

WHAT IS BEYOND.

The blue sky and the blue lake Meet together In sunny weather, But what, oh! what is beyond? I know this side the horizon line, With its purple hillsides, broad and fine; But the country beyond, has it lakes like ours, And trees of grandeur, and fruits and flowers? What, oh! what is beyond? The gray sky and the gray lake Meet together In sombre weather, But what, oh! what is beyond? I know these homes, with their loves and woes, Their buried hopes from which patience grows; Are these broken affections united there? Are hopes fruition, and answered prayer? What, oh! what is beyond? The black sky and the black lake Meet together In stormy weather, But what, oh! what is beyond? I know the currents that thrill the earth, And flash the sky at the thunder's birth; But what of the circuit for souls between, And the central power in the Great Unseen? What, oh! what is beyond? —Sarah E. Bolton, in New York Independent.

THE COWBOYS' COLLECTION

It was Sunday. The little church bell had summoned the congregation to morning service, though a few late comers were still hurrying toward the consecrated spot. The Sabbath was observed and respected by all the residents of the town, excepting Jan Gebhardt. This citizen, despite the pleadings and persuasions of the little parson and different members of the church, refused to close his saloon on Sunday, for upon this day he usually realized his biggest profits. Many laborers from the surrounding ranches, farms and mines spent their Sabbaths and week's wages at Gebhardt's tavern, and the passing traveler was sure to rest there over night if he arrived on Sunday, and this was, of course, another source of revenue for the proprietor. This morning Jan was standing at the door, placidly smoking his pipe and looking away toward the mountains with a self-satisfied expression. The beauty of the landscape before him might have awakened the soul of a poet or an artist, but Jan was not of a sensitive, emotional disposition. The scene presented to his phlegmatic mind simply earth, vegetation and air, while in the clear, propitious weather he discerned alone the promise of extended patronage. As he stood thus, wrapped in pleasant anticipations, he heard a faint, low, steady rumbling as if of distant thunder. He looked up quickly. There were no clouds in the sky. What could it mean? It was gradually becoming louder and more distinct, and seemed to issue from a large gulch or pass to the west. Jan took the pipe from his mouth and listened. Suddenly a shout, accompanied by the report of a number of revolvers, startled the echoes far and near, and there issued from the gulch a black mass which resolved itself into a body of horsemen bearing down toward the town. Jan watched them lazily, thinking of the money he would be able to realize from them. Nearer and nearer sounded the clattering of the horses' hoofs, until Jan could almost hear each separate foot-fall, and presently they slowed and stopped outside his door. Smiling and ducking his head, he wished the visitors good morning and invited them in. They accepted his invitation, and were soon standing and sitting about the bar-room, while the obsequious Jan served them with drink. One of them, a burly fellow, asked him for a certain kind of liquor, and after the keeper of the tavern had taken it from the shelf and turned about, his smile was suddenly transformed to a look of horror, for he found several revolvers leveled at him. "Mein chennelms, that you goin' to do?" cried the frightened man. "Dutely," said the burly fellow, "don't you know you're desecratin' the best day in the week by keepin' yer saloon open?" "Well, how can I help it, chennelms? It's the pest day for peesiness." "Business or no business, old man, you've got to reform. We're the Salvation Army, we are, and don't you forget it." "Chennelms, chennelms, don't do nothings to me," cried Jan, wringing his hands in anguish, as he looked down the bright barrels of half a dozen revolvers. "Fetch down them bottles from that shelf," shouted the cowboy. The trembling Jan obeyed. "Now, then," said this strange avenging angel, "set 'em up across th' room; every one's a bull's eye." Jan hesitated, but the revolvers compelled obedience. Before the cavalcade moved on he had been obliged to see the destruction of a large part of his wares, and the unfortunate man was left standing amidst a confusion of broken kegs, neckless bottles and pools of wines and liquors, wringing his hands and calling down maledictions upon his persecutors, who were now continuing their mad career, down the street. The cowboys soon came in sight of the little church, standing in a lot surrounded by a rough picket fence, while a few small poplar trees seemed endeavoring to cast a little shade upon the building. The sweet melody of one of the old hymns floated out to them, and they unconsciously paused and listened,

