the frost is coming out, broadcast fine composted manure and reseed. If no suitable manure is available broadcast three or four hundred pounds per acre of fertilizer. Raw bone meal, 300 pounds, and muriate of potash, 100 pounds, will make a good dressing for an acre.

FLAXSEED MEAL FOR SHEEP AND CATTLE. Sheep and cattle feeding on rutabagas need a grain food in addition. D. Voelcher reports that the feeding experiments on the Royal Society's experiment farm, at Woburn, England, show that flaxseed meal is a more profitable feed for root-fed sheep than barley alone, or in part. Of twelve Hereford steers, fed all the rutabagas and clover hay which would eat, six were fed a mixture of equal parts of peas, beans and barley, and the other six received from six to twelve pounds of flaxseed meal. The former made as great a gain as the latter at a cost of \$1.57 per head less. The experiments show that feeding with flaxseed meal may be profitably replaced by a mixture of peas, beans and small grains, whenever the price of the flaxseed meal is above \$2.25 per hundred pounds. The steers were fed in warm stables, and the sheep at both roots and grain in the open field.—American Agriculturist.

CUTTING SEED POTATOES. There have been hundreds of experiments made in regard to cutting potatoes for seed in the various ways suggested. The result has been quite negative and nothing has been discovered that tends to discredit the common methods that have prevailed among intelligent farmers for many years. The use of cuttings having two or three eyes, and two or three of these in a hill (when the crop is grown in this way), and three feet apart, or one cutting twelve or fourteen inches away from the next when the crop is planted in drills, has been found the best in every way, both as to cost of seed or yield of the crop. Small potatoes have generally produced as good a yield as large ones when they have been well ripened and have been cut in the same way as the large ones. This fact is most interesting, as the cost of the seed is reduced to the lowest point, and is next to nothing when unsalable potatoes can be used as well as the largest ones. New York Times.

NEW POINTS IN SPRAYING. "Spraying must soon exert a powerful influence upon methods of cultivation," writes L. H. Bailey in American Gardening. "It establishes a new reason for pruning. The old, thick neglected orchards—these cannot be sprayed to advantage; too much time and material are consumed, and the spray cannot reach all parts of the top. And it is doubtful if it pays to spray for the inferior fruit which such trees must produce. The first requisite to spraying is pruning. Labor is cheap when pruning is done; it is expensive when spraying is done. Prune in February and March; spray in May, June and July. Spraying, too, must drive corn and other tall crops from the orchard. And it will emphasize the importance of level culture."

"Two important facts have been emphasized by the experiments of the last year—that for most fungous diseases the spray should be applied before the flowers appear, and that it pays to spray in a wet season. Spraying in wet seasons has been discouraged by those who ought to have upheld it, for the wet season is the one in which fungi spread most rapidly and in which spraying is most needed. We must spray in wet years, therefore, if no other, and the extra labor of more frequent applications is likely to be liberally repaid by the higher price of fruit in such years. So all experience now emphasizes the value of the arsenical and copper and sulphur sprays for every year. There should be no half heartedness, no timidity, no procrastination; lukewarm armies are never victorious."

TRAINING THE COLT. The future value and usefulness of your colt depends greatly on his training. Human life is often saved and sacrificed, according as the colt has been trained. Convince him you are his superior and his friend, and the foundation for his future education is well laid. This is most easily accomplished the first few days of his life, as he can then offer but little resistance to your wishes, and is, consequently, most impressed with your power over him. Hold him firmly but carefully, so as to do him no injury, and never let go while he is struggling. Use all the little arts you can to cultivate his acquaintance and gain his good will. Halt break when two or three weeks old. Do not tie him at all until he has become used to the restraint of the rein, and then for awhile tie in company with his dam.

Train him to give up his feet and have them attended to. Be careful not to lift his hind ones too high, or you will unbalance him so he cannot stand. Do not make any of his lessons too long and wearisome. Keep him gentle until old enough to drive a short distance to light vehicle. Then hitch by a well trained horse. Tie the colt's halter-rein to hame of the other horse, not too short, but so the horse can hold him if he takes fright. He will soon learn from the other horse to do your bidding. Familiarize him with your voice. Speak plainly and only when necessary; too much talk will confuse him. Start and stop him by it. Accelerate or slacken his pace by it. If he is frightened or suspicious, reassure him by it, and when he does well encourage him by it.

