

LOVE'S VOYAGE.

We are going with the wind, Love, Blowing fair and free, Somehow the breeze is always good That blows for you and me.

Behind us lies the dear old land, Before us dreams the new, Beneath us swells the joyous sea, Above us bends the blue.

What is there that can hinder love, Or make our hearts afraid? The ocean deep can never fall, The sky can never fade.

You are my universe, and I, Oh, I am yours, my sweet; Then how can any cloud arise, Or any tempest beat?

We are going with the wind, Love, Blowing fair and free, Somehow the breeze is always good That blows for you and me.

If we go down, the sea is love, And holds us evermore; Our tide, whatever way it move, Will reach a golden shore.

M. Thompson, in New York Independent.

THE OLD CEDAR CHEST.

BY H. M. HOKE.

HAD NOT returned to my old home since the death of my parents, many years before the summer of which I write.

That summer, as will be seen, a powerful influence drove me thence, from the activities of business. My uncle, who had taken charge of the place when my father died, received me cordially at the spacious, old-fashioned farmhouse.

"Ralph," he said, as we smoked on the wide porch after supper, "you will have a companion during your visit."

"A companion! Who?"

"Grace Northbrook."

"Grace Northbrook?"

"Yes, she will come to-morrow at the same time you came to-day," he replied, rising. "I'm going to the barn now. I hope you and she will find it agreeable to renew your old acquaintance."

"Grace coming here," I said to myself after he had gone. "What does it mean?" Striving for an explanation I naturally fell to calling up the circumstances which caused my astonishment.

The Northbrooks had in the old days owned the farm adjoining ours, and the families had been intimate. Grace being an only child, and I the same, a peculiarly close friendship sprang up between us.

We were inseparable playmates, and it easily came to be the wish and intention of our parents, so far as they could direct events, that we should marry. But conditions changed. My father and mother died, and I soon left home; and when I learned afterward that Mr. Northbrook, moved by ambition, had sold his farm and gone to New York to live, my belief was that Grace and I were finally separated.

Having been young when I left home, and whatever boyish liking I had had for little Grace Northbrook being quickly ground into forgetfulness by business strife, the severing of our youthful engagement caused me little regret.

But one evening, after I had taken up my residence in New York, I met her again at a friend's home. Our surprise and pleasure were mutual. Walking together that night on the broad piazza of my friend's house, I soon found that her temperament had brightened rather than dimmed. In the daring way that she so easily excused in merry people, she lightly called up our old engagement. I met her in the same spirit, and we had a hearty laugh over the youthful declarations and promises, but, checked by her mature beauty, I, even then, had a misgiving that, with me, this spirit would soon settle into seriousness. A few moments after our promenade ended, I saw her in company with Mr. Frederick Adlow, the son of a wealthy banker, and in the happiness of her face, and the devotion of the young man, I found the reason for her amusement over our childish love-making and her freedom in speaking of it.

I met her frequently after that, and our chief topic was this youthful attachment. She took particular delight in jesting about it in her half-reckless, light-hearted way, and seemed to think it equally delightful to me. But, though I joined in her mirth, the effort was greater each time, and I realized that the boyish liking I had had for her as a little girl had risen into a man's love for the beautiful, sweet-hearted, noble woman into which she had grown. I saw, too, with growing concern, that, in the joy of her love for Adlow, she was perfectly innocent of even a possibility of seriousness on my part; and, wishing more every day, as I did, for a revival of our childhood engagement, the danger into which we were drifting grew plainer. We were setting up a barrier of mirth, which, I feared, would be difficult to overthrow.

At last I felt that I could no longer endure this jesting upon what had become sacred to me, and, shrinking from the possibility of her amused surprise at a revelation of my love, I determined to go away. This determination was fixed one evening when Grace came to me with the announcement that she had been authorized to invite me to accompany a party to spend two weeks at Long Branch. She mentioned the names, concluding with Adlow's. The prospect of seeing their joy day after day at the beach, showed me that it would be far from a pleasure trip to me, and that I must decline. I did so, assigning business reasons. She looked at me oddly, half wonderingly; and she was so lovely in her party dress, that I would have thrown our

jesting aside and told her my love there in the quiet corner behind the people who were watching the dancers, had not Mr. Adlow came up and claimed her for the waltz. She left me with a merry glance over her shoulder and a joking entreaty for her "little old-time lover" to change his mind. Not many days after I made an excuse that took me from New York, and I went as I have stated, to visit my old home.

