

When He Is Gone.

When he is gone, how dark the night!
Nor does the day seem very bright,
When he is gone.
The birds do not pause on the wing
And round the old porch doorway cling,
Their sweetest songs of joy to sing,
When he is gone.

The roses do not seem as sweet,
Somehow, as when we used to meet,
But he is gone.
At evening as I sit and gaze
Into the heavens with stars ablaze,
I only think of other days,
Now he is gone.

The world at large seems far less gay,
The kitten, even, will not play,
When he is gone.
Within my heart there is no song,
But saddest thoughts the hours prolong,
Which seem to me as e'en'ries long,
When he is gone.

I wonder if he thinks of me
Today, wherever he may be,
For he is gone.

I wonder shall I open my eyes
Some morning, and with glad surprise
Tell him how soon my poor heart dies,
When he is gone?

—THOMAS F. PORTER, in Boston Globe.

Canon of the White Horse.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

"This canon ought to have a history, Pablo," I said to the guide, as, supper finished, I leaned back on my blankets and dreamily gazed at the scene before us.

It was a summer night—a night in the Southwest where nights are perfect. The moon was at the full, and not a cloud was in the sky to obscure her radiance or the light of the myriad stars which bore her company. The air was cool and bracing, yet balmy, and there was just enough breeze to lull one's spirits and cause him to forget the world and indulge in fanciful reveries, such as only Southern breezes inspire.

We had pitched our camp on one of the sloping hills on the south side of the canon, where a little stream of clear, sweet water rippled from a spring in a ravine down into the canon below. Above us was the sighing, odoriferous forest of juniper and pinon; below was a little stretch of velvety grass, extending clear to the floor of the canon, on both sides of the little stream. Right and left stretched the canon itself, its walls, precipitous for the most part, rising grandly, hundreds of feet high on each side.

"It is beautiful, Pablo," I continued. "It must have a history of some kind; or a story—no?"

"Si, Senor, that it has—ay, that it has," answered the Mexican, lighting a fresh cigarette and puffing at it reflectively a moment. "Would the Senor hear it?"

"By all means, Pablo; go ahead."

And here is Pablo's story, as nearly as I can translate it (for he spoke in Spanish):

"Does the Senor see the cliff on the other side, how high it is? That is the Cliff of the White Horse—it is many hundred feet high, and straight up and down. And at the top, when the moon is a little higher, the Senor will see the White Horse. It is a great white rock on the edge of the cliff, and by clear moonlight it looks like a white horse. It has not always been there, and then, they say, on the anniversaries of certain days, the ghost of old Don Fernando comes and rides it along the edge of the canon.

"Don Fernando? Oh, ay. May the blessed saints have mercy upon him!" ejaculated Pablo, crossing himself.

"Many years ago, Don Fernando Cortez—he was a grandson, or something, of the great Cortez—lived over above, beyond the canon several miles. Don Fernando was rich, and lived in a grand house, and had many servants and slaves. He was a great entertainer, was Don Fernando, and people used to come many miles—hundreds, thousands, yes—to his grand dinners and balls.

"He was not a good man. No. He was a cruel master, and hard with all his people, and made them all hate him. He was kind to only two living creatures; one of these was his beautiful daughter, the Lady Isabel—the other was his great white stallion, the largest and fleetest horse in all the country. These two the old Don loved as his two eyes, and well he might—yes. The Lady Isabel was not only beautiful, but she was kind and good, and all the people loved her as much as they hated the Don, which was a great deal. She had golden hair, and eyes like the sky, and it is said the birds listened when she sang. And the horse—ay, he was wonderful. He was as big as three ordinary horses, and his tread shook the ground. He had a long, white mane, and eyes that flashed fire, and was almost as much feared as the old Don, who alone dared go near him.

"The Lady Isabel had many suit-

ors. The wealthiest and most aristocratic men in all the country came to sue for her hand, many of them from far-off California, and some, it is said, came even from Spain. But the Lady Isabel would have none of them. She loved her pony, and her dogs and birds, and her people; but a man, no. One after another came, but she turned them all away. So, after a few years the old Don became tired of what he called her 'foolishness,' and swore she should marry, and at once, a man whom he had selected for her.

