I asked a little child one day. A child intent on joyous play. "My little one, pray tell to me Your dearest wish: What may it be?" The little one thought for a while, Then answered with a wistful smile; The thing that I wish most of all Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden sweet and fair, Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair; "What would you wish, pray tell me true. That kindly fate should bring to you?" With timid mien and downcast eyes And blushes deep and gentle sighs, Her answer came: "All else above, I'd wish some faithful heart to love."

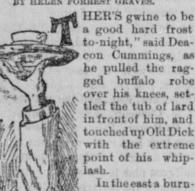
I asked a mother, tried and blest, With babe asleep upon her breast: "O, mother fond, so proud and fair, What is thy inmost secret prayer?" She raised her calm and peaceful eyes, Madonna-like, up to the skies : "My dearest wish is this," said she, "That God may spare my child to me."

Again, I asked a woman old, To whom the world seemed hard and cold "Pray tell me, O thou blest in years," What are thy hopes, what are thy fears?" With folded hands and head bent low Sie answer made, in accents slow: "For me remains but one request: It is that God may give me rest."

-Emile Pickhardt, in Boston Globe,

#### THE SURPRISE PARTY,

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



a good hard frost to-night," said Deacon Cummings, as he pulled the ragged buffalo robe over his knees, settled the tub of lard in front of him, and touched up Old Dick with the extreme point of his whip-

In the east a burning planet glowed like a point of argent fire; all along the western sky the evergreens tossed to and fro against an orange background, and the air was full of the faint, sweet

perfume of dead leaves. And Clara, nestling close to her father's side, remembered the days of her childhood when she went nutting on Barrack Mountain amid just such sweet scents "It is cold," assented Clara, her

blue eyes intently fixed on the evening

The deacon was grim and hard-

and a dimple which no one had ever been able exactly to locate.

Clara might grow old one of these the pattern of the deacon's old age. "Hey!" said the deacon. "What's that air in your lap, Clara? A band- deal more than Parson Potter does,

box? I didn't buy nothin' that and Clara 'ain't no business to be so would likely be packed in a bandbox." wasteful and extravagant." "No, I know you didn't," said Clara,

a blue gleam of mischief coming into her eyes. "It's a bonnet for mother. There's the surprise party, you know, at the parsonage to-night, and I'm going to trim up something decent anything but bread and cheese, seein' for her to wear.

"A-bonnet!" The deacon jerked collided Old Dick with the churchyard wall. "Ain't your mother got a bonnet? It does seem, Clara, as if money burned a hole in you young folkses pocket."

The soft pink on Clara's cheek had changed into deep rose by this time.

same she's had for five years, until her new bonnet. I'm sick of the brown satin bows and the black poppies on it. Mother's a real pretty old lady, father, or she would be, if you'd give her a chance." "And who's to pay for all this "But they're mend finery?" demanded the deacon, after I've had 'em a year!"

an ominous silence. "It isn't finery, father, its only bare | vouchsafed. decency. And I'm going to pay for it," said Clars.

"Humph?" grunted the deacon. guests in a "Tm glad you feel so rich. I don't. resignation. Get up, Dick, or I'll let you know I'm

here, ye lazy, idle creetur'. "The bonnet was only fifty centsa roai good straw," pleaded Clara.

"And the ribbon was a quarter, and I'm going to trim it myself with some purple asters off my last spring's hat. I couldn't let mother go to the surprise party with that horrid old brown do to keep it secret.' thing

"Humph!" again uttered the deacon, kit an' boodle of us, I mean! Of tourse folks expect to see me there, aged tidies; and as they kept arrivbein's I'm a deacon."

"And everything else will be there, quickly retorted Clara, "and I don't mean mother shall stay at home. She Clara with tears in her faded eyes. gets so few chances to see anything or anybody! There! you tipped over can I thank you enough for your kindthe vinegar jug, father, with Dick can- ness-you noble generosity? Mr. Pottering in that absurd fashion. I knew ter is as grateful as I am, but his voice something would happen!'

"Whos, Dick-whoa!" bawled the old man. "Ther' ain't nothin' broke, luckily. I didn't realize we was goin' share, an' if your mother goes-"

Clara shrugged her shoulders. eious pumpkin pies or a loaf of gingerbread. I shall take a ten-dollar
gold piece. My salary was paid last
kel what's that they're sayin? A
week, and I shall never forget how fire—and in our direction! Now, I
grains of the salar.

