On which our hearts were set : And if against our old-time ways They foolishly protest, We need never regret, my dear, That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught ; There's many a light gone out ; And disappointments, griefs and cares Have hedged us round about ;

And many a sad mistake we've made Throughout our lives, and yet We've done the very best we could, 'Tis useless to regret. For out of evil good has come,

And out of darkness light; And all wrong doing in this world Some day will be set right; And though we have not reached the height

Attained by others, yet We've done the best we could, my dear; "Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well, Gainst evil things to take our stand, In goodness to excel:

Se judge yourself not harshly, dear, Nor at misfortunes fret; We've done the best we could, and so "Tis useless to regret.

THE EDITOR'S VISIT.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.



HE noon hour had come, and the city editor of the Chronicle was very busy. came into the room and stood waiting by the side of the

ing up sharply, after an instant, "what her and went back to his post. do you want?

"I wanted to know if you could make use of this," answered the new comer, timidly holding out a small bundle of manuscript.

that you brought here the other day." tively young man, very alert, very quick in speech, and all business, took | folded manuscript. the manuscript, unfolded it with a snap and ran his eye over the first few so I fetched it!" she explained, her the manuscript, unfolded it with a lines. Then he wheeled his chair blue eyes looking up into his puzzled wholly barren. The breeding of blue around and said, straightening up and gray ones. speaking testily:

"Now look here, John Harmon, once and for all, understand that it's nouse ence even for him. In all his life he bringing such stuff as that in here, and I won't be bothered with looking at it! Why, this is identically the time so confident a visitor as this. He it involves no expense for the care or same ancient history you tried to shove looked at her sharply, almost sternly, off on me the other day."

the old man.

exclaimed the other. exclaimed the other. "Why, you grasp and opened it. There was no course of a few generations. In the couldn't polish that matter so that it solution of the mystery to be obtained same region there are red, white and for anything but to stop a hole. I upon the little figure beside him. haven't got any more time to talk! If Somehow, in spite of the old-fashioned you get any news, bring it in and I and much-worn clothes, it suggested

The city editor faced his desk again, smile lit his face. picked up his pen and fell to work, not for an instant stood motionless, then from?" he picked up the manuscript, put it in his pocket and turning away walked if that conveyed full information. slowly out of the room without a word.

please!'

The wind was biting hard outside remember him." and he drew his collar about his ears as he walked despondently down a side street. He had not far to go, for presently he went up the steps of a small where it was." house and opened the door. The room into which he came was bare and miserable looking, and everywhere showed the lack of a woman's hand to straighten the few bits of furniture, which only served by their mean repair to add to the forlorn appearance of the apart- chair about and began reading. ment. The old man stood quite still, one hand resting on the doorjamb, staring ahead of him as if he saw beyoud the opposite wall. As he stood there, there came a glad child's cry to me!" the editor said. from the other end of the room:

"Oh, Gran'pop, I glad you come! Chronicle entered. It's awfully lonesome!'

The old man's face brightened. He reached down and, as the little girl he handed him the manuscript. came running to him, caught her up Then he kissed her and put her down. here this morning and I told him we dious passages he showed his joy to the She did not see the tears on his checks couldn't use it. It's all ancient his best of his doggish ability, but if the as he talked to her of the fun they tory." would have that evening "after work was done." After work was done was "it's the kind of ancient history the and unmistakably expressed his disapthe season when these two had grand Chronicle wants. Can't you see that proval. - Brandon Bucksaw. romps together. Work, as little Polly that's local matter that a good many well knew, meant writing, writing, would rather read than news? Give it writing until she would crawl upon the a good place on the fourth page of toold man's knee and beg him to come morrow's issue, and I'll try to see that at all seasons in old Marblehead, Mass., play, and he would drop the pen from we have a column of just such staff is, "How is the fish?" In the past his cramped fingers and let her kiss twice a week. That's all!" from his eyes the mist which would long fixed on the pages before him.