"And now," I said to myself while sitting alone on the farm porch, "she is coming here? What has changed her plans? The party was to be at Long Branch by this time. I cannot understand it."

The next day was rainy, and I spent it roaming over the old house to solve the puzzle of Grace's coming. Of course, she could not know that I was there, because I had kept my destination a secret, and because had she known it, she would not have come. I felt that I could not long remain with her among those pleasant scenes of our childhood without telling my love, and the relations which she and Adlow sustained toward each other forbade such a declaration.

In the old farmhouse was a room which had irresistibly attracted me as a boy. It was a long, narrow compartment, in which were preserved several ancient pieces of furniture, some curious prints, quaint records made by my grandfather while he had been a squire, and many other interesting relics. One of the pieces of furniture was a large cedar chest which had been, in my childish eyes, a veritable casket of wonders. Often had little Grace and I played in this room, and revelled in the curiosities of the chest, which embraced several old-fashioned playthings, a coat my great-grandfather wore in an Indian fight, with a bullet hole in its sleeve, a number of arrow heads, several moccasins, a tomahawk, some camp utensils, and four queer, little, half-constructed inventions at which my great-grandfather had worked. Much of that long gloomy day, so filled with my heart's perplexity, I strove to occupy by re-exploring this curiosity chamber, and once again examining the contents of the old chest; and I discovered that my interest in it, though of a different kind, was as strong as it had been in my boyhood.

At train time I easily persuaded Uncle John to let me drive alone to the station. Grace came, and her surprise upon seeing me was unbounded. "Why, what are you doing here, Ralph?" she asked, walking toward the carriage.

"Rusticating," I replied, evasively, as I helped her in.

After I had started the horses, I turned to her and asked soberly: "What has brought you here, Grace? I thought you were in Long Branch."

"Excuse me, Ralph," she answered with a confusion which I pretended not to notice, "but I don't wish to tell you—at least not now."

"Very well," I said, "I won't ask you, but I will leave to-morrow, I cannot stay here with you—I—"

I stopped the confession and she looked at me in that same odd, questioning way.

"Why not?" she asked, after a short silence, and regaining her jesting tone with an effort, "I'm sure it will be very amusing to run about our old playgrounds. We have been unexpectedly thrown together here and might enjoy recalling some of our—foolishness. I don't see why you want to run away."

Her merriment and Adlow's relationship to her made it impossible for me to give my true reason; but it was well the rain had brought darkness early, for my face would else have betrayed too much emotion. I was silent a moment, and then said:

"I'll tell you why, Grace. I don't think it is just to Mr. Adlow. Every one knows how attentive he has been to you, and although your engagement has not been announced, we have reason to believe it soon will be. I respect Mr. Adlow and will not remain."

"Still the same careful boy you always were," she answered, laughing. "Don't bother about Mr. Adlow. If I choose to roam once more through these beloved scenes with such an old friend as you, he shouldn't object. Now, you will stay until I say you should go, won't you?"

She looked at me with such an appeal, that I readily yielded.

Days passed—blissful days—and Grace was adorable. I loved her more and more, and saw more clearly that, for the sake of my future happiness, I should go away; but she was so merry, and still so unconscious of my true feeling, that I remained, and fearing to cloud her pleasure, feigned equal gaiety. So surely, though, as the days were passing, I felt that my restraint could not last long.

One sunny afternoon, walking down a quiet lane, shaded by the orchard trees on each side, I said:

"Grace, I must go away. You haven't told me yet to go, but I must. We have been as candid and frank as true friends should be, but there is one point we must meet. If you are engaged to Mr. Adlow, I must leave at once. Tell me plainly."

