Moonrise.

I see a stretch of shining sky Like some fair ocean sunset-lit; Peaceful and wide its spaces lie. And purple shores encompass it. A little slender silver boat Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft, unstayed by winds or tides, Slips out across the twilight bar: Through rosy ripples soft she glides, Led by a single pilot stora With shadowy sails and fairy erew, She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flower And Love, and Hope, and Happiness. Will aught of what she brings be ours Ah, me! if we could only guess! She rides clusive and remote, This little abunder silver bout. -[The Speciator.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

One rainy day in the late winter of 1882 I found myself bag and baggage on the railway platform at Grand around, and so I began to study our June ion, Colorado. As the train lessened in the distance I took a survey of my surroundings. Not a tree, not a spear of grass- mud which looked but as he lay there swathed in bandas if it might ingulf one to be some time dag up as an unknown fossilnot a sidewalk visible-except now and then the uneven remains of a brick pavement fast resolving itself into its original clay.

I had been traveling through the West, and now on my way here I had [10?" I said I didn't know exactly, stopped to see one who was my oldest and dearest friend, the wife of the superintendent of a mine on the headwaters of the White river. She had tried to prepace me for the discomforts of the journey after 1 should leave the railroad, but I found no words could describe it as vividly as 1 afterwards felt it, and I heartily wished myself safe in the luxury of a Pullman and speeding eastward. Howover I pulled myself together and went to the agent to ask when the stage would leave for Meeker, and found 1 could not go till morning; so giving a small boy a quarter to carry my grip, I gingerly picked my way from brick to brick along the causeway that led to the town proper.

The next morning was clear and pleasant and the air bracing as we dragged laboriously out north through the a most bottomiess clay road. There were no other passengers, but two men and myself, so I turned my attention to the scenery.

The two men had eyed me curiously at first and then began talking of mines and the various acts and tricks of the unsernouious to outwit the guillible tenderfoot. But gradually they overcame their apparent diffilence in addressing a woman and began after true American style to want to know all about my antecedents, and above all my reason for taking such an unusual journey. When I told them I expected to visit Mcs. Renfrow at the Tan Cup Mine one whistled expressively and said : "You be likely to stay all winter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, if signs go for muything there is going to be an everlasting snowfail before long."

the result in suspense. Through the long night we watched beside the poor fellow for some signs of consciousness, and towards morning were rewarded by seeing him open his eye and recognize Mr. Renfrow.

During the weeks of nursing which followed we women had not much time to think of weather, but my friend at Meeker had been a true prophet, and the feathery flakes began to fall during the first night after my arrival and kept it up steadily for a week, and trail and canyon and side slope were covered with a white pall. We were as scenrely shut up from the out-ide world as if we had been walled around with adamant. While one's sympathies cannot fly round the world with the click of the electric needle, one naturally seeks for subjects of interest in the humdrum life

charge as I sat beside him day after day. Not that he seemed a difficult subject or wrapped in any mystery, ages he seemed to be intently thinking. One day he abruptly asked how long since he had been hurt. I told him three weeks. He turned his head away with a deep sigh and said no more for a few minutes. Then he asked: "Bout how far is it to Cairo, thought nearly a thousand miles.

"Wish I was there," he jerked out, with an effort.

I began to suspect that "The girl I left behind me," was troubling him and he wanted to talk about it and did not know how to begin. So I rather bantering y said: "Tell me about her."

He looked at me with a look of counical dismay, and said "Why, how did you know?" and then said: "" might as well tell some one, though there ain't much to tell. I used to live down in Cairo and was a roustabout on a Mississippi steamer. There was another fellow always worked on the same gaug with me and we were thicker than molasses in winter. He was as vain as a peacock and thought he was some one when he got on his Sunday togs, and he was a purty sizable sort of a feller. Well, there was a girl who lived down the river a few miles, whose dad run a truck farm and sent garden sass to St. Loui-, you know. Hank Simpson and me both met her at a dance one night. 1 got introduced first and danced twice with her before Simpson dis, and then she danced several times with him, and when 1 come up once to ask her she said she couldn't, as she was going to dance with Mr. Simpson. That made me hot and I went and to'd Hank he was not doing the fair thing, not allowing her to dance with any one but him. He laughed and said she didn't seem to think of any hardship. Well, we both got mad, and I told him I would dance with her anyway, and I went back and said Hank couldn't keep his engagement. Well, she danced with

off sie looked at me and then said: Why, Bob, I didn't know that you meant anything."