Ten dollars!" echoed the deacon. "In money!" Be my ears a-deceivin'

of me?" "Yes, ten dollars-and in money. It's my own, isn't it, to spend or keep, as I please?"

"It's a downright flingin' away of money!" gasped the deacon. "Ten blaze? My eyes ain't as good as they dollars! Is the gal crazy! Why, I was. Is it anywheres out our way?" declare to goodness, it's enough to "La, no, deacon!" said his wife. declare to goodness, it's enough to make a man's hair stand on end!"

"Here we are!" cried Clara, joyously springing over the wheel. "And the firelight shining out into the road, as if the old back-log had never left off crackling since I was here last, and Prince barking, and the big red lily in bloom on the window-sill! Oh, it does hundred dollars I give you to keep for seem so nice to be at home again!"

Mrs. Cummings hurried, smiling, to the door; but the deacon looked sour enough as he drove around to the

"I hadn't thought o' going!" faltered Mrs. Cummings. "But you must go, mother!" said Clara, with the bow of ribbon twisted

around her finger. "I hain't nothin' to take." "There's that loaf of plumcake that you baked for Sunday's tea. Nothing

in the world could be nicer." "I've got a piece o' blue ginghamthree vards-that I hain't made up into aprons yet. Would that do?" wistfully questioned the poor woman. "It would be just lovely!" protested Clara.

And then she confided to her mother the secret of the ten-dollar gold piece. "You see," said she, "I feel somehow as if I were paying a debt to these dear old people, who have worked so hard all these years for so pitiful a salary. And I've put the -just like the one I gave you, dear-and I shall slip it into Mrs. Potter's

she comes to open it?" Clara Cummings, however, had an

hand. Won't she be surprised when

The deacon, hanging up his old harness, back of the kitchen door, had me enough. "It's sinful," said the deacon to himself-"absolutely a-temptin' o' Providence! Ten-dollar gold pieces! Ginghams! Loaves o' cake, not to say nothin' of the dried apples I was calculatin' to fetch! I-don't-see-'

Suddenly the deacon's dull eyes brightened. He came to a dead standstill on the stairs. The deacon had wife."

Going softly to his wife's bureau, he abstracted the little leather reticule featured, with a nose that reminded which Clara had given her on her fiftyone of Cape Cod on the map, and a second birthday, a brief while ago, and gave Mrs. Potter mother's bag with a on the pillow her bed, first,

'That'll be a deal more suit thought he. "The bags is just alike and Clara won't know the difference. days, but she never would grow into And I'll keep this 'ere gold-pice, towards, the shinglin' of the barn ruff. Goodness knows, I need money a great

And he went down stairs, chuckling

softly to himself. "Ain't supper ready?" said he What! cold corned beef and parsnips? And biscuit! There wan't no need of we're goin' to hev a slap-up supper to the parsonage. But women hain't no the reins in a way that had nearly judgment. Here, Clara, put this meat on the shelf for breakfast to-morrow mornin'. An' set them preserves back in the closet. Humph! we'd all fetch up in the poorhouse if we went shead this fashion.

Mrs. Cummings would have enjoyed "Got a bonnet?" Of course she's her evening at the parsonage, if her got a bonnet!" retorted she. "The husband had not glared so severely at

"Gloves, ch?" said he, as she climbed out of the wagon. "Squire Silleck's wife don't wear no gloves. I'll go bail them cost fifty cents! Humph! "But they're mended, father-and

"Humph!" was all the reply he The parson, a withered little man in

a threadbare black suit, received his guests in a truly Christian spirit of

"I hope there'll be enough for them to cat," whispered he to his better half, a tall, pale woman. "I guess likely there will," she responded. "Most of 'em has brought victuals-and very little else. I do

wonder how they knew it was our wed-

ding anniversary! I tried all I could Everything was there. Plates and dishes, which matched nothing; brass who had by this time urged Dick into warding pans, of no use except for a spasmodic canter. "I don't myself senseless decorations; tissue paper see no occasion for goin' gallivantin' flowers, and gruesome worsted work; around to surprise parties—the hull painted banners, and embroidered "splashers;" crochet lace, and dam-

ing, Mrs. Po ter's heart sank correspondingly. Presently, however, she came to

"Oh, Clara!" she faltered, "how issimply gone. He can't speak.

