

**Plowing.**  
Turning the long, straight furrows,  
When the air is full of spring,  
And the trees with buds are hazy,  
And the birds beginning to sing,  
Is the job that takes my fancy—  
Not pretty, perhaps, but then  
It's a job that is only meant for  
Us plain, hard-working men.  
When you've worked from breakfast to  
supper  
You can see there is something done:  
The ridges lie black and even  
In the light of the setting sun;  
And it is a sight to look at—  
At least it pleases me;  
There's something about it that's healthy  
And manly and honest to see.  
When my team is quiet and steady,  
And the soil just right for the plow,  
When the warmth of life is around me  
And the south wind fans my brow,  
Such dreams to my head come crowding  
That it scarce seems work at all  
To cling to the crooked handles  
And watch how the furrows fall.  
'Tis the work to waken hunger  
And the glow of strength and health  
For the earth breathes up a tonic  
That's beyond the price of wealth.  
Folks say that the work of the farmer  
Is the hardest on earth, but I vow  
There is nothing that suits me better  
Than treading behind the plow.  
—[P. McArthur, in Frank Leslie's.]

### MARGY'S HEROISM.

I often wonder—nay, I never cease wondering—at my own good fortune, the same as I never cease thanking God for it. I look around my boudoir, the room that Dick had prepared for me as a surprise against my return from our honeymoon, and I catch sight of the face in one of the mirrors and for the thousandth time I marvel what he can ever have seen in poor, little, insignificant me.  
Let me describe what I see in the glass. A small, slim personage, with a tiny face all marked by the small-pox, a sallow complexion and a snub nose; the mouth, however, is small and the eyes are large and clear and intensely blue, while the curly hair, that will persistently set trim curls and plaits at defiance, is of the duskiest golden.  
As I am scrutinizing myself my husband comes in, tall and handsome, a veritable king among men.  
"What are you doing, ma belle?" he asks, in his deep, tender voice.  
"Looking at my ugly self in the glass and thinking that the folks were right in wondering what you could ever have seen in me."  
"My precious one," says Dick, passionately, "don't talk like that; you know how it pains me. What could I see in you? Why, a woman in ten thousand—a woman who voluntarily gave up her life for mine."  
"Were you writing, Marjorie?" he asks presently, as he catches a sight of some sheets of note paper which are scattered about on the quaint Chippendale writing table that is drawn up by the fireplace.  
"Yes, dear," I answer, "I was thinking of writing a story. It will amuse me while you are hunting."  
"Margy, do me a favor," he says. "Write about our courtship, the real truth, you know; for I am sure that will make one of the bonniest tales ever written."  
"Grand idea, Dick," I cry, clapping my hands delightedly, "and I will call it 'How I Won My Husband.'"  
After he goes out of the room I think over what he has said—that I have to write down the story of how I, Marjorie Wilson, governess-companion to Arthur Lynn, at a salary of £30 a year, became Lady Lynn, with a jointure so bountiful that if it were not for my almshouses and the schools and the model cottages I should never be able to spend it all.  
Well, to commence at the very commencement. I am an orphan; my dear father dying when I was sixteen, left me almost alone in the world. My mother I never remember, for she died when I was born.  
After my great loss I went to live with my old governess, who kept a boarding-school at Sydenham, and, on the whole, I spent four very happy years there.  
Fate seemed determined to be kind to me, for the mother of one of our little girls heard of a situation that, if I were fortunate enough to get it, would exactly suit me. It was to be governess of Lady Lynn's little boy. I wrote, applying for it, and in due course an answer came, saying I was engaged, my salary would be £30 a year, and I had to enter into my new duties on July 4.  
It was a long journey from London to Elinburn, in Northumberland, and I don't mind confessing that I felt rather sad till I thought of how fortunate I was to get a situation, and then I cheered up.  
When I got to my destination I felt tired out. A tall, cocked footman was on the platform, eagerly scrutinizing each female, and as I got out of

the carriage he stared at me and touched his hat.  
"Miss Wilson?" he said, interrogatively.  
