

A Little Boy For Sale

A mother was busy at work one day. When her dear little boy, with his toys, ran in for a play, as bright as May, with all his traps and noise, "You make such a din," she said to him, "While he work'd with his tools, his joys; 'I'll put you to bed or I'll sell you," she said, "To the man who buys little boys."

A little boy for sale;
A little boy for sale;
The price is so low you can buy him, I know;
My little boy's for sale;
A little boy for sale;
A little boy for sale;
He makes so much noise with his hammer and toys.
My little boy for sale.

The dear little boy was quiet one day
He had laid his toys aside.
The mother had ceased her work to pray;
"O, Lord with me abide!"
As she sits by the bed of her curly head,
A soft sweet song she sings;
When out of the gloom of that small, quiet room
Comes the rustle of angels' wings.
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
He was bought by the love of the Father above.
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
He was bought by the love of the Father above.
There's no little boy for sale.

—Omaha World-Herald.

ALMOST PARTED.

BY FERN GREENLEAF.

"If Colin Delorme would only fall in love with and marry Miss Campbell, how nice it would be!" said stout, good-natured Mrs. Gay to her companion in a loud aside.

"For her—yes," was the curt reply. "He is wealthy enough in any case; but what would half of old Campbell's property be for one brought up as she has been? I hear the place is mortgaged heavily, and the old man lost by speculation before he died; so his niece is not the heiress we fancied. Yes, it would be a very lucky thing for her if Colin Delorme should ask her to marry him, and I have no doubt she would jump at the chance."

"Madame," said a clear voice at the woman's chair, which made her start and glance hastily at the fair young face above her—"madame, you honor myself and my affairs too greatly."

Voice and face belonged to the girl of whom they had been speaking, Honor Campbell; and as the gossip stammered forth some sort of apology, she turned and glided from the room, every pulse in her body quivering with anger, wounded pride, and perhaps a fair keener pain.

Why had she allowed herself to be coaxed into appearing among the guests of her cousin, to whom the old man laid so recently in his grave was nothing, while to her he had been dear as a father?

Why had she brought her mourning robes and her mourning heart forth from retirement, even when friends pleaded with her to do so?

And they thought her poor enough "to jump at the chance" of marrying Colin Delorme, because he was to share her uncle's possessions with her, and had wealth of his own—Colin Delorme, with his frank, handsome face and his cherry voice, and his heart of gold, which any living woman might prize more than the crown of a king!

How heartless and material people were! she told herself, as she went hurriedly out of the little garden, which sloped down to a sheltering spot—a dell often visited by her.

In the path, with its checkered light, she came face to face with the object of her thoughts—Colin Delorme.

"How pale you are, Honor," he said to her, looking with eyes the tenderest of which she did not see, into her young face. "Are you ill?"

"Thank you—no."

"Then let me tell you what I've been thinking of. Honor, our uncle divided all he had between us. Let us make no division, dear—and let us join our lives and leave the old place as it is. Do you think I could make you happy as my wife, Honor, my darling. I would try hard. I think I could succeed. Will you risk your life in my hands? Honor, you are as white as death. Have I startled you? I thought you knew my heart this long time. I know that uncle did."

Had he said such words to her the previous day—but an hour before—how gladly she would have put out her hands to him and said:

"Yes, Colin; I know your heart, and I will trust my life in your hands. It has known no love save that which you have taught it, and I am only happy when you are near."

But the words of the gossip were fresh in her memory, the humiliation which they roused still ragged hotly in her breast.

With a low little laugh she turned from him to gather up the long train of her black dress, and her gray eyes grew bitter.

"You are far too generous," she said, coldly. "I learned today that you are quite expected to ask me to marry you, Colin, by our kindly acquaintances. You have not disappointed them—you have asked me; but I am not yet so poor in soul if I am in purse. I will not marry you for the sake of keeping the old home, dear as it is. Thanks, Colin, for your generosity. I am not tempted; I take no advantage of it."

His face was quite white as she spoke those cold, hard words—she who had ever seemed so sweetly gentle, so softly womanly to him.

"You put it in a very singular way, but I suppose you mean that since you have no love for me, you will not marry me for any more material reason," he said at last. "I am glad of that; I would not buy a wife. But when you do accept the hand of some other man, Honor, my beautiful darling, pray heaven that he may love you as truly as I do. The old place is yours; I would not touch a leaf on any tree there. Good bye, dear. Forget that I have spoken to you in this way—forget that I, loving you, have been fool enough to fancy you cared for me!"