The deacon hugged himself.
"I knowed that dollar bill would be a plenty," said he. "Bless me! there's so fast, an' the roads is froze pretty that young Lawyer Harrison, the parstiff. You see, I'd calkilated to carry son'o nephew, goin' off to the study a nice bag o' dried apples for my with Clara. He once had quite a notion to the gal. Wonder if they're Clara shrugged her shoulders.

"I dare say we can find something o' singular he should be here to-night. for mother to carry," said she, "even Folks says it was him who brought the if it's no more than one of her deli- handsome black walnut desk in par-

good Parson Potter used to be when I wonder if Clara didn't leave the taller candle burnin' in her room, an' the cat knocked it over? And there was that hundred dollars. Doctor Pettibone paid me for hay, in the house. I swan to gracious I'li put it in the bank fore I'm a day older. I dunno how come to be so careless. Polly, look here," to his wife; "do you see that

"It's only little Peter Pettibone's bonfire. The doctor said he could hev one to-night of those dead trees an' brush on Catamount Pond. Our house is clear west o' that.'

me till I got a chance to bank it?"

Mrs. Cummings looked puzzled. "I put it in my little reticule-the one Clara gave me," said she—"in the burean drawer. It's safe locked up. I looked arter it the last thing before I left the house. Where you goin',

deacon?" The deacon turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

"I jest remembered that I didn't fodder the cows afore I started," said he. "I guess I'd better jest step home an' look arter 'em. Gimme the key of the bureau drawer, Pol'y.'

On the outer doorstep he paused, however. There was a little buzz and hum of gossip in the air.

"Mrs. Potter has been cryin' ever since," said the Widow Purkiss, "Tears o' real, ginooine joy, you know. She somehow can't get over it. A hundred dollars! I don't s'pose she's seen so much money all together at one time since she was married. And from little Clara Cummings that teaches school over to Green's Mills. money in the little, flat shopping-bag | Folded away in a leather bag with steel trimmins'.

For a second or so the deacon stood motionless as the Sphinx. Then he turned and went back into the house. "I guess," muttered he, "ther sin't

auditor to their sweet filial confidences no use in my goin' home to git them of whom she little knew. an' eat my supper. It's like to cost

Clara's face was radiant when she come to breakfast the next morning, and yet it was a little overclouded like the sun behind a golden November mist. "Father,,' said she, "two such

strange things have happened! Aleck Harrison has asked me to be his

Mrs. Cummings leaned over and "The very thing!" he muttered to kissed her daughter. "And," added Clara, "our two leather reticules somehow got mixed up last night, and instead of the tendollar gold piece I had intended, I

Clara was plump and pretty. with skin like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, skin like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, skin like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, long-lashed eyes, like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, like a rose-leaf, long-lashed eyes, able." noble act, and I shall explain it all to In choosing varieties it is well to con-Mrs. Potter."

"No, don't do that!" precipitately uttered the deacon. "Jest let things be as they are. I-I'd ruther not hev no more said about it!"

And he could not repress a sepulchral groan. "I always knew father had a gener-

ous heart," said Mrs. Cummings. 'And the Potters deserve it, if anybody does. And now, Clara dear, we must talk over your wedding things.' From that day on, the descon kept his own counsel, but he always had a lurking suspicion that Clara had

fathomed his policy.
"The least said, the soonest mended," said Deacon Cummings. "One thing's plum' sartin,' though. You won't never catch me at no more surprise parties!"-Saturday Night.