She kept a steady look at me during the words, wearing the odd expression I had before noticed, but more intense. I had schooled myself for the ordeal and had assumed the half-bantering tone in which we had always talked. But she was now sober, and, after drooping her head and walking on a short distance, she answered:

"You are right, Ralph. I have kept you here and you are entitled to know. Just before the party started for Long Branch, Mr. Adlow asked me to be his wife. I had thought I loved him, but when he asked me I felt that I was not sure. I knew that if I should go with the party I could not give his proposal the serious thought that it deserved, so I came down here, never expecting to find you; and I have been thinking

seriously, though you may not believe it. To-morrow is the day I promised Mr. Adlow to let him know. There it all is, Ralph. Please don't think me unwomanly in telling you this. Our relations have been unusual, because of those old—those dear old times, and I feel towards you almost as I would towards—towards a brother."

"And am I entitled to know how you will answer?" I asked, with a thrill of hope, for it was the first time I had heard her speak tenderly of the "old times."

Again she cast that strange, penetrating look at me, and replied: "I will write to him to-morrow, and I will tell you how I have decided in the evening."

All next day Grace kept her room, and I strolled alone. Her action puzzled me greatly. Why had she not accepted Adlow at once? Had she learned something which made marriage with him undesirable? Sometimes I felt that I had been weak in not declaring my love in spite of Adlow, but I could not make myself believe that she saw anything but fun in our relations. I roamed far, and without seeing Grace again. I could not face the ordeal of hearing that she had accepted Adlow, and if she should tell me of a refusal, I feared that she would meet lightly the confession that her boyish lover was her lover still in manhood. I was weak—cowardly, but could not help it.

Late in the afternoon I hurried back to the house. Finding my uncle, I told him untruthfully, but excusably, perhaps—that I was called away by business, and asked him to bid Grace good-bye for me. He was a man of few words, and assented without comment. I had previously obtained his permission to take some article from the old cedar chest as a memento, and I now hurried up to the room to select one.

I sat down upon the chest, fighting my desire to call Grace from her room, to tell her that our laughter over the old times had, with me, changed to love, and to beseech her not to marry Adlow. But I conquered. Grace was too noble, too just, to accept anyone, even though she might love him, in this underhand manner.

I raised the lid of the chest and removed the blanket, which was used as a cover, when my eye caught sight of an article which had not been there before. It was a letter newly addressed and stamped. I took it up curiously, and instantly was thrown into perplexity. It was in Grace's writing, and was addressed to Frederick Adlow—the letter giving him her decision. I plainly saw how it had happened. Having written her acceptance, as I believed it to be, she had come into this room to look through the chest, which had been as interesting to her as to me, and had accidentally left the letter there. It was unsealed, and I stood still, crushing back, with violent self-control, a wild temptation to detain it. I took a step toward the door, with intent to call Grace, when I heard hasty footsteps coming.

She came in, anxiously, and found me with the unsealed letter in my hand. She paused in sudden confusion, and I, distracted by the natural suspicion to which the unsealed letter exposed me, could only say—

"Here is your letter, Grace."

"Have you read it?" she said quickly—a question she would not have asked but for her confusion.

"Grace," I said reproachfully. "Please forgive me," she cried, taking it from me. "Of course you have not. I left it here by mistake."

"And I have just found it. If you will seal it I will mail it as I go to the train. I am called away on business. Mr. Adlow will be here soon."

She had raised the envelope to her lips, but now stopped and looked at me in that same peculiar manner.

"Ralph," she said, "Will you never—"

She blushed and dropped her head, but there was a tone in her voice which came as an interpreter of the over which I had so often puzzled. I made two hasty steps forward, paused doubtfully and asked:

"Will I never what, Grace?"

She looked looked up and I saw tears in her eyes, but a smile was breaking behind them, and, drooping her head again, she said softly and in her half-daring way—

"Never be anything but my boyish lover."

"Boyish," I repeated, a new glad light dawning upon my uncertainty. I hurried to her and caught her hands in mine. She let me have them and yielded tremblingly as I drew her over and sat down with her on the old cedar chest.

"Can it be true," I cried, "that your amusement was only meant to hide—to hide—"

"Just what yours was meant to hide, wasn't it, Ralph," she interrupted coyly.

"Yes, Grace, my love, which came again as soon as I saw you. But how easily we might have missed each other."

"Indeed we might," she answered. Then, in a moment, "Oh, I'm so glad; and to think that this dear old chest, that we liked so in those happy days, should be the means of making us understand each other."

"It is glorious! And what a treasure I selected from it," I said merrily, taking the letter from her hand and holding it up. "Shall we go out and mail it?"

