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RECONCILIATION.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white
In death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that if I came and looked on thee
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to-night,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet—
The dead face and the living—fain would cry,—
Across the years, "Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;
Let there be peace between us ere we die!"

"REUBEN'S FARM."

CHAPTER I.

"When we have finished these two rows, Reuben, we'll call it a day's work, and go up to the house."

"But father," replied the lad, "we'll be down to the other end of the field long before sundown."

"I know that, my boy," returned Farmer Bemis, "but we have the chores to do, and I want an early supper, for you and I must take a ride to the village this evening."

Reuben's face brightened at the mention of the proposed trip, and his hoe struck deep into the soil of the potato hills as he hastened to complete the task so that he and his father might the sooner be on the road leading to the center of the little country town.

The toilers had nearly reached the old stone wall, which marked the southern boundary of their farm, when the elder Bemis paused and leaning upon his hoe-handle said:

"Reuben, there is a matter on my mind of which I wish to speak to you. You are growing fast, almost sixteen now, and it is time that you knew how our family are situated, financially."

"Yes, father," answered the youth, looking up with an expression of surprise on his handsome, though sunbrowned features.

"I have always told you," resumed the farmer, "that you came of the good, old New England stock. You are the descendant of a line of ancestors of whom any American boy might be proud. Yet, we are poor, Reuben, and as you know it is only through hard labor that this farm is made to produce enough to support your mother, your sister and ourselves."

"Yet, father, we have never wanted for anything," interposed Reuben eagerly. "And work is fun when you're interested in it"

The farmer smiled a little sadly, as he replied:

"I am well-pleased to hear you speak in that way, my son, yet you do not know the anxiety which your mother and I have felt at times. What should we do if the crops were to fail, if but for a single season, or if the buildings should be destroyed by some accident?"

"I don't know," and the boy became serious.

"Look about you," continued Mr. Bemis. "A century ago the land from the base of Mount Wachusett as far as you can see, from where we stand, belonged to my great-grandfather, the one for whom you were named, Reuben. And the house in which we now live was his homestead. That was in the old Revolutionary times, and your great-great-grandfather was a sturdy patriot; he held a colonel's commission in the Continental Army.

"While he was fighting gallantly for the independence which we now enjoy, his family were persecuted by the Tories in this section. When he left his farm to battle against oppression he deposited with his wife what was supposed to be his last will and testament.

"Years passed, and at length the sorrowful news reached this place that the brave Colonel had laid down his life far away to the southward, on the battlefield of Trenton.

"After the first grief was over, the widow thought of the will. She took the document from the secretary, same one which now stands in our little parlor, and read,—

"'I give and bequeath my farm, situated at the foot of Wachusett Mountain, in Princeton, to my heirs, to be held by them and their's forever. I enjoin them upon no account to part with the homestead. If necessity demands, they may sell the land, but I beseech and implore that for no reason whatever, shall they allow the homestead buildings to go out of the possession of the family. This is my dying request.'

"My grandfather was about your age, my boy, at the close of the war, an only child, yet he and his mother, though possessed of much land, found themselves in very straightened circumstances, and were obliged to sacrifice many acres to get the necessities of life. The son, however, when he became a man, labored hard, yet never was enabled to accumulate any money, consequently at his death he left my father nothing but the farm, impressing upon his mind the fact that he must never part with the homestead.

"My parents found themselves in the same condition through which the Colonel's son had struggled. They, in their turn, were compelled to relinquish acre after acre of the once broad domain of their ancestor.

"As a youth, I can remember seeing woodland and pasture, field, and mowing, slip away foot by foot, and can recall the sad expression on my parents' faces as they affixed their signatures to the deeds of sale, until I determined that if ever I came into possession of the slightest portion of the land I would never part with it unless actual starvation stared us in the face.

"I have kept to my resolve, although many times I have been tempted to dispose of all and seek a home elsewhere. Yet, I could not bring myself to be the one to disregard the dying wishes of the Colonel. So, my son, when I go, all that I can bequeath to you and your sister, is what was left to me, this small farm and the buildings thereon."

"And, father," spoke up Reuben earnestly, "as long as I live, no man shall be master of this place but a Bemis!"

"Thank you, my son, thank you for those words," and the eyes of the farmer filled with tears, as he grasped the hand of his boy.

CHAPTER II.

Two years have passed and Reuben's father had been laid away in the peaceful little graveyard upon the mountain-road, and the sturdy youth finds himself the sole support of his mother and sister Mary.

Courageously the young farmer toiled; but, alone, he could do little, and was compelled to employ a hand to help him about the place.

This, of course, was a heavy drain upon the resources which were scarcely sufficient to maintain the family, and Reuben began to experience the same anxiety to make both ends meet, which had invaded the lives of his ancestors for several generations.

One day while at work in the hayfield where his father had first confided his perplexities to him, he was surprise to hear, a cherry voice calling,—

"Reuben! Reuben Bemis, step here a moment. I would like to speak to you."

