Restless man has traveled far, Peace and home delight him not; O'er strange ways his journeys are. Snows and suns affright him not. Ho the camel! Ho the sledge f-

Ho the bateau 'mid the sedge! And the surly jog of the Esquimau dog along the glacier's edge!

So he voyages up and down Sliding seas and deserts rude, And takes the wind on his forehead brown In all degrees of latitude.

Ho to the sources of the Nile! Ho to some unknown Arctic isle Where the grim ice pack shall lie at his back for many a frozen mile!

Distance doth he laugh to scorn And the perils of the waste, And the storms beneath the horn : Death itself he hath outfaced. Ho the simoom! Ho the shock When on reefs tall vessels knock! And the poisoned spear and the serpent near and the avalanche from the rock!

He belts the continents with steel, He pierces mountains through and through,

On countless tracks the grinding wheel Hurries him, thrusts him out of view. Ho the piston driving fast! Ho the race against the blast! And the ceaseless flight in dark and light that girdles the earth at last!

See where shows the magic goal Of all journeyings that are, Bright like the noiseless gates that roll Black for Phœbus's golden car. Ho the traveler, patient, bold !-Ho the doorway of crusted gold, And the wonders therein by which men win a new world from the old!

Still man rides on sea and shore, Pressing forward, turning never. Tells us now this golden door His sharp unrest and long endeavor. Ho the oar and rushing keel! Ho the saddle! Ho the wheel! And the lord of the rail, that doth not all

> his tireless frame of steel. -Chicago Record.

THE DAUGHTER'S MISTAKE

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES, HERE, put away the



Theodora Evelyn tossed her faded

while she herself sank with an air of | wing. utter weariness upon a sofa drawn in front of the fire.

me-nots, and floating blue ribbon.

"Will you have a cup of tea, love, before you go to bed?" she asked, wistfully.

"No, I won't!" answered the young I'm not such a bundle of whims as you ing there?"

"I didn't know you were ready, nervous haste.

your clumsy feet. I've a great mind not to let you come near me." "I'm very sorry, darling," apolo-

gized the meek matron, turning red and pale as she began to take down the luxuriant masses of Theodora's golden hair. "What good does it do to be sorry?"

snapped the girl. 'It's what you altell you I was tired?"

"Did you have a pleasant evening, few minutes of silence, during which the beauty yawned several times. "Pleasant enough," was the un-

gracious response. "Was Mr. St. Emil there?"

"Yes," said Theo, roused into something like animation at the mention of shall derive my greatest pleasure tothat name; "and that piece of pink- night from watching others!" and-white wax, his lady-mamma. Oh, woman!"

"And you?" No, ma'am!' " and Theodora laughed boisterously at the recollection. "How delighted St. Emil was!"

"Then he is really interested?" "Interested? Of course he is. Mark my words, mamma, I shall be Mrs. St. Emil yet."

Mrs. Evelyn's eyes sparkled at the alluring prospect.

"Only," went on Theodora, languidly, surveying her pretty face in a night?" cheval glass, "the idea of such a "Who mother-in-law almost daunts me. He thinks so much of due reverence being alive. But it's just as well, I suppose, to keep up the illusion until after we're married."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the

"Theo, don't talk so," said Mrs. Evelyn, a contraction as if of pain passing over her pale, worn face.

fool.

"No, Theo, you haven't." "Then the more goose you," said Theo, yawning fearfully. "Do make haste. Aren't you most through?"

"Just through now, darling. And Theodora Eveleyn, dismissing her mother just as she might have dismissed any hired and pensioned slave, lay down to her prayerless pillow to dream of wedding rings and a bridal altar wreathed with white blossoms. For she was quite sure of Grant St.

Emil now. "Mamma," called Theo, the next morning, and Mrs. Evelyn meekly obeyed the summons, coming from the back room, where she was busily engaged in ripping apart the breadths of a rose-colored dress belonging to Theo, which that young lady had taken a fancy to have altered. "Mamma, here are two tickets to the private masquerade at Mrs. Almy's, with Mr. St. Emil's compliments-one for you and one for me. How ridiculous! The idea of you at a masquerade!"

Mrs. Evelyn's face had lighted up. "I should really like to go for once, Theo," she said, hesitatingly. have never had an opportunity of see-

ing you in society, darling, and—"
"Oh, bother!" interrupted Theo, "as if that made any difference. But Grant thinks a young lady shouldn't business, if you couldn't be a less attend a masquerade, of all places in the world, without her mother's chaperonage, and I suppose I must humor him. ma? I should like to go as Diana with her bow and arrows, if you can fillet banded through them. squeeze enough money out of papa for a decent costume."