He turned from her and was gone from her before she could control her voice.

And when she stretched out her arms and cried: "Colin, my love, my darling, come back! Do not go from me! I love you—I love you!" he was too far away to hear or heed; and only a bird perched on a branch far above her head, saw the girl fling herself down among the grasses of Maytime and sob as if her heart would break.

It did not comfort her so very much after all, to know that now no gossip could say she had "jumped at the chance" of becoming Colin Delorme's wife.

How very poor a thing the pride which she had vindicated by rejecting him seemed to her, as she wept passionately for the chance of happiness flung away for words from the lips of a pair of vulgar women who were no more to her than any other disagreeable strangers!

"I will tell him the truth to-night," she whispered when she was calmer. "He loves me; he will forgive me for my folly."

But when she reached the house she was told that Colin Delorme had gone to the city on urgent business and would return the following evening by the 7 o'clock train.

Such a long night, such a long day, as those were to poor Honor in her misery of remorse! But at last they were over, and in a few moments the whistle which announced the arrival of the train at the small station below would shriek on the evening air.

From a window of her room she knew she could see the smoke from the engine a mile away, and at one point, where the track ran like a thread across an open space, somewhat elevated, she could catch sight of the line of carriages ere the shriek of the whistle told that they were about to stop.

The puffs of smoke showed here and there among the tree tops as she looked forth, then like a long black serpent, the train darted around the curve and sped out on the bridge.

There was a swaying of the train, a sudden crash, which reached her dully from the distance, and down through the shattered brickwork luddled the engine and three of the carriages attached to it—down but a few feet, it is true, but at the bottom was death to many—perhaps for Colin Delorme.

Honor did not cry out, did not faint but a sudden fierce strength seemed to be infused into her slight figure, as she sprang toward the door and darted through. Down the corridor, down the stairs, out at the hall door she ran like a creature flying for her very life.

In the drive a horse and buggy were standing; his host was to drive to the station for Colin.

Hatless, cloakless, with bare arms and shoulders gleaming from the blackness of her dinner dress, she sprang into the vehicle and caught up the reins.

The servant at the horse's head made way for her with a frightened glance at her white face and dilated eyes.

She turned the animal and dashed down the drive, out at the gates and on at a gallop along the highway.

It seemed an eternity to her before she reached the wrecked train, and others were there before her.

Still white as death, still silent, she drew rein, and leaping out, darted

into the crowd, which was endeavoring to extricate the crushed and mangled passengers from the debris about them.

One was drawn forth as she reached the group, and at last her lips unclosed to give forth a cry of anguish.

Was that shapeless, bleeding, moaning mass, of which she saw nothing to recognize as human save a blood-stained hand, and a few tresses of nut-brown hair—was that the man she loved?

She pushed the men aside frantically, and was trying to win her way to the dying man, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a voice that made her heart thrill, said:

"Honor, this is no place for you. Go home, my dearest. Even a man's heart faints before such horrors as this."

She clung to him with both hands trembling, sobbing, laughing—in short, nearly mad with joy.

"Colin! my love—my love, you are safe—uninjured?" she cried, incoherently. "I feared—I feared— You are safe Colin, dear Colin!"

"Safe, and blessed beyond measure to know you care." And he drew one of the hands that clung to him to his lips. "I was in the smoking car. I am unhurt, Honor; but many a poor fellow is perhaps dying while I talk to you. Go back, my love, and let me give all the aid I can; for every man who lies dying here be sure some woman's heart will break today."

"As mine would have broken had you died," she whispered, releasing him.

And he joined the many who were working for the lives of the unfortunate passengers, while she returned to her cousin's, confident of the existence of a God of Mercy.

Six months later, when a notice of the marriage of Colin Delorme and Honor Campbell appeared, Mrs. Gay's acquaintance of the venomous tongue met and accosted her.

"I told you that if Colin Delorme proposed to Miss Campbell she would not be such an imbecile as to refuse him and let the property be divided, and you see I was right," she said, exultantly.

And Mrs. Gay could not tell her—for she did not know—that, owing to her own idle and ill-natured words, not property, but two hearts that loved had been very nearly divided.—New York Journal.