Looking up, the farmer lad saw a well-dressed, pleasant-looking man, seated in a buggy that was drawn up to the side of the road.

Throwing his hoe over his shoulder the youth walked to the wall to ascertain what his visitor had to say.

"I have driven over to try and make a bargain with you for this place. I will pay you well, in fact, more than it is worth, for I want to throw it into mine, which adjoins, and establish an extensive stock-farm."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Stewart," replied Reuben, slowly shaking his head, "I cannot sell."

"And why not, pray?" asked the man of money.

"Because, sir, it was my father's wish that the old homestead should remain in the family."

"But," argued Mr. Stewart. "I should think it was a losing struggle on your part, tilling this sterile soil. I do not see how you are able to obtain a bare living from the ground."

"It is very hard, I admit," was the answer, "but as long as mother and Mary do not complain, I shall not."

"Listen, young man, to what I will do. If you will sell me the farm, I will give you a position in my store in Worcester at good wages which would enable you to support your mother and sister in much better shape than with your utmost efforts you can do here in Princeton"

"I am very grateful for the offer, Mr. Stewart; but I trust you will not be angry with me if I cannot accept it."

"Well, well," returned the other kindly. "Talk the matter over with the folks at home, and if you do make up your mind to sell, let me be the purchaser, for, as I said before, I will give you more than any one else in this neighborhood." And Mr. Stewart rode away to his country residence, which was situated about half a mile distant, while Reuben returned to his work, a prey to conflicting emotions.

CHAPTER III.

"Hurry, Nathan, there's a thunder shower coming, and we must get this hay into the barn before it begins to rain."

"I reckon we'll have to work purty lively then, Rube, 'cause that's a heavy one, and it'll be rainin' great guns here in less'n ten minutes," and the hired man glanced anxiously over his shoulder toward the threatening clouds which were rapidly forming in the west.

Reuben and his assistant bent to their labors with a will, and as the first drops began to fall the shambling oxen drew their load into the barn.

"Let the animals stand in the yoke, Nathan. Shut the door and come into the house; we'l. take a breathing spell and eat dinner while the storm lasts."

In a few moments the two haymakers, with Mrs. Bemis and her daughter were seated at the table partaking of the noonday repast.

"You were fortunate, my son, in getting the hay under cover before the rain came. I was afraid you would scarcely be able to do it."

"We had to stir around pretty lively, that's a fact. Goodness! That was a terrible crash!" exclaimed Reuben, involuntarily shading his eyes with his hand, for the flash and the report were almost simultaneous.

"I guess that must a hit some tree purty handy," drawled Nathan, "for I've heerd say that when the thunner comes close after the lightnin' somethin's got struck in the neighborhood."

"Probably we'll find a shattered tree near by when we go out."

"Then we should be thankful that it was not the house or barn," said Mrs. Bemis.

"The barn!" reiterated her son, springing to his feet, while a look of dismay overspread his face. "The barn! Perhaps it was. Come, Nathan, let us see!" And snatching up his straw hat from the chair on which he had it, the young man rushed out of the house followed by Nathan.

Scarcely had Reuben reached the yard when a cry of horror burst from his lips, for there, from the rightpole of the roof he saw issuing a volume of black smoke which whirled away before the tempest.

"Quick, quick, Nathan! Help me to back out the cattle, they must be saved."

Rushing to the big doors of the barn the young farmer threw them open in frantic haste! But what a sight awaited him!

The strong yoke of steers, which he prized so highly were lying dead upon the floor, stricken down by the terrible bolt, while the hay in the mow was all ablaze.

"Too late, too late!" groaned Reuben in despair.

As he saw the flames making such terrific headway he bethought him of the house.

"Get buckets and fill them with water. Hand them to me on the shed. The barn must go, but we will do what we can to save the house."

Like heroes the two men worked, yet despite their utmost efforts the woodshed became ignited.

By this time the neighbors began to arrive, and heartily lent their assistance.

Back they were driven, foot by foot, until, when the fire had gained the rear part of the homestead, the brave yeoman made a determined stand, and as the wind, which had accompanied the squall died away, their labors began to prove effectual, and a hearty cheer went up from the throng as they saw that at last they were enabled to hold the devouring element in check.

But as the fire became extinguished what a rueful sight was presented! True, a goodly portion of the house was tenable, but the kitchen was gone, leaving the huge, old-fashioned chimney standing alone, supported by a few charred timbers.

The friendly villagers offered what assistance lay in their power to make the unfortunate family comfortable, and the Bemis household were urged by several to take up their abode with some of the neighbors.

This, they were disinclined to do, there being rooms enough left in the old rambling structure which could be rendered habitable.

That evening as Reuben stood contemplating the scene of devastation he felt a gentle touch on his shoulder, and turning he saw Mr. Stewart standing beside him.