"I will see what papa can spare you, love."

"He's awfully stingy of late," observed Theo, with a shrug. "You shouldn't speak so of

papa, Theo," remonstrated Mrs. Eve-"Business is very dull just now, and our expenses are heavy.' "That's the very reason you

shouldn't be tagging after me to all the masquerades in town," grumbled "But I suppose we can't very well slip aside of it. Any old black dress and a satin domino mask will do for you."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Evelyn, who had learned through the long tutelage things, do; I'm of dire experience to think very little tired to death!" of her own wants and requirements; "anything will do for me."

"It's such a bore, your going at ball-bouquet on one all," muttered Theodore, with an unside, and her white gracious toss of her beautiful blonde cashmere opera- head. "Till teach St. Emil a thing or cloak on the other, two when I have him safe under my

Miss Evelyn's costume as that of Diana, for the private masquerade She was a tall, brilliant-complex- ball, was a decided success. Her silioned blonde, with big blue eyes like ver-green tunic, trimmed with gold a doll's, golden hair, and a lovely red fringe, the fillet that bound her lovely mouth that put you in mind of a clus- yellow hair and the Grecian draperies ter of dead-ripe scarlet cherries, and that revealed even while they hid the her dress was of white mist-like 'tulle, contour of her perfect arms, made her looped up by bouquets of blue forget- look even more beautiful than her ordinary self, and Mrs. Evelyn gazed Mrs. Evelyn stood patiently by, pick- with pride upon the transformation ing up the flowers, folding the opera- which had been for the most part cloak with the showy silk lining on the wrought over by skillful and industrious outside, and stirring the fire that it fingers. For poor, harassed Mr. Evemight blaze up with a more cheery lyn had absolutely declined to "shell chitectural purpose as in the Fisheries out," as his daughter gracefully ex- Building. Itself reflected in the blue pressed it.

"It's out of the question, Maryutterly and entirely out of the question," he had answered when she had which not only almost lave its foundalady, undutifully. "Thank goodness applied to him for "a little money." tion walls but actually pour into its inare, mamma. Why don't you take out sheer bankruptcy, and I cannot spare gigantic aquaria. As we follow around my hair-pins, instead of standing star- a single cent from my business just these green translucent walls within, now!

So Mrs. Evelyn, having sold a pair dear," said the mother, advancing with of opal ear-rings, her husband's gift we can almost fancy ourselves walking in their courting days, to buy the on the actual river bed, ogled by fa"There!" ojaculated Theodora, tart- costly material, had herself sat up miliar forms of sun-fish, perch or ly; "you've torn my dress-trail with night after night, and day after day, pickerel; or perhaps wandering as in to make the dress which Theodora a dream among fair ocean caves loudly declared she must have to ap- abloom with brilliant sea-anemones, and pear as the impersonation of Diana the Huntress!

And she reaped a mother's sweet, surpassingly lovely Theodora looked in the exquisite Greek dress!

Mr. St. Emil had selected "Hamlet" ways say. Do make haste; didn't I as his character, and very handsome fishes, very butterflies of the deep, he was in the plumed cap and velvet float past flashing in iridescence with doublet of the young Prince of Den- every subtile turn of their painted Theo?" ventured her mother, after a mark, but Mrs. St. Emil preferred no bodies. Star-fish, at first apparently more attractive costume than a plain stationary, as though in midwater, black silk domino wrapper and mask. glide across the illusive plane of glass,

said, with a sweet, pleasant laugh feet. Strange crabs and mollusks and when Theo smilingly demanded why bivalves sport on the pebbly bottoms, she, too, was not in character, "and I and portentous monsters, with great

"Darling mamma!" cried Theo, how anxious he was that I should make turning with ostentatious tenderness faces. - Scribner. a favorable impression on the old toward her mother, "you see you are in the fashion after all! I tried my best, Mrs. St. Emil, to induce this "Oh, I played sweet simplicity to mother of mine to don a character perfection-said 'Yes, ma'am' and dress, but she would not consent. Oh, Mrs. St. Emil, is it time for the waltz already? Mamma, if you'requite sure it wouldn't tire you too much to hold my bouquet!"

