

The Press.

Soul of the world! the Press! the Press,
What wonders hast thou wrought!
Thou rainbow realm of mental bliss;
Thou starry sky of thought!
As dew upon the thirsty flowers;
As the blessed light of heaven;
And widely as the summer showers,
Thy silent aid is given.

Yet canst thou fame upon the earth
Like the dread volcano's glow;
And tyrants tremble at thy birth
As at an earthquake's throes.
Thy nod can lope the proudest head;
The world thy scepter owns;
The path thou dost to glory tread,
The path is paved with thrones.

Yet thou art gentle as the breeze—
The first breath of day,
But chainless as the mighty seas,
In thy restless way.
At thy command the seals were broke
That bound the silent deep,
And liberty and truth awoke
From centuries of sleep.

Then first on every sinful shore,
That man in darkness trod,
Thy bright and speeding pinions bore
The beacon words of God.
The sage's lamp, the muse's lyre,
Thou brought'st o'er ocean's foam;
The stellar light of vestal fire;
The eloquence of Rome.

Thou flag of truth! thy folds have streamed
O'er many a field of blood;
And o'er the wreck of empires gleamed
Like the rainbow o'er the flood;
The patriot's eye still turns to thee,
And hails thee from afar,
As the wanderer of the trackless sea
Hath hailed his guiding star.

White to the hearth-stone of the hall,
And to the cottage hearth,
Thou bring'st a daily festival
Of nameless, priceless worth.
Thou lightest up the pallid cheek
Of the deserted poor,
And to the captive, worn and weak,
Openest the prison door.

Oh! ever in thy columns bright,
Let the truth and virtue blend!
Be ever, ever in the right!
Be ever labor's friend.
His strong and honest arm shall be
Thy bulwark in distress;
God bless the hand of liberty!
God save our country's press!

—[G. W. Cutter, in New York Weekly.]

AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.

"I beg pardon!" "Excuse me!"
A pair of black eyes and a pair of
blue eyes met defiantly, while a small
white hand and a large white hand
each grasped the handle of an um-
brella.

"This umbrella is mine, I think;
did you wish to use it?" murmured
black eyes, with polite fierceness.

"I am sure it is mine. I bought it
last year, and have never seen another
like it," answered blue eyes, with a
firm hand on the article in question.

Vegetation and polite unbelief were
expressed on each face. Then the
gentleman, with an indulgent, pro-
voking little smile, said:

"If it is mine I can show you my
name on the inside, if you will allow
me to open it."

"Very well, pray do so," said she,
stepping back.

He opened it, and, behold, inside
was a small tag with "Richard Ran-
some" inscribed thereon. She fell
back in confusion, rose red and hum-
iliated.

"I am very sorry! I beg your
pardon! Where can mine be? I am sure I
left it here!" she exclaimed in dis-
tress, glancing at the falling rain
without.

He magnanimously joined in the
search, but no duplicate umbrella
could be found. He was ashamed of
his ill temper and also made the dis-
covery that she was a lovely girl; so,
much to Lucy Dean's dismay, he in-
sisted upon escorting her home.

She felt very much like a convicted
thief, and wondered if he believed
that she had ever really had an um-
brella like his.

"I am afraid our evening has not
been as successful as we hoped," he
remarked, hesitatingly, touching upon
a topic about which both were sensi-
tive.

"Oh, no! I am so disappointed! It
didn't seem to take well—that is they
did not appreciate it as we thought
they would—as they ought to have
done, I mean—"

Lucy paused, conscious that she was
making bad much worse. They had
now reached a cross street which led
to her home. Here she paused, and
acting on the impulse born of a desire
to fly from what she felt must be his
reproachful and indignant glances,
she said:

"I see an old friend who is going
past our door, and I will not trouble
you further. I am much obliged for
your kindness. Good night." And
then she hastily left him.