"Well, Miss Majors, she didn't make much fuss when I put my arm around her and kissed her. I felt as if I was in heaven and even felt sorry for Hank Simpson. I wanted to do something great that would make me worthy to have Elsie for a wife. After she had given me her promise I didn't care for Hank Simpson and wasn't a bit jealous of him. She told me that she had begun to care for me at the dance but had been afraid to cross Hank, as he had such a temper. "Maybe you want to know why I am away out here. Well, Elsie and me agreed that it was no use trying to make any money to buy a home working for day's wages on the river. I leard that good men in the mines in the mountains got big wages, and so I thought I would try. I went to see Elsie the night before I came away, and she cried and hung to me till I almost lost my conrage to go, but I did. I have been here a year a year now and saved a good deal. Thave written to Elsie every time any one went out to Meeker, and had letters pretty often. We were to have been married at Easter, and now it is only a month away, and here I am laid up and snowed in, too! What will Elsie think when she don't hear from me?"

The poor fellow turned his head away with tears in his eyes. By way of consolution, I said: "You may be able to send a letter soon."

"No," he said, "there's ten feet of snow in White Canyon."

He seemed in the depths of misery and I left him.

Two weeks slipped away, and the weather was steadily cold, with occasional light falls of snow, and as Bob Traver-ly looked out of his little window at the rounded outlines of the peaks I could see that his heart was far away with the girl he loved, perhaps thinking that his rival was taking advantage of his silence to catch a heart on the rebound. A week before Easter the weather suddenly moderated. The snow melted rapidly and began to disappear in our little valley and on the lower slopes of the mountain. Every now and then on some distant peak we could see a slide come down, leaving a black trail behind.

A couple of days before Easter two of the men had announced their intention of trying to get to Meeker. Mr. Renfrow warned them to be careful, and above all things not to get caught in a slide. In the afternoon I was sitting reading to Bob, who was lying with his face to the wall and apparently not paying much attention. Suddenly he turned over.

"Have I been asleep?" he asked. "No, why?" I askel.

"I've been dreaming awake then. 1 thought I heard Elsie's voice."

Then sitting straight up in bed without any regard for broken legs, he elsculated with the greatest astonishment and joy: "Elsie!"

I turned to the door, and there was the living embodiment of the pretty me, but Hank and me were enemies and he did me every had turn he girl whose picture Bob kept under his pillow. But only an instaut she stood there, and then had both arms around Bob crying and langhing by turns.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEP THE MANGER FULL.

Some agriculturists assert that it is a waste to have the horse's manger always full of hay, and that it is best to give the animal only as much as he will eat up clean at each feeding time. We do not think that it is wise to follow this plan. Let the manger be always The cakes are made by running the full, but see that the horse does not waste any hay. Oftentimes the horse nibbles at the hav long after his feeding time, and there is no sense in depriving him of what he wants .-[American Farmer.

CORN SILAGE FOR LATTENING CATTLE.

The relative value of maize silage and roots for making beef, has been tried by T. Shaw and C. A. Zavitz of the Canada station at Guelph. Six grade steers were fed in three groups for five winter moaths. Corn silage, cut timothy hay, sticed ruta bagas and stock beets, and a meal of equal parts by weight of peas, oats and barley, were fed three times per day. The results show that sitage and meal alone is not a safe ration for finishing beeves, as loss of appetite and death may ensue, though 100 pounds gain erals than does an ordinory grain crop, in those that live costs but \$6.93. Hay, silage and meal form a safer ration, though the animals fed upon it, sometimes refused their food. The cost per 100 pounds of gain was \$10.43. Roots, hay and meal was the safest ration, keeping the steers in uniformly good health, though 100 for a grain crop. This may have made pounds of gain cost \$10.61.-[American Agriculturist.

SEEDLINGS OF STONE FRUIT.