Hazing at West Point.

At most of our colleges hazing has been suppressed. I thought it a dead letter at West Point, but the latest information from the military academy is to the contrary. It is not necessary to mention names. That would cause hard feelings, but it can be done if required. At the summer encampment there was one of the worst cases of hazing on record, the details of which have been suppressed. A young cadet was "exercised" so severely that for three weeks his life was despaired of. To "exercise" a victim is to require him to stoop down as low as possible and hop along on both feet, in a sitting posture, till exhaustion ensues. The cadet in question was exercised till he fainted, when his persecutors fled. When he revived he crawled to the tent of the guard to make complaint. There he fainted again. The officer of the guard questioned him when he came to.

"Have you been exercised?" he asked, roughly. "Yes, or no? Quick!"

"Yet," breathed the sufferer, fainting a third time. Reviving, he gave the name of the leader of the "gang." A surgeon was summoned and the youth was borne to the hospital, where he lay at the point of death for three weeks. The utmost care was used in moving him, his heart action being so weak that the slightest roughness would have caused its cessation.

Of course, the hapless victim was ostracized for telling the name of his persecutor, and his life has been made miserable ever since. The leader of the "gang" was punished by the authorities by being required to walk for an hour and a half a day, with a sentry behind him, in the presence of the whole school. It goes without saying that the boys regarded him as a martyr.—New York Press.

Appreciative.

"I'd give anything for your voice," said an auditor to an ambitious amateur vocalist.

"Glad you like it," replied the gratified tenor.

"It would be so useful in my business."

"What are you engaged in?"

"I'm a fish peddler."

One of the best-paid governesses in the world is the King of Spain's. She receives \$4,500 a year.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEP TO ONE BREED.

There is no need for the average farmer to go in for thoroughbred fowls. The desired results can be obtained by buying every year the necessary number of thoroughbred males and marketing all the cockerels. Choose one breed and stick to it. If you try one breed one year and another the next all the valuable points of various breeds will be lost.—New York World.

WATER FROM A SPRING.

It is quite easy to raise water from a spring as much as eighteen feet below the level of a building, and ninety feet from it, by an ordinary well-made pump. The pipe need not be more than one inch in diameter, as this will supply as large a quantity of water as any house or stable or barn will require. To avoid freezing in the pipe it should be laid below the surface out of reach of frost, and the pump should be set over a dry well six or more feet deep. The water should be drawn off from the pump by making a small hole in the pipe far enough below the surface to prevent freezing. A check valve should be placed at the lower end of the pipe, in the spring, to retain the water in the pipe.—New York Times.

TURKEYS ROOSTING ON TREES.

Turkeys are so little removed from their wild state that they will not bear confinement as well as other kinds of domestic fowls. In all our experience, when they are about half grown, it was impossible, except by closing it, to keep them in the hen house at night. They have an irresistible propensity to roost on trees. We believe it is generally better for them to do so, at least while warm or moderate weather continues. In the trees they are free from the vermin which will almost always be found in hen houses in hot weather. The more active varieties of barnyard fowls often roost on trees in the summer. It is the older ones which mostly do this, and if they cannot be brought to the henhouse by the time cold weather comes it is better to mark them for the butcher. Hen houses in summer are usually too close. The air is bad, and in hot weather it is far more pleasant and we believe better for all full-grown fowls to roost out of doors. Usually cold weather will make most of them willingly roost in the hen house again.—Boston Cultivator.

TO PREVENT SCAB ON POTATOES.

A special circular recently issued by the New Jersey College experiment station gives the results of the application of sulphur to prevent scab and rot of both Irish and sweet potatoes. Upon one plot of ground sulphur was used at the rate of 300 pounds per acre. The freshly cut seed was rolled in the sulphur, and the balance of the sulphur sprinled in the open rows. Adjoining plots in the field had everything in common with the above except the addition of the sulphur. So striking were the results that when the sulphur was used the potatoes came out in fine shape, of large size and practically free from scab, while elsewhere in the field they were all, with rare exceptions, scabby and unmarketable. The sulphur remedy is said to be equally efficacious in preventing rot in sweet potatoes. The use of sulphur for preventing fungus diseases is nothing new, and its application to potatoes would naturally follow where it had proved of value in destroying fungi on other kinds of plants. Farmers who have had scabby potatoes this season should make a note of this popular sulphur preventive, and try it next planting time.—New York Sun.