"This grieved the Lady Isabel very much; for not only did she not love any of those who had offered themselves to her, but her heart was already given—given to one of her father's peons, a young man named Jose, whom she had helped nurse through a terrible illness. Him she used to meet by stealth, nearly every night, unbeknown to any but themselves. But, one night, when the Lady Isabel's wedding day was near at hand, she and her lover were seen together, and the story came to the ears of the old Don.

"He started to find them, swearing to kill them both; but they had been warned, and had taken two of the fleetest horses in the stables and fled. With mad haste the Don saddled his white stallion and pursued them. They had taken their way over the hills, blindly, but some instinct led the Don to follow the direction they had taken, and in a short time he had them in sight, riding over the plateau beyond the canon there.

When the lovers saw they were pursued, they put their jaded horses to their highest speed, hoping to escape; but soon they found it was too late, and as the old Don, with terrible curses, pressed them closely, they leaped to the ground, ran to the edge of the cliff, and, clasped in each other's arms, sprang into eternity together!

"And the Don? For days he raved like a madman, and seemed to know no one. Then he became quieter, and they thought he would be himself again. But, one moonlight night, they missed him, and several set out to seek him. He was riding up and down the edge of the cliff, yonder, raving and blaspheming terribly, and none of those who had come to find him dared approach. For hours he raved; then, just as the moon came from behind a cloud, they saw him ride back from the cliff a little distance. Then he wheeled sharply, and, shouting, 'Now, my friend, both together!' he rode full speed at the precipice. But at the edge the white stallion halted suddenly, and the Don went over alone. In mid-air he shook his fist and hurled a curse at the friend who had deserted him at the last minute; and then and there the great white stallion turned to stone! There he stands, Senor—you can see him plainly, now—still looking over the precipice. It is from him that the cliff and the canon get their name.

"And it is said by the superstitious, Senor," continued Pablo, drawing closer to the fire, and shuddering slightly, "that on the anniversary of old Don Fernando's death, and on Lady Isabel's saint's day, the ghosts of Lady Isabel and Jose ride forth on the plateau, and that of the old Don pursues them, riding the white stallion, which leaves its station at such times. And—oh, Senor, for the love of God, look!"

Startled, I looked across the canon. The rock which appeared so very like a white horse seemed to vanish, as though in mist. Then there were a series of blood-curdling shrieks and curses, and, flying along the edge of the cliff, rode three persons on horseback—and one, behind the others, rode a great white horse!

It was only a moment, and then the drunken cow-boys passed out of sight, and the tiny fleck of vapor which had, for the few seconds, kept the moonlight from the white-horse rock, moved on, leaving the rock standing out in the clear light, just as before. Still shivering with the sudden fright I had had, I turned to Pablo. He had fallen in a fit, and was lying rigid, with flecks of foam on his lips. I brought him round soon, and he sat up, his eyes staring wildly.

"Well, Pablo," I said, in as steady a voice as I could command, "you must have had quite a dream. You've been plunging around and yelling for a full five minutes."

"What, Senor, I? A dream? Then it was not—"

"I think it was the bread, Pablo. You ate a big supper, and that hot sour bread would kill an Indian."

Pablo concluded not to run away, as he might have done if I hadn't been able to convince him that it was only a dream.—Romance.

Wolf Hunting in Russia.

Wolf hunting is probably the most dangerous sport there is. With a servant and a couple of fast horses attached to a sleigh, I have gone out and baited the ground for the brutes on numerous occasions. A fat hog tied to a tree never failed to collect a pack. The trouble was that it drew too many. The wolves would gather to the number of 200 or 300 and devour the pig. Then we would dash upon the scene and the fun would commence. They are as fleet as a deer. To say that they are as fleet as wolves would be more like it. They can outrun the horses every time, and if they are not picked off as fast as they come up, you might as well give up the fight and permit yourself to be devoured.

Imagine yourself making a running fight with a band of 300 hungry, maddened wolves and with the knowledge that if one of the fleet little brutes reaches your horses you are a dead man, and you can possibly imagine what a nerve sport it is. It requires a cool head and a good eye. If you miss your mark, you're gone. Your only chance of safety is in keeping your horses up. It is generally a long fight. You look back and see the carcasses of the animals dotting the snow for a mile or two in your wake, and they pursue you in great numbers. Slowly the pack thins out. Many have dropped bleeding to the ground. Others stop to devour the carcasses. The more that fall the more timid the rest become. When you finally outdistance the pack you have been through the most trying ordeal that the most ardent sportsman could wish.