I answered "Yes," and then he saw after my luggage, which consisted of one modest trunk, which he directed an obsequious porter to take to the splendid brougham that was waiting.  
After a drive of about an hour after passing through a long and stately avenue of trees we came to Castle Fold, a high, rambling pile of graystone buildings, nearly covered with ivy and lichen. A stately butler met me at the entrance, and he conducted me to the bright-looking girl, who I discovered was the school-room maid, who in turn showed me up to my bedroom, which was a charming room all furnished in light maple-wood.  
When I went down stairs Mary was waiting for me, and she took me to door of her ladyship's room. I knocked timidly. A rich, sweet voice said: "Come in." I entered, and there before me stood the most lovely woman that I had ever seen in my life.  
She came to me with her hand outstretched in kindest welcome. "You must be very tired, my dear," she said.  
She briefly told me my duties. I was not to be so much governess as companion to her son Arthur. He was nine years old, and owing to an accident that had occurred some five years before he was a helpless invalid and stood sorely in need of cheering.  
I asked to see my little charge, and I found him a sweet-faced little lad, with a disposition as beautiful as his face. He suffered; ah, me, how he suffered! Thank God that time has now all passed and Arthur is now better, and only a slight limp speaks for the years of martyrdom that he so patiently endured.  
So time passed on. I never felt my dependent position, for I rarely saw any of the guests that were constantly coming to and fro, and making the house gay with their presence. Sir Richard was in India, but was expected home shortly.  
It was one cold February afternoon and I had just come in from a brisk walk round the park. As I reached our sitting-room door I heard Arthur say to some one:  
"You will love Margy, she is so kind and good, and, oh, so pretty; not grand, like mother, but pretty, you know."  
I went in, and sitting by Arthur was a tall, handsome man, who looked up quickly and scrutinized me keenly out of a pair of clear, cold eyes.  
"This is Margy, Dick," said Arthur. He bowed and said a few courteous words of thanks for my attention to his brother, then he resumed his conversation with the child.  
Sir Richard was very proud, very high in his ways, one of those men who would have died rather than have done a dishonorable action. Sometimes a friend of his, Captain Nicholas, would come round with him and sit and talk to me, which was very pleasant, if something about his eyes had not frightened me so.  
One evening, shall I ever forget it! as I was walking down one of the quiet corridors, Capt. Nicholas met me, and, taking me in his arms, kissed me. I burst out crying and called him a coward, but the more I struggled to be free the tighter he hugged me and the more he kissed me.  
Suddenly I found myself free, and there stood Sir Richard, his face white with rage, his eyes blazing. He looked from my persecutor to me.  
"You blackguard," he hissed, "leave my house." And then, giving me his arm, he led me, all flustered and trembling, to the sitting-room.  
After this Sir Richard was much more cordial to me. Time passed so quickly that I had been eighteen months with the Lynns. Sir Richard was entertaining royally. "Castle Fold" was filled with guests when Sir Richard complained of feeling unwell.  
He came into our room, and I was shocked to see how ill he looked, his eyes heavy and his cheeks flushed. He rallied a little in the evening, but the next morning he was so bad that the doctor was sent for, and he pronounced him to be suffering from small-pox.  
What a sudden and speedy exit there was of all the guests. The doctor came to me in despair.  
"Miss Wilson," he said, "I am at my wit's end. Sir Richard is dangerously ill and must have good nursing. I have telegraphed for nurses, but small-pox is so fearfully prevalent in the country that I am afraid I shall have to get them down from London."  
"My mind was made up. 'I will nurse him, doctor,'" I said.  
The doctor remonstrated half heartedly, but I was only too happy to nurse him, for I must have told my se-

cret—I loved Sir Richard with all my heart and soul, and to have spared him a pang I would cheerfully have died.  
And then, as he got better, I began to feel ill. I knew that it was small-pox, and I begged Dr. Vickers not to let Sir Richard know, but to send me to the hospital. He was very reluctant to agree, but I went on my knees to him, and he consented.  