# An Island That Grows.

In the Missouri River, near Leavenworth, there is an island which has furnished the land law officers of the Government a novel problem. This island was on the Missouri side when it was surveyed in 1858. Now it is a legal part of Kansas. But that is not the queer thing about it. Islands in the Missouri frequently shift their allegiance. The trouble with this island is that it has been growing. When the Government officers surveyed it they found 500 acres, and that was the amount entered in the records. When two Leavenworth men, Skillings and Diffendorf, took out patents for the whole island the amount of land put in the patents was 500 acres. But the island has been growing through all of these years in a way Missouri River islands have a fashion of doing. There are now 1400 acres in the island. A coal-bed, it has been discovered, runs under the island, and that tends to make the land more valuable. Recently squatters have tried to take possession of the surplus over and above the 500 acres claimed by the patentees. The latter set up a claim to the growth. The land lawyers of the Government, after taking plenty of time to think about the case, have decided that Skillings and Diffendorf are entitled to the whole island under their original patents. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# A Cure for Warts.

It is said to be fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and annoying on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colrot, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts, morning and evening, were promptly cured. M. Aubert cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, and who was cured in a month by a dram and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medi-



YOUNG CALVES MUST BE PROTECTED. The first year of a calf's life determines to a great degree its value as an animal for profit. If it is permitted to run with the cows, steers and older cattle, where it will be jostled about and made to stand back from the feed until such a time as it can get to take up the refuse left after the stronger have their choice, an unprofitable, stunted calf will be the result .- Western Plowman,

IRRIGATION AND TREE CULTURE.

The necessity for tree culture is equally imperative with irrigation, and the arid lands question will never be satisfactorily settled without the recognition of this principle in its solution. America can ill afford to ignore the experience of other Nations in this respect, and forestry should receive equal consideration with irrigation.

It has been estimated that within historic times some seven millions of square miles along the shores of the Mediterranean, once highly fertile, have been changed into worthless deserts, and for nearly two thousand years the inhabitable portion of the earth has decreased at the average rate of 3500 square miles. This has been produced by the direct agency of man, the evil being chiefly due to river floods caused almost exclusively by the destruction of land protecting

It is right that America should set the example of reclaiming desert lands, and thus increase the earth's capacity for supporting the human Irrigation and tree culture must go hand and hand in this work. -Colman's Rural World.

#### FRUIT GROWING FOR PROPIT.

The best land for fruit growing is a loam with some gravel in it, but good drainage is indispensable for success. Plums and pears will do better on heavier soils than other fruits. There is no doubt of the profit of either of these two fruits, but both are difficult of culture, and skill and extreme care are necessary to succeed. Both are liable to diseases and attacks of injurious enemies that must be most carefully guarded against. Then either fruit may pay several times as much pofit as any other common kinds. The

sult the nurserymen from whom the trees are purchased, as they will know the best kinds for the locality and soil. Otherwise any experienced fruit grower of the neighborhood may be consulted. As a rule, it is best to procure the trees from the nearest nursery, and thus avoid the risks of delay in transportation. Pears are set twenty feet apart, and plums need about the same space. It has been found profitable to set out dwarf pears between the rows of the standard trees. as they will begin to bear the third year, and by the time the others begin to bear they will have repaid all the cost of planting, and, under favorable circumstances, a respectable profit. When the planter has the experience and skill needed, there is no more profitable agricultural enterprise than fruit growing.-New York

ESSENTIALS IN STRAWBERRY GROWING, Professor Lazenby, before the Coumbus Horticulture Society gave the to be kept in mind:

The most profitable varieties for the commercial grower are those not eas- the more economical. ily influenced by differences in soil and climate. Those which succeed well on wide areas are usually better than those which have a more local reputation.

Pistillate varieties, when properly fertilized, are more productive than the sorts with perfect flowers. The value of a variety for fertiliz-

ing pistillate flowers does not depend give the greatest net profit, and that so much upon the amount as upon the potency of its pollen.

the flowers of perfect varieties. Varieties that are neither very early nor very late in point of maturity, are the than too much. - New England the most productive and have the Homestead.

longest fruiting season. As a rule, varieties that have the most vigorous and healthy foilage are the least productive, waile those with a weaker growth of foliage and a greater susceptibility to leaf blight are usually the more prolific.

Winter protection may be dispensed with upon well drained soiis, but appears to be a necessity upon heavier

The leaf blight may be checked by using the Bordeaux mixture, beginning just as soon as the leaves appear, and continuing the application every few weeks throughout the season. -Colman's Rural World.