and when it ceased rode on to the gateway. "Now for some fun, boys," said Billy, a graceful, lithe young man with mischievous brown eyes, as he reigned up his horse; "you fellows just follow Spot and we'll see something interesting." Spot, who had been spokesman at the saloon, urged his horse forward and they slowly rode into the yard and to the door of the church. The congregation were kneeling in prayer, while the pastor, standing in the center of the platform, his arms uplifted, his face writhing in the most ludicrous contortions, was moving his body up and down, keeping time with the shouts he emitted, which were supposed to be the prayers for the salvation of the souls of his sinful brethren—at least so Billy surmised, as he watched him with an amused smile. As the pastor was gathering for the culmination of his prayer, the leader turned to his companions, and said in an undertone, "Now, then," and their horses' hoofs roused on the wooden floor of the church. The startled congregation, rising with one accord, beheld Spot, the cowboy, riding solemnly up the aisle, followed by his companions. "Don't be alarmed, ladies 'n' gentlemen. We're only come t' join in the services, an' 'll trouble you t' sit still they're over," said Spot, with a smile manufactured for the occasion, as the people seemed inclined to depart rather precipitously. Seeing themselves thus at the mercy of the cowboys, they were obliged to resume their seats, almost overcome by fear and apprehension. "An' as fer you, parson," said Spot, pointing his revolver at the trembling man, "don't stand there snivelin'. You're a purty kind o' shepherd! I'll bet there ain't one in th' flock as big a coward as you, 'n' yet you think you kin buy off th' Lord by shoutin' 'n' pretendin' t' save souls a heap better'n yourn. I'll give you sompin' t' do in earnest. I ain't had no one to pray fer me since I was a little kid at my mammy's knee. You jist git down on yer knees 'n' pray fer me now." The parson hesitated, threw up his hands, and rolled up his eyes in deprecation. "There, parson, don't take on like a fool about it, but git down t' business, or I'll give you a lift t' a better land, a service y'd no doubt thank me fer." The little man did not seem quite ready to depart for a better land, so covered by Spot's revolver, he was obliged to sink on his knees and begin his prayer. "Lord," he prayed, in a quivering voice, "O Lord—forgive and protect—this poor sinner—" "See here, now I don't want you givin' th' Lord no mistaken impression 'bout me. You tell Him about th' benefit I am t' this yere world." And again the revolver figured as a persuader, and the little parson changed the nature of his prayer. "He's giving Spot quite a 'send off,'" said Billy in an undertone to one of his companions, "we're not in it. The parson prayed for some time, then prepared to arise. "That ain't enough," shouted Spot, flourishing the revolver; "I'll be hanged if I'm not goin' t' have enough prayin' t' last me a week, and then here's all these boys ain't been prayed for yet." So the parson resumed his prayer. Several times he attempted to finish and arise, but every time Spot compelled him to return to his prayer. At last, when he was out of breath, stiff in every joint and sick with fright, Spot condescendingly said: "There, little 'un, that's enough. And now we're goin' t' take up a kerlection. Boys, take yer hats 'roun,' 'n' don't let any guilty man escape." Two of the boys, each holding a hat in one hand, a revolver in the other, passed about the church compelling every member of the terrified congregation to give some contribution. Those who had no money were obliged to give a watch or a ring, or some other jewel or trinket they might have about them, and finally it was all brought to Spot, who turned the collection over to Billy. "An' frien's," said Spot, "we're much obliged t' you fer all this yere stuff, 'n' the parson fer his prayers. We only want er ask one thing more o' you. We ain't no low down thieves. We ain't takin' up this yere money 'n' gawags fer ourselves. We're going t' good with 'em. Now we'll trouble you t' tell us who's th' most deservin' charity in this yere town." "The widow!" said several voices in chorus. "And who might be the widder? There ken be more'n one widder in a town. What's yer widder's name?" Nobody seemed to know, but he was told where she lived, and the cavalcade of cowboys turned their horses around, and passed from the church into the bright sunlight. They wended their way down the road, laughing boisterously over their recent escapade, and soon found themselves in the little lane leading to the widow. The horses had been trotting briskly, but upon nearing the little, half decayed shanty standing alone among the sage brush and wild flowers, their pace slackened, and they finally came to a standstill before the broken gate. "Whose a-goin' t' take the money 'n' stuff in t' the widder?" asked one of the boys. They all looked at each other in some perplexity. "Pears t' Spot ourter," said another, "he's bin headin' th' gang all day." "It was Billy got up th' fun," said Spot, "so 'cordin' t' my min' he's ourter be th' one t' do th' charity act. 'Sides, he's a lady's man, an' a talker from way back." Billy made some remonstrances, but was finally prevailed upon to undertake the commission, and, hanging his six shooter and belt on the fence, he knocked at the door. A feeble voice