And Theodora floated away on Grant St. Emil's arm. Once, during an interval in the dancing, Grant came to his mother's

"Does she not look beautiful to-

"Who? Miss Evelyn?" "Of course. Whom else could I possibly mean?"

paid her, and I, for one, can't fall "Yes, she is beautiful; and you, down and worship any old woman Grant," Mrs. St. Emil added, with a half smile, "you are falling deeper considerable quantities of fibre, grows and deeper in love with her. All the in great profusion in Algeria, and is arrows in her quiver are piercing your one of the principal obstacles to the heart through and through, my dear clearing of the land, so thickly does it

'it is very affectionate and devoted. tected, as in the Arab cemeteries, for Now go-they are waiting for you to example. - New York World.

"I'm sure I've heard you call papa a | take your place in the second set of

the lancers. And as he hastened away she thought almost sadly to herself:

"I must learn to love her, for Grant's heart is set upon her, and he is too good a son to marry without my cordial consent."

"Mamma," whispered Theo, toward the close of the evening, "you'll have to come upstairs and help me take off my tunic. The St. Emils have gone, and there's no fun in staying any

longer. Hurry up!"
Mrs. Evelyn nodded obedience, but she could not explain to Theodora that she would probably be detained a few minutes longer by the talk of gossiping friends who sat beside her. "Theo will wait for me," she

thought. Theodora, however, was also detained a minute or two, murmuring soft aideus to some of her gentlemen friends, and when at length she flew into the dressing-room she was breath-

less with haste. "I am tired to death," she said, petulantly, as her eye caught the figure in the black domino standing at the window. "Mamma, why couldn't you have come after me, instead of chatting away among those old fools by the door. You might as well have staid at home and minded your own clumsy chaperon, I'm tired of your stupidity."

No answer-but Theo never turned What shall I personate, mam- her head from the glass where she was contemplating her curls with the golden

"You're sulking now, I suppose," she said, shrugging one alabaster-white shoulder. "Well, sulk away to your heart's content. I don't care! I shall get rid of these airs and graces when I am Mrs. St. Emil, and-

She stopped short, for in the glass she saw another domino-draped figure entering the door back of her-her mother's figure.

"Mamma!" she shricked. The other domino advanced quietly from the recess of the window, and, to her inexpressible dismay, Theo recognized the slender figure and aristocratic bearing of Mrs. St. Emil.

"There has been some mistake here," said that lady, composedly. "Miss Evelyn has mistaken me for her mother. I am not her mother, and"-she spoke with quiet emphasis-"I hope I never

She left the room, and never saw Miss Theodora Evelyn again.

Grant St. Emil, thus unexpectedly enlightened as to the character of his lovely divinity, left town within a week or two, and when next Theo heard of him, he was married to a fair little damsel, more like a human snowdrop than aught else. And Theo is still husband hunting, and treats her poor mother more disdainfully than ever. "For," she says, with more scrimony

than logic, "it was all mamma's fault that I lost Grant St. Emil."-New York Weekly.

The Fascinating Fisheries Exhibit,

In no structure within the Fair grounds is the outward expression so sympathetically reflective of its arlagoon, in its architectural functions and sculptural ornament it in turn reflects the lacustrine life of the waters, our passage lit only from the diffused light transmitted from above the water, embowered with mimic groves of branching corals and all manner of softly swaying sea weed-graceful unselfish reward when she saw how crimson laminaria reaching to the surface of the water, responding in serpentine grace to the soft invasion of waving fin. Rare living gems of "I am past my acting days," she with their thousand fringy disks of gaping mouths, threaten us as they emerge from their nebulous obscurity and steal to within a few inches of our

A Perfumed Lake. On the Mangishlak Peninsula, in the Caspian Sea, there are five small lakes. One of them is covered with salt crystals strong enough to allow man and beast to cross the lake on foot; another is as round as any circle and a lovely rose color. Its banks of salt crystal form a setting, white as the driven snow, to the water, which not only shows all the colors from violet to rosy red, but from which rises a perfume as of violets. Both the perfume and the color are the result of the presence of seaweeds, the violet and the pink.—Chambers's Journal.

The Dwarf Palm. The dwarf palm, which furnishes heard me hauling you over the coais sometimes," cried Theodora, with a laugh. "He thinks one's mother is next door to one's guardian angel, the fool!"