If he should require punishment, quit the moment he obeys. If frightened at something ahead, stop him until he has time to size it up, then maybe a little detour and touch of the whip will take him by, otherwise take hold near the bit and lead him by. If he stops by mistake don't lash or scold him. Break with open bridle; he may never need blinds. Teach him to stand still until distinctly told to start, then don't first tell him by a cut of the whip. Gradually accustom him to heavier work as he grows stronger.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

MIXED FEEDS FOR DAIRY COWS. It is fair to say that a cow must pay for the feed she eats, and return a living to the owner; but after all it is more profitable for the owner to raise the feed, and make yet another profit between the actual cost of the cow feed, as raised on the farm, and what the same feed would cost if another man raised it, and his living and profits came from its sale, writes John Gould, of Ohio. Oats, at forty cents per bushel, are too expensive a feed, when the results are compared with good bran, or what is yet better, with second, the grade of bran that has quite a showing of flour in it, and is yet in most markets cheaper than the bran. Corn meal, at sixty cents for fifty-six pounds, is a good feed in part, for a butter dairy, and especially so, if it is to be fed with clover hay, which is largely albuminous, and needs the starchy foods, like corn meal, to balance it, rather than more albuminous matter, which is so largely represented in bran.

When I can get clover hay in abundance, I feed largely of that, for, from every ten dollars' worth of the hay there is made nine dollars' worth of fertility. To balance the clover hay, I would get corn in the ear, and have it ground fine and feed with the clover hay, rather than buy more albuminous matter. Ear corn should be ground on the cob, and not shelled. For milk, the fourteen pounds of cob in a hundredweight of meal are worth more, as a promoter of digestion, than would be the fourteen pounds of pure meal in its place. A cow in good flow of milk will need from twenty-two to thirty pounds of clover hay each day, with eight pounds of the meal. In my dairy I reverse this by feeding fifty pounds of silage, made from fairly well eared corn, and five to six pounds of second's daily, and what clover hay the cows will consume—some five pounds daily to each cow. In the same way cows, to do their best, seem to need a bulky food, largely on the carbohydrate side of the ration, as mixed hay, well cured corn fodder, and the like. The albuminous matter should come in smaller amounts, though clover hay is an exception, as it is a loose, bulky, stomach-distending food, and the corn meal balances it in starch to some extent. Cows eat as they were born to do, some more, some less, and to produce milk the same rule holds good.

The amount of food a cow will consume is no indication of what she will produce in milk solids, so that the good dairyman has to feed as circumstances indicate, the milk pail being the indicator. Wheat straw is not a good promoter of milk yields, nor an economical factor in the feed line. Wheat straw is far better under a milch cow than in her stomach. A cow needs to eat so much straw to obtain a minimum amount of nutriment that the stomach is overtaxed, and there is a shrinkage of the milk. If the straw is cut fine, and moistened with a small amount of water, and then fine middlings mixed through the mass, the straw will be improved and made more digestible. Cut straw and linned meal are useful for young stock.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Progressive farmers practise a rotation of crops. Concentrated fertilizers and green manuring go well together. The balanced ration is a delusion unless the quality of every article of food of which it is composed is known. It used to be said "the farmers can take care of themselves." Now they are beginning to think about doing it. All milk sold in Copenhagen, Denmark, has to be first filtered through layers of sand, gravel, and fine cloth. There are not many more rapid ways of losing money on the farm than by the winter feeding of unproductive stock. About every farmhouse there should be a nice lawn. The farmer has the opportunity to excel in this sort of ornamentation. Double the life of farm machinery by taking good care of it. The matter is possible for all because practiced by many. Cold deep setting of milk is uniform in its results when all the conditions are kept the same. It is the same with the separator. To pick small stones use a potato hook, and save time and fingers. The best time to pick stones is when the land is seeded down.

An Electric Pencil. It is said that a French genius has invented an electric pencil, very useful for reporters or others who may want to write in the dark. It is a tiny incandescent bulb, which may be attached to any ordinary pencil, and is fed by a wire that passes down the sleeve from a little battery in the inside pocket of the coat. New Orleans Pileypune.

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