

Autumn.
The dying leaves fall fast;
Chestnut, willow, oak and beech,
All brown and withered lie,
Now swirling in the cutting blast,
Now sodden under foot—they tetch
That one and all must die.
This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my poor heart
Whose youthful hopes are fled,
The darkening days are drear,
Each leaf once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.
But is it all decay?
All present loss—no gain remote?
Monotony of pain?
Ah, no! I hear a lay
The robin sings—how sweet the note,
A pure unearthly strain.
And of all flowers the first
Beneath those leaves in spring shall blow
Sweet violets blue and white,
So all lost loves shall burst
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In heaven upon our sight.
—[Macmillan.]

The Answered Prayer.

BY M. CADY.

A little old French woman told the following story to the travellers who had been investigating the ruins and the chateau, "doing" the little French town, as tourists always must, who obey Murray.

"My son, Jean Baptiste, never will believe it. Ah, they are such skeptics, these men!"

"There in the churches we pray for them. There the sailor's wife kneels to ask for a good wind for her husband's ship. There the soldier's sweetheart pours forth her prayer, and implores the saints to ward bullet and sword point from her lover's heart. There I used to go, hoping that Jesus would not forget me and my Ansel; and he died in his bed, and was not smothered and crushed in the black mine, as so many are—my man Ansel, Jean Baptiste's father.

"Jean was all I had, in that old time long ago. He was young, strong, beautiful, when the hour came and he became a conscript. Ah, shall I ever forget the day? We were all upon the green, in the midst of the village—all who had sons and brothers and husbands and lovers, and some who had none, for the sakes of those who had, or for curiosity—how do I know which? And the great gendarme turned the wheel, and the blindfold boy drew the names and numbers, and my Jean was one of the unlucky ones—he our only child. Had I been a widow then, they could not have taken him; but I still had Ansel. And we all three knew that no substitute was to be had by us, for we had been unlucky and had no savings, and 'tis not to be expected that a man will risk life and limb for a trifle.

"Only a mother could have had a hope under such circumstances, but, you see, I could not give my Jean Baptiste to the cruel war without a struggle.

"You should be glad that your brave son has a chance to do what he can for France and for his emperor," said the officer with the fur cap and epaulets, touching me on the shoulder, as I sat weeping and wringing my hands. But I pushed him away angrily.

"What is the emperor, whom I have never seen, to me? And why should I love France more than my own child?" I cried.

"And then a neighbor added:
"Bah! He will return with epaulets and a sword perhaps, and you will be very proud of him. Don't cry."

"They come back often without epaulets, do they not?" I said, and my heart was bitter as gall. "Generally they do not come at all. If they do, it is often on crutches, or blind like poor Pierre Latour. They shall not have my boy!"

"And how I went like a mad woman. And I would have sold all I had to have raised the money, if it would have brought it. But we are only tenants, and our cow was poor and old; and I had no fine clothes, and only two golden earrings for jewelry. Poor Ansel just earned enough to live on. And what could we do?"
"I went to my brother at —, walking all the way there and back. He could not help us. I went to my old mistress's house, where I had lived as a dairy maid before I married Ansel. Alas, she was dead!"
"In a week the soldiers would march away, my Jean Baptiste with them, and I should see his sunny face no more, unless I could in some way gain the money with which to pay the substitute. I had wicked feelings enough, madame, I can tell you. I did not feel that God was kind to me, as I had always felt before. I cannot tell you how I felt, for it is wicked to say any such words, but in the midst of my despair I met Father Ulric.

"You were not at church last Sunday, dame," he said.

"No sir," said I. "I have so much on my mind that I forget everything else. Jean Baptiste is conscripted, and we have no money to pay for a substitute."

"Is that any reason why you should not remember heaven?" said Father Ulric. "Surely God may well forget us if we forget Him."