The opinion is often expressed and the assertion is frequently made, that the seeds of peaches, cherries and plums will not grow if they are not exposed to freezing. Joseph Mechan very justly remarks that this opinion is disproved by the fact that seedlings are raised in countries where they never have frost, and that a continued supply of plenty of moisture will crack them freely. The remark may be added, that a very common attempt is made by persons not nurserymen. to raise seedlings from these seeds after they have been kept for months quite dry, after which they will not germinate. This remark applies to such seeds as those of the chestnut, walnut, horsechestnutsand stone fenits generally, and we frequently hear complaints from those who try to raise chestau trees from the seeds which have been drying for months, that "they will not grow." If kept continually moist from the time of ripening till planting, there will be no difficulty. - [Country Gentleman.

STONE DRAINS:

Stone, being indes ructible, is a good material for making drains, stunts the growth. when it is to be procured on the land. Indeed, it will pay to put the stones in deal of skill, patience and care. drains merely as a way of getting them off the land and out of the way at meal-ime, when their crops are of the plow and h arrow, and of turnfull. ing them over and over every year. But a stone drain must be carefully made; it will not do to dump the stones in ditches and cover them merely. To build a good drain proceed as follows: Make the ditch wide enough, and at least thirty inches deep. Lay a row of long, narrow stones along each side of the ditch, and cover them with flat stones as closely as possible. Fid all spaces with small ones and then lay on others to within a foot of the surface, and cover with earth. It is well to heap this over the drain lest there may be a hollow in which water may gather and sink straight down into the drain, making openings in the covering and gradually carrying soil down, and in time filling the drain. The water should never go straight down into any drain, but should sink in the ground and come in at the bo .tom. A drain laid in this way will jast a hundred years - [New York Times.

Tired.

the time it is being evaporated. |

found in sap may be removed by

straining through flannel. The most

common form in which maple sugar

is left by the makers in the sugar

bush is in cakes. The syrap is slowly

evaporated until of a consistency

where it will become solid when cold.

warm, thick syrup into moulds of

different kinds, in which form it is

more salable as a delicacy, for which

purpose it is now chiefly used, than

when stirred off into the loose, granu-

lar state. It is needless to say much

of it is commonly largely adulterated

by somebody before it reaches the

MANURES FOR OFCHARDS.

deeper than do those of ordinary farm

crops, and especially for mineral fer-

tilizers. It is likely, therefore, that

when mineral manures have been ex-

hausted for orchard purposes the ex-

haustion is much more complete than

it is with grain crops. Besides, the

tree requires for fosiage and wood

growth a much larger ration of min-

and if fruit is to be produced a still

heavier dressing must be given.

Hence, when a farmer has reported

that mineral manures have not set his

orchard in bearing it is a fair pre-

sumption that he has not applied

enough. He has manured as he would

the trees more thrifty, but without

Most of the successful attempts to

renovate old apple orchards have re-

quired large amounts both of mineral

and stable manures. It is likely that

the latter was mainly efficient in keep-

ing the soil open and supplied with

carbonic acid gas, and thus preventing

the mineral manure from becoming

insoluble. When vegetable matter is

deficient, the tree roots cannot get the

benefit of the mineral fertility that the

soil contains. Old orchards often

suffer thus, and are made productive

again by supplies of stable manure

that has itself very little mineral

matter, but makes available what the

There need be no fear of making

the soil around large trees in full

bearing too rich. If young orchards

are fertilized or cultivated too highly

they will run to wood; but in older

trees this extra supply of nutriment

will, if the tree be properly pruned,

be turned to the production of a

richer and better flavored fruit than

the larger specimens which very young

trees occasionally produce .-- [Boston

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Stuffing chickens lojures them and

Incubator hatching requires a great

Do not feed growing chick+, even

soil already contains.

Cultivator.

making them fruitful.

The feeding roots of fruit trees ge

consumer.- [New York World,

The tine, grayish sediment sometimes The wind is just a far-off voice Beyond the pale-blue bound of sky : Too weak to murmur or relaice. I watch the moments drifting by, So large the world, and all, so chill The great pale sky, the drifting snot/ ; The lonety wind is calling still With a voice of human wor.

•

à.

1

Now all my blah ambitions fade ; The things I hoped for seem so far ; com work once layed I shrink, afraid Lest some mistake that work should mara And all my longings turn to this: To hold one well-loved hand, to know The rest of home, the smile, the kiss, And let the great world go.

-(J. E. Roberts, in Churchman

HUMOROUS.

Walking-stick-A wooden leg. Dealers in land ought to have no ifficulty in rendering their accounts.

