

Two snowflakes, born of winter's storm,
Fell through the air;
Two downy flakes of starlike form,
Beyond compare.
One rested on the sun-kissed ground,
And, thawing, died;
While one, a sheltered lee-drift found,
And death defied.

Two human souls by God's decree
Were sent to earth;
Each with a different destiny
Was given birth.
One struggled 'gainst an evil fate,
Nor long survived;
The other, born in a happier state,
Grew strong and thrived.

Ah! who can solve the hidden sense
Of God's design?
We trust in His omnipotence
And love divine.

Not length of years, but deeds sublime,
Can call us blessed;
He longer lives who, in his time,
Has lived the best.

HER ENGAGEMENT.

BY LULU JUDSON.



"HALL, we not sit down?" he said. "I find it rather heavy walking; don't you?"

"Yes, rather," returned his companion.

He took a large silk handkerchief from his pocket and carefully spread it out upon the sand.

"Oh, nothing will hurt this dress," she said, with a smile; "besides, it washes."

"Does it? That's sensible—and it looks so delicate, too."

She seated herself comfortably, while he stretched himself upon the sand beside her, with an easy lack of conventionality. Her dress was a plain white flannel, unadorned save for the flaring cuffs and wide collar, which were blue, like her eyes and the Florida sky above them. Her white sailor hat had a blue band about it. The impetuous gulf breezes which blew little tufts of her light air about her face in rather a trying manner were powerless to spoil the charm of that sweet girlish countenance.

Her companion was a man perhaps ten years older than herself; not a man of fashion, one would have been quite sure after the first glance; a man of business, perhaps of letters, but not a devotee of society.

"Isn't this glorious?" he said, pushing back his hat and drinking in big draughts of the pure sea air. "I shall miss it all."

Before them stretched what seemed a limitless expanse of water, somewhat turbulent just now, and far out where water and sky seemed to meet, there could be faintly discerned the white sail of a fishing smack. On each side of them glistened the white beach, unmarked by tree or house, for they were on a narrow island, a small strip of land where the life-saving crew kept their lonely vigils. Back of them and a little to the left, was the station with the lifeboat within, ready and waiting for a summons. A hundred yards or so down the beach were the rest of the gay party of pleasure seekers, separated into groups—some walking up and down searching for treasures the sea had left in its wake, others lolling idly on the sand.

"Have you decided to leave to-morrow?" asked the girl.

"I must. Six weeks of idling in Florida, at a busy season of the year, too, is enough for a man with work to do. Don't you think so?"

"Well, yes," she said smiling. "I suppose it is. Yet it seems a pity you cannot wait for the rest of us when we return so soon."

"I wish I might," regretfully. "Are your plans for the summer fully matured as yet?"

"We are to go from here to Asheville, I believe," she said rather wearily. "Then to Newport and to the West later. Aunt Helen seems to feel it her duty to be forever dragging me from place to place."

"She thinks it a duty you owe your position in society, no doubt, to do the fashionable thing at the fashionable time. And you enjoy it."

He made the statement, but glanced up at her inquiringly.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I enjoy it. But too much fashion is apt to be wearing, you know."

"Yes," he said, "I fancy it would be."

"Now this," she continued, with a little comprehensive sweep of her hands, "this is different. I have really enjoyed our sojourn here."

"So have I," he responded heartily. "Your aunt certainly deserves the thanks of the crowd for getting together such congenial people and prevailing upon them to come here instead of wandering off with the rest of the northern colony to St. Augustine or Jacksonville. I like the town. There is something remarkably pleasant about its broad, quiet streets with their fine old shade trees. Then the harbor is magnificent."

"I like the bay," she said dreamily, her eyes following the movements of some bird of the sea that was circling round and round far above them. "I like the bay and the beautiful Navy-Yard, and the old forts with their great silent guns and cannon balls, and their ramparts strewn with wild flowers. As for this island, I simply love it. It seems to stand as a sentinel at the gate of the sea—such a slender strip of land, but so steadfast. Only to think! Here before us is the great gulf, rough and awful; while but a

few yards behind us, on the other side, lies the beautiful blue bay, in the distance the great ships anchored peacefully on its bosom, and still further in the background the sweet, peaceful old town. Oh, I like it."

"Evidently," said her companion. He seemed amused.

