

NOTHING TO REGRET.

Should some great angel say to me to-morrow,  
 "Thou must retrace thy pathway from the start,  
 But God will grant in pity for thy sorrow,  
 Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart."  
 This were my wish "From my life's dim beginning  
 Let be what has been! Wisdom planned the whole,  
 My want, my woe, my errors and my sinning,  
 All, all were needed lessons for my soul."  
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MISS HOPE'S ROMANCE.



ND now, gentlemen, since we have finished the business of electing a trustee, it behooves me, as clerk of the district and Chairman of this meeting, to speak of a teacher for this ensuing year. Indeed, it gives me great pleasure to inform our trustees that they will have very little trouble in securing the services of a worthy and estimable woman. The applicant, Miss Amelia Squabb, came to me a few days ago and asked me to use my interference in her behalf. She probably meant my influence, gentlemen. I did not quite engage her, but gave her to understand that her mind might be at rest on the subject. Miss Squabb left her photograph to be presented to the district at this meeting. I consider it and her manner extremely prepossessing. Just the woman, gentlemen, to train the tender mind."

"Indeed!"  
 Mr. Spick's terse remark expressed so much that Mr. Sawyer was on his feet again in a moment.  
 "Don't feel prejudiced, gentlemen, because she came to me first. Her face shows that she has had experience with boys and girls and I feel confident she may be able to civilize some of the wild Indians in this district."  
 "Indeed!"

This second "indeed" issued from the lips of Mr. Spick, who owned two of the said wild Indians.

"Yes," continued Mr. Sawyer, unmindful of the interruption, "our school has been degenerating for the past five or ten years, until the children in it are the most demoralized set to be found in the whole county. They are ignorant, saucy, bad—"

"Have a care, if you please, Sawyer," spoke up Mr. Span. "You are speaking of our children, not your own. We quite agree with you that the school has not been as good lately as it might be. The trustees have not taken as much interest in it as they should. We have allowed others in the district to monopolize the duties of our office. In future the trustees expect to hire the teachers themselves, to say what shall and shall not be done, and to support the teacher in every way in their power. So you may tell Miss Squabb, the prototype of this caricature of womanhood, that we don't want her. We have a treat in store for the children—Dolly Hope is to teach the school next year."  
 A murmur of surprise and disapproval filled the room, and a tall, burly man at the end of the room rose quickly.

"Neighbor, I'm safe to say you don't mean the young gal as lives over the fields yonder?"

"The very same, Dawson. What have you to say against her?"

"Why, she's but a child, not older than my Jimma. The children won't obey her."

"Give them to understand that they must obey."

"I do my best neighbor, but those youngsters are fuller of spirit than my colts are. I'm half inclined to agree with Mr. Sawyer; get them a teacher they will learn to dread and have a wholesome fear of."

"The speaker was William Dawson, a wealthy farmer with a large family. His wife was an invalid, and Jimma, his eldest daughter, a girl of twenty, ruled his home as best she could. He sent six children to school, and that left at home Jimma and Robert, a handsome young fellow of twenty-two."

"Is this new teacher the young girl who goes gallivanting round the country on a big black horse?" asked Reddy, the father of another big family.

"Yes, she rides horseback."  
 "She has just returned from Europe, they say, and I doubt not her head is filled with all sort of outlandish knowledge. A common teacher would do just as well."

"Why now, neighbors, I think we had better give the young lady a chance," spoke up ex-soldier Brown. "I am glad for my children's sake that we are to have a refined, college-bred and traveled teacher. She is a stranger to us all. Perhaps she will do better than some of you are inclined to think."

"Oh, yes, Brown; to be sure you have no fear for her! Your children always do get the benefits. It's a fine thing to be a favorite pupil."

Mr. Brown's face flushed, but he answered quietly:  
 "Yes, I'm glad my children are favorites. They are accustomed to obedience and kindness at home, and I believe they are also good in school."

Mr. Sawyer here arose, and making his way to the door said:  
 "Gentlemen, the business of the evening is finished. I have helped the school in the past all that I could. If Miss Hope wishes my advice I'll give it; but the trustees have assumed the responsibility of hiring her, now they must support her. I'm done. Good night!"