Mande-That was a politic move of Lottie's, Leila-Yes, a kind of a Charlotte ruse.

Constance-Da you think she has faith in him? Cara-Sue gave him some ribbon to match.

"Aw, do you think that fashionable women appreciate a rising young man?" ... Yes, in street cars."

I see Roughpath has got down to " work. Ligh finger-Struck a good job, has he, for the win er ? "Yep; working out a \$100 fine."

Mamie-Why do you think he's engaged to her? Maud-ite takes her to the theatre in a street car now and he used to have a carriage every time.

"You know Bigphee, the great corporation lawyer? Well, thieves broke into his house last night," "And did they get away with much?" "Yes, with their lives."

McFadden (who has ordered a cup of tea)-Do yez kape open all noight? Waiter-Yes. McF.-Well, yez had better watch the tay, for it looks purty weak an' Oi think it'll die before mornin'.

Ita-c b'e Old Gentleman (putting head out of four-wheeler that is crawling along at an unconsciable pace) --- Say, cabby, we're not going to a funeral! Cabby (promptly)-No, and we ain't going to no bloomin' fire, either.

"I can't understand it." said Mr. Gewgaw at the gas office. "Last month my bill was \$16 and this month it is \$30, 1 haven't burned a bit more gas this month than I did last. Now how in the name of honesty do you account for tha ?" "You didn't pay last month's bill," said the clerk.

Boys Are a Mystery.

Ex-Gov. Crittenden and Senator George G. Vest were sitting in front of the Midland Hotel, taiking over the old days of Center College, Danville, Ky., from which institution both of them were graduated, says the Kansas City Times. They speke of the many young men who had gone forth from the university and had grown famous, the most of them in politics.

"I was back at Dauville a few years go," said the Governor, and had a talk with old Prof. Best v. I asked him who was the most remarkable boy he ever had under him in the school. There were two remarkable boys,' he said. One of these was remarkable in his school life. I thought him a marvel and expected that boy to reach the highest position in the land. The other was a very ordinary boy in school, and I did not look for much from him. . The latter boy was John C. Breckinridge: Senator, Vice-President and at one time candidate for the Presidency. The marvel is now teaching in a deaf and dumb a-ylum. In your class of twenty-five boys, Governor, 1 did not think there was much brillancy, and did not think that a man in the class would ever rise very high, and now fittheen of them are occupying prominent positions. I have given it up; I can't till a thing about boys-they're a mystery.""

All the discomfort of my journey was forgotion in the overflowing enthusiasm of my welcome. Over and over again did "My Margaret," as I had called her in oldtime school days, rush in from her little log kitchen to ask me if there was mything she could do to case my aching bones. As I looked around the little rooms, unplastered save with grout dag from neighboring hills, I began to appreciate the decorative possibilities of dotted Swiss and red ribbons, but then Margaret could find beauty to utilize on the bleakest of desert isles. From my seat by the same window I could see the log mine buildings on the opposite slope of the guich and the day shift coming out like bees from a hive and scattering to the various shanties dotted along the side of the siream.

A+ 1 looked Margaret came and looked over my shoulder and exclaimed: "There's John," and then. "Why, what can be the matter," for just behind him on an improvised stretcher of pine boughs four men were carrying another, so stiff and still it did not seem as if he could be living. .

Margaret said: "Help me get a bed ready," and by the time the men reached the doorway with their burden a bed was stripped to mattress and sheets, and they had laid him upon it, while John said, briefly: "As accident to the machinery. He is not dead, but I don't know how badly hurt."

We soon found one arm and one leg broken, but no evidence of other injury. Mr. Renfrow, with the assistance of two of the men, who through many years of Western life had learned a rough sort of surgery. to see you when I want you to marry set the limbs, while the women waited | me.'

could. Well, I used to go down the river every Sunday to old man Lee's place, and sometimes found Hank Simpson there, and he went down sometimes in the week. I couldn't tell which of us E sie liked the best or whether she was fooling both of us. She was pretty enough for better than

Here a tender note crept into his voice.

11.8.