"Why do you smile?" she asked.

"I am thinking how different you are from what you were described to me."

"And how was that?"

"Oh, I had heard of the lovely Miss Loomis, the beauty and belle, and I rather fancied you a young woman whose most serious occupations were dancing and refusing proposals of marriage."

She laughed gayly, a sweet, ringing infectious laugh, in which he joined.

"It must have been quite a relief to find me such a plain, every-day sort of person."

"Not exactly that," he replied, "but a really nice, sensible girl."

Involuntarily she glanced at him resentfully, but he was watching the waves as they splashed and tumbled upon the beach, a little higher every time.

"And I pictured you as a veritable woman-hater, caring for nothing but your books. Positively, I dreaded to see you enter aunt's sitting-room at the hotel."

"Why?" asked the young man, in some surprise.

"I was afraid you would knock something over."

They both laughed again at this sally.

"However, we have got along capitally, have we not?" he said.

"Indeed we have; ever since that night when you said: 'Miss Loomis, let us be good friends and comrades.'"

"That was the night you discovered that 'with practice I might develop a rather good tenor voice.'"

"Yes, and the same night you offered to put me through a course of reading that 'would be really improving to my mind.'"

"Our friendship," she went on, "has been so much pleasanter, so much more satisfactory—than—than—"

"Well, than the typical seaside affair," he suggested. "A flirtation, for instance."

"Exactly," she answered, gazing tranquilly at the small feathery clouds that were scurrying along overhead.

"I think that we have proved to our circle of friends that there can be such a thing as platonic friendship, the generally accepted opinion to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Yes," he replied, absently.

After a little he said:

"I shall miss the good times we have had together. Without my teacher that fine tenor voice of mine will soon be a thing of the past."

"Don't say that. You are doing so well, I am quite proud of the way you sing 'Oh, Promise Me.'"

There is no use trying to sing or do anything else without some one to help and encourage one," he replied.

"Oh, well," she said, cheerfully; "New York is not such a large place. I suppose we shall get back there after a while, when we have exhausted all the resorts and points of interest in the country. I am usually allowed to spend December and January at home."

"You know very well," he said, "that you will have no time for me in New York. Besides, supposing you were kind enough to allow me to call, what pleasure would there be with a dozen other fellows around so that a quiet talk would be an impossibility?"

"That is the way you look at it, is it?" she said, quietly. "Very well, then, we will have to rest content with the memory of the pleasant times we have spent together in Florida."

He made no reply, and at this juncture the crowd on the beach was seen to be augmented by fifteen or twenty newcomers. Bits of greeting and gay laughter were wafted to the couple on the sand.

"Heigho! Whom have we here?" he said.

"I remember now hearing that another party would be over on the Jack Tar," said his companion. "There are the Belmonts and the Smiths and the Mallards—yes, and Charlie Bellow—but who is the little woman in gray?"

"Don't know. She is stunning, isn't she?"

"She hails from New York; I can tell from the cut of her frock. Why, it looks like—I believe—yes, it is Nellie Mayfair."

"Not the little widow? By Jove, it is! and she sees us."

A dainty figure in a gray gown, with the latest thing in hats to match, carrying a fluffy parasol, and walking with some difficulty over the sand in small, high-heeled shoes, approached them. Her round, childish face was flushed with excitement, and her large, brown eyes sparkled with evident delight.

"Now, aren't you surprised?" she called while still some distance from them. "I came last night. Dear, dear Dora, how glad I am to see you."

"And you," returned Dora, warmly. "You have, indeed, surprised us."

"Have I? I wished to. I am so delighted to be here. And how well you look! And you, Mr. Hampton—how do you do?"

After rapturously embracing one and shaking hands with the other, Mrs. Mayfair placed a hand on each of her friend's shoulders, and regarding her with the deepest reproach, said:

"Oh, Dora, how could you treat me so? When poor, dear Jack and I were engaged, weren't you the first to know? Didn't I tell you even before I told my mother?"

"Why, yes, my dear, of course."

"And yet, you have never in any of your letters so much as hinted at your engagement. I had to hear it accidentally—from a perfect stranger."

"My dear Nellie," said the girl, "I don't know what you are talking about. I am not engaged. Where

could you have heard such a thing?"