past days was a knowledge of news- man," and how the historical stuff had paper writing and a little granddaugh- come into his hands. ter, whose mother and father had died

getting something to eat for himself and the child, the little one all the while chattering to him of what they rapidly wrote a few lines. Then he pound than that paid by a dog diswould do in the evening. When they folded the sheet, put it in an envelope posed of a few days ago by the pound had finished he pulled on his cost once and rose. more, kissed the child and went out

more likely, keener hunger than ever. some illustrated papers which were her invariable source of amusement. By and by, becoming tired, she wandered over to the table. The rejected manuscript on the chair caught her eye. Gran'pop's papers were forbidden artiwriting on its cover, "the Chronicle," there came to her mind that Gran'pop had told her when he was writing this address the night before and was too busy to play with her, that the manuscript had to be sent in to-morrow. lost." This was to-morrow, she reasoned, and "No, I only been to th' office!" exthe manuscript had not gone. Gran'- claimed Polly, clinging to his neck.
pop must have forgotten it! He would "To the office? Where do you

be sorry, she knew. Presently there came to her a bright idea and she stood very still for a moment, thinking hard. Why could not she take the manuscript to the Chronicle? She knew where the office was; she had been there with Gran'pop. home. She decided to do it. She trembling fingers and read: took the bundle from the chair and pulled on her jacket and tied her hood fast. She was used to dressing herself and soon was on the steps, the manuscript clutched firmly in her hand. Then she started off for the Chronicle office, proud of her self-appointed

The elevator boy was much surprised and not a little amused when she asked for the editor. He tried to chaff her on the way up, but she refused to take any notice of his remarks, if she understood them. All making out an as- her thoughts were on the top story us lots to do, but it shall not interfere signment list, when and the editor. Despite his funa queer old-fashion- making the elevator boy was a trifle ed figure of a man impressed, and, thinking she might be one of the "old man's" relations, when they arrived at the upper floor he showed her to the door of the sanctum "Well!" said the city editor, look- and told her to knock. Then he left

The editor was greatly surprised when a timid knock sounded on his door, and in answer to his "come in" he saw over his gold-bowed spectacles the diminutive maiden who entered. "I'm sure we can't unless it's some- He looked at her hard, but she did not of the most valuable and beautiful thing a trifle less hoary with age than appear discomfited. She came toward him without hesitation and stood with The city editor, who was a compara- one little hand resting on the edge of has recently stocked a number of islthe desk, the other extending the ands with foxes, and the investment

confused, but this was a novel experinever remembered having received in his office so small and at the same suspecting he was the victim of some "But I polished it up!" suggested joke but her gaze never flinched, and the baby eyes were not frightened. "Polished up your grandfather!" He took the manuscript from her they become exceedingly tame in the would be readable if you worked for here, however. The story was some ever. It's hard luck; but the plain local history of early days. There variety, which is supposed to be a truth is there are too many young men was no name, no mark of any kind to cross between the red and the black! hustling for live news to allow of such tell who wrote it or where it came are quoted at from \$5 to \$8 wholes back-number trash as that being good from. Non-plussed, he turned his eyes will look at it! Otherwise, stay away, to him that of a little one who had once called him father, and a kindly

"I don't know anything about this looking at the other. The older man paper," he said. "Who did it come

"From Gran'pop," she answered, as

to think who Gran'pop could be.

"Well." be said at last, "you sit down in that big chair there and I'll look over this paper and tell you what to say to him." Then he wheeled his

It did not take long, however, for him to decide what to do. He struck named him Parade, and one or another a hand bell on the desk and a boy came of them always invited him to dinner. into the room. "Send Mr. Campbell He accepted the invitations and was a A moment and the city editor of the

"Campbell," said the editor, "do

you know whose writing that is?" and "Yes," answered the other "it's old and laboringly lifted her to his breast. John Harmon's. He brought it in tention. If the piece had fine, melo-

"Well," said the editor a bit shortly,

The city editor did not see the little gather there, when he kept his mind figure in the big chair, and a bit disfigure in the big chair, and a bit dis-concerted at being turned down so round." This is the town's way of John Harmon was nearly eighty, "a sharply, he took up the manuscript speaking of the weather vane on the broken-down newspaper man" he was again and left the room wondering Congregational Church, the infallible called, and his only inheritance from what was the matter with the "old

When he had gone, the editor drew in a sever epidemic a few years before. a sheet of paper toward him. Looking The old man threw the rejected at the little figure in the chair, he said: manuscript on a chair, then set about "I will write a letter for you to take with you and give it to Gran'pop."

