

Hymn by Dr. Holmes.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the re-organization of the Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, the following hymn, written for the occasion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was read by the venerable poet:

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn The creeds that wrong Thy name, Still let our hallowed ahrs burn With Faith's undying flame. Not by the lightning gleam of wrath Our souls Thy face shall see, The star of love must light the path That leads to heaven and Thee. Help us to read our Master's will Through every darkening stain That clouds His sacred image still, And see Him once again. The brother man, the plying friend, Who weeps for human woes, Whose pleading words of pardon blend With cries of raging foes. If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt, Our hearts grow faint and cold, The strength we cannot live without, Thy love will not withhold. Our prayers accept, our sins forgive, O'er youthful zeal renew, Shape for us holier lives to live, And nobler work to do.

How Grandma Went Home.

Dear old Grandma Jackson, like everybody else, had the grippe, and had it badly, too. She did not die, but she came near it. After a long time, when the doctor allowed her to creep down-stairs, weak and white and wan, her poor mind was filled with the queerest notions. She thought she was making a visit at her brother's in New Hampshire.

Day after day she spent in the big rocking-chair at the sitting-room window, gazing out at the familiar street with wistful, dim blue eyes, and keeping up a pitiful murmur of "Oh, if I could only go home! I know I should get better right straight off, if they'd only just let me go home!"

Grandpa, in his seat opposite, worried much over her unhappy fancy. There were even moments when she did not recognize him, but bent upon him, too, the same troubled look, as if a strange face had suddenly replaced that which she had known and loved so long.

"Don't you think we'd better be talking of going home, father?" she would ask every morning in an anxious whisper. "It seems to me we've been here too long now, and there's no sense in wearing out your welcome. I guess Ezra's folks'll never want to set eyes on us again; and I should like to get back to Boston pretty soon. There's all my spring cleaning to see to. Oh dear! I do want to go home!"

"Well, but mother!"—the old gentleman would begin; but she went on without heeding him.

"Ezra's wife is well-meaning enough, but she's dreadfully wearing, and that bed up in the north chamber is hard as a pine log. Now that I'm feeling poorly, seems as if I'd like to get back to my own bed. There isn't one to compare with it in this place—all live goose feathers, every one of 'em! O father, I don't believe I shall ever get any stronger here! Won't you see if you can't manage to take me home somehow?"

Thus she kept up her never-ending homesick cry. The sunshiny May days came and went, the elms on the Common tossed their boughs against the bluest of blue skies, children played once more in the long malls with shouts of laughter, wandering bands flooded the air with music, the world was filled with the joy of springtime.

But there were deepening wrinkles on the gentle old face beneath the soft white cap that rested on still softer white hair, and grandma's shriveled hands, busied with their knitting, trembled until the needles glittered in the sun.

A note of despair had crept into her longing for home. She could see from her place at the window the Common growing green and the rush of sunlight lighting up every corner of the street to which she had come as a bride half a century before.

This was the house where all her children were born, where some of them had died. In this very room Rachel and Martha had been married many a year ago. Here her boys had clung to her neck with tears, as one by one they had said good-by to her and gone out into the world to make their fortunes.

Loving memories were associated with the very chairs and tables. But to grandma's bewildered and falling sight they were only strange, unfamiliar shapes.

"I want to go home!" she mourned still. "I want to go home!"

The doctor shook his head one day as he strapped up his case of medicines and drew on his driving gloves. Miss Lydia had followed him out into the entry.

"You don't think she's falling, doc-

tor, do you?" she asked with a sudden dread.

"Well, I don't know. Her mind is wearing out her body, and if she doesn't get over the idea that she isn't at home soon, I'm afraid she may break down under the strain. The only thing to be done is to give her non-feeding food and keep her as cheerful as you can. Good morning!"

The doctor hurried away.

Miss Lydia turned slowly back to the sitting room. Those few words had removed scales from her eyes, as it were. She realized with a pang how worn the dear figure by the window had grown of late, and how her mother's strange delusion had tightened its hold week by week.

She went about her work all day with a weight at her heart, an unspoken prayer on her lips. Anxious Miss Lydia, an old maid in the old home, was returning to her parents the tender, untiring care which they had bestowed on her as a child.

Through the long night she lay awake, wondering if nothing could be done to clear away the cobwebs from that poor befogged brain. In the early dawn an inspiration came to her as happy that she breathed a deep sigh of relief, and fell asleep only to be aroused by the birds twittering in the vines outside, and a broad ray of sunlight drifting across her face.

As soon as she was dressed she hurried into her mother's room and drew the curtains aside briskly, letting in a flood of light and the warm, sweet morning air.

"Well, mother," she cried, cheerily, "this is a splendid day for your journey, isn't it? You know you're going home today!"