"Don't try to deceive me, Dora," said the little widow, shaking her head mournfully. "I know you have always called me a baby, but I can see some things. Hear it? I heard it on the vulgar elevated the day before I left town. There was a couple just behind me. I paid no attention to them till the man remarked that the latest engagement he had heard was that of Chase Hampton and Miss Dora Loomis. Then, of course, I listened just as hard as I could. He said you had been perfectly inseparable ever since you were in Florida, and that your early marriage was an accepted thing. So, you see, Dora, I know."

Then, turning to Hampton, she said plaintively, "At least you will not deny it, Mr. Hampton."

After a slight pause, the gentleman addressed tugged at his mustache rather nervously and said gravely: "Miss Loomis and myself are certainly not engaged, Mrs. Mayfield."

"You are not?" she cried.

"We are merely good friends," said Dora, with dignity.

"Oh! I am so sorry"—distressedly—"how could I? Do forgive me, Dora. I was so sure of it."

"Never mind," said her friend gently. "You made a mistake, that is all."

"Oh, but it isn't all, for I told all those people down there, and, of course, they thought that I knew, and, oh, my! there was a perfect crowd at the station to see me off, and I told them, too. Everybody knows it by this time. Oh, Dora, I can never forgive myself—never. What can we do?"

She caught her breath nervously, while her friend looked at her despairingly.

"Look at these people walking this way!" exclaimed Dora.

"They are coming to congratulate you," said Mrs. Mayfair, hysterically. "What shall I do? I will tell them anything you say."

"You might head them off," suggested Hampton.

She gave her eyes two little dabs with her handkerchief and started off. After she had proceeded two or three yards she turned around suddenly and remarked:

"Well, I don't care. If you two are not engaged you ought to be."

This was the last drop in Dora's cup of bitterness. She had kept herself well under control during this trying scene, but now mortification made two tears run slowly down her cheeks.

"Don't," said her companion, huskily. "Do you mind it so much? Confound it! Mrs. Mayfair might have kept quiet."

"Don't abuse Nellie," Dora replied; "she meant no harm. It is the fault of people who will talk so and jump at conclusions. They can't understand how there could be such a thing as—"

"As a platonic friendship?"

"Of course."

"There they come, and we are going to have to explain," remarked Mr. Hampton. "Explanations are always so trying," he added.

"I should think so," she exclaimed, looking around wildly for an escape.

There was only a strip of beach, the restless gulf and the blue sky above them. Her companion looked down upon her with a strange expression in his eyes.

"If we really were engaged," he said, slowly, "it would make it much less awkward."

The girl looked up with a startled glance, and when her eyes met his the color slowly suffused her throat and face.

"Let it go that way, sweetheart," he pleaded.

There was no time for a reply, for the crowd was almost upon them. Nellie Mayfair was endeavoring nobly to dissuade them from their purpose, but her efforts were in vain. They were old friends, most of them, who had grown still more intimate during their six weeks' sojourn in the land of orange blossoms.

"Well, Dora," said a bright faced girl, pressing forward, "Nellie tells us you have stolen a march on us. Is it really true that you two are engaged?"

There was a moment's pause and then Dora responded sweetly:

"Yes, it is quite true."

Raising her eyes she met the astonished gaze of the little widow, and smiled. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Extraordinary Will.

Mr. Thullesson, a merchant who died at the close of the last century, left estate of the value of \$3,000,000, and of this \$500,000 was bequeathed to the widow, the testator directing that the rest should accumulate till the death of his three sons and all his grandsons, when the eldest male descendant should inherit. The case came into court in 1856, on the construction to be placed on the phrase "eldest male descendant," when the cost of deciding the rival claims reduced the property to about its original value. Thullesson's case gave its name to the act which limits accumulation to twenty-one years after the death of the testator. —New York Dispatch.

Preserving Walnuts.

It is said that walnuts can be kept any length of time if they undergo the following process: They should be put into a barrel arrangement, run by a steam engine, and thoroughly washed, after which they are put into the smudge-house and sulphured. After that they are put into drawers over a regulated temperature and kept for a certain time, and when removed can at once be sacked and shipped to the market. The nut is bright and attractive-looking, the meat thoroughly seasoned and will not turn rancid. —New York World.



COOL CHURNING IN THE MORNING.