"Theo, don't talk so." soid to the coais its roots, in shape resembling carrots, penetrate into the ground to the depth of a yard or more, and when its stem is only cut it sprouts out again almost immediately. As its name indicates.

"I like her manner toward to the coais its roots, in shape resembling carrots, penetrate into the ground to the depth of a yard or more, and when its stem is only cut it sprouts out again almost immediately. As its name indicates.



TREATMENT OF INJURIOUS INSECTS. In general, noxious insects must be combated as soon as their depredations can be seen, but Herbert Osborn and L. H. Pammel of the Iowa station, recommend that as soon as blossoms fall, apples and plums should be sprayed for codling moth and plum curculio. Spray strawberry plants if infested with slugs. In early summer, plant lice may be numerous on plums and cherries, which should be sprayed with kerosene emulsion. In July, spray potatoes with London purple or Paris green, if infested with potato beetles. In August and September, cabbage worms may begin to appear, and can be treated by spraying with hot water, or with pyrethrum in water, or as a powder. Cherry slugs and the leafplums and other trees may be sprayed support. with London purple. Kerosene emulsion may be used directly on the insects, and will kill all it touches by entering the breathing pores. -American Agriculturist.

OFF COLOR OF CHICKS. If you procured eggs of pure-bred fowls, and the chicks seem to differ and appear of various colors, do not be disappointed, as the chicks will be of the proper color when matured. Of the black breeds of fowls, such as the Langshans, Black Minocras and Black Spanish, the chicks nearly always have a large proportion of white on them when hatched. It is an old saying that the more white on the chicks of such breeds the blacker the plumage at maturity. We have often noticed broods of Wyandottes or Indian game chicks, no two in the broods being alike, and differing so greatly as to lead an inexperienced person to suppose that the chicks were mongrels; yet when they came to maturity it was a difficult matter to select the best one in the flock, so far as the plumage was concerned. Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks and other breeds may also be classed among the uncertainties until the chicks are well advanced, and for that reason breeders often receive complaints from customers in regard to their hatches; but the breeders simply advise them to wait a while, when the matter rights itself. - Mirror and Farmer.

HOW TO MAKE CHEESE AT HOME.

Have a tinman solder a faucet near tin wash boiler which will hold five or distance above it, which shall hold the curd away from the faucet. This, with a long wooden paddle, is all you need order especially for the work, except cheese cloth, rennet and a cheese

Six pailfuls of sweet milk, with the cream all in it, will make about fifteen pounds of cheese. It need not be of one milking if it is perfectly sweet. Put the milk in the boiler on the stove and heat it to eighty degrees. Remove from the stove and add the rennet. The tablets are easiest to use and the directions accompany them. When the milk has coagulated, which will take place in ten minutes or less, it must be cut to the bottom of the boiler each way, making about two inch squares. The whey will begin to start almost at once. Sink a small dipper into it slowly, and the whey may be removed gradually until two quarts or and one-half pounds with this pig to more have been collected. Heat this rather hot, not scalding, and pour it fully. When at 100 degrees open the faucet and allow the whey to drain out, dipping it out from the top as before described. When drained, sprinkle half a teacupful of dairy salt on the He also found, by careful experiments, ourd and crumble and mix it thoroughly with the hands. Have a square of strong, loosely woven cloth wet and placed in the cheese hoop, which should be the size of a peck measure. Press the curd into the hoop, adjust the cover, after the cloth has been folded on the top of the curd, and submit the cheese to gentle pressure.

Prepare a bandage of cheese cloth large enough to go around the cheese and wide enough to nearly cover the ends. Lay on the ends another piece and sew to the piece around the cheese. Keep at seventy degrees in a dry room. Too much sait or too much scalding when heating the curd hardens the cheese, while careless stirring starts the "white whey" and allows much of the butter fats to escape. -New England Homestead.

PROFIT IN PORK.