"I am very sorry for your loss, my friend," said the rich man, "for you can ill afford to bear it. Believe me, I do not wish to take advantage of your misfortune, but the offer which I made you a few days since still holds good. I care not for the buildings. If the property became mine I should tear them down anyway."

"I cannot, sir. I cannot sell even what remains," replied Rueben as he fairly sobbed in his grief.

"Then you must allow me to assist you in your distress, for I am sure that you need some help," and kind-hearted Mr. Stewart pressed a bank bill into the hand of the young farmer, turned quickly, sprang into his buggy and drove rapidly off.

When Reuben recovered himself sufficiently to note what he held, he saw that his generous neighbor had left with him a hundred dollar bank note.

Mechanically he walked toward what remained of the house and entered the apartment in which his mother and sister were seated and carelessly tossed the money into the lap of his parent.

"What does this mean, my son? Where did you get it?" quickly inquired the widow.

"Mr. Stewart pressed it upon me, a moment ago."

"Oh, how kind, how very kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Bemis gratefully, as the tears sprang into her eyes.

"But, mother, he wants to buy the farm, and probably this act of his is simply an inducement for us to consent to sell."

"Why should we not, my boy?"

"Because it was father's request that the place should not go out of the family."

"True, true, I forgot," replied the mother with a sigh.

Long that evening the little circle sat, brooding over their misfortunes; but when Reuben went to his bed he had fully made up his mind to allow the last tract of land which had belonged to the gallant colonial Colonel to pass out of his hands.

With the early morning sun the young farmer was astir, and though with no particular object in view he began to turn over the burned and blackened timbers that had formed a portion of the kitchen.

The intense heat of the fire had displaced several bricks of the old chimney, and to his intense surprise Reuben saw what appeared to be an iron plate that had been covered by the masonry.

Calling to the faithful Nathan to assist him, the two men began to throw aside bricks and mortar and soon laid bare a metal chest of no small dimensions.

With considerable difficulty they drew it forth from the place in which it had rested for several generations, and though it was still almost too hot to handle, they carried it to the yard and laid it upon the stone well-curb.

Reuben called his mother and sister, saying:

"Come, come, see what we have found. This is the reason why Col. Bemis did not wish the homesterd to pass out of the family," pointing triumphantly to the iron box.

With the aid of crowbars the lid was forced off, and there to the astonished gaze of the four spectators was revealed a large quantity of good English gold.

In the midst of the top layer of coin was a small casket which Reuben quickly opened, it being provided with no lock, and therein found a piece of parchment on which was written,—

"Fearing that the British may gain the day in the coming struggle, and sweep the wealth which I possess away from my loved ones, I have converted such of my property as was possible into specie, and have secreted it on the south side of the chimney of the homestead.

"If it is found after my death, know all men by these presents, I bequeath it to the heirs of Reuben Bemis."

While the little group were staring at each other, and the treasure, in blank astonishment, Mr. Stewart drove into the yard and alighted.

As his eyes rested upon the iron box he exclaimed,—

"What, Reuben, found a fortune at last in the old house?"

"I think we have, sir, and best of all, it belongs to us," and the young man placed the parchment in his neighbor's hand.

When he had finished reading, Mr. Stewart slapped Reuben on the shoulder, and said, heartily:

"My friend, I congratulate you! But now that you have come into possession of that which was intended for you by your thoughtful ancestor, perhaps you will not refuse to sell me the bare land?"

"Sir, I kept the place when in poverty, out of respect for the request of the man to whom this gold once belonged. Rather than sell, I would purchase from you and others the acres which my grandfathers were obliged to sell from time to time, and combine, once again, under one title the lands which formerly belonged to Reuben Bemis, the patriot."

"My friend," answered Mr. Stewart, "if such is your wish, and I honor you for it, you will not find me as reluctant to trade as you have been. We will together, overhaul the old deeds, and every foot of my land which once belonged to the sturdy Colonel, I will make over to you at the appraised value. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the now wealthy farmer, "but I will gladly pay you for the improvements."

"Those improvements have been already assessed. You will pay no more than the land is worth."

Reuben found little difficulty in buying back the fields and pastures that had once belonged in his family, for the ready cash was a great temptation to his townspeople, and ere the roads were blocked by the snow of the following winter, young Bemis was in posession of his own, and the broad acres which surrounded him were known throughout that portion of the old Bay State as Reuben's Farm.—Yankee Blade.

Caleb Cushing.

Caleb Cushing's decisons, while a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, were the admiration of the bar; but lawyers wondered at his familiarity with the reports, knowing that he had been long out of active practice. A writer in The Green Bag explains this familiarity by the statement that Mr. Cushing, on being appointed to the bench, prepared himself by reading in nineteen days the fifty-seven volumes of Massachusetts reports. His habit, we are told, was to read every book, pamphlet or periodical that seemed likely to gratify his intense thirst for knowledge.

When Webster's Unabridged Dictionary appeared, he read it through, word by word, and corrected some mistakes. He sought information from every source.