He stared after her and saw her join
a gentleman whose face, as seen in the
struggling gaslight, showed both sur-
prise and delight at being so honored.

Richard Ransome, after discovering
that his umbrella rested on his shoulder
and that the rain was beating on his
shaly tile, pulled himself together and

went on his way, soliloquizing as fol-
lows:

"Well, this is a queer place! Odd
folks, especially the girls. Seemed in
a great hurry to get rid of me. Didn't
seem to take—evidently blames me,
too. However, I don't usually talk to
empty seats." Then he laughed.
"Fancy me getting cross and rowing
with that poor little girl about the
umbrella! But she was game and I
had to prove my claim. She evidently
thought I was determined to make
sure of some remuneration for my
services. Hope I shall see her again."

This hope was destined to be speed-
ily realized. The next day when Mr.
Ransome went to the society rooms to
meet the committee for whom he had
lectured Lucy Dean was there and
shyly apologized to him for her blun-
der of the evening before. She ex-
plained that her mother had borrowed
her umbrella without her knowledge.
He found her pretty embarrassment
very attractive and asked for permis-
sion to call at her home; this was
given him and he soon availed himself
of it. She was a merry, intelligent
little thing, and her fits of shyness,
when a sense of his awfulness as a
domineer came over her, added a touch
of piquancy which fascinated him.

He found Mrs. Dean, who was only
a plumper and maturer Lucy, a pleas-
ant companion when her daughter's
conversation resolved itself into prim
monosyllables, and he paid the elder
lady so many flattering attentions that
she was half inclined to believe Lucy's
admirer her own. Indeed, Lucy
might have been of that opinion, too,
if it had not been for an occasional
expression in his eyes when they rested
on her, which always brought the
blood to cheek and brow.

As the days passed on Mr. Ransome
discovered that Lucy exactly realized
his ideal of womanhood. The idea of
a final separation from her was intoler-
able. When the time for him to
resume his city duties drew near he
knew that he wanted to take her with
him, that he desired her for his wife.
But, puzzled by her shyness, he was
not able to discover how she regarded
him.

They were walking together one
evening when he suddenly resolved to
end his suspense and ask her to be-
come his wife. Lucy listened, dazed.
She could not realize that her secret
dreams had become real. The tremen-
dous fact that he whom she had set
upon a pedestal of dignity and
learning was only a man, pleading for
her love, seemed impossible to face.
She could not lift her eyes to his, and
when he tried to draw her nearer she
felt a sudden, loving fear of him.
Habit and girlish modesty were bar-
riers too great to be overcome at once.
She gave him one swift glance and
then broke away and fled toward
home.

He stood there, gazing after the fly-
ing figure. Disappointed love, wounded
pride and amazement struggled within
him. He searched his memory to see
if he had ever heard of any girl who
had received a declaration of love in
like manner. Alas! he had not. He
sadly concluded that some other man
must have been before him and that
she dreaded to tell him so.

"Even though she does not love me
would have given me a chance if there
were no one else," he said.

The next few days were wretched
ones to both. Lucy knew that she had
wounded Mr. Ransome and was in do-
spar because she had apparently re-
jected the love she really desired. She
longed to tell him she was sorry, but
felt that to do so would be to surrender
entirely, and that she found as hard
to do as ever. She hoped he would
seek her again, and so force upon her
the opportunity she was not brave
enough to seek.

And then, alas! he came on the
very afternoon on which she went for
a walk down the secluded path where
he had made his proposal, to live over
again the scene which was ever in
her thoughts.

Mr. Ransome approached the house
with wavering courage, and on being
informed that she was not at home,
immediately concluded that she re-
fused to see him, and he departed
from the town forthwith.

He returned to his work and found
some comfort in the old routine of
his profession; yet he was a more
restless man than he had ever been in
all his busy life.