With pork at its present price, almost any man can feed his corn, or other grain, to pigs and make a satisfactory profit, declares S. Woodward, of New York. But times will change; pork will again go down until it will be so low that the very best skill will be required to get any profit out of its growth. If it be wise, now in the midst of almost universal peace, for the Nations to spend such vast sums as they do, in preparing for war, how much wiser for the farmer during this time of prosperity in pig growing to study the subject so as to be prepared when the evil days of low prices come again. It is surprising to see how little thought the average pig grower gives to the matter of cheap production of pork. Although there is some change in the direction of killing lighter pigs, yet the great bulk of the sorghum pork still coming into the markets is chickens.

in heavy carcasses which were fed mostly on corn. Now this is neither the most desirable, nor is it by any

means the most profitable pork. On a recent visit to the Wisconsin Experiment Station at Madison, Professor W. A. Henry, who is a born experimenter, showed me some experiments now being made, and the unpublished results of some already made on the same line of pig feeding for most profit. If the farmers could see what I saw, and realize fully the great importance of the principles that control animal life, and then follow them, they would save very much of what is now ignorantly thrown away, and would more than double the profits of pork making, by reducing to its lowest limit the amount of food now used as a eating caterpillars and other insects on maintenance ration of simply food for

The Professor has demonstrated, beyond doubt, by a series of careful experiments, that the maintenance ration is in equal proportion to live weight, or nearly so; that while a 100pound pig requires one and one-half pounds of food (one pound of wheat middlings and two pounds of corn meal), simply to keep it without gain or loss, a 500-pound pig, under like conditions, requires five pounds of the same food for its support. He further showed that about three pounds of this same food, in addition to either ration, made one pound of pork.

Now, were a man to try to make pork with these pigs, with the one he would get one pound for each four and one-half pounds fed; with the other he would feed eight pounds. For comparison, suppose the mixture were worth \$20 per ton, or one cent per pound in the case of 100-pound pigs, his pork would cost four and one-half cents per pound; in the case of a 500pound pig it would cost eight. Or, to put it in another light, suppose ten pigs be fed four and one-half pounds of feed each, or forty-five pounds in the aggregate, they will give a gain of ten pounds of pork. In other words, with these pigs forty-five pounds of feed will give ten pounds of pork. Now, if the same food be given to pigs weighing 500 pounds each, it will feed just nine of them five pounds each, but as with pigs of this size it takes five pounds as the food of support, no gain would be made. The food would be simply thrown away, so far as fattening purposes go. If these nine the bottom of one end of an ordinary larger pigs be fed to make one pound of gain each, it would require twentysix pailfuls. Fit a movable tin screen seven pounds extra. This added to inside about three inches from the the forty-five pounds, maintenance rafaucet and extending about the same tion, makes seventy-two pounds of feed to make nine pounds of pork. It will be seen that these experiments of Professor Henry show that the maintenance ration, while not exactly in proportion to the live weight, is approximately so. They show that while it took one and one-half pounds to support the growing 100-pound pig, that one pound per hundred pounds was sufficient with the 500-pound pig. This is easily accounted for by the fact that there is less proportionate amount of exterior surface in the larger pigs, no growth, and probably less activity. But carrying this proportion in the direction of a pig still smaller than 100 pounds, it would probably require with a pig weighing twenty-five pounds at the rate of two pounds per 100 pounds, or about one-half pound of

grow one pound of pork. Further experiments by Professor over the curd, stirring it very care- Henry show very conclusively that corn or corn meal is, by no means, the best food for pork growing, though good for fattening. Wheat middlings he found much better than corn alone. several times repeated, that 200 pounds of corn meal and 1582 pounds of skim milk produced as much growth as 500 pounds of the middlings meal mixture and a better growth than 500 pounds of clean corn meal. In this we see that five pounds of skim milk are about equal to one pound of meal. The lesson for the pig feeder in the experiments is to feed young, thrifty pigs, and to feed them on a mixture of corp meal and wheat middlings, and never to feed them beyond 150 pounds dressed weight.-American Agriculturist.

food as a maintenace ration. If this

be true, it would then only take three

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Lettuce is a good food for the poul-

Do not feed the poultry unless they need it.

The eggs should be gathered at least twice daily. A good dust bath is a necessity for

healthy fowls. Give the chickens plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Milk, either skim or butter, is ex-

cellent for chickens. Pigs grow well on grass, clover being especially good for pasturing them

The amount of eggs laid is largely governed by liberal but wise feed-Filthy quarters are responsible for

the greater part of the so-called hog Give the hogs plenty of pure water

and they will not drink out of their wallows. Cabbage, sunflower seed, millet and sorghum are excellent feeds for

Bottles in China.

It is stated that the Chinese much appreciate European bottles. They have a great liking for them, and will resort to subterfuge, if necessary, to get hold of them. The common people worry the medical missionaries considerably upon this point, shamming sick in order to be supplied with a bottle of medicine. The authority for this report does not furnish any information as to what our celestial friends do with the bottles. - Scientific

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