"Why, so I am!" said grandma, with a smile of childish delight as she sat up in bed. "I declare I'd almost forgot about it. Seems as if the time would never come! We aren't going till after breakfast are we, Lydia? I hope you'll see that your father's ready. He's growing very slipshod in his ways lately."

"Oh, he's at home already," answered Lydia. "He wants to be on hand when you get there."

So grandma rose in a state of excitement, to take her tea and toast and a dropped egg with a relish she had not shown since her illness.

Then she was dressed as if for a journey, in her best black cashmere, camel's hair shawl, the big black bonnet with the purple violets within the brim, the shiny one-button black gloves, her overshoes, and the little worsted work-bag on her arm to hold her "specs," her handkerchief and her porte-monnaie. She was ready to start out.

Miss Lydia took her arm, and they started slowly, slowly down the long flight of stairs.

She helped her down the front steps leading to the sidewalk, talking to her all the time about her return home, and keeping her attentions away from the scenes about her. Then she helped her into a carryall that stood waiting.

"I'll warrant that when we get there," said Lydia, after they were in the carriage, "father'll be waiting for us at the top of the steps."

The driver took a turn around the block, and returned to the house he had just left.

"Well, here we are at last," said Lydia. "It's been a pretty long and tiresome journey, but I guess you've s'ood it pretty well."

For an instance the old lady seemed dazed. But Lydia called out, "Well, if there ain't father, just as I said he'd be!" Grandma caught sight of him rubbing his hands at the top of the steps.

"He was looking for us, sure enough!" she said.

They helped her out and up the steps. All the rest of the family had been taken into the plot. Cynthia Ann, the hired girl, came out behind grandma.

"Well, well, mother!" said grandpa, stepping forward and taking her hands in his, then stooping to leave a kiss upon the faded cheek. "It does seem nice to get you back again. I thought you was never coming. Aren't you tired after your ride? Come right into the sitting-room and take off your things."

"Well, Miss Jackson," joined in Cynthia Ann, "I've tried to keep 'em straightened out whilst you've been gone, but I'm mighty tickled to git you home again. Wouldn't you like a dish o' tea? 'Twould kinder rest you after comin' such a ways."

Grandma's face lighted up with pleasure. She was led into the sitting-room unresistingly. Glancing about with deep satisfaction she sank into her rocking-chair and drew a long breath of happiness.

Lydia took off her things, then brought the white cap to tie on lovingly, and the long, blue stocking, so

that the fingers could begin their knitting-work again.

The old lady looked out through the window and laughed a little pleased laugh all to herself.

"Well, there's no better place than Boston after all I can tell you, father, I'm glad to be to home again. I've been feeling pretty miserable, but I guess I shall begin to pick up now I've got back to my own folks and in my own living. Though Ezra's wife dic try to make me feel at home."

She laughed again. It did Lydia's heart good to hear her.

"But there's one queer thing about my being up at Ezra's. I can't seem to remember how 'twas I ever came to get there at all. And I've made up my mind to one thing—I'm never going there again."

That night, when she went to bed, she drew Lydia's face down to her own, peaceful and smiling once more.

"O Lydia!" she said, "I'm going to get better now. I'm glad to be back—glad to be back, for there's no place like home."—[Youth's Companion.

Palpitation of the Heart.

By palpitation of the heart is meant the sensation either of irregularity in heart action or of rapidity of heart beats. The person who experiences it is usually alarmed by the symptom, and calls in the doctor.

But in most cases of this sort which are brought to his attention, the physician finds nothing out of the way with the heart, and hence of danger to the individual. The cause of the sensation is elsewhere. In the majority of instances the real trouble is indigestion.

In most all cases of actual heart disease no intimation of it is transmitted to the patient by any irregularity or like sensation of heart rhythm.

As a symptom, palpitation is valuable to the physician in that it directs the attention of the patient to the heart. An unusual sensation in this region usually leads one to consult his physician at once. Symptoms felt in other parts of the body usually wait for "the more convenient season."

Doctor Austin Flint was once summoned to attend a young lady dying of heart disease. The family informed him that his presence was wanted merely to satisfy the lady's friends, since they all understood the fatal nature of her malady.

The patient lay in a room from which not only light but everything that might lead to the slightest nervous excitement was excluded. It was suggested to the doctor that an examination of the chest be omitted, and that all communication with the patient should take place through a friend, lest the exertion should result in immediate dissolution.

To this the doctor objected. When admitted to her presence, he found that she answered his questions in whispered monotonous. Examination of the chest showed that there was no disease, and consequently no danger. The story was told to illustrate the importance of thorough examination before deciding on an opinion.

Palpitation does, however undoubtedly occur in cases of real disease, and whenever it occurs its cause should be found out and remedied.