One day I was sitting in an easy chair feeling ever so weak. I had written three days before to Lady Lynn giving notice, for I knew that I could never go back again, loving Sir Richard as I did. I must have dozed, for in my sleep I heard a dear voice say: "Margy, my darling, my own sweetheart, come back as my loved and honored wife."  
"Yes, Dick," I murmured, drowsily; "I will come back, for I love you."  
"My precious," and then I felt hot kisses on my lips. Startled, I opened my eyes, and there, not a dream, but a living reality, was my king on his knees before me.  
That is all. Sir Richard made me marry him. I thought at first that it was out of gratitude, but he swore that he loved me, and would never marry any other woman but me; and still I refused, but when Lady Lynn came to me and told me how glad she would be to welcome me as her daughter-in-law and how my pride was ruining Sir Richard's life—well, nothing loath, I gave in, and this is the true story of how I, Marjorie Wilson, became Sir Richard Lynn's wife.  
**Canadians in the United States.**  
It has been remarked that Canadians now form more than ten per cent. of the total foreign born population in the United States. The exact figures, as given by the Toronto Globe, are 980,938 out of a total of 9,249,938. The only countries which head Canada on the list are Germany, which contributes 2,784,894, and Ireland, with 1,871,509. There are in the United States more natives of Canada than of England, or of Norway, Sweden and Denmark combined. The growth of the Canadian born population has been as follows: From 1850 to 1860, 102,259; from 1860 to 1870, 243,494; from 1870 to 1880, 223,793, and from 1880 to 1890, 263,781. The character of the migration to the United States has changed of late years; Ireland, which between 1850 and 1860 contributed 640,585, more than one-third of the foreign born element, contributed between 1880 and 1890 only 16,938 out of a total of 2,569,604. The great sources that decade were Germany, with 818,152; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, 495,000; Canada, with 263,781, and England, with 244,932. The census shows that the Canadian movement has been mainly to the north Atlantic states, which now contain 490,299 Canadians, and the north central, 401,660; the Southern States contain 8,153, and the extreme Western states, 75,484. Coming down to particular states we find 207,601 Canadians in Massachusetts and 93,193 in New York. In Maine, of a foreign born total of 78,000, not less than 52,000 are Canadians. In New Hampshire, of 73,000 foreign born, 45,000 are Canadians. In Vermont, out of 44,000 foreign born, 25,000 are Canadians. In Michigan there are 181,416, Chicago has 24,297 Canadians, Boston, 38,294, Detroit, 18,791 and Buffalo 10,610, but there are only 8,398 in New York city, and only 2,584 in Philadelphia.  
**Death in Unrepelling Guise.**  
It is said that the late L. C. White died at the breakfast table so suddenly that his hand, reaching out toward a dish in front of him, fell just short of it and rested there, giving to his attitude remarkable naturalness and resemblance to life. He was left sitting there for a considerable time while the doctor was summoned, and the undertaker, and preparations could be made for a suitable disposition of the body. Meanwhile members of the family would return again and again to look at him, and so little was the dread presence of death manifest in his figure, sitting there so naturally, that the grandchildren were taken in to look for the last time upon the loved form and face. It was a way of dying any one might envy—free from the anticipation of death, from long illness, and from being an object of dread, which is one of the most bitter thoughts in the contemplation of death.—[Waterbury (Conn.) American.]  
A cloth of very fine texture is made from the bark of the paper tree, a mulberry growing in the south sea islands.

**FOR FARM AND GARDEN.**  
**THE BERMUDA LILY.**  
Almost all bulbs, and especially the tender kinds, do better when they are taken from the ground and stored for the dormant season in a dry place. This is indispensable for some kinds, as they will decay unless so treated, and it is desirable for all except such hardy kinds as the narcissus, snow-drops, or crocuses, which may stay in the ground for the whole year. The offsets are removed and planted by themselves and in time will make flowering bulbs. As the hyacinth is a lily and increases by offsets, these are planted similarly to those of all other lilies. This also applies to the gladiolus, which belongs to the lily family, which is closely related to the lilies.—[New York Times.]  