One afternoon, feeling the need of
cheerful companionship, he started
out, umbrella in hand, to call upon a
lively friend who had been a former
resident of the town where lived the
Deans. Perhaps he secretly hoped to
hear mention of this ungrateful lady
love. He reached the place, and
learned that his friend was at home
turned to place his umbrella in the
rack, when, behold! there rested an-
other exactly like his own. He felt

sure that Lucy was within, and stood
a moment debating on what was best
to do. Finally a desire to see her
again overcame all other feelings and
he entered the parlor. His hostess
rose to greet him and presented him
to her friend, Miss Dean.

Lucy received Mr. Ransome with
composure. She may have recognized
the possibility of meeting him as a
contingency of her trip.

He made his call a short one, and
as Lucy returned home that evening
he did not see her again.

It was not until two weeks after-
ward that he discovered that he was
in possession of Miss Dean's umbrella
instead of his own.

He was vexed beyond measure.
The fact that he had committed such a
blunder betrayed the state of his mind
at their last meeting.

"She will think I made the exchange
because of some silly, sentimental
notion. I will return it to her and
then throw mine away. I'll make it
a purely business errand and let her
understand that I'm not in for any
nonsense," he fumed.

Accordingly he went down to the
village one bright evening. He
walked from the station and wandered
toward the spot where he had made his
unlucky proposal.

"I'll just go and look at the place
where she flouted me. It may serve
to help me forget this worry over her
that I can't get rid of," he muttered.

He reached the spot and there he
saw a little figure leaning against a
young tree and weeping forlornly. He
dropped the umbrella and sprang for-
ward.

"Lucy!" he cried.
She turned towards him and held
out her hands; and then—[Waver-
ly Magazine.]

Baby Sue.

About three miles from town I
overtook a woman carrying a heavy
bundle in her arms. She was bare-
footed, wore a man's straw hat, and
it was easy enough to identify her as
a mountaineer's wife. I drew my
horse down to a walk and offered to
take the bundle on the saddle before
me.

"It's Baby Sue," she said, as she
passed it up.

"Ah! a baby. Well, I'll be careful
of her. How old is she?"

"Gwine on two years."

"She's pretty heavy for such a long
walk."

"I've dun walked over ten miles
with her already, but I felt I had to
do it. Jim, he's a-waitin' fur her."

"And who's Jim?"

"My man, sah. They's done got
him in jail fur moonshining, and the
Lawd only knows when he'll be free.
I jest knowed he'd near die if he
couldn't hev one last look at Sue."

The child was wrapped up in a
faded old shawl and had a veil over
her face. She lay like a log in my
arms, and I supposed, sound asleep.
I had carried her a mile or more before
I raised the veil to get a peep at her
face. One glance told me that she
was dead.

"Why, woman, your baby is dead!"
I exclaimed, as I made the discovery.

"Yes, sah; dun died last night,"
she replied.

"And you—"

"I'ze got to take her to the jail and
let Jim see her. Poor ole Jim! He
dun loved baby Sue like his own life.
He'd never forgive me if he didn't
dun see her afore she was buried."

She wiped the tears away as she
walked alongside the horse, looking
up now and then at the bundle in my
arms, and we didn't speak again until
we reached the jail. Then she took
the little dead body from my hands,
tenderly kissed the white, cold face,
and said:

"Lawd bless ye, stranger, fur yet
kindness! Jim's in yere, and when he
sees baby Sue I reckon he won't
care no mo' what they do with him.
Pore Sue! Pore ole Jim!"—[New
York Sun.]

Curious Hungarian Lake.

There is a curious lake in Hungary,
known as the Neusiedler See, sixteen
miles long and six miles wide in its
broadest part, which has no tributa-
ries, but derives all its water from
the rainfall that drops into it. It is a
very large lake to be supported wholly
in this way. There are no mountains
very near it, but it occupies a slight
depression in an almost level plain.
Once in a while the lake has dried
up, and within the past two years it
has lost one-half of its water, and
now its depth is only three feet. The
Hungarian government has decided
to do away with this lake, and has
commenced to dig a canal by which
the precipitation will hereafter be
drained away from the lake bed.
Some thousands of acres of rich farm-
ing land will be thus obtained.—[Bos-
ton Transcript.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

BEST HORSES FOR FARMS.