And he passed out.  
 "That is just what we mean to do—support the teacher, and if every

father here will impress it on his children's minds we won't have so many to expel next month," remarked Mr. Brown.

On the morning when school was to open the children congregated early. "I've brought a present for the new teacher," said Barbara Hunter. "I wonder how she will like it?"

She opened a box she carried, and we caught a glimpse of a little furry creature.

"Won't the dainty Miss Hope yell, though!" said Barbara. "Taint likely she saw any of these in them furrin' parts."

Down the road on a slow canter came a beautiful black horse and his rider, Miss Hope; she was dressed in a close-fitting dark habit and cap. She stopped at Mr. Dawson's, where she was to leave her horse, gave Robert the bridle and entered the house. Very soon she reappeared, dressed for school, and walked quickly up the hill.

"Good morning! I am glad to meet you all," she said pleasantly.

Forty-two pairs of eyes scanned her closely as she passed into the school house. We were all there, and only those who have gone through the ordeal can appreciate how very trying this first day was to be to the young teacher. At 9 o'clock the bell rang, and we took our seats. Some good instinct must have guided Miss Hope in making the schedule of names, classes, and so on, for she began with the row in which the best behaved pupils were seated. Next was Barbara's row.

"What is your name?" inquired the young teacher.

"Some folks call me Red Top."  
 "Yes? What do your parents call you?"

"Barbara."  
 "Barbara what?"  
 "Hunter."

"How old are you, Barbara Hunter?"  
 "Past ten."  
 "How many years past?"  
 "Five."

"What do you read in, Barbara?"  
 "A book, Miss Hope."

In this way she and her fellows tried all day to annoy Miss Hope; but she seemed not to notice their rudeness.

Not till afternoon did she discover her present. Barbara had put it in a crayon box on her desk. The first language class was called—ten boys and girls. Miss Hope, eagerly studying their sweet faces, drew the box toward her to get some crayon. She slid back the lid, put in her hand, but drew it back quickly with an exclamation of pain. There, clinging to her hand, was a blind mole, its teeth nearly through one slender finger. In a second it had relaxed its hold and was creeping round the floor. One big boy with a ready boot would have crushed the little creature, but Miss Hope laid her handkerchief over it and lifted it back into the box.

"We will use the mole for our lesson," she said. "Who can tell me where moles live, what color they are, and all about them!"

Although her face was pale and her finger swollen, she never asked a word about how the mole came there.

There were good blackboards in the school room, and the wall had been newly kalsomined, but the large apartment looked bare and dismal. We had always been accustomed to this, and were not a little surprised to find, one morning, pretty pictures on the walls, polished horns hung up by bright ribbons and filled with flowers, calendars, a thermometer, little oilcloth mats for the teacher's desk, and various other improvements. The room looked very inviting and pleasant.

One day Barbara was even more wayward than usual. She would not learn her lessons at all. Miss Hope kept her after school. It was some minutes before she spoke a word to her. Then she did something so naturally and kindly that the girl could not be offended. She took her own brush out of the desk and said:

"Barbara, do you know you have lovely hair? I'm going to arrange it for you."

While thus engaged she talked of the beautiful places and things she had seen, telling her stories and anecdotes, until Barbara forgot her wrath and laughed outright. Then Miss Hope put her arms around her.

"Barbara, let's be friends. Don't you want to be?" she asked.

"I don't know. I've been so bad and—I put that mole on your desk."

"Yes, I know."  
 "And you are not angry?"  
 "No, only anxious about you, dear."

And then she talked to the repentant girl in a kind, earnest way she never forgot, and which made her Miss Hope's fast adherent.

The young teacher knew quite well how she was regarded in the district. Her methods were so practical and new that they caused comment, and she herself was so young and pretty and happy that the old fogies in the district shook their heads and sighed. They knew something dreadful would happen in that school before the year was done. Fancy a teacher standing by and watching a boy climb the tallest tree he could find, or turning a rope for a girl to jump! She had even been known to approve of foot races, hand springs and wrestling matches!