said: "Come in." Pushing the door open, he stood irresolute upon the threshold. The light in the room was dim, and he could indistinctly see a figure stretched on a low couch in the farther corner. "Will you come in, sir?" said the same feeble, gentle voice; then as Billy stepped in with some embarrassment she continued, "What is your errand, sir?" He tried to think of a means by which he could delicately and acceptably deliver his message of charity, but finding none he was obliged to make known his errand as simply as possible, trusting to the inspiration of the moment to help him out. "You are a widow, are you not?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, raising herself hastily on one elbow as he spoke. "You must forgive a stranger, madam, for coming to you with so little ceremony and asking such a question, but the truth is, I—" "Tell me, sir," she interrupted, "do you live in this part of the country? Are you a cowboy from one of the ranches? Excuse me, I am partly blind." "Yes," he said, "I live here and I am a cowboy." "How long have you been following this occupation? How long have you been in Colorado? You were not born in the West, I know, for you have neither the speech nor manners of the people. Where did you come from? Tell me, I implore you." Billy looked at the form dimly outlined before him in blank astonishment. "Why, madam, I'm perfectly willing to tell you. My home was in New Haven, Conn., God bless it, and I came West eight years ago. Since then I have met with many varied experiences. I've tasted the sweetness of prosperity and the bitterness of adversity. About a year ago I had a comfortable sum of money and was preparing to return to the East, when by an unhappy speculation I lost it all; then I drifted into my present situation. But I mean to accomplish something before I go home again to my dear old mother." There was a charming youthful ring of hopefulness in his voice which his eight years of trying experiences had failed to obliterate. The widow dropped back on her couch and was perfectly still. "But I am forgetting my errand," continued Billy. "My friends and I have brought you a little offering, which I hope will be acceptable. It should be, for it is a present from the good church-members of the village, who beg you will accept it with their compliments." He advanced to the side of the couch and bent down to place the contents of his hat in her lap. As he did so a ray of light stole through the half-closed blinds and fell upon the woman's face. "My God!" He started back paler than his companion, while the hat dropped heavily to the floor. The next moment he was kneeling beside the couch clasping the wasted form in his strong young arms, his frame shaken by violent sobs. "Willis, dear Willis, I have been seeking you all over the West for the last five years. Thank God, oh, thank Him a thousand times that I have found you at last." In the meantime his companions outside were becoming impatient. "Wonder what's keepin' th' feller so long," said one of them; "he could a gave the widder th' money a hundred times over during th' time he's been in there." "I should think he could. Tell you what, I'll just creep aroun' t' th' widder 'n' see what he's up t'." said Spot, suiting the action to the words. Dropping on his knees, he cautiously peered through the half-closed blinds. The next moment he had fallen backward, and was soon hastening to his comrades with a curious expression on his face. "Well, what's up, Spot?" he was asked. "I dun' know," replied Spot, scratching his head. "Pears like Billy's gone and got mashed on th' widder. He's down on his knees 'fore th' bed a-holdin' 'n' her in his arms." A hearty laugh went round the crowd. At that moment Billy appeared at the door with his sombrero pulled well down over his eyes. "Boys," he stammered, and the strong man's lips quivered—"boys there's an old lady inside who wants to know my friends. Come in. It's my mother."—The Californian.