**SUCCESSFUL STARTING OF FANSE SEEDS.**  
Take a box three inches deep by ten wide; put in rich dirt, with plenty of fine sand, to the depth of an inch. Now set in egg shells in rows (first breaking away about a third of the shell at the top). With a sharp-pointed knife press down through each shell, making a hole for drainage. Fill box and shell with more dirt; plant two seeds in each shell; keep moist and in a warm, sunny place. It is well to cover with grass until sprouted. When ready to transplant take out the shells, crush each slightly and place in the garden. As the roots expand they can readily push through the shell. A friend who raised cabbage and tomato plants for market tried this method with success.—[New York World.]  
**PROFESSOR BUDD ON STRAWBERRIES.**  
The following points in strawberry culture are generally conceded: It is best to set quite late in spring on fall-ploughing, as this lessens injury from cutworms. Set in rows four feet apart and the plants about 18 inches wide, as early in the season as possible, by good culture. In setting out plants there is no gain in pottering to spread the roots in natural position; wet the roots, press them together with points downward, and plant very tightly with spade or dibble as you would a cabbage plant. The roots projecting downward answer the purpose until new roots are grown in proper position. To secure fertilization in weather not wholly favorable it is best to plant alternate rows of the staminate and pistillate varieties. It does not pay to gather more than two crops from one planting. Have a new plantation coming on, and never hesitate to plough up the old one after gathering the second crop.—[Iowa Agricultural Report.]  
**WASHING BUTTER.**  
An exchange publishes a method of washing butter that it guarantees will prevent white speck in the product. Our contemporary states that when the butter in the churn has been brought to the condition of small grains about as large as birdshot, draw off the buttermilk and put in cold water in which there has been a handful of pure, clean salt dissolved. The temperature of the water should be as cold as good well water, or 49 degrees F. In warm weather, when the butter is liable to be soft, to cool the water with ice to a temperature between 42 degrees and 45 degrees F.  
Stir up the butter a little to wash it out as soon as cooled and draw off the water, repeating the operation until the water will not take the color of the buttermilk. This method not only removes the buttermilk and hardens the butter, but the water carries away those specks of curdled cream, or cream toughened by the wind, and some say of casein that is frequently met in butter. Butter so treated, our contemporary states, can be worked and salted at once, without waiting 12 to 24 hours, as some people think necessary.—[American Dairyman.]  
**USE OF AN INCUBATOR.**  
The incubator is a good thing for the farmer who gives his poultry proper attention, but this machine has no place on the ordinary farm where the fowls are left to shift for themselves. To be made successful the incubator must be kept in the house, probably in the bedroom or family room, where extremes of temperature are not known, and where it can be seen after several times during the night and a half dozen times during the day.  
The farmer frequently is successful with his hens if he only tends to setting them properly and feeds them regularly, but the incubator is not so easily managed. It requires constant attention. The eggs must be kept an even temperature day and night. If they get too cold they will chill, and if too warm they will cook, then they

must be turned regularly and kept sufficiently moist.  
We have for a long time rather discouraged our farmers from attempting to use the incubator from the fact that we were afraid that they would not use them properly and would blame the machine and the business rather than themselves for their failure. But we have seen such a success chronicled with the incubator that we are assured it is the best way to hatch chickens if the grower will only be careful.  
When there is a setting of eggs in the incubator the family cannot go visiting or anywhere to leave the house alone, but some member who will look after the machine must be on hand all the time.  
Twenty-one or twenty-two days will do the work of hatching, but it will require two weeks after this for the chicks to be safe. In fact, the first two weeks of the incubator chick's life is as important and requires almost as much attention as the incubating period, yet for all this it is the business-like way of growing fowls, and is the only one that recommends itself to the farmer who expects to raise birds to any extent for market.—[Rocky Mountain Husbandman.]  