Unquestionably the best horse for a
farmer to rear is one that he can use
himself with the most advantage.
Such a horse will pay for its keeping
after the second year, and until it is
sold when four years old. The Cleve-
land Bay is such a horse, and at four
years old will sell for \$300 to \$500
each. The French coach horse is a
similar animal. These will weigh
1300 to 1500 pounds when fully
grown, and are excellent for the
heavy work of a farm. The training
on the farm, too, is precisely what is
needed for their future use.—[New
York Times.]

MAKING VS. BUYING A LAWN.

It used to be thought that pur-
chasing sod and transplanting it was
the only effective way to quickly get
a lawn in good order. Unless a bed
has been prepared and enriched, and
the sod is frequently watered, it is
not likely to make so good a showing
as a good seeding on well-prepared
land manured with mineral fertilizers
and kept closely cut as fast as it
grows. It is frequent cutting that
causes the sod to thicken, unless the
soil is poor, in which case close cut-
ting causes the sod to run out and
leave bare places. If dry weather
comes, suspend the cutting until there
is prospect of rain. The sod made
will come cheaper than any that can
be bought, and the owner can have
as great a variety of grasses as he is
willing to buy seed for.—[Boston
Cultivator.]

PROPER WAY TO PRUNE.

Proper pruning is done altogether
with one's thumb and forefinger, i. e.,
to remove all surplus twigs and shoots
as soon as they appear, and thus pre-
vent the waste of sap in building up
worthless wood, says Orange Judd
Farmer. Many orchardists, other-
wise intelligent, utterly neglect trim-
ming trees, or else do it in a very im-
perfect way. As a result, much of
their fruit is small and partly colored.
Also the labor of picking the fruit
from an unprepared tree is about
twice what it should be, as the head
of the tree becomes so thick and tan-
gled. Open up the head by cutting
out every branch that crosses or other-
wise interferes with another,
and the benefit will be two-
fold. The sun and the air will
be admitted to aid in the growth of
large handsome fruit, to harvest
which will be comparatively easy
work and a real pleasure. The grape-
vine is, perhaps more neglected than
the apple tree. If given its "own
sweet will," it will cover everything
within reach.

CULTURE OF GARDEN VEGETABLES.

In the report of the horticulturist
of the Maine Experimental Station
for 1891 certain points in the culture
of cabbages, tomatoes and egg plants
are discussed.

In the culture of cabbages it was
found that the best results were ob-
tained by transplanting several times.
Plants grown in flower pots till ready
for the field were better than those
grown in boxes. It was observed
that some varieties of cabbage are
attacked by the cabbage worm much
worse than others. Those varieties
having firm, close heads are least in-
jured. Of the twenty varieties grown
those recommended for general cul-
ture are Jersey Wakefield, Brunswick,
Early Summer and Flat Dutch. The
Early York is condemned.

The following is a summary of the
experiments in tomato culture: 1.
An important requisite to successful
tomato culture is that the plants be
kept growing vigorously, a condition
involving rich soil and frequent till-
age. 2. Frequent transplanting
makes stocky plants. 3. Other things
being equal, the earliness and produc-
tiveness of tomatoes is in direct pro-
portion to the earliness of setting in
the field. 4. Trimming plants after
a part of the fruit had set increased
the yield by more than one-third. 5.
The best varieties for general use ap-
pear to be Ignatum, Perfection,
Beauty, Golden Queen, and possibly
Prelude.

Egg plants are not extensively
grown in Maine, but the varieties
recommended for home use are Early
Dwarf Purple and Early Long Purple.
—[New York W. 3d.]

PEAS FOR TABLE AND PEN.