"Yes," she replied.

And so we went out, along the gravel path and through the lane that led to the village street, she carrying the letter in her hand; while the stars came out above us like the clusters of bright hopes that were already shining in our lives.—Yankee Blade.

The railroad constructed by Stephenson south of Liverpool and opened for traffic in 1832 remained in use almost as the great inventor left it until a few weeks ago, when a new line was constructed.



SOWS KILLING THEIR PIGS.

Some sows are naturally given to killing and eating their pigs, and it is believed by swine experts that it is due to the want of some needed nutrient. The hog is a flesh eater, living on small animals and insects when in a state of nature, and if it is not supplied with this needed food it becomes ravenous at the smell of the young pigs and devours them. It is an exactly parallel cause to that of hens eating their eggs.—New York Times.

A RECIPE FOR HARNESS DRESSING.

Any one can make an excellent harness dressing, as follows: One gallon of neat's-foot oil, two pounds of bayberry tallow, two pounds of beeswax, two pounds of beef tallow. Put the above in a kettle over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add two quarts of castor oil, then while on the fire stir in one ounce of fine lampblack. Mix thoroughly while warm, and strain through a cloth to remove any coarse particles and the sediment. When cool it will be ready for use, and you will have as good if not a better article of harness dressing than you can purchase. Besides, the castor oil in it will prevent rats and mice gnawing the harness.—New York Sun.

CONFINING COWS TO THE STABLE.

Some things are necessary for the welfare of an animal besides food. Certain wastes are to be provided for. All that an animal needs to sustain life and make a certain growth is not sufficient for health. The digestive organs cannot work healthfully without a surplus that must be ejected as waste. No one can make a ration that will keep an animal living without allowing for the wastes. And there must be a certain waste of heat, and this is got rid of by exercise. Heat confined to the system is as injurious as productive of disease, as food confined in the bowels. Thus cold is refreshing to every animal to a certain extent, and to keep a cow shut up in a warm stable, while it may save food, or increase the yield of milk, will inevitably, in the end, be productive of disease in some form or other. And with this comes the equivalent of the food saved, which is inevitable loss. All the skill of man cannot get over a natural law, the violation of which brings its recompense in time.—American Agriculturist.

GEESE AND DUCKS ON THE FARM.

Are not very largely bred upon farms in comparison with the number of our land poultry, and yet they are both profitable and a delight to the eye. While liberal water privileges are useful where geese and ducks are kept, these birds will do well with no more than enough water for drinking purposes. Plenty of grass and good pasture are, however, very needful, as geese are as truly grazing stock as horses, sheep or cattle. When clover and other nutritious fodder abound little or no grain is required, and geese may be reared very cheaply. The duck is a heavy feeder, but not over-particular, so that almost any farm waste may be used. Table leavings, small potatoes, beet and turnip leaves—in short, anything and everything at all eatable the duck will consume and make return for same in a goodly number of large, rich eggs. It is quite remarkable how a duck will lay. She begins as early as February and lays every day for three or four months with few respites. Toulouse and Embden are by far the best breeds of geese, and the Pekin is queen of ducks. Hatch both geese and duck eggs under hens, as the geese make clumsy mothers and the ducks cannot be relied on for hatching.—Country Gentleman.

SECOND CROP POTATOES FOR SEED.

The growth of small potatoes from tubers left in the ground in warm climates during August and September, probably suggested the idea that a second crop could be grown in the fall. E. A. Popenoe and S. C. Mason, of the Kansas Station, have found that the use of these second crop potatoes for seed the following spring has given much better returns than planting the regular crop. By the early planting of early varieties seed may be dug in July ripe enough to grow a second crop that summer. Even under the most favorable conditions this second crop will be comparatively light, often small, but firm and of fine quality. These potatoes keep during the winter and until planting time is sound condition, being firm and nearly free from sprouts, when the first crop would be much sprouted and shriveled. Two years' trial shows an average gain of 48 per cent. in yield from second seed. The much larger tops and more numerous flowers seem to indicate greater vigor and vitality, and they resist drought better. These advantages are probably due to the seed not having sprouted in storage, which would have impaired the vitality. In Kansas potatoes can be planted in March. After the first crop is ripe, there are one or two months of warm weather, during which it is a question whether potatoes are better off left in the ground or stored in the warm cellars which the climate affords. Hence the bulk of the potatoes are marketed early. It is believed that the use of firm second crop seed will obviate some of the difficulties.—American Agriculturist.