"I had to go down on the boat to Vicksburg, which would take about two weeks, as we would have to wait for a cargo. It was a regular purgatory to me all the time 1 was gone, for I was afraid Hank would get the best of me, and I made up my mind to have it out when I got back. The next Sunday I went down, I had bought a ring in Vicksburg, with two clasped hands holding a little garnet. to give her, and thought maybe that

would help me out. I found her in a little arbor in the corner of the garden. She seemed glad to see me, but she acted the same to Hank, so I couldn't tell anything from that. She a-ked me about the trip, and wanted to know if I had lost my heart to any

pretty girl in Vicksburg. I thought it was now or never, so I said : "How could 1 when I left it at home?"

"Who took care of it while you were gone?" she asked.

"I'd like to think you did,' I said. I wish, Elsie, you could make me a little better than Hank Simpson. You know how much I care for Vou.

.She looked down and dug her shoe into the dirt and said: 'How should I? You never told me.' "Well I tell you now, and I can't bear to think of Hank coming here

It seems she had arrived at Meeker a week before, but could get no one to venture with her through the snow to the Tin Cup Mine until the fortunate arrival of the two miners. The only thing that prevented a wedding on Easter was that there was no minister nearer than Grand Junction.-Omalia Bee.

Arithmetical Progression.

The old bewhiskered story with which we are familiar has ari-en, this time in new form. The yarn comes from Buffilo, N. Y. A man contracted to furnish twenty bales of rags for one cent for the first bale, two for the second and four for third, etc. The contract was made in writing, but after going home and figuring out what it would cost the buyer concluded he didn't have such a snap as he imagined when the bargain was made, so he repudiated it. The court sustained him and refused to grant a judgment.

The original of this tale is that a father once agreed to lay up a competence for his son by depositing one cent and doubling it every day for sixty days. He hadn't the funds to carry it out, for the sum total (don't imagine that I have figured it out; it was one who had more time) would amount to \$1,856 607,522,034,234 88. -[Salt Lake Tribune.

She Couldn't Be.

Miss Peart-Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?

Rival Be le-No, I'm never angry when I look in the glass .- [New York Weekly.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAL

Many maple-sugar makers say that no foreign substance is needed to clarify the syrup. This, however, can only be true where the greatest care and cleanliness has been practised in gathering and storing the sap. In old times the sap was caught in troughs made by hotlowing out small logs and was boiled in large open kettles exposed to the smoke and cinders of open fires. No wonder the sugars and syrup thus made were discolored and often so black as to be almost or quite unsalable. Now the practice with the best makers is to use covered pails (tin ones being preferred), metallic tap spouts and patant evaporators.

The sooner the sap is boiled down be, and it must be skimmed during [Youth's Companion.

The best brooder is one that prevents all crowding of the weak by the strong.

Many of the ills of infanthood may be easily traced to the cow and its surroundings.

Pasturing with sheep is the only certain way of getting tid of the oxeve daisy.

It isn't every one that is adapted to chicken raising, either by incubator or in the natural way.

Managing a lot of newly hatched chicks so that they won't all perish is no work for a novice.

Stagnant water poured in pools, it drunk by the cow, will soon effect the liver not only of the cow but of the mitk drinker.

As eighty-seven per cent. of milk is water, the dairyman should see that cows get none but the purest water to drink.

There has been no end of disappointment as the result of rash attempts at hatching three to six hun dred eggs in an incubator.

Pine Trees on Volcanoes.

Every one who admires trees must be interested in the result of Professor Heilprin's studies of the pines that clothe the slopes of the great volcanic mountains of Mexico.

These huge peaks seem to have pierced their way upward through a mantle of pine forest, which clings to their sides up to a height of nearly three miles and three-quarters.

The vertical range of the pine in Mexico is remarkable. It is found among the sun-loving palm trees at the toot of the mountains, and it stands

defiant of the cold close to the perpetinto syrup the lighter colored it will nal snows that cover their summits -

Both Had Married Well,

The late Dake Maximilian, father of the Empress of Austria, was one of the most simple and affable of men. One day as he was travelling on the train between his country residence and Vienna, he fell in with a banker from Stuttgart.

"Are you going to Vienna "" asked the Duke.

Yes; to see my daughter. She has just been married."

"Ah!" said the Duke, "mine has just been married also. Was it a good match?"

"Excellent! And that of your daughter?"

"Not bad either."

"My daughter married the banker Goldschmidt."

"Mine the Emperor of Austria."-[Harper's Bazar