She nodded her head wisely, and he

The little girl slipped out of the side of the river. The dog had not again. A publishing house had prom- chair and came across to him. "Good ised to look over some manuscript he by!" he said, laying a hand on her forty-eight hours before he broke had left a week or so before. He was head, "and come and see me some away from his new master, swam the going there to get their answer. He time again!" Then he opened the Ohio and all wet turned up at the comprehended dully that this answer door and watched her ring the bell pound entrance and barked for admight mean something to eat, but, and disappear in the elevator.

The elevator boy was quite deferen-When the child was left to herself tial to her going down; but she paid she sat down and fell to looking over no more attention to him than before. When she slipped out of the building she hurried up the street, the letter in her hand. As she turned the corner near home she saw "Gran'pop" just entering the door and ran hard to catch him; but he had gone in before cles to her, but when she saw this she came up, so she knocked on the package and slowly spelled out the door. The same instant it was pulled open hurriediy and the old man, white and trembling, stood in the frame.
"Thank God!" he breathed, drawing

her up in his arms and burying his face in her curls, "I thought you were

"Th' Chronicle office. I took th' writin' down there you left on th' chair and th' editor gave me a letter

for you; he was awful nice." The old man took the envelope she held toward him and dropped into a It would be such a surprise to him to chair. With the child drawn close find it already gone when he came against him he broke the paper with

THE DAILY CHRONICLE, No. 429 —— Street,

John Harmon, Esq.

Dear Sir—We will use your paper on local history in to morrow's issue. We will be pleased to have you contribute a column of like matter as often as you can give it to us. for which we will pay you at our regular space rates. Yours truly, C. N. Hargood, Managing Editor.

There was a mist before the old man's eyes as he read the last words. "Was he cross, Gran'pop?" queried Polly, seeing the tears.

"No, Polly," said the old man. straining her to him; "he has given with your playtime, little one."-Kate Field's Washington.

Raising Foxes in Alaska.

For the purpose of perpetuating the fast vanishing fur supply of Alaska certain enterprising persons have gone into the business of breeding blue and black foxes on uninhabited islands along that coast. When the seals have been finally exterminated the world may still look to that region for some pelts known.

The Smeda Propagating Company is beginning to yield handsome returns. The lands thus employed are valueless for anything else, being foxes has already been made very suc-Now, the editor was not a man easily cessful on one of the Pribylof Islands -that of St. George-in Bering Sea. Of their increase ten thousand have been killed and skinned for market. One advantage of this industry is that feeding of the animals. All that is required is to let loose a few pairs. Those of them which are taken must at all times be trapped and not shot. Thus "cross" foxes. Skins of the last named The white and red pelts are worth only about \$1 apiece, because, though they are very beautiful, they are much more common and easily obtainable. Black foxes are so rare as to be hard to procure for breeding purposes.

A Musical Canine Critic.

A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and to have seen him in attend-"Yes, but who's Gran'pop? I don't ance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name was Parade. "Why don't you know him? He's Whether he had a different name at been here often, and I came with him home was never known. At the beonce or twice, that's how I knew ginning of the French revolution he went every day to the military parade The editor racked his brain in vain in front of the Tuileries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances and after the parade disappeared, to return promptly at parade time next day.

Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theatre, where he seated himself calmly in a corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music.

If a new piece was played he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest atpiece was ordinary and uninteresting he yawned, stared about the theater

Salutations in Old Marblehead.

The customary morning salutation rainy summer the answer, after a look down the street, has generally been, oracle which determines whether boats shall put out to sea and leisurely landsmen go s-riding. - Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Fond of Captivity.

It would be difficult to find a more eloquent tribute to the kindness bestowed on the brutes kept at the dog authorities to some man on the other been away from the pound more than mission. - Cincinnati Times Star.



MEASUREMENT OF HAY IN A STACK. Hay settles in the stack quite slowly of bone, distributed all through the on account of the elasticity of the soil by repeated ploughings, will give grass stems. It is a matter of guess you wood and fruit.

work wholly how much it may settle. but in a month it may settle one-tenth stacked twenty-four hours only will York Times.

