

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW.

Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go—
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,
He hath left his wee babe with my song and with me—
"Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow!"
Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go!
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth me when
I sing my song over and over again;
"Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow!"
"Swing high and swing low"—the sea singeth so,
And it walleth anon in its ebb and its flow;
And a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the sea,
Nor reeketh he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Herald.

A LOVE LETTER.

BY S. A. WEISS.

QUIRE MADDOX sat at breakfast, reading the leading county newspaper, and choking with indignation at a fierce editorial attack upon his own political party.

"Confounded nonsense and idiosyncrasy!" he exclaimed, at length, as he contemptuously tossed aside the paper.

"Here, Eva, child, another cup of coffee!"

As his daughter received the empty cup, he noticed something of an expression of sadness on her usually bright face, and his conscience reproached him as being the cause of it.

Since the death of his wife, whom he had tenderly loved, his daughter had been dearer to him than anything on earth, and he did not like to see her looking unhappy.

"What is the day's programme, Evie?" he asked, quite mildly.

"Hadn't you better drive down with me to Chester and see the Lyne girls while I call on my lawyer?"

"No, thank you, papa. The Lyne girls are coming here to tea and croquet this afternoon."

"Ah! And who have you to meet them?"

Eva's hand was a little unsteady as she poured out the coffee, and her aunt, Miss Maddox, quietly answered for her:

"Young Mr. Moffit and his sister, and the Harmon girls and Jack Riverton, and Mr. Patton will bring a friend with him."

The squire's brow darkened.

"Wasn't Jack Riverton here yesterday?"

"No, not yesterday. Seems to me he is always here. Pity his father don't keep him more closely to his desk in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure. And I don't see," he added, irritably—"I don't see why he should have been invited here, when I have already expressed my objection to him."

"He is not particularly invited," his sister answered. "It is only the second meeting of our little croquet club—all that we can find to amuse us in this dull country neighborhood. And, of course, you can't blame him for coming with the rest."

Eva's soft, dark eyes had filled with tears.

"Papa," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "why do you object to Mr. Riverton? Everybody likes him but you."

The squire hesitated a full half minute, as he made a pretense of carefully buttering his egg.

"I have nothing against the young man's character," he said at length, still more impatiently, "but I don't like him personally—that is, his ways. I wish to hear and see no more of him if possible. I object decidedly, Eva, to your accepting the attention which he has recently been paying you, and I must request you, Matilda, not to encourage his visits here."

"I am sure I don't encourage him," Miss Matilda replied, bristling a little, well aware in her own mind that Mr. Riverton needed no encouragement from her. "But I can't understand, brother, what you can find to object to in Jack Riverton's manners. Every one says they are delightful, and you never found fault with him until lately."

"That is just it. His manners have entirely changed of late. When a man comes courting my daughter"—this in a very positive tone of voice—"I like him to appear as a man, and a man of sense and business. He should come to me in the first place and say frankly that he wishes my consent to his addressing my daughter as he—finds that he—er—has a regard for her, or something plain and simple of that kind. But Riverton is a spongy, and is making a fool of himself. If there is anything that I thoroughly despise, it is to see a tall young fellow like that languishing around a woman, making sheep's eyes at her on all occasions—even in church—and dawdling about for hours in the moonlight, repeating poetry and calling her darling and dearest, and other such baby names. It's disgusting!"

Here Eva, whose cheeks had been gradually assuming the hue of the damask rose which was pinned at her throat, suddenly leaned back in her chair and burst into tears.

She knew now that papa must have overheard that talk between herself and Jack, when they sat in the moonlight under the drooping roses right beneath his open window.

And she had never dreamed that papa could be mean enough—no, she would not say that—but unfeeling enough to listen.

As she softly cried, with her dainty handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she heard her father's concluding words: "When you find a man making love in this idiotic way, you may be positive of one thing—that the love is only skin-deep, and that he will make an indifferent, if not a bad husband. For this reason I object to Mr. Jack Riverton courting my daughter."