HOW TO RAISE TURKEYS.

Young turkey hens lay as well as any, but the gobblers should be two or three years old and of a different breed. If you intend to set the eggs under a hen do so as soon as you have nine or ten of them, not more than ten. When the turkey gets ready to sit break her up and she will lay another dozen eggs. Sprinkle sulphur in the nests and on the hen every week to kill lice and mites. During the last week of sitting sprinkle the eggs three times with warm water. When the turkeys are twenty-four or thirty-six hours old put them under a large coop on the dry grass. Make a pen of three ten or twelve-foot boards, so that it can easily be moved, which should be done every morning, unless the ground is wet. I lay a wide board where I want to put the coop next time, and then the ground is always dry. Wet places, dirty coops and lice are death to turkeys. Feed the young ones with chopped hard-boiled eggs and bread and milk for a few days, then with sour milk curd mixed with wheat middling. Never use cornmeal. Three times a week crumble a handful of eggshells to keep the crop from getting hard. When they are six or eight weeks old give some pounded earthenware or oyster shells regularly. These take the place of gravel, which they don't like, and should be fed every other day. If the crops get hard, give eggshells and lard at once or they will die. If any begin to dump around, give one part black pepper and three parts lard three or four times a day.—Farm and Home.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Speed still commands good prices. Too much much about fruit trees is injurious. Soak the roots with kerosene once every week. Linseed meal will make the coats of horses sleek. A horse suffering from colic should be kept quiet. As trainers of trotting horses, Americans beat the world. Don't let the colts lose flesh when first turned to pasture. Corn should not be made the only food for horses in summer. Horses will not drink too much water if they are given it frequently. Scatter the grain well so that the fowls will have to scratch to get it. Whitewash the inside of the house well once every three or four weeks. Hens relish pepper. Mix a little with some soft feed and see how they go for it. Do not overfeed; hens when fat do not lay as well as when in prime condition. If the milk of the mare is insufficient, the young colt should be fed milk warm from the cow. Crossing a thoroughbred sire with a hackney gives a horse that combines courage and style. Those varieties of cabbage having firm, close heads are least affected by the cabbage worm. Feed your refuse meat to hens and you will be surprised at the increased production of eggs. Lime is death to lice. Air-slacked lime placed in the nest boxes is excellent to rid the hens of lice. There is now a saddle-horse register, and a breed of horses especially for the saddle is being established. Keep the hen-house cleaned out well, for there is where disease is sure to breed unless properly cared for. If farmers would remember that the exhaustion of their fruit trees comes from maturing the seed, they would thin their fruit. The remainder would be better, and better prices would result. Professor Beach reports that experiments show that timely and thorough applications of the copper compounds or Bordeaux mixture are effective with the common plant diseases except fire blight. Fungi develop most readily in wet seasons, so most spraying should be done then. The first spraying of Bordeaux mixture should be made when the leaf buds first open. Paris green may be used here for the bud moth; Bordeaux mixture alone just before the buds open. A combination just after the blossoms fall, to be repeated at intervals or about ten days. To protect young trees from rabbits it is recommended to "take a bucket with two gallons of water, put in two pounds of flour of sulphur, add one pound of wheat or rye flour, stir thoroughly; apply with a whitewash brush. This is said to be good for the trees, and the rain will not wash it off for several weeks.

Cooling Railway Carriages.

A contrivance for cooling railway carriages is described by Indian Engineering, which consists of a small tank at both ends of the carriage, which receive their supply from the main tank above, which holds water for the passengers' use. From these tanks are conveyed dropping-troughs, which work automatically, casting over gently when full of water, and perfectly saturating krus-kus tatters that are suspended across an open trapdoor, which is let down at the fore end of the carriage in whichever direction the train is traveling.



Mr. Joseph Godfrey

"10,000 Needles Seemed to be sticking in my legs, when I was suffering with a terrible humor, my legs being a mass of paining sores from knees down. I was obliged to take HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and in a short time I was perfectly cured. I am an old sailor, aged 74 in the best of health, thanks to Hood's SARSAPARILLA, Sallors' Bng Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y."