Among the common causes of palpitation are to be numbered the excessive use of tobacco, tea, coffee, alcohol, or of certain drugs, hysteria, excessive exertion, hunger, privation, fatigue, fright, or loss of sleep, and excess of any kind.—[Youth's Companion.

Valuable Advice.

Everyone should know that it is dangerous to ask a doctor's or a lawyer's advice, even in the most casual and public manner, unless one expects to pay him for it. There is a well authenticated story of a man in New York who chanced to remark to a celebrated physician once:

"Doctor, have you any sure means of preventing seasickness?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"What is it?"

"Stay on shore," said the physician, and sent the man his bill.

Another gentleman, who was a valetudinarian, met a doctor of his acquaintance on the street one day.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm glad I met you. Do you know, I'm so weak that the least bit of walking on these pavements tires me all out. What do you think I'd better take?"

"A horse-car, I guess, said the doctor, earnestly. And he, too, sent in a little memorandum of the amount due for this wise prescription.—[Boston Herald.

A Quarter of It.

Keedick—Independence Day ought to last more than a week.

Ricketts—How do you make that out?

Keedick—It's a Fourth of July.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.

During the wintering of animals warmth must not be secured at the expense of exercise and appetite. In the dry climate of Utah J. W. Sanborn has found by trials through six years that cattle, sheep and swine on the whole required more food to maintain existence when fed in the open air than when housed. Cattle and hogs made a more economic gain in the open air. Sheep in the barn did better in every respect than in the open air. Cattle in box stalls did better than those tied up. The greater freedom of motion, up to the freedom of a yard ten rods square, the more food eaten, but the less food required for a pound of gain for cattle. These trials indicate that free access to shelter and yards is more economical than compulsory life in the stables or in close confinement in the barn.—[American Agriculturist.

BEES AND HONEY.

When a new colony of bees are brought into the beeyard they need watching for a little time, to see that other colonies do not rob them. Possibly the moving opens honey cells, whose odor is attractive to other bees, or it may be only that instinct which leads every animal, from a school boy down, to desire to measure strength with a new comer.

An old beekeeper, who always had "good luck" with his bees, although he was not posted in modern methods, and only used old-fashionedives, used to wash his hives, both new and old, three times before he put a new swarm in them. Once his water had a little wood ashes in it, though soda might have answered his purpose as well. With this they were scoured. The next was a washing in salt water, and the last washing was in water slightly sweetened, into which he usually put a few dried rose leaves or some sweet-smelling herb. They were well dried between the washings, and he said the bees liked his hives. Whether his success was due to this practice or to other care, is which he was almost as particular and notional, we will not say.—[Boston Cultivator.

DIPPING SHEEP.

The necessity for dipping sheep appears only when parasites infest the stock. These parasites are of two kinds, the sheep tick and the scab mite. Lice or other kinds are sometimes, but rarely, found to infest a flock.

Neither of these parasite enemies can develop out of nothing. They exist in the flock wholly through contagious contact with living insects.

The object of dipping sheep, therefore, should be to eradicate insect enemies from the flock, for if these insects are thoroughly and completely destroyed they will not again infest the flock till it comes in contact with living parasites. Thoroughness is the key to success in dipping sheep.

One bath in a parasite destroyer will kill the ticks that infest the animals. But fences, sheds, yards and other places which the flocks has come much in contact with will retain enough animal parasites to reinfest the flock. And such places cannot be wholly cleaned of the pests. Effective treatment requires that the sheep should be thoroughly dipped three or four times in one season at intervals of two or three weeks. If this is done at shearing and during the following months it will be most economical and the farm can be so completely rid of the parasites that future treatment will be unnecessary.—[Western Stockman and Cultivator.

FODDER CROPS AND FEED STUFFS.

A more liberal production of nutritious fodder crops, aside from Indian corn, to be raised on the farm and fed in connection with purchased commercial seed stuffs, is urged by Director Gossman of the Massachusetts station as an efficient means to increase the general productiveness of eastern farm lands and also to cheapen the cost of feed for all kinds of live stock. The introduction of a greater variety of fodder plants will enable farmers to meet better the differences in local conditions of climate and soil, as well as the special wants of different branches of farming industry. Taking this view of the question, the great and valuable family of leguminous plants—as clovers, vetches, lucerne, serradella, peas, beans, lupines, etc.—is in a particular degree well qualified for that purpose. These plants also deserve a decided recommendation in the interest of a wider range for the introduction of economical systems of rotation of crops under various conditions of the soil and the

different requirements of markets. Most of these fodder plants have an extensive root system, and for this reason largely draw their plant food from the lower portion of the soil. The amount of stubble and roots they leave behind after the crop has been harvested is exceptionally large, and decidedly improves both the physical and chemical condition of the soil. The lands are subsequently better fitted for the production of shallow-growing crops, as grain, etc. Large production of fodder crops assist in the economical raising of general farm crops; although the area devoted to cultivation is reduced, the total yield of the land is usually more satisfactory.—[Chicago Times.

