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“Do You Remember?”

If you listened to their talk, as they lathered in their walk,
In the moonlight on the terrace, he and she,
You would marvel much to hear,
This—“Do you remember, dear?”
Till almost smiled outright for sympathy
Remember this or that; remember how they sat,
Or danced, or talked, or quarreled—who shall say?
It was still the self-same thing—
Old beads threaded on the string—
Of the memories that came of yesterday.
Not the yesterday just done; but the one that they began
When they woke the dreamy shadows up again;
They forget their silver hair;
They forget the child night air;
They forget the years that wrought their parting pain.
They are back again, I see, in their lovers.
Ariadne,
When the world was young and trusting—
speed the tale!
For the heart of love beats on
When the fire of youth is gone,
And the leaves of autumn rustle down the gale.

—Rochester Democrat.

His Mother's Blessing.

There was the usual crowd at the depot. Some hurried hither and thither with shawls, bundles, shawls and all the other paraphernalia of the well-equipped traveler, not excepting the lunch baskets, which filled the mind of the beholder with a vague appetite as his vivid imagination pictured toothsome repasts of cold chicken, tongue, preserved sweets, pies and the like, clustered in their dainty receptacles.

Noticable among the passengers which filled the ladies' waiting-room and overtopped on the platform were a distinguished pair—noticeable anywhere, but more particularly here in this heterogeneous mass of human beings.

Some strong emotion held them both in its deep and earnest spell, but in one the feeling went deeper, was at the same time under better control. There were few spectators who, however, had the appearance of deep feeling with evident effort at strong and continued restraint.

The two persons were mother and son; the former a well-to-do and the latter a poor man, but the latter's eyes were kindled by a ray of hope which he had perceived that this was his only son and that he loved him very much.

The preparations grew more hurried as the hour for starting approached.

A middle-aged gentleman, portly and good-natured, made his appearance, and seeing old travelers, exclaimed heartily:

“How do you do, Mrs. Balfour; how are you, Fred? Are you going on this train?”

“Do you remember?” he asked, and she answered, “Yes, I do.”

There was a certain sentiment that kept watch and ward over the fatherless boy. Night and night, while the pale stars looked down upon the young man, serious eyes, the anxious mother knelt by her couch, and the name of the distant, wayward, but beloved one, was borne aloft on the pinions of those pure and holy orisons which enter into the court of heaven and plead with strange and unearthly sweetness there.

Time passed and the letters which had at first been regular, affectionate and satisfactory, were few and brief, and there was a notable lack of information about his duties, pursuits and pleasures, in great contrast to the confidential communications of the past.

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It was night in Denver. In one of those glided haunts of vice so numerous and popular in that Western city, the young man, who had been visiting in the city, was seated at a table in a drinking hall, looking at a picture of a young woman which he had just seen in a newspaper.

He looked at the picture with a look of intense interest, and his eyes were fixed upon it as if he had never seen it before.

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Early Breakfast for Fowls.
In keeping fowls remember that the morning meal with them is the most important one of the day. They are cold and hungry; and for that reason need some kind of warm, cooked food.

Sowing Rye Among Corn.
One mode of getting green food for cow herds in early spring, and for sowing rye in corn stubble early enough to get a good fall growth. What feed is thus grown is as nutritious as ordinary pasture or roots, and costs nothing except for seed and cultivating under.

Fed for Calves.
The cause of calves scouring is a change in their food too wide and sudden. Animals but a few days old can bear but a little change in their food.

Sleep at Night.
Sunshine is given us for use that we may require little artificial light. Gas, oil and candles alike vitiate the air.

Household Hints.
The yolk of an egg binds the crust much better than the white. Apply to the edges with a brush.

Fish as Food.
During the last twenty years chemists and physiologists have been studying the nutritious value of various foods.

Words of Encouragement.
Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make no account of a small thing, for it may lead you to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not do things come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

Stick to it and Succeed.
Perseverance is the main thing in life. To hold on and hold out to the end is the chief matter. The race could be won by a spur, thousands would wear the blue ribbon; but they are short-winded, and pull up after the first gallop. They begin with flying, and end in crawling backward.

Adventures of an Aeronaut.
The St. Petersburg Herald contains the particulars of the adventures of the Russian aeronaut Rudolph, who ascended by a balloon, and had been several days reported missing.

Cultivating Ails.
Many of the leading orchard proprietors in Northern Italy and Southern Germany are cultivators of the common black ant, which insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit-grower's best friend.

An Astonished Farmer.
A farmer who had been to market in Philadelphia fell asleep while he was driving home. His horses knew the road, and traveled safely until they reached the railroad crossing at Balifly.

The Golden Sunsets.
The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well;
And which is earth and which the heavens,
The eye can scarcely tell.

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A Farmer's Home in China.

Correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle in China says: Crossing a small stream we prepare to enter a farmhouse for rest and refreshment. As usual our first salutation came from the dogs, who were speedily quieted by the men. These were Chinese settlers who had intermarried with Mongolians, and although the elder among them, the offspring were clearly of a mixed race. A number of Tangutians were stretched upon the ground sleeping, having arrived in the morning with a number of sheep for the market town of Liang Chu, to the west. The buildings, in lieu of possessing an inner and outer wall, consisted only of a quadrangular courtyard. On the upper side was the dwelling, and on the lower side windows. On each side of the doorway the women of the family sat sewing and mending clothes. Mules and ponies were engaged in the open space thrashing out the wheat. This rude operation consisted in dragging a heavy stone roller to within a few inches of the head of the grain. The grain was winnowed by men with wooden shovels, who gather it up and toss it against the wind. Agricultural implements of a bygone time were lying around; square harrows, with long iron prongs; plows with immense shares of a peculiar shape; the rough carts used for transport. Heaps of manure were lying around for future use when dried. The dung of the camels, or argol, as it is called, which is used for fuel, was to be seen in one of the outhouses. Having obtained permission to enter the house, we were ushered into a square room. The furniture consisted of a round pine table, with some two-legged stools of the commonest kind. The picture of the Buddha hung immediately opposite the door.