"And though I did not feel as though I cared what Father Ulric said just then, I remembered his words when I was alone, in the dead of the night, and also that I had not prayed that Jean Baptiste might be spared to me; and I felt as though if I prayed heartily and from my soul, an answer might come, and I felt comforted. And next morning I dressed myself in my very best, and went across the meadows to the church, and then I knelt down and tried to remember the good words I had been wont to say. But I could not recall one, and I was forced to use my own poor language, and to say just this—no more:

"Heavenly Father, who knowest what a mother's love is, let me keep Jean Baptiste from the cruel war."

"I said it over and over again. There was no one near but one lady in deep mourning, and I could not see her face. She knelt also, and counted her beads. And all was still as death—only now and then I heard my own voice, as though it were another's. And something seemed to say that my prayers would be answered. And I arose comforted, and I went out into the church-yard, full of moss-grown stones, and walked there for a while. And the lady in mourning came out also, and laid a wreath of immortelles upon a soldier's grave, and kissed the stone, on which a sword was carved and his name, and went away. And I went home also, and my heart was at rest. And all day I watched and waited for some strange answer to my prayer, but none came. And I was sad of heart again when the twilight fell, and it was time to milk the cow. I took my pail and went to find her. She had strayed into a meadow hard by, and was cropping the sere autumn grass. I knelt down there to milk her, and my poor pail would not be full, I knew. It was another sign of our great poverty. I got my quart or so, and set it down and leaned against the fence and wept. And I said:

"There is nothing to hope for, and prayers do no good. Jean must go to the war, and his mother's eyes shall never see him again."

"And my eyes were covered with my apron, when a hand as soft as silk touched mine, and a voice—oh, so sweet and heavenly—said softly:

"No, dame, he shall not go. Hold your apron. This will keep him with you."

"And I looked up, and there stood a lady. Her face was so beautiful that it frightened me. And the sun was set, and the moon was up, and its whiteness fell over her. About her neck she wore a black cross, and golden hair rippled down over her forehead. She was like the Madonna in the picture in our church. I could not stir. I could not speak. She smiled upon me.

"Hold your apron, dame," she said.

"And I had just strength enough to do it. And then a shower of gold and silver trickled into it. And again she said:

"Your Jean Baptiste need not go, and was gone herself like a vision.

"And saved he was. God be praised for it!"

"Never but once after that did I see a face like that I saw that night. It was when Madame La Fontaine, the widow of the brave soldier, whose tombstone with the sword upon it stands in our own graveyard, lay in her coffin, and we poor people went to look at her. Her hair fell over her forehead in just such yellow ripples, and her face was just as white and sweet. And my Jean Baptiste believes that she knelt near me in the church and heard my prayer, and being a charitable lady, and tender to all soldiers' wives and mothers, brought me the money with her own hands.

"As for Father Ulric, he tells me that, since it is God who answers prayers whatever the instrument, I need not trouble myself, but only remember that He can help me always, if it be His will.—[The Ledger.]

Poverty in India.

Poverty is the most striking fact in India. In the streets of the cities the rich are rarer than in the streets of East London. In the country the villages consist of huts of almost uniform smallness, and the fields are worked by farmers, most of whom are too poor to do anything but scratch the land.

In one city we went from house to house among the poor. A common

friend gained us a welcome and we were everywhere received with courtesy. One house which we visited was entered directly from the street. There was neither flooring, fireplace, windows nor furniture. A few embers were burning on the mud floor, on which only is it lawful for a pious person to eat, and a few pots were standing against the walls, with, if I remember rightly, one chest.

It was a holiday morning, and the family which in India may include grandfather, sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren, was gathered. The men had slept in the open warm air, and had come in to be served by the women with the morning meal of a few ounces of grain and butter. After the usual courtesies, and when we had told them about ourselves, the talk went thus:

"What is your trade?"

"Shoemakers."

"What can each worker earn?"

"About five rupees a month."

"What rent do you pay?"

"Eight rupees a month."

From which answer we gathered that not even a paternal government nor a system of land nationalization can prevent the growth of landlordism. The ground in this case probably belonged to the State, and had been let to some individual at a yearly rent, subject to reversion after thirty years; but the land had then been let and sublet till the rent paid by the tenant far exceeded that received by the Government.