"He would go into the street and ask information of the shabbiest negro, if in that way he could learn what he wished to know," said one who was associated with him in Washington.

He once asked an acquaintance in whose company he happened to be what name was given to the part left after a check had been torn from a check-book. The gentlemen could not inform him. A few days after he received a letter from Mr. Cushing with the single word "Stub." Trivial as the question seemed, he could not rest until it was answered.

"It was not easy to stay a topic of which he was ingnorant," says the writer already quoted. "I took tea with him at the house of his niece not long before he died, and during the conversation he turned to a niece and said, 'Margaret, I see the ladies are to wear so-and-so the coming season,' giving in detail the new fashions."

Mr. Cushing excelled as a linguist, and was said to be able to converse with all the foreign ministers at Washington in their own tongue. It is also stated that as our Commissioner in China, he negotiated the first treaty without the aid of an interpreter.

Industry, retentive memory and a methodical habit made him a linguist and what Bacon calls "a full man." He was as methodical in arranging his time as in classifying his papers. In his office every paper was in its place, and during the day every hour had its duty or work.

A Washington real estate man, wishing to show Mr. Cushing a piece of property, was told to call at 5 o'clock in the morning. "The man was not accustomed to such early hours, but was advised by one who knew Mr. Cushing to be prompt. As he drove to the door at the appointed time, Mr. Cushing was on the steps."

He toiled all day, studied far into the night, and never seemed to know fatigue. "I never," says the writer in The Green Bag, "went by his house at Newburyport, when he was at home, no matter how late, that I did not see a light in his room, and it was known to be his habit to work till after midnight, then throw himself on a lounge for a few hours' rest, and at daylight resume his labors."

WHY SOME WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

We are wont to pity the woman who enters as step-mother into a family of children, more or less grown, "ready-made families" being regarded in a very unfavorable light, says a contributer to *Leisure Hours*. Advice, if not condolence, comes from all quarters, and the chances are ten to one that the poor prospective bride, is so distraught with all that is said to her, that she is prepaired to deny promptly upon the spot, the time-honored statement, "in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." She finds, too, that the children to whom she is about to take a mother's place, have been carefully warned against her, until any least authority she may strive to enforce, is exaggerated into an evidence of harshest tyranny. Truly, her path is not likely to be strewn with roses!

As I have said, this woman receives the condolence of a sympathizing world for her trying position, but there is yet one other woman who needs our sympathy still more. This is the faithful *oldest daughter* of a large family of children. Who washes Tommy's face? Sister Mary! Who runs to open the door for Baby Belle? Sister Mary! Who rocks the baby, ties Willie's shoe-strings, combs Alice's hair, helps Mother with the washing, ironing, baking and cooking but Mary, the ubiquitous Mary? Mother cannot do everything, and someone must help,—who then so naturally as Mary?

To her credit be it said, Mary seldom growls, taking things as a matter of course, and really seeing no way out of it. She has been brought up in this way, and ever since she was four years old, herself a mere baby, and could sit beside Baby number two and pick up its rattle, she has walked in the same rut, helping all around her.

"She will make a splendid wife," say the neighbors admiringly. "So handy, and has had such experience! It's a good thing for her. She would have it to learn some time and now she knows it all."

Ah yes! but there is another side. Mary "knows it all," but where is her young girlhood with all its pretty fancies and innocent follies? Past, long ago! and she puts self from her forever, and gives to the aged parents the care she has so long bestowed upon the little flock.

A new Irish celebrity is Miss Maud Gonne, who has recently been lecturing in France on the "Wrongs of Ireland." She is an ardent Home-Ruler, twenty-six years old, tall, beautiful and eloquent.

To Lady Brooke, the noted English beauty, is due the founding of a school of needlework for poor girls near Easton in the midst of a poor agricultural district. The school has been very successful.

The foreign demand for American paper is steadily growing.

PERSUASION.

"MEAT," it has been well said by the butcher who furnished Ruth Pinch with the steak for her celebrated pudding, "should be humored, not drove;" and there is much truth in this assertion, which may be aptly applied to many other things besides meat. The art of humoring is a great one, the acquisition of which is by no means easy, but it will well repay a careful study; and time so spent can never be wasted. Men as well as meat, object to be "drove"; it annoys and irritates them, and excites every angry passion they possess to such a pitch that they become altogether intractable and extremely unpleasant to live with. Let us learn how to humor them then, for thus only can they ever be brought to proceed contentedly in the way that they should go, and thus only can domestic peace be maintained.