Sleep at Night.

Sunshine is given us for use that we may require little artificial light. Gas, oil and candles alike vitiate the air. The few hours that are spent in artificial light the better; and this suggests a plan for the future. Suppose that the sooner we go to rest after dark the better. We require, in the cold season of winter, when the nights are long, much more of sleep than we do in the summer. On the longest day in the year seven hours of sleep are sufficient for most men and women who are not in the prime of life. On the shortest day nine hours of sleep is not over much, and for those who are weak ten or twelve hours may be necessary for the restoration of health. On the shortest day nine hours of sleep is not over much, and for those who are weak ten or twelve hours may be necessary for the restoration of health.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

The Scientific American says that sugar, syrup, fresh cheese, wheaten grits, hominy, juicy meats, are the foods to make flesh. Almost any woman will get plump on brown bread and wheaten grits, and on almost any day with plenty of meat and vegetables at breakfast and a supper of brown biscuits, with sweetmeats, cheese and cream, or coffee drunk with plenty of sugar and cream. It is not necessary to eat largely if the appetite does not call for it, but the food must be tempting, and if hunger is keen, one who would be plump and spirited should not be afraid to indulge in this kind of food.

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Humorous.

Land agitation—An earthquake.
A lying institution—The lodging house.
Doing their duty at the poles—Hop pickers.
There's many a slipper 'twixt mother and son.
Misers generally die of tightness in the chest.
You can't make plaid socks of a sailor's yarns.
Slippers are now made so thin-soled that children are spoiling.
The fisherman's wages may be called net proceeds—An earthquake.
The father always well attended, especially if it be of the feminine gender.
Why does a hangman never read the papers? Because he is a noseman already.
“I don't care a snap for you,” as the trigger said to the empty gun.—New York News.
A young lady must be pretty far gone when she can get a step father.—Meriden Record.
“Do fish sing?” asks an exchange.
Certainly, and many of them have been known to reach the high sea.
The mosquito has six legs and only one mouth. Let us then be thankful that it does bite it doesn't kick.
When a man and woman are made one it is usually the woman's loss. Sometimes she loses, and she never recovers.
“Why do we weep?” asks an amateur poet. Sit down on a carpet tack or eat a last year's onion and you'll find out.
The young woman who married a man employed in a bank applied for a divorce when she discovered that it was a sand bank.
It is hard to decide which season of the year is the least expensive. The plumber always commences when the ice man leaves off.
People are odd about some things. Those who won't even allow a dog to look into the dining-room will have catsup out of a table.
It is said that we spend more for tobacco than for bread. This seems a little hard to believe, when every one appears to depend on his friends for the former.
Says the Philadelphia Bulletin: An editor out West had a prison libel, a justice of the peace, and when he departed the jailer asked him to give the prison a puff.
There's a girl in Kansas only nineteen years old who can knock a squirrel out of the tallest tree with her rifle, ride a chicken over the track when she collars her and yet, the local paper states in a tone of surprise and no little anxiety, “she is not married.”

In a Whale's Mouth.

A Nantucket correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal tells this story: Here I met Captain Wood, who has been in the whale's mouth. After edging carefully toward the matter, a friend induced him to tell about it—probably for the ten thousandth time.

“Yes, I was standing in the bow of the boat, ‘speckling in an hour,’” said he, “looking around for my majesty, for I thought we had given him his death-blow. Suddenly up he came right ahead of me, and he struck the boat under the hull, and he was rolling over on his side, and I fell straight over into his mouth.”

“What did you think then?” asked a listener, as the captain paused.
“Thought I was a goner,” answered the captain, “especially when he shut his mouth on me. But he was fortunately in the agonies of death, too worried to think of me, and after giving me one savage crunch, he blew me out of his mouth, covered with blood.”

“And when they picked him up they thought he was killed,” said another captain; “though after a good while, he recovered, with the ugly wounds all over him. There was a sea monster in the sea, and a great lump on his side was visible under his coat.
“What did you think when you were in his mouth, and knew where you were?” asked another bystander.
“Thought he'd yield about eight barrels,” said Captain Wood, turning over his head and calmly bringing in the box of squid.”

An Astonished Farmer.
A farmer who had been to market in Philadelphia fell asleep while he was driving home. His horses knew the road, and traveled safely until they reached the railroad crossing at Balifly. A train was approaching, and although the engineer, who saw the market wagon, blew his whistle, applied the brake and rang his bell, he was unable either to stop the train or to arouse the sleeping farmer. The horses were already across the track when the collision occurred, the cowcatcher of the engine striking the wagon, tearing off the running gear and throwing the hind axle and wheels about thirty feet to the side of the road. The train was wrecked, while the other was not injured. The wagon was turned upside down, and the horses, breaking loose, ran a considerable distance before they were caught. The farmer awoke. He was thrown out but much injured. As he lay in the arms of those who gathered around him, he said in bewilderment at the wreck, his first exclamation was, “What mashed that wagon up that way?”