England's Plowed Land Diminishing. During the last twenty years the area of land in England under the plow has diminished by very nearly 2,000,000 acres, or over fourteen per cent. The amount of arable land in Wales has diminished twenty-one per cent. in the same period. In Scotland, on the contrary, it has increased by 78,000 acres. This difference is partly explained by the relatively large areas of land in Scotland retained under clover and rotation grasses, more than one-third of the whole cultivated area. In England the proportion of cultivated land so occupied is little more than one-tenth of the whole.—Chicago Herald.

To Locate Metals in Flesh. An electrical instrument has recently been invented which is sufficiently delicate to detect the presence of one-eighth of an inch of steel or iron wire at a distance of six inches from itself. It is intended for use in locating small pieces of magnetizable metal, such as needles, tacks, steel and iron chips, etc., that may have entered the human body unawares and hidden themselves in the skin or deeper tissues. It will probably prove to be of great service where the ordinary methods of detecting the presence of foreign metallic substances are ineffective and unreliable.—American Farmer.

FERTILIZERS AND COW-FEAS. The manner of properly treating and applying fertilizers is yearly receiving more consideration among farmers. On this subject the Georgia Experiment Station tells Southern farmers that the best results can only be obtained from concentrated fertilizers by using them on the best lands, and not by scattering them at the rate of 100 or 200 pounds to the acre over a large, worn-out plantation. Nor should the mistake be made of applying large amounts of concentrated fertilizers on worn-out land. The larger the application the more important it becomes that the land should be in the best possible condition, such as it would have been left in by a good crop of small grain, with thorough and deep plowing and harrowing. The practice of sowing cow-peas is strongly urged for renovating the soil and for hay. Nitrogen is the most important element of plant food because it is indispensable to the plant and is deficient in all worn or partially exhausted soils. It is the most uniformly effective element of a fertilizer for all grains, grasses and cotton. While the most expensive, if bought in the market, it may be drawn from the air by cultivating such plants as clover, peanuts, vetches, burdock, and especially the cow-pea, which, if properly utilized, will be more valuable to the Southern farmer than red clover has been to the farmers of the North and West.—New York World.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE. Attention has recently been directed to the application of electricity to farming operations, and the designing and introduction of suitable dynamo-electric machinery for this purpose would no doubt be profitable both to the manufacturers and the farmers. Early in 1892, an electric power system was installed at the farm of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Auburn, Ala., the current being brought from the college laboratory by a line three-quarters of a mile in length, conducted by the students themselves. A ten horse power motor was used for ginning and pressing cotton, thrashing grain, cutting up feed stuff, etc., and gave entire satisfaction. In every community where there is water power, electricity could be economically generated and used not only for the above mentioned purposes, but also to run saws, planing machines, pumps, lathes, grindstones, cider presses, sorghum mills, churns, sewing machines—in short, for everything requiring power. What farmer would not welcome the exchange of smoky lamps for electric lights? The arc light may also prove useful in market gardening, some recent experiments made in France having shown that it has a marked effect in stimulating plant

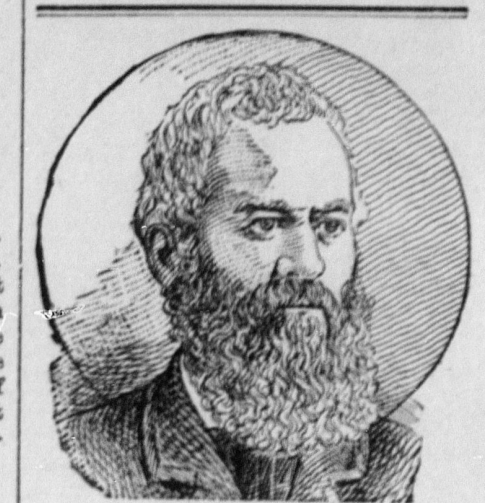
growth when sunlight is not to be had. Where sufficient water power is not available, windmills might be used in connection with a system of storage batteries. Such a utilization of the wasted energies of nature would put off the coming of the coal famine that threatens future generations.—Inventive Age.