When the trustees, having been imperturbed again and again, consented to go with Mr. Sawyer to expostulate, she laughed and queried:

"Why, gentlemen, have you forgotten your own youth? You did all these things yourselves. It is a child's nature, and if my pupils want to strengthen their muscles in the old way, I'm going to be on hand, if possible, to help in case of an emergency. You haven't any idea how much stronger some of them are growing. See how rosy and erect they are."

Down the road the scholars came, forty-two in number, with flags,

broomsticks, mouth organs, tin basins, boxes, anything with which to make a noise.

"Mercy on us! What a din! How can you expect those howling urchins ever to become quiet, law-abiding citizens or even verge on being good men and women? If you have any control whatever over them, Miss Hope, I beg you will bid them cease their noise!"

"Peace, Sawyer! And you, Miss Hope, will you let us see what they will do next, please?"

"Certainly. It lacks half an hour to school time, but this is one of our calisthenic drill days."

We had received several drill lessons, and so well did we acquit ourselves on the present occasion that after fifteen or twenty minutes of gesture, singing and marching, Mr. Spick exclaimed:

"Why, it's as good as a show! I'm sure they obey even your uplifted hand, Miss Hope. I wondered what made my boy and girl so strong lately, and I do believe there is such a thing as learning how to teach even in them furrin' parts. You can do as you please, gentlemen," he continued.

"I'm going home, and when any one complains again I'll tell him to come and see for himself."

We learned very fast that year, any one could tell that, and so the trustees and parents decided to give us a picnic as a reward either for studying hard or for not having broken our heads, as some of the grumblers contended. For weeks we all looked forward to it. We were proud of our school and liked to compare it with others.

One afternoon, about a week before the picnic, Robert Dawson and his father were breaking a young horse. It stopped directly in front of the school house. One of the boys whispered that no animal Rob Dawson rode could pass Miss Hope till his master had looked at her, but the girls would not listen to his joke. It was recess, and we were all out upon the grounds. We had seen colts broken before and knew enough to be quiet; but Miss Hope cried out:

"Oh, what a beauty!"  
 That was true, and the remark pleased the Dawsons, for they were very proud of their horses.

"Yes," said Robert, "he is a beauty, and quite gentle, too."  
 "Then why do you keep the rope on its neck and in its mouth?"

"Because he is not quite broken yet, and if he gets frightened a few jerks on that soon quiets him. I'm going to drive this team and take a load of the children to the picnic for you. May I?"

He looked at her entreatingly. Miss Hope blushed a little as she answered:

"Are you sure it will be safe?"  
 "Why, yes. If you like I'll leave the rope on, although it won't be necessary by that time."

"Oh, thank you! You are very kind."

The last day of school—our picnic day—finally arrived. The whole district—men, women and children—were going. We met at the school house. How happy we were as we rode through the beautiful country! Even the voices of the grumblers, those who found fault with the teacher and predicted dire results from her calisthenic drills and "sich doin's," became attuned to nature and helped complete the harmony of the day.

Oh, what a day that was in the woods and on the water! But it ended at last. The children were to start home first, while the older ones, with Miss Hope, remained to pack up the things.

How it was no one ever could quite tell; it must have been the horns, I think, but after the children were all in the wagon that coil, without the least warning, suddenly jerked itself loose from the man who was holding it, and, dragging the rope, sprang away, and before any one could reach out a saving hand the horses were dashing down the mountain with the crowded wagon.

We sat still and dumb, with white faces, afraid to move or scream, although some of the little ones hid their heads and cried. We were helpless with fear. Barbara Hunter had taken the reins, but she dared not use them, for at each pull the coil reared and kicked. We knew nothing could save us from being thrown into the ravine if the horses' speed was not slackened before we rounded the sharp, narrow curve.

But who was that in the road at least a dozen rods from the curve? Miss Hope! Her dress was torn, and her sweet face and hands all scratched and bleeding. In a few moments she had secured the dragging rope, which we had forgotten, and calling to Barbara to pull hard on the reins, the horses were brought to a stop just as Robert Dawson, on horseback, dashed upon the scene.