In another house, or rather shed, lived a mill hand and his family. He too, was preparing to enjoy a holiday in "singing" and "seeing the lights," which on that night, in honor of the new year, would be placed in every window of the city. His earnings were ten rupees a month. Out of the margin, that is, out of about seventy-five cents a week he would have to support a large family and save enough to enable him in a few years to return and get land in his own village.—[Fortnightly Review.]

Candles.

The domestic use of candles for ordinary purposes of illumination has almost entirely ceased; oil has taken the place of them, but a great many candles are still used for various special purposes. Candles are used to go down cellar with, and for servants' bedroom lights. They are used in breweries, in the vats, because they don't smoke, and they make less heat. Candles are used in some mines. Almost all carriage lamps are lighted with candles.

There is a large consumption of candles by Hebrews in the observance of religious rites at home, and they are used also in the synagogues. Plumbers use candles about their work because they are handier and safer. Candles are used for the illumination of political transparencies. They are used on dinner tables and in drawing rooms; they are made for these uses in various colors. There are at least ten kinds of Christmas candles; they are made plain, ribbed or fluted, and cable, and in various colors.

The candles for these various special uses are made chiefly of stearine, paraffine and wax. The consumption of them in the United States shows a slight increase. We export candles to Mexico, Central America and South America. There were formerly many manufactories of tallow candles in this country; there are now few, and the trade is decreasing. Scarcely any tallow candles are now used in this country; those made are shipped to South America.—[New York Sun.]

Bacaramanquina.

The name in the headline is that of a new species of fibrous mineral recently discovered by Senor H. Elvay Valenzuela in the United States of Colombia. It has many of the remarkable properties of asbestos and is perfectly transparent as well as incombustible. It can be reduced to pulp and molded into light fire and water-proof boards and shingles for houses. The discoverer believes that it is adapted to papermaking, and that it will also be used in the manufacture of carpets and clothing.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Not Enjoyed, However.

Composer—"Have you enjoyed my new opera yet?"

Critic—"No."

Composer—"Why, I thought you were in attendance the other night."

Critic—"I was."—[Chicago Record.]

Tiresome Headwork.

"This headwork is extremely tiresome, you know," said Adolphus.

"What great problem have you been trying to solve now?"

"Keeping my hat on when the wind blows."—[Washington Star.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

MANURING.

The questions with farmers is how to keep up the fertility of the soil with the least possible expense. For that purpose good barnyard manure is the best. The chief difficulty is to procure a sufficient amount of it, and this is one of the great benefits of plenty of stock. Commercial fertilizers are best used with the manure and together with green manuring produce the best results.—[New York World.]

SOFT BEFORE SELLING.

The necessity of sorting before offering for sale can never be too forcibly impressed upon those who raise vegetables for the large cities. Sorting is applicable to the potatoes raised by the farmer as well as to the more perishable articles raised by the truck farmer. Very often a half bushel or even less of small potatoes mixed with the larger ones will injure their sale, reduce them to a lower grade, or otherwise inflict injury on the grower far in excess of the value of the small potatoes. Unsalable potatoes may be profitably fed, mixed with bran or shorts, to the cattle during the winter.—[American Farmer.]

FOOD AND DRINK FOR CROPS.

In addition to the value of some fertilizers as plant food, their ability to gather moisture from the air doubles their usefulness in a time of drought.

Some substances have a great affinity for water, taking it freely from the air, which is scientifically known as deliquescence. The nitrates possess this property to the largest extent; salts of potash are almost as deliquescent and, gypsum, land plaster and artificial fertilizers generally have this property. Thus it is useful to apply fertilizers in the driest time, for the damp air of the summer nights will supply all the moisture needed to dissolve them and make them available for the crops. As soon as any soluble substance is dissolved, it spreads through the soil by diffusion, and thus the application of a light top dressing of fertilizer shows its effects in a few hours after it is made.—[Farm, Field and Fireside.]

COWS IN POOR CONDITION.