I consider wolf hunting the most dangerous sport there is. Tiger hunting in India is tame beside it. If you go into the jungles of India to shoot a tiger, you are accompanied by a long retinue. You shoot your prey from the howdah of an elephant. If you miss your victim there are twenty bullets ready for him before he springs. A person might as well go tiger hunting in a menagerie. The only unsatisfactory part of the sport which wolves afford is that after you are all through you haven't anything to show for your efforts. But it is great sport.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Old-Fashioned Brigands.

It is a strange story which is told by the Odessa correspondent of the London News as originating at Tiflis. It is reported that several Englishmen residents at Udshary, in the Caucasus, engaged in the purchase of licorice wood, are living in constant dread of the armed brigades who infest that part of the province. They have already received two letters from one of the bandit chiefs demanding a sum of 3,000 rubles, and threatening a murderous reprisal in case the money be not paid. Unfortunately, these desperadoes generally fulfill their threats. Only a fortnight ago a band of ten of these mounted freebooters made a descent upon the village of Kirdamir, killed two of the wealthiest inhabitants named Madji-Abdul-Aziz and Schikh-Ali, robbed them of 8,000 rubles and twenty pounds of silk, and pillaged the settlement. In this instance, the first-named victim had previously refused to purchase the immunity of the village by paying blackmail to the brigades. The band was pursued and overtaken by the mounted police, but the latter were beaten off by the better armed and better mounted robbers. Subsequently, the robber chief forwarded a letter to the District Commander of Cossack Gendarmerie, challenging him to a pitched battle on a given spot if he would bring not more than fifty men with him. The Kibitka of the Englishmen at Udshary has been strongly stockaded, and is nightly guarded by an armed watch of fifteen natives. This protection, however, will probably prove ineffectual should the brigades make an attack in strong force.

Long Distance Photographs.

Photography over a hundred miles or more of distance is literally a new thing under the sun, yet they are doing it. From the hill at Poland last week Photographer Seaver, of Newton, Mass., an expert with the Camera, obtained a fine view of Mount Washington. The lens used was an imported novelty bought by the Rickers for this express purpose. It is a telescope lens, and will take a recognizable picture of a person on the hotel veranda at the distance of half a mile. The view of Mount Washington was perfect.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Unfair.

Tommy—Boo-hoo-oo-oo!
Mamma—What's the matter, Tommy?
Tommy—Tessie's got more measles than I had.—Judge

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

WATERING PLANTS.

One of the worst habits for the grower of plants to fall into is that of watering on the "little-and-often" plan. When this is done, the surface of the soil will generally look moist, and because of this it is taken for granted that the soil below must be in the proper condition. But by examining the soil it will often be found that the moisture is all confined to the top. Below it will be almost dust-dry. The only successful rule is, to wait till the surface looks dry, and then to apply enough water to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. If the drainage is what it ought to be, there will be no danger of over-watering.—American Agriculturist.

STRAW NOT GOOD FOR COWS.

Cows need a much more nutritious ration to give good milk and in paying quantities than it is possible for them to consume when straw constitutes any part of it. A variety of feed is good for nearly all stock, and when cows have clover hay, cornstalks and grain or silage, they will still eat a little straw if given it, tasting it apparently as a change of food. We have seen cows do this when well fed otherwise; but in every case the result will be a lessened milk yield. We know dairymen who are careful not to let cows get a chance to eat straw bedding, which they will often do if allowed. This objection to allowing cows to eat straw is important just now, when the thoughts of farmers are turned towards any possible economy in winter feeding.—Boston Cultivator.

MAINTAINING MOWING LANDS.

William H. Yeoman tells the New York Farmer that he is quite favorable to the idea of maintaining mowing lands by spreading manure upon the surface in the fall. There is little danger of grass "running out" if it has enough to feed upon and is not subjected to a severe course of grazing. There are farmers who will allow their mowing lands to be gnawed close to the ground and then complain because their hay crop diminished so rapidly. He says he has practiced top dressing to a considerable extent and with a judicious management of mowing fields they may be maintained for a term of years without any top dressing but that this cannot be done if grazing or cutting all the after-math is too largely indulged in. He would prefer no grazing of mowing lands at all. If fall feed is required supply by some soiling crop, or the cutting of after-math where it is too thick to be allowed to remain upon the ground.