MUCH discomfort and unpleasantness would be avoided if people would only realize the power of persuasion, and seek to lead rather than drive. We all know the wonderful persuasive force that lurks in the common and familiar carrot. Suspend it a short distance before the nose of an obstinate and unwilling donkey, and he will quicken his steps at once, though the most liberal allowance of blows showered upon his thick skin have been powerless to make him budge an inch; for your respectable donkey feels that a certain amount of persuasion is due to him. He, like the meat, must be "humored, not drove." And there are a great many men who share this characteristic of the humble ass—ay, and some women too. They will do much for their carrot; but blows merely spoil their temper, without mending their pace. They turn sulky beneath the stick; it is the toothsome, pleasant carrot that makes them prick up their long ears, and give voice to their agreeable emotions in a loud and jubilant bray. Of course the favored vegetable is not of precisely the same flavor in all cases; some take to one carrot and some to another; but, whatever may be the particular form it assumes, the persuasive force is always there, and it is in that persuasive force that the true secret of success lies. The semblance of wealth dangled before the nose of one of our fellow-men will sometimes work wonders, and so will the image of fame, or admiration, or fine clothes; any carrot will do, in fact, so long as it is the particular donkey whom it is desirable to influence. Let that once be chosen judiciously, and with due regard to individual taste and peculiarity of circumstance, and the accelerated pace of the intelligent animal may be considered a foregone conclusion. Now surely this is a far better means of obtaining our object than the brutally inartistic one of beating the poor beast with a thick stick, and lavishing harsh epithets upon him. Very likely those epithets may be no more than his due; but, for all that, it is a pity to use them, since it is more than probable that they will serve no good or useful purpose, but rather defeat their own object.

PERSUASION should not be over-garrulous; in the multitude of words there is confusion, but not conviction; and mere reiteration may weary, but can never convince. Those who understand the art of humoring will avoid useless reiteration; and seek rather to subdue the fortress gradually, gaining ground by almost imperceptible degrees, than to carry it by assault and a wild storm of words. Persuasion is never loud and aggressive, but speaks gently, and ever in a low well-modulated voice. What she says is reasonable and to the point; she does not argue—that would be little likely to serve her purpose; but she presents the desired end to those whom she wishes to influence in a form which is likely to attract them, and thus gains her object without appearing to have any particular object to gain.

The highest art of persuasion is attained when we induce a person to adopt our views, while all the time he is under the impression that we are adopting his; then our success is assured, for he will support his new convictions vigorously, under the fixed idea that they are very old ones, and he is honorably bound to maintain them. This at once puts things on a firm and pleasant foundation, and saves us from incurring the disagreeable consequences that are apt to follow on a too artless attempt to convert others to our own way of thinking. For here, again, men should be "humored, not drove," and above all they should be carefully kept from all knowledge that they are being either "humored or drove," for any such suspicion at once excites a very unreasonable displeasure in the manly mind, and by no means tends to the promotion of peace in the domestic circle.

YES, the art of persuasion is a great one, and it well deserves a careful study; those who have thoroughly mastered it are few in number, but their power is great, and they exert a mighty influence over the minds of men. They exert it, it may be, unconsciously, for in some cases this art, like those of reading and writing, "comes by nature; but whether employed consciously or unconsciously, the result is the same, and those who possess it have much to answer for if they use their power for any but good and worthy objects. To persuade to good is a most honorable work, but woe betide ill-advised persons who degrade their art and themselves by striving to persuade to evil! Truly they will have much to reproach themselves with some day, and the hour of reckoning is likely to prove a heavy one for them.

THE THREE TROUBLES.

A clever and charming old lady at a fashionable resort, said to her group of girl admirers, gathered for a talk:

"My dears, you wonder that nothing ever seems to annoy me. Some people, you know, have their troubles three times (I used to have)—first in anticipation, next in experiencing reality, and lastly in "living it all over again." But I have made up my mind that to have trouble once is enough. I prefer variety, you see. So now I wait till the disaster befalls; then I think about it as little as possible, unless I can see some way to remedy, and I forget it as soon as I can.

"I have found out that it isn't really worth while to be disturbed, especially by an occurence that cannot be helped. Thus I escape two-thirds the worry that I would otherwise have.'—*Christian Observer*.

JULIA E. BULKLEY, principal of the Plainfield public school system, has been appointed Dean of the Women's College of the new University of Chicago. She is a woman of remarkable executive ability, a writer on educational subjects, and has travelled extensively in this country and abroad.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

"To what shall I compare it?
It has a glory and naught else can share it:
The thought thereof is awfu', sweet and holy
Chasing away all worldliness and folly."

"The world is growing old," says the poet, but it is a hale, old age and every Spring it renews its youth and rejoices in it as in ancient times when young Cain and Abel played among the budding trees and picked the tender flowers of the Antedeluvian Spring.

The maple trees are pendulous with their scarlet and orange tassels; the sod is moist and sends forth a fresh odor; the blue birds and robins have set up an Academy of Music in the oak trees and the fruit trees are putting forth their bronze-green buds. The frogs are croaking in their marshes and the evening air is full of their weird revelry. The garden beds have had their coverings raked away and our early bulbs are blossoming while we prepare and sow the seeds for later blooming. We look forward and see in anticipation, our windows covered with morning-glories, sweet-peas, "on tiptoe for a flight," pansies and pinks, roses and lilies all abloom and our houses fragrant with bouquets.