That evening, in the quiet twilight interval between tea and croquet, Eva took occasion to convey to Mr. Riverton a warning hint of what her father expected of them in the future.

Jack knew—as did most of the squire's acquaintances—that despite a "good heart at bottom," the old gentleman was apt to take up absurd and unreasonable prejudices, and to stick to them with tenacious obstinacy—especially when he found himself opposed. But on this occasion the young man's spirit rose in high rebellion, and it took all Eva's influence to pacify him.

"No, Jack," she said, with a gentle firmness, in reply to his excited remarks, "you must not speak to papa at present. It would only make matters worse while he is in this mood. We can do nothing but wait and see if in time he won't yield to more reasonable impressions."

"In time!" repeated Jack, impatiently. "Why, Evie, he don't change his views on any subject within five years' time."

"Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose we shall have to wait, even if it is as long as that."

One day the squire, returning from his morning ride, found his daughter and his sister seated in the pleasant little sitting-room opening upon the garden.

Eva's white fingers were deftly fashioning some rose-colored ribbons into dainty knots and loops.

"What are those for?" her father inquired, as he seated himself in his own big arm-chair and unfolded his paper while glancing admiringly at the silken stuff.

"To wear at the lawn party this evening, papa. And you will go with us, of course?"

"A lawn party? Ah, I had forgotten! Well, where is it to be—at the Lyens?"

"At the Rivertons," Miss Maddox said.

He scowled as he roughly shook out his paper.

"I don't wish to interfere with your pleasures or enjoyments, Eva," he said, "but I would rather that you should not go to this party at the Rivertons."

She knew that when her father expressed a wish, it was intended as a command, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap, crushing the crisp ribbons. Tears forced themselves between the long lashes, and she presently rose and quietly left the room.

Then Miss Maddox looked up from her own work, and there was something unusual in her expression.

"Archibald," she said, gravely, "I have something to say to you. I would warn you not to carry this matter too far, nor to be too hard upon Eva and Jack Riverton, lest you drive her into open disobedience and even an elopement."

"An elopement!"

His sister took from the little work-box which Eva had left on the table a folded letter.

"I found this here, just where you see that she keeps it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, seeing that it is a love letter; but, under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to let you know the contents. Will you read it, or shall I do so?"

The squire replied with a sort of inarticulate grunt, which his sister interpreted in her own way, and accordingly commenced reading aloud:

"My own precious angel, Eva—"

"Bah!" said the squire, with an expression of unutterable disgust.

"—since a cruel and relentless fate at present forbids our meeting, I can but take this unsatisfactory method of communicating with you, and telling you, my own dearest darling, of how unspeakably and unutterably dear you are to me."

"The fool!" muttered the squire.

"Oh, my soul's beloved—"

"For heaven's sake, Matilda, spare me any more of that sickening and idiotic stuff! Why, it's worse even than I would have thought Jack Riverton capable of. What were you saying about an elopement?"

"It is this," answered his sister, glancing down the page:

"I find that I cannot exist apart from you, and since your unfeeling father—"

"Humph!"

"—will not consent to our union, we must take our fortunes into our own hands and defy any earthly power to keep us asunder."

"The rascal!" cried the squire, starting erect in his chair.

But his sister put out her hand, deprecatingly.

"Hear the rest, Archibald!"

"Not another word! The idea of a rascal and idiot like that presuming to court my daughter—"

"But at least hear the last lines:

"Good-night, my soul's beloved! May angels fan you to slumber with their fragrance-laden wings! and in your dreams think of your own devoted—"

"ARCHIBALD MADDOX."

There was a blank, bewildered pause.

"What does this mean, Matilda? What letter is that?"

His sister quietly handed it to him.