A CHEESE PRESS.

Anything that will form a suitable mold for the cheese and will afford sufficient pressure to make the cheese solid and get rid of the whey, will serve for a press. A hoop for the curd, with a movable cover fitting in it, with a follower to press on this cover and a lever with one end fixed and the other weighted, will do all the pressing needed. For making small cheeses for domestic use, a simple weight laid on the follower in the mold will answer. For larger cheeses, it is a common practice to put the mold under a screw, and give the screw a turn every day until the cheese becomes solid and dry enough to stand safely on a table. It is quite possible to make small cheeses for home use without any pressing at all, more than the weight of the cheese itself, the whey draining out by turning the cheese daily, and, indeed, in some kinds of cheese, the whey is carefully kept in the cheese by this turning. Such cheese as this, however, is cured very quickly, and cannot be kept longer than two or three weeks without acquiring a strong taste and odor.—New York Times.

HORSESHOEING.

The following rules are given as the experience of one well versed in shoeing:

1. The foot should have only so much horn removed from it at each shoeing as is necessary for the proper fitting of the shoe and no more.
 2. The frog should take a bearing on the ground, but no other part of the hoof should be weakened to give this healthy action.
 3. Shoes cannot be too tight if they give sufficient wear.
 4. The width of a shoe need be no more than is necessary to cover the bearing surface.
 5. Nails are the most secure and simple fastenings for horseshoes, and a properly driven nail never does any harm.
- The most important requisite in horseshoeing is the adoption of a cor-

rect system, not the use of any special form of shoe.

All shoes should have a level bearing on the foot, extending from the toe to the heel.

The ground surface of the shoe should follow the form of the ground surface of an unshod foot which has travelled on a level road.

No better form of shoe exists than a narrow one, made rather thicker at the quarters than at the heel and toe.

The proposal to affix shoes on feet (without nails) by broad projections into the hoof and by pressure around the wall is impracticable and injurious.

No advantage follows the retention of shoes on a foot for more than four weeks, as the growth of the horn in that time produces a disproportionate hoof. If in this time a shoe is not worn out it should be removed.—New York World.

THE IDEAL FOWL.

The production of feathers is expensive. When a fowl is moulting shedding its old coat and growing its new coat of feathers, there is a great drain upon the system, so great that many fowls barely live through the process and some die. The hens after moulting take a long rest before beginning the production of eggs, and if this be true of fowls with moderate length of feather, it is but reasonable to expect that those which must give twice or thrice the amount of feathers, will have the nutriment that might go to the production of eggs diverted to the production of feathers. Whether this be the true explanation or not, it seems to be a fact that those breeds which originally were excellent layers and have been developed into immense masses of feathers through the skill of fanciers, have ceased to be as prolific as formerly. The change from the Red Shanghai to the modern Buff Cochins has been an advance in respect to feather development, but a retrogression in respect to practical qualities. And yet the fancier will go on in the course he has outlined, for he cares more for appearance than for substance. If his fowls satisfy his ideal of beauty and have practical qualities also, well and good, but beauty, not utility, in his pursuit. The spirit of the pure and undiluted Cochin fancier was once well expressed, in reply to a question how the fowls laid, in the following expressive manner: "Lay? They don't lay enough eggs to make an omelet. I don't breed them for eggs, but for feathers." That spirit is still alive, and if the question of feathers or eggs arises in breeding the fowl, the fancier will decide it any time in favor of feathers.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Sell off all surplus cockerels. Wyandotte fowls have legs free from feathers.

Hens that are too fat sometimes lay small eggs without yolks.

Give the fowls plenty of water even though they have milk to drink.

It is not only a waste of grain to feed fowls designed for layers too heavily, but it often produces leg weakness.

Though there is a difference in hens, it is generally considered that hens are in their prime for laying before they are three years old.

For broilers Indian Game and Brahma make a good cross. Plymouth Rock and Brahma make a hardy, rapid growing chick.