Indigestion is one of the most serious disorders affecting all animals, and it gives rise to many diseased conditions that have no apparent cause to one who does not understand how a disturbed digestion affects every function of the system. Thus cows suffering from this disorder are not properly nourished, and if in calf they are most apt to retain the afterbirth, an indication of weakness that prevents the animal from performing the exacting functions of this period. And it is most often the case that this is the result of impaired nutrition due to indigestion.

The remedy in such a case is to give the cow a few doses of linseed oil, a pint will be sufficient, at intervals of three days during two weeks. This will clear the system and excite the liver to action and then good feeding will do the rest. This should consist of bran and linseed mash, given daily for two or three weeks, or continued longer if found desirable, as it is a most excellent food, as well as being medicinal.

The first result of disorder of the stomach and liver is decrease of milk, which is often of very inferior quality, not to say really unuseful on account of bitterness from excess of bile in the blood. But as the cow improves the milk increases and improves in quality. The common condition powders are not adapted to this disorder of a cow, as they are mostly antiseptic in their character, and useful chiefly for exciting the discharge from the skin by the antimony they contain, and are thus very often quite useless and disappointing.—[Colman's Rural World.]

WINTERING HORSES.

After the fall wheat is sown, on most farms one team will do all of the work required during the fall and winter. It is not best to sell off the extra teams in the fall and buy again in the spring. It is better to winter the idle horses as economically as possible, taking care of course to keep them in good condition. With all kinds of stock it is poor economy to allow them to run down at any time and then attempt to feed up later on. And while with the teams it is an item to feed as economically as possible, this should not be done at the expense of their condition.

Select one team to do the necessary hauling during the winter and feed them grain in connection with their roughness to keep them thrifty. In this way a smaller ration or, at least,

a cheaper one can be supplied to the rest and yet they be kept thrifty.

It is always best to let the idle horses run in the pastures every day that the weather will permit. They will keep healthier and thrifter on less food than if they are kept closely confined. It is important, however, to provide comfortable shelter, as it will cost less to maintain animal heat with good shelter than to do so by feeding grain.

As the pastures fail it will be a good plan gradually to increase the ration so as to keep thrifty. One of the best and most economical rations to give during the winter is unthreshed oats run through a cutting box, adding a small quantity of bran. If slightly wetted in mixing it will be more palatable. One advantage in this is that there is little or no waste, while the ration is one that supplies grain and roughness, and is one of the best to produce a good development of bone and muscle.

Another good ration can be made by cutting hay and adding a small quantity of wheat bran and oilmeal. It is not always necessary to cut all the hay, but enough to mix with the bran and oilmeal. Better results can nearly always be obtained in this way than by feeding the material separately.

It is usually best to give all the roughness that they will eat up clean, but no more, as it is neither conducive to good health nor economical to have any kind of feed before the stock all the time; and yet, of roughness at least, they should have all that they can eat.

When the weather is severely cold cornmeal can be used instead of bran. Corn, or cornmeal, is one of the best materials to feed to stock to promote warmth, and during the winter in many cases more or less can be fed to a good advantage.

By feeding regularly, supplying with water, and using all reasonable care to keep them comfortable, the horses can be wintered at comparatively small cost, and then at any time that they are wanted they will be ready for service.—[St. Louis Republic.]

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Select only good cocks for mating.

Poultry need plenty of pure, clean water.

Honey kept in a dry, warm place improves with age.

Bearing queens at any season is only forcing nature.

A poor sheepman with poor sheep will be a sorry failure.

Honey should never be kept where it can absorb moisture.

Clean, bright, fleshy lambs sell on sight. Remember that.

Teach a horse what you want him to do and he will always do it.

If a hen can be made to lay one egg a week, she will pay the cost of keeping.

To fatten poultry they must be fed regularly and plentifully on the best food.

It is a good plan to call out and sell early all the chickens that are not to be wintered.

Even in winter it is an item to have dust for the fowls where they can duster at will.

The little trotter and the scrub are not wanted. The demand is for big, heavy horses.

The tendency of feather-legged breeds is towards scanty leg feathers and bare toes.

It is said that a small piece of camphor placed in the drinking water will prevent gapes.

Breed for size and quality horses that are in demand in all the horse markets of the world.