MULES FOR FARM WORK.

The mule is used much more than the horse in the South, probably in part because Southern laborers are not to be trusted with the more spirited and valuable animal. A Southern planter mentions as advantages of mules over horses: Their feet are smaller, so they injure the crops less when working in them, and can be used in closer rows than horses: they are less liable to disease, are better feeders, being less fastidious as to what they eat, endure hardship better, are not so easily injured and are steadier to work at the plow. The not and very many of them cannot be experience of most Northern farmers cultivated, and, as a consequence, these with mules is that, however serviceable that are stocked with cows are slowly for work on the farm, it is less pleasant and less safe to work among them. Good horses are none the worse for place of nutritious grasses. the farm, because they require better care than the mules will put up with. through a hilly town where sheep rais--Boston Cultivator.

BAISING CALVES,

A calf to each cow can be raised on skim milk and a little additional food. A calf may be fed skim milk when one week old, with the addition of one gill of boiled flaxseed, increasing this ration gradually to a pint per day when four weeks old, and then adding fine middlings or corn and oats ground together, or a pint to one quart of oats unground.

Flaxseed gruel, with plenty of skim milk, will produce a very fine growth, leaving the calf as mellow to the touch as if sucking the cow. A calf two months old will gain three pounds per day on this ration. The oil taken off in the cream can be replaced for onefifth of the money value of the cream. Butter dairymen may raise a calf to each cow upon the skim milk and a little additional food as indicated, and get one-fourth to one-third as much profit out of the butter. Selling butter robs the land of nothing valuable -only carbon, which has no manural value. - Mirror and Farmer.

THE EXCELLENT LIMA BEAN.

The Lima bean is the best flavored and largest variety of the bean family, 84.50 per head in wool and lambs, and vet it is not raised for the market any large quantities on account of the trouble and expense of getting poles for them. The villager has to buy poles for what he plants, and the sum expended for them often exceeds the income from the vines. Those farmers who have timber on their land are generally too busy, or think they are, to bother with pole beans, so they plant some of the bush varieties that are not half so good in flavor and yield very poorly. For the benefit of those who like Lima beans and do not raise them because of the trouble of providing with poles, we give the following plan of a trellis, which answers every purpose fully as well as the old method: If they are to be raised on a large scale two heavy posts may be set at intervals of forty feet, the full length of the row, being sure to brace the end ones. Then plain wire is stretched from post to post. As the vines are very heavy, it is best to strengthen it by putting two or three pieces of ordinary three-inch board. Then loop a strand of package twine from the top wire to the lower one. These twines should be about sixteen inches apart. Very little trouble is experienced in making the vines follow the wires, and no tying is necessary. This trellis will last many years, and we think it is a great improvement over the poles. -American Farmer.

PLANTING THE GRAPE.

Experienced grapemen everywhere urge deep planting and it is a lesson one must learn sooner or later. We may think it an absurd thing to plant a vine a foot and a half or two feet more flowers the plant will bear. deep, but unless we do we may as well let grapes alone.

Nearly all planters recommend at least the former depth, and it is a custom followed in the oldest grape countries. Not only is it an all but universal method, but in some of the Rhine countries all surface roots are cut off by thrusting the spade down alongside the vine, so compelling the plant to find its entire sustenence in the subsoil.

Without a deep and thorough preparation of the soil our vines will be by the cabbage worm. both short lived and unproductive. Drainage must be secured if necessary, for a grape will not endure wet feet, nor will fertilizing the subsoil be of the least use so long as water remains

How to enrich the whole soil to the depth of at least one foot is, in the vineyard, an important matter. It may possibly be done otherwise, but to promote a good healthy growth of vine and fruit, there is to my mind no way at growth. Such a compost made up by applying Paris green.

with hardwood ashes and a sprinkling

Now, in preparing to plant, throw out wide, open furrows, or dig holes at in the height of the stack and more least three feet wide and a foot and a slowly after until it stops. New hay half deep, and put in a generous supply-a bushel or more-of the same weigh more than a ton for 1000 cubic compost. Mix it with the best surface feet; after a month the weight of a ton soil, and in that plant. You cannot will be about 900 cubic feet .- New fill up at first; let the upper roots be covered three or four inches, and for the rest successive hoeings as the vines grow will suffice, and by the close of the first season the ground will be levelled up.