Have dry, comfortable quarters for all fowls; even ducks should have a dry floor to roost on. A little straw sprinkled on the floor will help in cleanliness.

When you house the chickens for winter, do not put too many in one house. Eight or ten feet floor space for each one is none too much for health and vigor.

Strange as it may seem, all the black breeds of fowls are partly white when hatched. If all understood this there would be less fault-finding with those who sell eggs for hatching. If the chicks do not suit when they hatch, wait a while and see how they develop.

If you expect to buy any fowls for winter laying buy them now. It takes a hen about so long to be "at home" in a new place before getting down to work. So the sooner you get the flock into their winter quarters, the sooner, other things being equal, they will begin to lay.

Do not pasture too closely in the autumn, for the reason that the tops are a protection to the roots, in summer as well as in winter. The little food which may be found will not compensate for the loss of protection and the mulch which saves the crop through the season of frost.

A Fall Memory.

Oh, the autumn days come stealing
On the memory, recalling
Scenes and thoughts that raise the feeling
To the regions of the sky;
And I smell the pudding, dapple,
With the dumping of the apple;
And, likewise, I boldly grapple
With the storied pumpkin pie.

That pie, so rich and golden,
In the merry days so olden
That would hungry youth embolden
To bolt it on the sly;
Oh, I yet can feel the frolic,
And the horror diabolic,
And the raging, howling solilo
Of that famous pumpkin pie.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HUMOROUS.

"I think Jack is tired of being my slave. He is getting so anxious that I should marry him."

He—They have dropped their anchor. She—Serves them right. It has been hanging over the side all day.

"Who are the visitors over at Blinker's—relatives?" "No, they can't be, for the whole family seemed glad to see them."

Mother—Tommy is like another boy since he began school. Teacher—Yes, I've noticed he acts exactly like the worst scholar I have.

That consistency's a jewel
Is a guess we think is right;
But it must be out of fashion—
It's so often out of sight.

He—What's the difference between you and a duck? She (shyly)—Is there any? He—Yes; you're dressed to kill and the duck is killed to dress.

"Did you see the man that spoke to me just now?" "Yes; know him?" "He's my great uncle." "Hum! I didn't notice anything great about him."

May—"I hear Mrs. Dasher has opened a school of designs for young ladies." Eva—"Yes, she instructs them in the art of catching husbands."

"No," said the baby, who had just swallowed a silver quarter, "I am not worried about the finances of the country. I have a monetary system of my own."

It may not be true, but I've often been told
That editors never read copy that's rolled.
This rule may be broken, but it's quite certain
That they never accept any story that's flat.

Dayson—"I've a good mind to run for that car. Do you think I can catch it?" Mayson—"Sure; that is, if you don't happen to let the driver see you chasing it."

Customer—"Why in the mischief don't you give my shirts a domestic finish as I asked you to do?" Boss (hedging)—"How can we, sir, when we employ only foreign help?"

Mother (at a party)—Did you allow young Saphead to kiss you in the conservatory? Daughter—Why, maw? Mother—Oh, you needn't "why maw" me. One side of his nose is powdered and one side of yours isn't.

"I'll make short work of you," said a farmer to an importunate tramp, as the agriculturist proceeded to untie the dog. "Don't trouble yourself, sir," replied Tired Tompkins, as he moved quickly away. "I always did detest work of all lengths."

To travel for pleasure is all well enough.
If you have both the wish and the wealth;
But when you have neither, it comes pretty tough.

To travel about for your health.

A would-be poet handed two of his poems to an editor, asking him which would be the most suitable for publication. The editor having glanced through one effusion, replied: "The other one." "But you have not read a line of it," exclaimed the astonished poet. "Never mind, it can't be worse than the first," was the crushing reply.

A husband who had been out shooting, but who had not been successful, rather than return home empty-handed stepped into a shop and purchased a hare. "There, my ducky," he said to his wife on returning home, "you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all." "Let me see." "Isn't he a fine fellow?" "My dear," said the wife, as she carried the animal to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him today; tomorrow would have been too late."

Her Ten Word Limit.

This is the message the telegraph operator handed to him:

"Come down as soon as you can. I am dying. KATE"

Eight hours later he arrived at the summer hotel, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself.

"Why—What do you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"Oh," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my ten words ran out and I had to stop."—Indianapolis Journal.