I never raised peas largely for feed,
but for our own Northern market. I
have fed them to hogs, and repeatedly
purchased them for that purpose; I
would rather have them, pound for
pound, for fattening hogs than any
corn. I have a furnace, and two large
potash-kettles that will hold fifteen to

twenty bushels, and I never had hogs
fatten so rapidly, or make nicer pork,
than when fed boiled peas and water
sufficient to make the mass into a thick
soup. Sown in time, and properly
cared for, peas rarely fail to yield a
large crop, and that, too, on almost
any kind of land, from a stiff, heavy
clay to a light, sandy soil. They
should be sown early, to do their best.
They will endure more frost and still
hold their own than any other crop
we grow. When we sow them on
light, sandy soil, as we often do, we
like to have them covered three or
four inches deep. They will thus
stand drouth better than if covered
only an inch deep. I have never been
what I consider thoroughly successful
with peas when sown late in spring,
but can hardly recall a failure when
sown early and properly cared for.—
[Wisconsin Farmer.]

MALPRACTICE AMONG HORSESHOERS.

Without wishing to do injustice to
our rural knights of the anvil, it is
nevertheless a lamentable truth that
these votaries of the buttress and
drawing-knife are, all the world over,
so wedded to a number of tradition-
ary practices, so heinous, so irrational,
so prejudicial to the interests alike
of the horse and his owner, that one
might well be excused for wondering
whether their mission were not to mar
instead of to protect the marvelously
perfect handiwork of the Creator.
Ignorant alike of the anatomy, physi-
ology and economic relations of the
parts, they mutilate, they cut and
carve as whim, prejudice, or time-
honored custom dictates. Disaster,
it may be slowly, but surely, follows,
and all too often the poor dumb crea-
ture's sufferings foot the bill. Let us
glance in passing at some of these
traditional practices.

Foremost among them is the insane
habit of trimming the frog of the
horse's hoof and the thinning out the
sole till it visibly yields to the pressure
of the operator's thumb. The frog
is nature's cushion and hoof-expander,
placed there by an All-Wise hand; by
its elasticity it wards off concussion
from the less elastic portions of the
structure, and by its resistance assists
in maintaining the natural expansion
of its horny ambit; that is to say, it
does so in its natural state, but the
drawing-knife's touch is fatal to it.
Once cut and carved and deprived of
pressure, those very acts cause it to
shrink, dry, and harden, and at once
lose those very attributes which con-
stitute its usefulness to the foot.
Robbed of its elasticity and resilience,
it is incapable of discharging its al-
lotted functions—both as a cushion
and as an expander it is a dead fail-
ure; indeed, it is worse, as in its al-
tered character it is now a menace in-
stead of a protection, a bane rather
than a boon to the foot that wears it.

The destruction of this important
factor having been thus provided for,
the operator probably next turns his
attention to the sole, which, by all
traditions of the craft, must be pared
down until only a thin film of soft,
partially-formed horn is left to protect
the living structures within against
injury from the substances with which
the foot necessarily comes in contact.
Nor does the mischief stop here. The
sole itself, or what is left of it, con-
sists not of soft, moist, half-formed
horn, which dries and shrinks on ex-
posure to the air, and thereby entails
a further and a still more serious in-
jury on the foot.—[American Farmer.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Keep different breeds separate and
study each closely.

Give mother hens motherly atten-
tion during the brooding season.

Young bronze turks should have
dark shanks, approaching black.

Cut fresh bone is excellent for
hens. It contains just what they
need.

It is a good time to organize a
general rat-killing so as to save the
chicks.

More can be had out of ten hens in
a house ten by ten than twenty in the
same space.

Roosting places should be scraped
out at least as often as every two days
and resodded.

Farmers in the New England dis-
trict of Australia are about to turn
their attention to grape growing.

Chickies do not need a roosting
place until four months old. Low
roosts should then be given them.

Chickens and ducks can be raised
advantageously together; in fact, they
do better together than separately.