Don't forget to get the vines down, lown near the bottom of the prepared holes, for most of the failures in grape growing result from surface preparation and shallow planting .- Florida Agriculturist.

POOR PASTURES.

Good pasturage is essential to successful dairy farming in most sections of New England. On a large proportion of the farms these pastures are being depleted of their original fertility, and brush and weeds take the

A short time since the writer passed ing was formerly the leading farming industry, but after the collapse of the Merino boom the farmers changed from sheep raising to dairying, and for the past ten or twelve years cheese making has been their specialty. For a few years this line of farming was profitable. The pastures furnished an abundance of feed, and the cows gave a good flow of milk with small cost. But things have changed. Many of the pastures now are overgrown with weeds and bushes, and produce but little good feed. Farmers are obliged to buy large quantities of grain to keep up the flow of milk through the summer months. The grain bills absorb the profits and keep the farmers in financial straits all of the time. The only practicable way out is to try sheep raising again for a few years.

Last spring I turned a flock of sheep into a pasture that was so overrun with weeds and daisies as to furnish but little feed for cattle. To-day not a weed or a daisy is to be seen, and the sheep and lambs which are long wooled, Costwold and Leicester, have done finely. In two or three years I expect the pasture will be entirely free from weeds and daisies and ready for cattle again. A good flock of sheep well with special care much more may be realized; allowing fifty cents per head for grain would give you a return of \$4 per head of cash in hand. In the town referred to the annual average receipts for the milk of the cows at the cheese factory is about \$30 per cow and from this must be subtracted the grain feed. - New England Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A good mulch keeps down weeds. Mixed grasses make the best pasture. Milk as quickly and quietly as pos-

The curl in the pig's tail is a sign of health.

Small eaters are almost always poor

Large crops are not always the most

profitable ones. Liquid manure will force crops to a

rapid maturity. The best quality of meat comes from

the pig, not the hog. Bulky food should always be fed with concentrated food.

Pigs in the orchard will consume wormy fruit and insects. Change the quarters and pasture of

your sheep occasionally.

Too much wood is a prolific cause of the non-fruitage of trees. A creamery should not be started on

less than three hundred cows. Oil meal is a concentrated food and

should be given in moderation. The more flowers are picked, the

Raspberries, with the exception of Blackcaps, can be planted in the fall. Mulched tomatoes produce larger

crops than those that are not mulched. A little extra work in mellowing the soil will give a larger profit when the crop is harvested.

Market gardeners are preparing the land and sowing turnips and lettuce for the late market.

Those kinds of cabbage which have firm, close heads are the least injured

Turnips will produce larger crops when weeded, but they will do well on the average ground if not cultivated. The loss by shrinkage of vegetables stored in cellars is very great; some claim it to be as high as forty per

cent. To get the best results with raspberries, cut out old wood and all weak stalks as soons as the bearing season is

all equal to ploughing in good com-post, either of muck well dried out or down, the bugs that were on them are of parings of low rich lands, including apt to attack the other plants, especialwire grass, bushes, vines, all the small | ly the eggplants, but they can be killed

It cost Americans \$200,000,000 for tobacco last year.

Shortage in Rubber Boots and Shoes,

Owing to the recent money stringency att the Rubber Shoe factories stopped work for several weeks, the only exception being the Colchester Co., the demand for the Colchester Spading Boot obliging them to run continuous. ly. This general shut down will cause considerable scarcity of Rubbers this winter. The Colchester Spading Boot is already sold ahead and is pronounced the best Rubber Boot in the market for all around wear.

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"Have suffered seventeen years with stomach troubles brought on by overheating the blood and then drinking cold water. I became restess at night and my ood distressed A P COOLE tors declared my case I grew worse and docincurable. Medicines

failed to help me until upon recommendation I took Hood's Farsaparilla. My heart trouble has subsided and I am free from pain. I can now eat heartily without distress, thanks to

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The past year I have been able to work, something I had not been able to do for two years previous. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." A. P. COOLEY, Franklin Falls, N. H. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immedaite relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

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ent by eapress on receipt of price, \$1,50 per bob.