But before this we have work to do; seeds must be sowed, and garden beds made and window-boxes and cold frames made ready. Happy they who are beforehand with the season: who have studied their catalogues and have their orders off to the florists in good time, while the manner of planting is all planned on paper and only the digging and sowing needs to be done, as the busy spring work comes on.

FLOWER NOTES.

Encourage the children to have their gardens either for pleasure or profit. The little ones may be kept out of mischief many hours with their little garden tools, while the older ones may be kept away from the street and earn their own pocket money by a small investment in vegetable seeds, and, indeed, the habits of thrift and industry are worth more than the money they may earn.

"A wide-awake Yankee boy," says *Vick's Magazine*, bought five cents worth of potatoes and raised enough at 50 cents a bushel to bring him $1.50, and he only got a small lot of seed for his money. He cut it in one-eye pieces, and after making the ground rich cultivated it carefully, keeping the crop free from weeds and beetles. Another boy showed his business faculty by carefully raising garden truck on a small plot he was given the use of. He sold his produce a little at a time for a neat sum. These boys are thinkers. No danger that they will be poor farmers.

A subscriber tells *The Phila. Farm Journal* how richly the purchase of two packets of flower seed was rewarded the past season. One packet contained pansy seed. The resulting bloom was very brilliant, especially in the Spring, and was almost incessant the whole Summer. The other packet contained chrysanthemum seed, of good stock, but mixed as to sorts. The variety and richness of coloring in the October and November flowers were simply glorious. These little pleasures, which anybody can have, constitute what may be termed the real big dividends of life.

A MOTHER'S CRUSADE.

The inevitable lot of woman is, to suffer for and with him to whom her life is united, either as wife, mother or daughter, whatever the tie of consanguinity may be. If we must share the consequences, have we no place in the conflict? Have we no "woman's rights" pressing upon us, far more important than those included in the usual acceptation of the term? Daily we are pained by disgrace and ruin where least expected. Dishonesty seems an epidemic in every grade of society. Hope for the integrity of the generation to follow must rest with mothers and home influence, and our responsibility is greater than we comprehend in this matter; Let our "rights" be to teach our children from their cradles, lessons of honesty, pure and simple. "The little foxes spoil the vines," and we must be careful of trifling things. If our boy tells us that the conductor failed to take his fare on the street-car, we will not smile and say, "You are so much in, then." We will show him hat he has availed himself of a convenience and benefit, upon which there is a fixed price, without paying for it. Next time he will offer the money before leaving the car, and will not forget the lesson in the future. This (only one of the many) illustrates how remiss we are in teaching the spirit of uprightness in minor things. It is our "right" to make a new dictionary, calling things by their names hereafter. Its vocabulary will not be polished and elegant; but, nevertheless, truth will distinguish it. An "embezzler" will be a *thief*, and to "be short in accounts" will be written there "*dishonest*."

We will not teach them that "honesty is the best policy," but, rather, that dishonesty is utter ruin to the success and happiness of this life, and, in the "life to come, eternal condemnation." We will show them that lives without foundation of self-denial and economy become, unawares, those of reckless expenditure and extravagance; that habits formed in youth, if not in the direction of right, become relentless tyrants. We may be watchful, and strict in our rules, for the guidance of our bright boys, but our best safeguard is this platform of *honor*, instilled from infancy, and, once firmly fixed, the after character building for useful Christian manhood will be comparatively a labor of love, easy to accomplish. In this "mother's crusade" to win back the golden roses of uprightness and honor, let there be no lack of volunteers.—*Table Talk*.

The Hottest Part of the United States.

One of the hottest regions in the United States is along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad in Arizona. At Bagdad, in that territory, the thermometer has been known to stand as high as 140 in the shade for days in succession. The ticket agent at Bagdad says that he has seen the mercury standing at 128 on the cool side of the depot building at midnight.

THERE is only one time that you know exactly what a man is: when he is dead.

CONSIDERABLE annoyance is said to have been inflicted by the students of the University of Berlin upon Miss Gentry, the American girl who won the European Scholarship of the Association of College Alumnæ, and who has been allowed to listen to lectures on mathematics in the Berlin University.

CONSTANT.

BY M. ROCK.

I give you back your word again;
Why should I hold it now?
Why should I see you try in vain
To keep a plighted vow!
And so to-day I say good bye
Without reproach or tear,
Without one sob or bitter cry
To tell that you were dear.

And just because my love has grown
No whit more weak or cold,
I make no angry plant or moan
Nor speak of days of old;
But yet I will not have you say,
Because I give no blame,
That if you're weak and false to-day,
That I may be the same.

Not so. Together bound are we,
Bound by a golden chain;
No words you speak can set me free,
Nor ease my bitter pain.
You need not think the love that grew
And strengthened day by day
Within my trustful heart for you,
I now can cast away.