CARE OF MARES WITH SUCKLING COLTS.

Well ordered work is not an injury to mares with suckling colts, but conditions arise in the rush of farm labor, which make great care necessary in order to avoid serious injury both to mare and colt. Overheating the dam by violent exercise in the middle of the day is one of these, but it does not represent all the danger. In the hurry of his work the driver of the team is often inclined to a fractious handling of his horses, with a resulting use of the whip and harsh words and tones that fret and often greatly excite the nervous system of mares in milk, the nervous system being particularly sensitive, at this time, to disturbing causes. It is very well known to intelligent dairymen that harshness, in the treatment of cows, is at once followed by a decrease in the quantity both of milk and butter, and that, too, where the harshness is not accompanied by blows. What may be thought then of the effect upon the milk-producing organs of the mare of the use of the lash, the brutal jerking upon the horse's mouth with the reins, and the rough language that one too often notices in the driving of horses? Humanity and a love for dumb animals ought to insure kind treatment of all the animals upon the farm, but if that idea does not carry sufficient weight with some, self-interest ought to come in and show that unkindness means a positive loss in dollars and cents. It is often, however, not a question of real brutality on the part of unkind drivers of horses. The drivers are themselves perhaps tired and fretted, and thoughtlessly and impulsively a blow of the lash is given, or the harsh commands uttered that would not be given or uttered under any other circumstances. In such cases the driver must keep a check upon himself as well upon his horses.

Mares in milk are more susceptible to changes of temperature or to sudden chills from drinking freely of very cold water when heated. In all ways brood mares must be treated with extra care and kindness, if their own future usefulness is to be conserved, and the thrifty growth of the foal assured. They should be given a nourishing supply of food that will provide abundant sustenance for the dam, and an ample supply of milk for the colt. Good pasturage and a liberal ration in which bran or ground oats predominate will be found to yield most satisfactory results.—[American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Offensive odors taint milk. Feed milch cows all they will eat clean.

Nasturtium are great additions to any garden.

Soft water is recommended for house plants.

Plant out a few fruit trees every year in order to keep up the supply.

Milk taken from the cow at night is richer than that given in the morning.

Tarred roofing-paper cut into strips and wound about trees will keep insects away.

Strawberries will grow on any kind of soil, though to do their best the ground should be rich in plant food.

Kerosene and whitewash are valuable adjuncts in the poultry business. Especially at this time of year are they valuable.

Turkeys until they "shoot the red" should be well cared for. After that period they are perfectly able to take care of themselves.

The Pekin duck is a profitable fowl. If it were not Rankin and other duck raisers would not keep them. At ten weeks old a pair of Pekins should weigh in the neighborhood of ten pounds.

It was a Man Who Said This. "It was a man who took the prize in the missing word contest."

"I am not surprised at it. A woman is never at a loss for words."—[New York Press.

136 MINERS MEET DEATH.

ONLY NINE ESCAPE DEATH.

The Remains of the 145 Workmen in the Thornhill Mine Killed by the Explosion.

Eight men and a boy have been rescued alive from the Thornhill mine near Yorkshire, where 145 men and boys were imprisoned by an explosion of fire-damp. All hope for the others is abandoned. The bodies of the victims are being rapidly brought to the surface. The scenes at the mouth of the pit as the bodies are brought up and recognized by the relatives and friends of the dead are most distressing.

Late Wednesday evening the rescuers had brought 85 to the surface. Two men were brought up in an unconscious condition but still breathing. Six men, who had sustained no injury whatever, but had been imprisoned behind a huge mass of debris were dug out this evening. When they appeared at the mouth of the pit they were greeted in a most touching manner by their relatives and friends.

No reason has been given for the explosion but the conjecture is that it was caused by carelessness on the part of one of the miners in opening his lamp.

Banks Increase Their Circulation. National banks during the past two months have increased their circulation nearly \$7,000,000, orders for new circulation to the amount of \$2,277,000 having been received so far this month by Comptroller Eckels. The gold reserve at the close of business Friday was \$96,948,821.

Russia has just set an interesting example to modern civilization. The Government issued orders that smoking compartments for ladies be provided on all trains.

Seven persons were poisoned at Bay Head, N. J., by impure milk. Mrs. F. B. Niles, wife of a wealthy cottager died and one of her servant girls is likely to die at any time.

Still Creeping Upward. The net gold in the National Treasury at the close of business Wednesday was \$96,989,057.

MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various commodities like wheat, corn, flour, butter, and other goods. Includes sub-sections for 'GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED', 'DAILY PRODUCTS', 'FRUIT AND VEGETABLES', 'POULTRY ETC.', and 'MISCELLANEOUS'.