"It is one which you wrote over twenty years ago to the woman whom

you loved and married—Eva Chesney. Your daughter found it a few days ago among some old letters and papers in the attic closet."

The squire looked over the faded and torn sheet as one in a dream.

"I would not have believed that I could ever have written in a style such as this," he said, in a strangely subdued voice.

"And yet you were a devoted husband and made your wife a happy woman."

He read the letter through, and a moisture gathered in his eyes.

"We are apt to forget—apt to forget!" he muttered, as he refolded it. Just then Eva entered the room.

"I must put away my work," she said, apologetically, and there were traces of tears in her eyes.

Her father put out his hand, and drew her gently to her former seat.

"Sit down, dear, and finish your ribbons. I will take you over to the Rivertons' this evening."

And Eva never knew until after her marriage to Jack Riverton what had caused so sudden a change in her father's views and sentiments in regard to that subject.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average woman lives longer than the average man.

All medical authorities hold that fruits are essential to prolongation of life.

Attempts have been made to counterfeit meteorites, because they are so valuable, but without success.

According to the tracks found in a stone quarry in Connecticut, a bird with a foot eleven inches in length inhabited those parts.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says that pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, especially in front of the right one, will stop a fit of coughing.

The hydrographic office at Washington is disposed to attribute the heat and drought in Europe this season to the scarcity of icebergs in the North Atlantic.

The Chicago Common Council has empowered the Mayor of the city to negotiate for the erection of garbage crematories of a capacity of 100,000 tons a day.

Criminals are usually of weak physical organization. In 1885 sixty-seven per cent. of the men in French prisons and sixty per cent. of the women were sent to the hospital at some time during the period of incarceration.

The narrow part of the Strait of Florida, through which the Gulf Stream flows at the rate of five knots an hour, is fifty miles wide, and has a mean depth of 350 fathoms. If this were stopped up the climate of this country in winter would be totally changed.

A recently constructed submarine boat, destined for the French Navy, is moved by electricity, carries a crew of twelve men, and can remain under water for two hours. It is planned to lodge under an enemy's vessel a torpedo powerful enough to break a big steamer in two.

A. D. Risteen, in a recently published paper in the Astronomical Journal on a new method for determining the direction of the sun's motion through space, concludes that he has obtained results which not only show the reality of such motion, but that its rate is 10.9 miles per second.

After two years' trial with pine, oak and greenheart in the Suez Canal Company's arsenal basin at Port Said, it has been found that while the pine and oak are almost entirely destroyed by the "tarot," or borer worm, the greenheart has suffered no injury whatever. This wood is a native of British Guiana.

Experiments with a bicycle fitted out with a small chemical tank and fire axe are being made by a South Boston fire company. The bicycle has cushion tires and with its whole outfit weighs about sixty pounds. The tank holds about two gallons of chemical, which amounts as an extinguisher to about twelve pails of water.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning is in some way caused by the flash. Meteorologists have proven that this is not the case, and that, exactly to the contrary, it is not only possible but highly probable that the sudden increased precipitation is the real cause of the flash.

A Curious Indian Relic.

Not long ago there was dug up in Ashland a curious stone with some dim and crude inscription upon it. It being shown to an old Oregon pioneer he pronounced it a temenawas stone, worn as a breastplate by the ancient Indian priests.

It has holes in the upper corners by which it may be hung upon the priest's neck. It carries upon it a picture of the sacred wigwam, and at one end of the wigwam stands the totem pole, on the top of which a little flag was hung that warned the evil spirits off while the priest performed his divine functions in the sacred house or wigwam.

This temenawas may coincide with the breastplate of the Ephod, worn by the ancient Hebrew priests, so that the picture of the wigwam on this stone may represent the primary ancestor of all the temples ever dedicated in the world, and all flags and liberty poles of all ages and countries may possibly be the lineal descendants of the original totem represented on the stone. Probably this Ashland stone is the only one of the kind now in existence.—Ashland (Oregon) Tidings.