Miss Hope fainted dead away then. Robert caught her in his arms and called her wildly by name; but she was unconscious still when they took her home. For days she lay tossing in the delirium of brain fever. She recovered at last, and soon after that we learned that we were to lose our teacher; for Robert Dawson never rested until she promised to be his wife.

We were all sorry to lose Miss Hope, but none more so than Mr. Sawyer.

"I don't care whether she knows how to teach in the old way or not," he said to one of the trustees; "but a girl who could climb down the mountain hand over hand, on the wild grape vines, to save the lives of a lot of children, is fit to be trusted with those children anywhere. I'm afraid my shall never see her like again."

And we never have, in the school-room; but Mrs. Robert Dawson is a social power in the district, and her former pupils are her most devoted friends.—Waverly Magazine.



PROFIT FROM POULTRY.

Any good hen will lay 200 eggs in a year and bring out ten chickens. If, from the produce of these is deducted the value of one bushel of grain, the balance will be the profit. A young hen will last five years in good profit. But to keep a flock of more than fifty hens taxes the skill of experienced poultry men, as a crowd of fowls is very apt to become diseased, without the most particular care.—New York Times.

CURE FOR ROARING.

A new operation for the treatment of roaring has been introduced to the public by a prominent English veterinarian. The principle involved is that, roaring being originally a disease of the nervous system, the proper treatment would be to put the left recurrent nerve, which had lost its function, on to a sound motor nerve; suture it there, and endeavor to effect thereby a union, and, if possible, to get motor power supplied to the originally paralyzed larynx.

To this end, the left recurrent nerve, having been divided, was sutured to a branch of the spinal accessory, and as the result of the operation, when the time for exercising the animal arrived the amount of noise was comparatively slight, and in a few weeks the defect in the breathing was so trifling as only to be detected by an expert.—New York World.

BRAIN MASSES FOR HORSES.

Bran mashes for horses are the very poetry of physic and feed combined. They are cooling, comforting and slightly laxative, and never do harm, even though they do little or no good.

Who shall say that bran mashes do no good? Who shall say that they are not suitable to the horse when he eats so greedily? If a horse will not eat a bran mash, whether ill or well, then there is something wrong with the bran—it is mouldy, mice eaten or something of that sort. Given good bran no horse will refuse it, unless his case is exceedingly bad. Bran mashes are useful to form a vehicle for medicines, but the greatest care should be taken not to give the horse anything nasty in the bran mash, in such a manner as to affect the whole mash, or the chances are that the animal will retain a recollection, however dim, that will enable him to associate an unpleasant taste with the appearance of the mash.—Farming World.

HOW TO RAISE FINE CARNATIONS.

Many amateurs complain of difficulty in flowering the carnation well in the living-room. I am confident that the chief cause of trouble is too warm and dry an atmosphere. Shower the plants all over at least once a day, keep water evaporating from stove or register all the time, let in a liberal amount of fresh air, and you can grow fine carnations in the house; and a really good flower is worth a good deal of care, because of its beauty, its delightful fragrance, and its lasting qualities. Give a somewhat heavy soil, with not enough sand to make it very friable. Drain the pots well. Do not use large ones. Six and seven inch pots are quite large enough for plants of ordinary size. In potting, place the soil firmly about the roots. Do not over-water, and do not keep in too warm a room. The best place for them is in a room off one in which there is a fire. If the temperature falls to fifty degrees at night, no harm is done. Aim to keep them free from frost. If you succeed in doing this you ought to be rewarded by having some fine flowers. Showering is of great importance, as it keeps the red spider down.—Demorest.

CALVES IN WINTER.

Give a calf a proper start the first year. If poorly fed and housed no after care will ever make up the loss from the unthrifty habits of body and poor digestion which wrong treatment at that stage is sure to bring on. The housing should be good and warm, without being stuffy and ill ventilated, and above all things chills and drafts are to be avoided. A large stall in which about ten can move around freely is best and most convenient every way.

The best fodder on the farm is none so good for them. A handful of oats or chop at present prices will add to the future profit of the calf. Salt should be provided in some form and water as often as they care to drink. To drive calves a quarter of a mile on a cold day to a water hole will bring certain harm and they will go faster back than forward. The shed or house in which they are kept should face the south and have plenty of light, for sunshine is as essential to animal as to plant life.