And if it chance the world should be
Unfeeling or unkind:
Should fickle fortune turn and flee,
And leave you far behind:
Should all your Summer friends depart,
In cold and proud disdain:
My love shall live safe in my heart,
Should you need it again.

MR. JUSTWED'S FAIRY TALE.

[A scene of domestic bliss. Mr. and Mrs. Justwed have settled down for a quiet evening at home. Mr. Justwed, in dressing-gown and slippers, is reading the evening paper, and Mrs. Justwed, in a bewitching tea-gown, is dreaming over a yellow-covered novel. Suddenly she sighs, turns the book down in her lap, and gazes into the grate.]

Mr. Justwed: "What's the matter, little one?"

Mrs. Justwed (with sad thoughtfulness): "Have you read many of Balzac's works, Tom?"

Mr. Justwed: "Oh, a few. I was never much struck by his writing, though."

Mrs. Justwed (still sad): "But he's admitted to be one of the greatest authors, isn't he?"

Mr. Justwed: "Um—y-e-s—he is one of those fellows generally admitted to have a remarkably keen knowledge of human nature, I believe."

Mrs. Justwed sighs heavily once more, and suddenly buries her face in a cushion, sobbing wildly.

Mr. Justwed (speaking tenderly to her back hair): "Why, my dear—little—woman—come, now, tell me what on earth is the matter with you.'

Mrs. Justwed (still sobbing): "Oh—Tom! I—want—you—to—tell—me—your past."

Mr. Justwed: "What?— my—oh, you're joking, Mollie! Ha, ha, ha! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Justwed: "Well, I've been reading this book of Balzac's, and I just came to this passage—listen: 'If every girl knew the past of the man she was about to marry, many a bride would leave her husband even at the altar-rail.' "

Mr. Justwed: "But, my dear girl, you don't mean to say that you allow that rancid French nonsense to make any impression on you. Why, my darling, I have no 'past.' You are my past, present, and future! I never loved till I met you, and that was two years after I left college. You are the only woman I ever lo——"

Mrs. Justwed (stopping him with a tearfully withering look): "Oh, Tom, that's all very well; all husbands say that, but (sobs) I am a child no longer. We have been married two - whole—months, and you might—(sob) at least—(sob) trust me—(sob) that much!"

Mr. Justwed: "Oh, da—confound it! You know, Mollie, that's a little too much. Do you want me to invent a story for you?"

Mrs. Justwed (with symptoms of hysteria):" You admitted that Balzac had a keen knowledge of human nature, and now—you——" (sobs.

Mr. Justwed (seeing no way out of it): "Mollie, I am surprised at you. I had no idea that my wife was the kind of a girl that likes to pry and peer into matters that—but, since you insist upon it——"

Mrs. Justwed: "Oh, I knew you would tell me, Tom!"

Mr. Justwed (hypocritically): "If my taking up this old love of mine makes you suffer, you have only yourself to blame; remember that, Mollie. It is a subject that I thought would never again rise to torture me." (He brushes his eyes with his handkerchief, whilst Mrs. Justwed brightens up and seats herself at his knee.)

Mrs Justwed: "No matter how I suffer, Tom. I should prefer to know all."

Mr. Justwed: "All?"

Mrs. Justwed (with a gasp): "Yes, all!"

Mr. Justwed (shading his face from the light): "Well, Mollie, my first love was the great love of my life."

Mrs. Justwed (feverishly): "Yes. Go on!"

Mr. Justwed: "She was a fair trusting girl, who believed in me implicitly—loved me——"

Mrs. Justwed: "Yes."

Mr. Justwed: "Devotedly!"

Mrs. Justwed: "Oh, Tom!"

Mr. Justwed: (cruelly): "Yes; she was content to believe my word, and take me on trust without tearing open old wounds and——

Mrs. Justwed: "Was she pretty, Tom?"

Mr. Justwed (enthusiastically): "She was beautiful! Heart and soul like to her angel's face." (Business of handkerchief to eyes.) "Ah, Mollie, you don't know how it grieves me to speak of her!"

Mrs. Justwed (in a hoarse whisper): "And did you—did you love her?"

Mr. Justwed: "Passionately!"

Mrs. Justwed: "And what happened to her?"

Mr. Justwed (sighing): "Poor girl! she married."

Mrs. Justwed (moving farther away): "And do you ever see her now?"

Mr. Justwed: "Frequently."

Mrs. Justwed (throwing herself tragically on her knees, and burying her head on his shoulder): "Oh, Tom! promise me you will never—never——Oh, give her up for my sake, Tom!"

Mr. Justwed: "But you do not think of her feelings at all, Mollie."

Mrs. Justwed: "The wretch! Have you her picture?"

Mr. Justwed: 'Yes; here on the inside cover of my watch. See."

Mrs. Justwed (smiling through her tears): "Why, this is——"

Mr. Justwed: "The dearest girl in the world!"

Mrs. Justwed (ungramatically, but with a world of meaning): "Me!"