Colonies with young queens have less tendency to build drone-comb than those with old queens.

This is the time to remove the culls from the rest of the poultry and prepare to fatten them for market.

The wise poultryman avoids extremes, but feeds enough to keep the fowls in a good, thrifty condition.

If a horse has weak joints which cause his limbs to give way he will transmit the weakness to his progeny.

The objection to throwing out the egg shells to the hens is the liability of their getting into the habit of eating eggs.

It is when the hens are idle and closely confined that they are most liable to fall into the habit of feather pulling.

In caaponizing, the earlier a bird reaches maturity in his natural state the earlier the operation should be performed.

In obtaining the highest prices from special customers, it will pay to put all the eggs of one color together before sending to market.

Before the Daybreak.

Before the daybreak shined a star
That in the day's full glory faded;
Too fiercely bright is the great light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraid.
Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song at morning's light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand tongues delight.
Ah! great the honor is to shine
A light whoso no traveler sees;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird,
To shine with hope while hope's afar,
And sing of love when love's unheard.
—F. W. BOWDLETON.

UMOROUS.

Self-hinders—Women who lace.

A fallen meteor has a very downcast appearance in its own hole in the ground.

A friend in need is the gentleman whose face adorns a sample of Uncle Sam's legal tender.

Rodgers—"Do you find money close?" Podgers—"No; I find it entirely out of reach."

It is the little things that counts when there are children at the table, and warm biscuit for supper.

"Did he marry a girl he didn't know much about?" "Oh, no; a girl who didn't know much about him."

A man's mouth is made to talk and eat with, yet he often hurts himself by talking and kills himself by eating.

Why is it that the man whose snore will please you through and through, is he who likes to go to bed before the chickens do?

There are two things in the world upon which there have never been any improvement—the wheelbarrow and kissing.

First traveler—"Why is that pompous fellow strutting about so absurdly?" "He found some ham in his railway sandwich."

"I hear friend Rodiger has got married to an Italian lady?" B.—"Yes, he went there to save his lungs, and has lost his heart."

Perfume is said to be the song of the flower. If the song could be heard, the chances are that the flowers would be boot-jacked out of existence.

"My train of thought," the poet cries, "to whom the Muses bow,
"Cannot transport you all, because
It is a quatrains now."

Girley-girley (bitterly)—"My parents literally sold me to you." Hubby-lubby (more bitterly)—"You need not twit me with my unfortunate financial investment."

Clara—"You must have refused Harry Sparker last night." Maudie—"How did you know?" Clara—"He told me this morning he had just had a narrow escape."

Visitor—"So your brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress?" Little girl—"Yes'm; he's got so now we can tell whether he is tuning or playing."

"That's a fine baby, Wiggins. How much does he weigh?" "Depends on the time of day. About three o'clock in the morning his weight seems to run up to about eighty pounds."

Prudence Pedantic
She nearly went frantic
Because her young nephew said "Tant!"
But when his big brother
Said, "Haint got none, nuther!"
She fell on the floor in a faint.

Jack (who has popped)—"It takes you a long time to decide." Sallie—"I know it, and I've about concluded to wear a demitran of white chiffon over white silk and have no bridesmaids."

"What's that girl singing?" said Mr. Topfloor to the bell boy. "Oh, Promise Me," replied the youth. "Well, for goodness sake, go down and promise her whatever she want and charge it to my account."

Donald (an Americanized Scotchman, to his cousin Sandy, newly arrived)—"Sandy, me boy, and what will ye have for your breakfast, the morning?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"And what for dinner?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"But what for supper?" Sandy—"Oatmeal." Donald—"And what else will you have besides oatmeal?" Sandy—"Losh, mon alive, is there anything else?"

Encouraging.

Visitor—"So your brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress?"

Little Girl—"Yes'm; he's got so now we can tell whether he is tuning or playing."—[Good News.]

Had Plenty of Company.

"Here's a little poem," said the poet, "which has never been printed."
"Nothing strange about that," replied the editor; "five hundred just like it in that waste basket there."—[Atlanta Constitution.]