Successful poulterers have found it
wise to feed little chicks five times a
day and punctually at stated times.

If a poultry house can be shut up
fairly tight, the lice in them can be
exterminated by burning sulphur in
them.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

NICE POTATO PUFFS.

If you want nice potato puffs, boil
and wash three or four mealy pot-
atoes, add a tablespoonful of hot
milk, a little butter and salt to suit
your taste. Mould this into little balls
about as big as large-sized marbles,
brush over with beaten egg and place
on a buttered pan, to be quickly
browned in the oven. When done
serve on a hot platter in a heap gar-
nished with parsley. These are also
pretty and useful to garnish a variety
of dishes.—[New York News.]

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

The following excellent recipes for
beverages for the sick are given in the
Forest Rambler:

Crust Coffee—Toast bread very
brown, strain and add cream, also
sugar and nutmeg, if desired.

Sassafras Drink—Take the pith of
sassafras boughs, break in small
pieces and let soak in cold water till
the water becomes glutinous.

Cinnamon Tea—To a half pint of
fresh new milk add stick or ground
cinnamon enough to flavor strong
and a little white sugar. Bring to
the boiling point and drink either
warm or cold. Excellent for
diarrhea.

RICE.

New rice, it may not be generally
known, is one of the most indigestible
things that one can eat. Various dis-
arrangements of the digestive organs are
almost certain to result from rice eaten
directly after it is gathered, and the
fact is so well known in rice produc-
ing countries that the people do not
eat it until it has been kept at least a
year. Never, save in cases of famine,
although it is the staple article of diet
of the people, is rice eaten in India
till it is two or three years old. The
following is an Indian recipe for
cooking rice: "Wash him well; much
wash him in cold water or rice flour
make him stick; make water boil all
ready very fast; throw him in; he not
burn—boiling water shake him too
much. Boil him quarter hour or lit-
tle more, then rub one rice on thumb
and finger; if all rub away, him quite
done. Put rice in colander; hot water,
him run away. Pour one cup cold
water on him rice; then put him back
in saucepan and keep him covered up
near the fire. Rice all ready. Eat up."
—[London Caterer.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Cloths dipped in hot potato water
and applied to rheumatic joints relieve
pain.

Coffee grounds make a good filling
for a pin cushion. Put them in a bag
and hang behind the stove till dry.
They do not rust the needle.

The addition of lemon juice to the
water in which rice is boiled will in-
crease the whiteness, and the grains
will readily separate when thus
treated.

Clover tea is admirable for purify-
ing the blood, for removing pimples
and whitening the complexion, and
has also good repute as a sleep-induc-
ing draught.

The yolk of an egg in half a pint of
tepid rain water, with a little pow-
dered borax and a teaspoonful of
spirits of camphor added, will take
spots out of black goods.

Good flour adheres slightly to the
hand, and if pressed in it shows the
impress of the lines on the skin. Dough
made of it is yellowish white and does
not stick to the hands after sufficient
kneading.

Teapots should be washed thor-
oughly with strong soda and water
and then rinsed well and perfectly
dried each day if one would prevent
the curious haylike smell often noticed
in a teapot.

A good way to ventilate a cellar is
to extend from it a pipe to the kitchen
chimney. The draught in the chimney
will carry away the gases that would
otherwise find their way into the
rooms above.

The valuable medicinal properties
of onions have never been disputed.
They quiet the nerves, and eaten twice
or three times a week are a good
spring tonic and can be prepared in
numerous ways.

For use as a disinfectant, mix car-
bolic acid with boiling water. This
promptly overcomes the usual antag-
onism between the acid and water,
and converts them into a permanent
solution which will keep for weeks.

Paste a list of its contents on every
box or trunk or closet of stored-away
goods. Write down each one as you
put it in, then the list will be headed
by the bottom ones. Then when the
name is written on each package it is
an easy thing to find any needed
article.