**KEEPING HORSES SOUND.**  
It is surprising to find how large a proportion of the horse one sees on the road, the street or the farm are more or less affected with unsoundness. One of the most commonly met with in road horses and farm horses is what is known as the sprung knees. In many cases the trouble is but slight, and little noticed, and owners are loath to acknowledge that the horse is not all right. But a keen eyed buyer readily detects the trifling defect at the start.  
What causes such a tendency to sprung knees in horses it is hard to tell. One of them, we fancy, among driving horses of the trotting class is the tendency to have them shod with heavy toe weight shoes. This seems to tire the muscles of the front part of the forelegs and in time weakens them so they do not keep the legs in place.  
Another cause of sprung knees is allowing the feet to become tender or out of shape from bad shoeing, so that the horse flexes his knees to relieve the strain on the lower tendons and on the heels. Standing still too long on a hard floor stall is said to cause sprung knees. After all these things have done their work and the knee becomes springy or are weak and trembling, it is a difficult matter to effect a cure.  
A season's run at grass often results in comparative cure. And the best way is to keep the animal sound from the first by avoiding whatever causes a tendency to the disease and only needs the exercise of some common sense and good care. Avoid keeping the horses idle on a hard floor. Shoe with even weight shoes. Keep the feet cool and free from filth and there is little risk from sprung knees. Another common unsoundness which spoils the appearance and sale of many good horses, especially those on the farm, are curbs and puffy joints.  
Both of these, like sprung knees, are at first very slight, and it is difficult to decide what is wrong. Curbs can generally be removed by sweating, blisters and compressors. But puffy and thorough-pins are difficult to cure, and even if kept down a long time are apt to reappear. To prevent the appearance of curbs and puffs avoid subjecting the animals to violent strains, such as jerking suddenly back on the launches, backing heavy loads on soft ground, getting into deep snow, or given too heavy a load to draw. Making the working horses on the farm back heavy loads of manure on soft ground does a great deal of injury to them.—[Horse World.]  
**FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.**  
Good butter always commands a steady price.  
A dark stable is the best protection against the horn-fly.  
Farmers should plant a quarter of an acre in sweet corn.  
One of the best investments for the farmer is the purchase of a good bull.  
It is poor policy to attempt to keep cows in a pasture where there is no shade.  
Warbles in cattle can generally be squeezed out, but sometimes a sharp knife is needed.  
Jersey cows produce more butter from a given amount of good food than any other breed.  
Care should be exercised in the feeding of calves. They are generally overfed during the first week of their existence.

**SOLDIERS' COLUMN**  
**APACHE CANYON.**  
The Gallant Charge Made by a Company of the 1st Colo. Cav.  
**COMRADE JAS. E. BIRNEY**  
is aiming a little too much for his article headed, "In New Mexico," in a recent issue. About the 1st Colo. Cavalry he says that "the Colorado cavalry were in advance and made a charge for a brass cannon; that they were fired into from the mountain-side as they passed down the road, and some were wounded. At this time my company deployed to fight on foot, and came down upon this band and took the whole batch prisoners—about 90 of them. At this time the charging party were returning without accomplishing anything. The Lieutenant, when he returned and found those rebels captured, was so delighted that he took up one of the rebels guns, raised it with both hands and brought it with force to the ground, when it went off and killed him. He was the only man killed at this time."  
In reply, I quote from my article published Dec. 29, 1887: "March 25, 1892, the advance, composed of 180 infantry of the 1st Colo. and Co. F and our company of cavalry, with 150 U. S. cavalry, left San Jose at sundown, and reached Koxlosky's ranch at 10:30 p. m. Lieut. Nelson and 20 men of our company were out on picket, and came in next day at sunrise with four prisoners; one of them, McIntire, was on Canby's staff at the battle of Valverde.  