On hot days, it is a good plan to have the churning ready the first thing in the morning. Set one of the men or boys at it before breakfast, and see how much better it is to get it out of the way before the sun gets very high. Always throw a handful, or more, of salt into the churn when the cream begins to granulate. It assists in the separation of the butter, and the buttermilk will draw off much more freely. Keep the temperature at sixty degrees, using ice in small lumps to accomplish the desired result. Neglect to do this, will surely spoil the butter. —American Agriculturist.

HANDLING OF COLTS.

There are many ways of handling colts at weaning time. Some of these methods are good and some are bad, but the one that is most common, and at the same time the worst of all, is to remove it to some back pasture, where it can run with other stock and be out of sight of its dam. There it is deprived of its prepared food, expected to thrive on grass, fight flies in the sun and get water with the other stock at the spring or trough. The results are that the colt goes into winter quarters thin in flesh, stunted in growth, with drooped ears and a rough coat of hair. It holds its own through the winter if extra feed and care be given it, but good, thrifty growth is out of the question. —New York World.

GETTING TREES FROM THE WOODS.

Laws against obtaining money under false pretences might well be enforced at this season of the year against those who dig in the woods small or large trees and sell them to unwary village or city residents for transplanting to decorate the streets. The trees may be true to name, but even the most unskilled forester ought to know by looking at them that there is very small chance of any of them making a useful growth. A long pole, the size and length suitable for a hop pole, having at its lower end a few pieces of roots the size of one's thumb or finger, gives little promise of making a fine tree. It may be done by carefully leaving three or four buds, not sprigs, at the top where the future branches are to be. Usually, however, the top is either left only slightly trimmed, or else every bud is cut clean out, and the tree takes its chances of nature pushing some buds out of the wood just below the cuts. This is an exhaustive process, and the buds do not make much growth the first season. At the best, a forest tree thus managed is far inferior to the nursery trees that have had the advantages of frequent cultivation, have symmetrical tops and plenty of small roots near the trunk, making transplanting so as to insure rapid growth a comparatively easy matter. —Boston Cultivator.

FRESH AIR FOR HORSES.

A bright scheme is being executed by a New York horseman, who has a son or two carrying on business in the country. He buys horses at a low figure that are young and promising, but are in poor condition, and suffering from heat and harsh treatment on the paved streets. He sends them by boat at small expense to his sons, who use them from a month to two or three months on earth roads, give them abundant green food, and not a great deal of grain, and treat them to every liberty and comfort which the country affords and their suffering natures demand. At the same time the horses are not left idle. The young men are workers, and find it necessary to work the horses, but this does not seem to interfere in any way with their complete restoration. When the horses have improved sufficiently they are returned to the city, and others taken in their place, the father and sons reaping a handsome profit between the purchase and the selling price, as such horses rested, refreshed and in good flesh are sometimes sold for double what was paid for them.

skin, and thus drops off as if it were severed—as it really is—at its root. The fleece of a hundred-pound sheep makes up ten per cent., or more, of the animal's weight, and it consists of a far greater proportion of the most exacting elements of nutrition than the flesh of the sheep does. Flesh has seventy-five per cent. of water in it; wool has only fifteen per cent. The flesh has in its dry matter the following elements, and wool has the quantities set opposite to them. Thus the composition of flesh is: Carbon, 51.83 per cent.; hydrogen, 7.57; nitrogen, 15.01; oxygen, 21.37; ashes, 4.23. Wool: Carbon, 49.65 per cent.; hydrogen, 6.93; nitrogen, 17.31; oxygen, 22.11; ashes, 2.0; sulphur 2.0.

Taking into account that the wool has only one-fifth as much water in it as the flesh, it is easily seen that it requires five times as much of the elements of nutrition for each pound weight as the flesh, and thus, if the fleece of a merino weighs fifteen pounds and the carcass, after shearing, weighs seventy-five pounds, equal quantities of food are required for the production of each. This is, perhaps, never thought of by any feeder of the flock, for, so far, it seems to have been completely ignored by all writers upon sheep husbandry; and yet the importance of it is paramount. The common ignorance of these urgent demands of the fleece for special nutrients, is doubtless, the cause why the sheep suffers so much from the exhaustive requirements of the wool. As the fleece must be supplied after the animal itself, the wool suffers while the sheep escapes, at least to some extent; and as the wool cannot exist without its necessary accompaniment of the yolk and grease, which naturally protect it from injury by the rains, heat, or cold, this is to be considered as calling for requisite nutriment as well as the actual body of the animal. It is worthy of note, too, that as wool contains considerable sulphur, this is also to be provided in the food.