CULTIVATION OF WILLOWS. Inquiries are received concerning the culture and marketing of willows for baskets and other goods. Notwithstanding the basket willow does well in this country, five-sixths of the quantity consumed is imported from foreign countries. The prevailing opinion that only low land is suitable for willow cultivation may be the cause of so little attention being given to it. Low land is best, but high land is good. It is certainly far better than land where there are stagnant pools or too much water. For the growth of willows the land must be treated similar to that intended for the planting of corn. It must be plowed in the fall and loosened up in the spring. The field must be kept free of grass and weeds. The willow cuttings are planted in rows twelve inches apart. The rows should be three feet apart and a cultivator and hand hoe used to keep down the weeds. The plants are cuttings from two to three year old willows which are cut one foot long, measuring three-eighths to one-half inch in thickness. With a stick or iron rod holes are made in the ground and a cutting introduced so that one or two buds remain above the ground. The first year only a few sprouts will spring from each cutting. Every year in March the switches are cut close to the stem before the sap shoots into the plants. The switches are tied in bundles about ten inches in diameter and placed in two or three inches of water, remaining there until the latter part of April until the sap has risen and small leaves and sprouts have appeared. This sap loosens the bark which can be removed very easily by being drawn through a wooden fork similar to a clothes pin. Willows must be dried in the open air. They are then bundled to weigh about fifty pounds per bundle. About 30,000 willow cuttings are necessary to plant an acre. The willow reaches the greatest production in the third year, and with proper care and good fertilizing it will continue to yield good results for many years. Dry peeled willows are worth five to eight cents a pound, and green willows with the bark on them are worth \$14 to \$18 per ton.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Pigs should suckle till ten weeks old. The flock enjoy summer as well as winter comforts. Have a syringe handy when the foal puts in an appearance. Are there vast places in the pasture? Give them a coat of manure. There are family traits and likenesses in sheep as much as "humans." No, no! "Everybody can't be a good shepherd; they ain't made that way." Salt and wood ashes in reach of hogs are beneficial. Good for horses also. Never refuse a good cash offer when you have anything of the horse kind to sell. Many a man is a success as a wool grower and can't tell why to save his life. Feed oil and cotton-seed cake. It is best for sheep, for the farm and for you. One thing can be relied upon about sheep manure—there are no weed seed in it. A few short, sharp brushes develop speed much faster than miles of slow work. Have some pasture held in case you need it further on when dry weather comes. The neglect given the chicks now cannot be overcome with good care by and by. Make your flock what your wife is—the best, prettiest, and the envy of everybody. Health, comfort, neatness are the things to be sought when building a poultry house. Is your experience that cooked or soaked corn is better than dry, hard corn for hogs? Little chicks enjoy fresh water to drink. Give them some, even though you provide milk for them. Soft coal cinders and charcoal from wood or coals should be among the "appetizers" kept on the hog's bill of fare daily. The aluminum sulky, weighing from eighteen to twenty-five pounds, is said to be coming along with the two-minute trotter. Minnesota has passed a law making it a criminal offense to dock a horse's tail according to the hackney senseless and cruel fashion. If you are raising chicks for the eggs they will lay don't keep the cockerels till fall, sell them as soon as large enough for broilers. Because bright timothy hay and oats are the best feed for horses it does not follow that they would not like a change from it sometimes, or that they would not do better for such a change.



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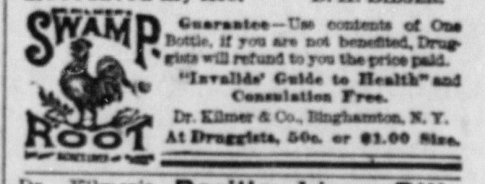


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