Of the 206,000,000 natives of India but 2,000,000 can speak English, the language of the rulers.



LOSS OF YOUNG TURKEYS.

Young turkeys are difficult to rear without every convenient provision for safety from damp and wet. It is best to house them at night in a long, low shed, divided into apartments, one for each brood. Here they should be fed in the morning before they are let out and in the evening when driven in before the dew falls. The coops may be five feet high at the rear and three feet in the front, with one glazed sash, hinged, for the door. Entrance will then be easy to clean the coops and take in the food. The flocks should be driven up early and then shut in the yard in which the coops are made. Exposure to one cold rain will kill every one of a brood until the red of the head and neck, which is a sign of full puberty, appears. After that they are not so tender, but will yet need care.—New York Times.

PEA VINES AS MANURE.

When a fall crop is taken after picking green peas for market it is a usual practice to gather the pea vines and cart them out of the field. They are often worth more as a fertilizer to be plowed under just as they are. If a few seed peas are left ripe enough to grow, it will be none the worse for the future crop. The pea vine is strongly nitrogenous, and makes a fertilizer richer than much straw and fire-fangled stable manure. It has the further advantage of being somewhat wet, as the moisture has not had time to dry out. We have seen the best crops of late turnips grown thus, and they were seemingly not at all injured by the few pea vines that came up among them. The pea root gathers nitrogen from air in the soil, as the clover root does, and growing it as green manure adds more to the fertility of soil than does any other crop excepting clover.—Boston Cultivator.

HOW TO MILK.

It is very important to free the udder entirely from milk for two reasons. The first is that these "strappings" will dry up the cow in a very short time. The other is the fact that one pint of the milk last drawn contains as much butter fat as one quart of that obtained at the beginning of the milking. In addition to these there is the actual loss in the amount of milk at the time. To show how considerable this loss is the following test was recently made: Five cows were milked for a period of four weeks by two different persons, both being competent parties, one of them doing his average milking and not aware that an experiment was under way, the other fully informed as to the nature of the experiment and expected to contribute his best skill for the purpose in view. In the case of the one unaware of the experiment the yield of milk for the two weeks from the five cows was 864 pounds. With no more cows or chance, the man who was posted got 1131 pounds, or 267 pounds more than the other.—New York World.

CULTIVATION OF THE ORCHARD.

The opinion of horticulturists differs widely on the cultivation that should be given to the orchard. Some believe that the best results are obtained when the grass is allowed to grow in the orchard, while others recommend a shallow and frequent loosening of the soil, while still others favor a deep plowing several times during the season. Many have tried subsoiling before planting and some continuing it after, and although the expense was quite heavy, they heartily favor that method. Disk harrowing has been tried in many sections and good results have been reported in the majority of cases.

Another point on which a difference of opinion is expressed is where to plant the orchard, on the low land bordering a stream or on the upland. In the Arkansas Valley, those who raise fruit for the market select the first bottom for the orchards. The land there is well drained and has a good sub-irrigation. In other parts of the State orchardists, fully as extensive growers, avoid planting on the lower ground, beginning their orchards well up the hillsides and continuing to the summit.—American Farmer.

PROFIT IN WHITE FIELD BEANS.

What to raise in the place of wheat, which has not been a paying crop for several years, is a question which is agitating many farmers, writes W. J. Thomas, of Michigan. I believe that, for some districts, beans come nearer to filling the place of wheat than any other crop. Like wheat there is always a ready sale for it, it has fewer enemies, can be kept over with much less shrinkage, as rats and mice do not trouble it, and commands from two to three times the price of wheat, while the vines and pods are fully equal to hay for feeding purposes. A poor soil may raise a fair crop of beans, or a fair crop may be raised with but little work. On the other hand no crop will better respond to good treatment than will beans, and the better the soil the better will be the beans. Land that will, in a good season, raise ten bushels of wheat per acre, will raise ten of beans, and land that grows twenty of wheat, will yield as many of beans.