# WINTER CUTTINGS.

shrubs and small fruits should be made for early spring planting. In for, is a source of continual profit. this way trees and shrubs can be greatly increased in numbers, and new, large orchards can be given an early start without any expense other than the labor required to make the cuttings and plant them. Currents, gooseberries and ornamental shrubs should be grown upon nearly all farms, ject.

The various methods adopted by florists to increase the number of their shrubs and trees are all simple, such as the soft wood cuttings in the greenhouse in the winter and layering in the summer, but the hardwood propagation in fall or spring is the method that should be considered at this time of the year. If the cuttings are to be planted out in the spring they may be made any time this winter. Where winters are severe the planting should never take place until spring, but where the weather is not very cold it does not matter much whether the plantings are made in the fall, winter or spring. The cuttings that are in loose bundles, and be set in damp sand in a frost proof cellar where they will keep until needed in the spring. As soon as the soil dries out in the spring they should be planted.

The young shoots of last season should be selected for these cuttings, and they should be cleft from the main bushes so that they will be about one foot long. These are nearly all buried in the spring in deep, rich soil, leaving only four inches of the tips above the ground. The soil must be trampled down firmly around them. They will begin to start almost immediately, and a young orchard of trees or shrubs will soon prove a great blessing. Not only fruit bearing trees will succeed in this way, but nearly all shade trees. It is probably the easiest way of starting young trees that can be devised.

Quince orchards should be started very few years if a good crop is expected annually, and there is no essier, quicker and surer way than selecting the cuttings in the winter months, when there is plenty of time, and then starting them out early in the spring. Meanwhile, the land on which they have been started can be planted the same as usual for a season or two afterward. - American Cultivator.

HIGHEST PROFITS IN HIGHEST PERDING,

Ten cows were fed a ration beginning with eight pounds of grain and twelve pounds of hay, and gradually increasing up to as high as nineteen pounds of grain and twenty-seven pounds of hay per day and head, and then gradually decreasing to the original amount. Throughout this test

ined by the Babcock test. Perhaps the most striking lesson is the demonstration given of the profit there is in liberal feeding. The cheapest ration used cost 18.8 cents per day and produced butter valued at 26.5 cents, making a net profit of 7.7 cents per day per cow. An increase of 2.9 cents per day per cow in the cost of this ration made the daily value of the butter 31 cents, and the net profit 9.3 cents per day, or a difference of 1.6 cents per day per cow in favor of the more costly ration. In other words, the farmer who attempted to economize by feeding the cheaper ration, would, with a herd of twenty-five cows, save \$217 per year on his feed bills, but would lose \$337 worth of butter that he might have produced

his ill-judged attempt at economy would result in a net loss of \$120. The cheaper ration, moreover, is what would ordinarily be considered a good ration, and the majority of dairymen would be likely to feel less, rather following summary of essential points than more, yet the results show conclusively that with such cows as these the more expensive ration was really

with the more costly ration, so that

A further increase of the cost of the ration, however, to 25.1 cent per day gave no further increase in the butter product, and the net profit was thereby cut down to 4.9 cent per day, or 1.8 cent less than with the cheapest ration of the three. In other words, the experiments indicate that there is certain medium ration for each cow which will any attempt to economize by feeding less than this will result in a loss, The flowers of pistillate varieties are while, on the other hand, it is possible less liable to be injured by frost than to feed a cow too much as well as too little. Generally, however, there is much more danger of feeding too lit-

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fatten your sheep before selling. It will never pay to feed poor cows. Have the colts thoroughly broken to harness when young.

Give the young pigs all the skim milk they will drink. Cleanliness is as necessary to the sheep as food and shelter.

Quality rather than quantity should be the motto of all breeders. Narrow door and gate ways are

The less water there is in butter the

fewer odors it will absorb.

frequent causes of capped hips. Milk set to cool where smells exist In the winter time cuttings from absorb such odors very readily. A small flock of sheep, well cared

> Clean stables will add much to the health and comfort of your horses. The usual time for weaning is when

> the foals are four or five months old. Too much corn is the source of many of the disorders to which hogs are sub-



Miss Ortencia E. Allen Salem, Mich.

### Liver and Kidney

trouble caused me to suffer all but death. Eight weeks I lived on brandy and beef tea. The doctor said he had not a ray of hope for my recovery. I rallied and commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

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