Mr. Justwed: "My first and only love!"

(Grand tableau, not necessarily for publication, with Mr. Justwed chuckling over his wife's shoulder to think that he has got out of this scrape so easily.)

The Salvation Army is being boycotted in Finland.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Europe uses 60,000,000 matches daily.

—Norway has a waterproof paper church.

—Anchors were invented by the Tuscans.

—The Persians shave themselves as a sign of mourning.

—Australia had 233 free libraries in 1888.

—At Kinegan, Alaska, they receive only one mail a year.

—A hive of 5000 bees will produce about 50 pounds of honey annually.

—Lower California is part of the Republic of Mexico.

—Giraffes command in the market from $2500 to $6000 a piece.

—Of the 32 ducal and princely families established by Napoleon I. 14 are extinct.

—Danville, Ind., has a cat which rings the bell whenever she wants to be admitted to the house.

—Weaving was practiced in China more than 1000 years before it was known elsewhere.

—A Biddeford [Me.] fisherman caught a lobster that weighed 28 pounds. He sent it to New York.

—Our "humbug" comes from the Italian "vomo bugiardo," meaning much the same thing.

—The word plantagenet means "broom plant;" yet Mr. Broome of Berlin, Germany was named Plantagenet Broome.

—The cost of lighting the Columbia Exhibition will exceed by ten times the cost for the same service at the Paris Exposition.

—The transvaal Government in Africa intends to utilize convict labor by hiring the long sentence white men for work in the gold mines.

—A wild grape vine was cut down in Iowa that had a trunk fifteen inches in circumference one foot above ground.

—Utah was the early home of the powerful tribe of Ute Indians, and it is from them that the Territory takes its name.

—There is a cat in Biddeford, Me., that drinks coffee every morning with the family, perferring that beverage to milk.

—It is claimed that the pheasant of the English preserves can trace its pedigree directly to the brilliant bird of the same species in Japan.

—A hundred and twenty-seven years ago England seized the first eight bales of cotton raised in the South and declared its production should cease.

—The speaker of the British House of Commons receives a salary of $25,000 a year, and when he retires he is raised to the peerage with an annual pension of $20,000.

—In California the coyote has found a friend. The horticulturist there wishes them protected because they catch the hares and squirrels which depredate on their crops.

—A little girl in Parkersburg, W. Va., recently kept a four-and-a-half-foot catamount in a tree for over an hour by vigorously beating the bushes beneath, while her two big brothers ran home for help.

—In Birmingham England, there recently died a detective named Black, who had in his life discovered over 3009 criminals, and at a race near Rugby he once arrested eight pick-pockets in 35 minutes.

—The Park Commissioners of Buffalo, N. Y., have been compelled to kill eight peacocks whose harsh cries kept babies and nervous people awake.

—The French soldiers have lately been engaged in an extensive series of experiments with bicycles. That machine has now taken its place as an appliance of war.

—Jack Irvin is a Kentuckian of Glover's Mill, who in thirty-six years has not swallowed a drop of water. He drinks only tea, coffee and milk, and has passed his eightieth year.

—Fifteen thousand larks have been netted and slaughtered in England in two days, between New Haven and Brighton, for the London game shops.

—It is said that the biggest organ in the world, at Sydney, New South Wales, has such great vibratory power that it cannot be used to its uttermost for fear of injuring the building.

—A man who died in Cincinnati Ohio, recently, it is said, had not a single hard substance in his body which would indicate that he possessed such a thing as a bone. Even his skull was of about the same consistency as India rubber.

—The ruling sensation in London, England, at present, is the extraordinary leap made by a man named Milram Nigg, who jumps 205 feet from the top of the Aquarium and lands on his feet on the bare floor. He wears the costume of an American Indian, and his rapid descent is broken by some patent arrangement invisible to the audience.

—The British army mainly arose in the reign of Charles II. in 1661, in consequence of the extinction of feudal tenures. The first five regiments of British infantry were established between 1633 and 1680. James II. established several regiments of dragoon guards (1685-8).

—The ceiling of the entrance hall of the Imperial Museum of Art at Vienna, Austria, is covered with one immense painting by Munkacsy. The canvas on which this was painted was a single immense sheet, woven expressly for the purpose, and so large that a special building had to be constructed for the studio in which it was painted.

—A whale which was captured in the Arctic Ocean recently was found to have a harpoon in his body which belonged to a whaling vessel which had been out of service more than fifty years.

DR. CAROLINE BERT LLON has received the first appointment of the kind made in France in being given the position of visiting physician to the most important college for girls in Paris—the Lycee Racine.

MR. JOSEPH FRANCIS, the founder of the United States Life-Saving Service, is ninety years old, and is writing his autobiography.

IT has been said that Queen Victoria is the only person now living who knew Sir Walter Scott personally.

THE Minister of Education in Germany has passed a decree that the definite engagement of a schoolmistress ceases at the end of the school year in which she marries.