Formerly the crop required a good deal of labor, for it was all done by hand, but then it was a paying crop; now that we have improved machinery

for planting and harvesting, the profits are doubled. One can ride nearly across the State of Michigan and see on almost every farm from ten to forty acres of beans. Here we use a combined harvester and planter, with which one man and team can plant from ten to fifteen acres in a day, and pull them in the same time. They can also be cultivated with a riding cultivator, which makes beans the cheapest cultivated crop grown, so far as labor and expense are concerned. We aim to plant in early summer, taking care to have our ground well prepared. With the planter we can plant the rows thirty, thirty-two or thirty-four inches apart, and from twelve to thirty inches apart in the row, planting in hills of from three to ten beans in a hill. With a riding two-horse cultivator we cultivate from two to four times, and by September 1st pull with the puller, which, when properly handled, will not shell a peck of beans on ten acres, no matter how ripe they may be; this allows plenty of time to follow with wheat if wanted to seed down, or with rye to pasture or plow under. The bean crop here is threshed entirely by machinery, and is destined soon to become the leading crop in Michigan.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Clematis likes water.
Milk the sweet peas.
Chilled buttermilk makes a refreshing drink.
The successful dairyman feeds and milks the cows regularly.
The temperature of the milk is an item of first importance.
If you have not started a compost heap for next year's use, do it now.
Unless water is plenty, don't take the fresh mown grass from the lawn.
See that the hay stacks in the meadow are well secured before the stock is turned in.
The shorter the silage is cut the better. Half an inch or less gives the best results.
To get the most good from bran it should be fed along with corn and similar food stuffs.
In raising tomatoes employ those fertilizers which give up their food materials quickly.
If rains wash off the insecticide or fungicide, renew it as quickly as possible after rain ceases.
Top dressing of good manure upon the timothy field will be quickly productive of good results.
If the clover pasture has dried up feed the shoots fresh cut corn and keep pushing them right along.
Don't wait till the grass is wood before you cut it. There is more milk and butter in early cut grass.
Fairly strong walnut water is recommended as an excellent wash for horses troubled with insect pests.
The best animals for the farmer are those which keep in a good and thrifty condition with very little difficulty.
Provide shade, water and succulent food for the milk cows during a dry spell, if you would have them do well.
Do not feed the horses on an exclusively rough ration at this time of the year, but give a supply of grain feed.
These scorching days a fresh, fragrant bouquet is doubly grateful to the sick and the aged; do not neglect or forget them.
Don't force any more new growth on plants that are to winter out, but allow the growth already formed to ripen.
The man who works with well laid plans is seldom crowded with work; he is in a position to do the crowding himself.
Lime greatly stimulates and makes active the inert elements of the soil, and makes them available in plant growth.
All milk utensils are better cleaned if rinsed with cold or lukewarm water before scalding water or steam is applied to them.
A perfect Cheddar cheese is one that has a clear skin, that is white in color, solid and firm in texture, and that has a slightly acety flavor.
A kind master is one who has the horse's good will, and such a man can get more work out of them than one who treats them harshly.
Young orchards are very apt to be injured if not ruined by overbearing. Young trees need growth. The heavy crop should come afterwards.
At this time of the year extra teams are in demand for farm work. It is poor policy to buy them if you cannot keep them in good condition.
It does not hurt the horse now if he is allowed to work without shoes. Unless there is an abundance of rocks, it is not necessary to have them shod.
Do not wait too long before cutting up the corn if you wish the fodder to be "the best." The same warning is to be heeded if you are going to silo it.
On seeing a young coon in an oak, near Cincinnati, a boy climbed the tree, with the intention of capturing the animal. As he nested the top an old coon attacked him from behind. The lad turned to face his new foe, and a fight continued for several minutes, when the boy fell and received fatal injuries.

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