"Our advance of about 400 moved forward and the pickets soon returned, reporting the enemy near. A shot from a howitzer caused Capt. Howland's company of U. S. cavalry to fall back in confusion, leaving our company in the advance. Maj. Chivington rode up and ordered the Major's company would charge. While the rest of the forces were deployed on either side, our company (about 80 men) charged by fours and swept down the canyon. The enemy were concealed behind rocks, but the impetuosity of our charge drove them out. Having feet horses they escaped with the howitzer, but left 16 killed, 30 wounded and 80 prisoners. Our loss was 5 killed and 13 wounded. Co. F losing three killed and seven wounded—Datro, Johnson and Thompson and Bristol, Pratt, Ketch, Hall, Logan and Patterson wounded. Capt. Cook was wounded by a ball and three shot in the thigh, and later received a buckshot in his ankle. Lieut. Marshall, of our company, while breaking a gun, killed himself.  
"I refer also to Hollister's History of the 1st Colo. Vols., published at Denver in 1893. "On turning a short bend we entered the canyon proper and came full on two howitzers less than 200 yards off. On seeing these lions in the path the infantry divided, the wing flew into either hill and the fight commenced. Capt. Howland's company, U. S. cavalry, parted either way and fled to the rear in confusion, leaving us in front. The Texans soon found their position in the road untenable, and retired rapidly, their red coat a mile or so down the canyon, while their infantry were concealed in the rocks on either side and posted their howitzers to command the road. The infantry deployed right and left, to outflank the enemy's new position. Our flankers were rapidly approaching them, and it was arranged that simultaneously with their attack on the wings we should charge the center. The ground was unfavorable for the action of cavalry, the road was rough, narrow and crooked, a deep trench, worn by the water, and which the road crossed occasionally, running alongside, rendered it impossible to approach a battery but by column in the face of it. Our horses were weak and thin, and there was every chance to conceal a heavy support.  
"The enemy had a strong natural position. About 400 yards below us the canyon bent abruptly to the left, then directly resumed its old course, leaving a high, steep, rocky bluff, like the bastion of a fort, square in our front. On the north side of the bluff were a full company, and at its base, on a smaller mound, their battery was stationed, and had now worked diligently for an hour. Below this the bluffs and roads were alive with Texans for some distance. As soon as the order to charge was given, our wing moved so abruptly that many, unused to this kind of business, took them for shells, and strained their eyes to see where the spiteful bulldogs were. There were none to be seen. Divining our intentions they had turned tail again and vanished. However, we met a redoubtable shower of lead, rained on us from the rocks above. Capt. Cook was the first hit. An ounce ball and three buckshot struck him in the thigh, but did not unseat him. Forty rods further down his horse stumbled and fell on its side, badly spraining his ankle, and he got another shot in the foot. As the battle swept down the canyon like a hurricane, he limped to one side and escaped further injury.  
"We still had a leader as cool and fearless as Cook—Lieut. Nelson. Slightly halting at the bend in the road where the fire from small arms was indeed terrific, and discharging a few shots from our revolvers at the rocks above, we dashed around the point, broke through their center, trampled down their reserves and passed away beyond the fight in pursuit of the routed enemy. But it was too feet-footed for us, and we returned in time to help Lieut. Marshall, with the two rear sections, clean out the reserve. They had been stationed in the road, and though somewhat confused and scattered by our sudden advent among them mad as food like tiger at bay. By this time the infantry, under Capt. Downing, Wynkoop and Anthony came down on them like a parcel of wild Indians, cheering at the top of their lungs, regardless of the shower of bullets raining among them. The Texans, terrified at the impetuosity of the attack, broke and fled in every direction."—A. B. SAMSON, in National Tribune.  
**The Largest on Record.**  
The tow boat J. B. Williams is now on its way from Louisville to New Orleans with the largest tow of coal ever put together. It contains 1,000,000 bushel of coal, which is from 50,000 to 60,000 bushels more than any other tow on record. The surface of the barges measures nearly three acres.  
**Children Burned to Death.**  
Three children named Broulet, between 2 and 9 years of age, were burned to death in a tenement house in Gareau Lane, Montreal.  
**How to Use for the Money.**  
In Switzerland the manufacture of spirits is a government monopoly. The effect has been to furnish pure liquors at high prices, thus ameliorating the injurious results of the drinking habit and indirectly encouraging the consumption of cheaper wine and beer. The income from the sale of spirits is made to pay for the care of the poor and insane.