If the calves are of equal size they should be sorted into different lots, and if any show signs of unthriftiness, they should be separated and have extra care, and if possible a bit of oil cake. Oil cake is both food and medicine, and if at all within reach every farmer should lay in a ton every fall.

If an acre of flax is grown at home and a little of it soaked in hot water for an ailing beast of any kind it will be found a good investment. Cut when the seed is green, unthreshed flax will do quite as well, and keep money at home. There is nothing very new, perhaps, in this advice, but it is still worth thinking over, and putting in

practice all along.—Canadian Agriculturist.

STABLE CONVENIENCES.

It will save time in feeding and caring for the horses during the winter if necessary conveniences are provided. The horses can be groomed much more easily, while they will enjoy their night's rest much better, if they can be carefully cleaned when they are first brought into the stables. To do this in the best manner good foot tubs for washing the feet and legs are necessary. A supply of old rags that are good for nothing else should also be on hand, and when the horses come in at night their feet and legs can be carefully washed and dried. If this work is done while the dirt is soft, it will be much easier than if delayed until the next morning when it will have become dry and hard. A good supply of curry combs and brushes with which to cleanse the hair and skin are essential. A large quantity of waste matter is thrown off through the pores of the skin and if these are allowed to become closed up, the health of the animal is affected.

Good bedding, properly supplied, adds much to the comfort of the horses and at the same time aids in keeping them clean. So it is an important item to have all of the bedding dry. It will be the best to lay a supply and store it under shelter so as to have it on hand when needed. Good mangers for feeding hay, and tight, convenient boxes for feeding grain will lessen the waste.

Closets should be arranged in which to hang harness as having it behind the horse in the stables is, to say the least, very injurious. In arranging their closets care should always be taken to have them near by in order to save time. As the feeding must be done two or three times daily, and as on many farms the horses are harnessed once or twice every day, convenience in arranging is an important item. Every horse should have its place with a halter and a convenient place to tie to. Making the horses comfortable will lessen materially the quantity of feed necessary to keep them in good condition.—St. Louis Republic.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Rushes are degraded lilies.

Soap-suds are excellent manure.

Stunted animals never fully recover.

Starving the animals is starving the land.

Corn can be fed cattle without shucking.

A coat of manure is one of the best mulches for anything of a tender character.

If a fruit tree is of full size for bearing and does not do so it should be root-pruned.

Care in all the details is required in handling stock in order to make a profit on them.

Clear up all the trash in the garden and burn it if you would keep free from cut worms.

Hogs which are being fattened should not be overfed or allowed to get sour stomachs.

All bearing apple orchards should be given a broadcast mulching with barnyard manure.

In the fall it is always best to unite all weak colonies and get all as strong as possible for winter.

Generally at this time empty combs and section boxes should be removed and preparations be made for wintering.

Black bees may be changed to Italians by removing the black queen and introducing an Italian queen in her place.

At the close of the honey season every colony should be inspected to see if it is supplied with a laying queen.

It is well to remember that the flavor of the butter depends largely on the sweetness and the flavor of the food given the cow.

Tainted milk does not always have a bad odor. It is in this respect like sewer gas. The more imperceptible it is the more deadly.

An experimental shipment of osten hay—oats cut when rather green and unthreshed—has recently been made from Australia to England.

If your animals once run down it will cost much trouble to get them thrifty again, and it will also cost double to make up the lost gain.

Parent stocks that have swarmed must depend upon young queens alone for their existence. If anything happens to them they cannot raise another.

When you see a nest of caterpillars destroy them. That is the time, and that is what you are there for. Waiting for some special time does not count.

Pall Mall Was a Game.  
 Pall Mall, the celebrated London street, derives its name from an athletic game once very popular in England called pall mall. It consisted of a ball being driven through an iron ring with a mallet that strikes the ball. The game was played in the neighborhood of St. James Park in the time of Charles II on the street running alongside of this park, later called Pall Mall.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

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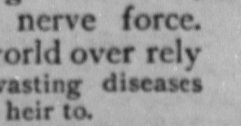
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