Every time the sheep is underfed, or suffers from any other cause, it appears in the wool, the fibre of which shows a thin place in it, and each of these weak spots represents a fault in feeding or other part of the management. This weakness in the fibre is ruinous to the wool, as it causes it to break in the carding or combing, and thus become too short for the spinner, and fit only for felting. This defect is known by the woolen manufacturers and buyers as "break," and makes it unsalable. Consequently, the matter of feeding, and the regularity of it, are special points to be regarded by the shepherd. Yet it must not be supposed that the wool only suffers; the sheep must necessarily suffer, for the damage to the wool is only one of the visible signs of injury to the whole animal.

In estimating the amount of food necessary for a sheep, all these points are to be taken into account, and the gross weight of the animal is to be increased, for estimating the allowance of food by the proportion to be added, on account of the extra dry substance of the fleece. To be on the safe side it will be reasonable to add to the live weight of the sheep fully 100 per cent.; that is, to double the weight, and estimate the ration accordingly. The normal allowance of three per cent. of dry matter 100 pounds of carcass may thus be doubled, without any fear of overfeeding. —American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Avoid the pruning of large limbs.

The water vessels should be cleaned out daily.

Poultry requires good food if eggs are desired.

Be careful to provide dry quarters in wet weather.

Many young trees are killed every year by overbearing.

Ducks will suffer from rheumatism if they have damp quarters.

At eleven weeks old a Pekin duck should weigh at least five pounds.

Sunshine should be admitted into the poultry house whenever possible.

Turkeys consume more food than chickens, but they also bring better prices.

It is to the interest of the poultry keeper to supply food which will promote laying.

Soft shelled eggs, double yolk eggs and other irregularities indicate that the hens are too fat.

Watch the fruit trees, and when any insects appear spray with Paris green or other insecticides.

When pruning protect all large wounds with a coat of melted grafting wax or a coat of coarse paint.

A young queen will begin to deposit eggs ten days from birth, and is credited with laying 3000 eggs daily.

It is generally conceded that July is the best time to prune trees, although many prefer doing it at other times.

Sort all fruit before offering for sale. More can be obtained for fruit of uniform size than for that which is not graded.

Poultry manure is one of the most profitable crops. It should be mixed with other manure and spread broadcast through the garden.

Hens that are set during the summer should have their nests made in a cool, quiet place. If there is anything eatable to be found, the black Spanish and the Leghorns will find it

Biblical Law.

In the early days of interior Missouri the late Judge E— cut cordwood, cleared up his homestead farm, and was employed upon one side of nearly every case that came up, being for some years the only lawyer in the county.

He had no books except an old leather-covered Bible and an old volume or two of history, similarly bound, but had read law a short time in Kentucky in his youth. He was very small and insignificant in appearance, but became before his death a splendid lawyer and an honored Judge.

A young attorney from the East settled in the little country town, with his library of about half a dozen new and handsomely bound law books, and on his first appearance in a case he brought most of his library to the Justice's office in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet bag, popular in that day. E— was engaged against him, and, as usual, had not a book.

When his adversary carefully drew his books from his pretty carpet bag and laid them on the table, E— looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources, and asked the Justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried to his homestead, half a mile or so away, and put his old leather-bound Bible and histories into a grain sack and brought them to court, imitating his opponent in laying them before him on the table.

The evidence was introduced, and the Eastern man, being for the plaintiff, made his opening argument and read at length from his text books. E— made his characteristic speech in reply, closing by reading law from his old Bible just the reverse of that read by his opponent and took his seat, putting his Bible on the table.

His adversary reached over and picked it up, and seeing what it was eagerly addressed the Justice:

"Your Honor," said he, "this man is a humbug and a pettifogger. Why, sir, this is the Bible from which he has pretended to read law."

The old Justice looked indignant, and interrupting the young attorney, said:

"Set down! What better law can we get than the Bible?" He then decided the case in favor of the defendant. —Green Bag.

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