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, as they digest, prevent constipation.

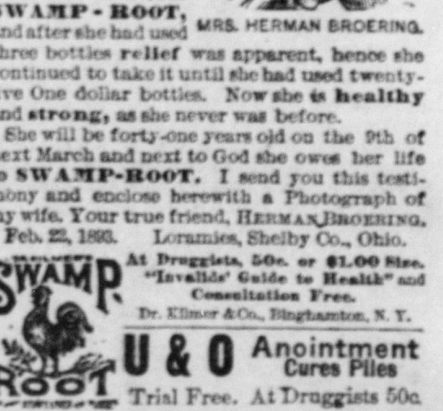
DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe! After Effects Cured. Mr. Bilger writes:—I had a bad attack of the Grippe, after a time caught cold, and had a second attack, it settled in my kidneys and liver, and Oh! such pain and misery in my back and legs. The physicians' medicine and other things that I used made no impression, and I continually grew worse until I was a physical wreck, and given up to die. Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left. SWAMP-ROOT saved my life. D. H. Bilger, Hulmeville, Pa. Jan. 10th, 1893.

DROPSY! DROPSY! DROPSY!

Suffered Three Years.

"Respected Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. My wife had suffered for three years with Dropsy, during that time she was attended by five different physicians, none of whom helped her for longer than a few days. We also used besides, more than twenty different remedies, but nothing would help. Then we used your SWAMP-ROOT, and after she had used three bottles relief was apparent, hence she continued to take it until she had used twenty-five One dollar bottles. Now she is healthy and strong, as she never was before. She will be forty-one years old on the 9th of next March and next to God she owes her life to SWAMP-ROOT. I send you this testimony and enclose herewith a Photograph of my wife. Your true friend, HERMAN BROERING, Feb. 25, 1893. Loraines, Shelby Co., Ohio. Lorraine's, 50c. or \$1.00 Size. "I was cured of Dropsy" and Constipation. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.



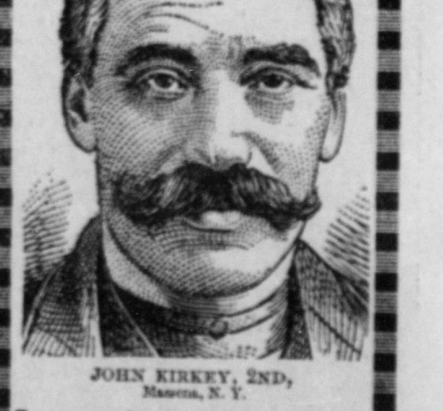
MRS. HERMAN BROERING

U & O Anointment Cures Piles

Try Free. At Druggists 50c

N. Y. C.—24

THE KIND THAT CURES



JOHN KIRKEY, JR., Boston, Vt.

Dyspepsia for 20 Years! TRIED EVERYTHING, Yet 2 bottles wrought A CURE. NO FICTION, BUT TRUTH.

DANA SARSAPARILLA Co.

"I have been a great sufferer for over 20 years with DYSPEPSIA. I have tried everything I could hear of. I have also tried Physicians, but they did me no good. I was unable to sleep well, for years owing to the distressed condition of my digestive organs. I bought a bottle of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA and it HELPED ME SO MUCH that I bought a second bottle. My DYSPEPSIA WAS CURED, and I COULD SLEEP WELL, and I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN. JOHN KIRKEY, JR., Boston, Vt. To whom it may concern.—We are well acquainted with Mr. Kirkey, and know that he would not make any statement so honest as was made. STEPHEN S. BATH, Boston, N. Y.

DANA'S LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLS are worth their weight in Gold. They are D. D. D.'s—DANA'S DISCASS DE-STROYERS. Try a bottle at our risk. Dana SARSAPARILLA Co., Belfast, Maine.

SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS

A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and was cured by a few days' use of SSS. M. H. WOLFF, Upper Marlboro, Md.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

I was cured some years ago of White Swelling in my leg by using SSS. And have had no symptoms of it since. Many prominent physicians attended me and failed, but S. & S. did the work. PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Jackson City, Tenn. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.