EFFECT OF FOOD ON THE FLEECE.

To obtain wool of good quality and proper quantity the sheep should be well fed. The increase of the wool in length and resistance comes to a stop if the animal be deprived of the amount of food necessary for it. Well-fed sheep pay for the increased expense by the weight of the fleece and the better quality of the wool.

There is, however, an essential difference to be noted in long-wooled sheep. To much and too rich makes the wool of the short-wooled sheep too long, an inconvenience which has not to be feared in long-wooled varieties. When the sheep receives little food, or when that food given in sufficient quantities is not sufficiently nutritive, the wool preserves its fineness and acquires a certain length, but its resistance fails. It is deprived of grease, which makes it weak, harsh to the touch and dry as flax.

Regularity in distribution of the

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

HINTS ABOUT THE TABLE.

For a good meal of several courses, it is no longer good form to lay the knives, forks and spoons that are to be used at each cover at the beginning of the meal. No more than four sets are placed at first; say, the oyster fork, the soup spoon, the fish knife and fork for the first relieves of meat. Other eating implements are added with each course that follows. This plan prevents embarrassment to the guest who is not used to sixteen courses, and does not forestall the appetite of one who is.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

TO CLEAN ECRU LACE.

To clean ecru lace, which has become too dusty and soiled for further use, give it a dry bath in flour. About a quart of flour should be put into a bowl, the lace dipped into it, and then rubbed and squeezed with the hands as if the flour were water. After it has received a good shaking, it will look as fresh and good as ever. Lace should never be ironed, for by so doing, it is robbed of its fine appearance. Black lace may be revived, and saved from the "rusty" look that is wont to come with wear, by washing it in equal quantities of milk and water.

THE WOODEN WATER PAIL.

"It is a wonder to me how the human system resists disease," said an eminent physician and bacteriologist in a chat on domestic hygiene and sanitation. "I had occasion to make a professional call at a house the other day and wanting some water, went to the family pail to get it. The pail was nearly empty, and as I tipped it up to see the condition of its contents a spasm of nausea struck me. It is perfectly safe to say that there was a quarter of an inch of slime and gelatinous deposits in the inside of that time-honored receptacle. I went to the well to draw some fresh water, and the old oaken bucket was just as slimy, just as green, and just as covered with sediment as the water pail. It was not exactly the thing to tell the family that their careless habits were in danger of costing them their lives, but all the same I wanted to do it. I slyly cleaned out bucket and water-pail before I was satisfied to use the water to mix medicine for my patient. I would have enjoyed a microscopic examination of the coating on the inside of that pail just to see how many microbes, bacteria, infusoria, bacilli, et al., there were to the square inch. Untold millions no doubt."

It is not always easy to exercise proper care in regard to such matters, and from force of habit people have come to be indifferent about them, many times because they are unaware of the dangers that threaten from such sources.—New York Ledger.

RECIPES.

Cabbage Salad—One quart finely shaved cabbage, two teaspoonfuls salad oil or melted butter, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, one-half cupful vinegar, one teaspoonful sugar. Boil and pour hot on cabbage.

Celery Toast—Cut the tender, white celery left from dinner into inch pieces, cook in a very little water twenty minutes or until tender, add sweet cream or milk, season to taste, and pour over slices of toasted bread. Serve hot.

Peach Pudding—Slice a dozen ripe peaches into a deep dish, sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of white sugar and let them stand an hour. Make a custard and when partly cold pour over the peaches. Set in a cool place for several hours.

Tripe Stewed in Milk—Get fresh tripe, cut one and one-half pounds in small pieces, chop one or two onions and cook all in one quart of milk forty-five minutes. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and one of butter blended in a little cold milk.

Celery Soup—Boil large head of celery in quart of water half an hour. In another vessel boil one pint milk, a slice of onion and small piece of mace; blend a tablespoonful of butter with one of flour and two of cold milk and add to hot milk; salt and pepper; mash celery in the water in which it cooked and strain altogether; serve very hot.

Deep Apple Pie—Fill earthenware pudding dish with sliced apples, cover with one cup of sugar and two of cold water. Make a light paste with two cups of flour, one-quarter pound each of lard and butter. Put strips around edge of dish, place a cup upside down in middle of apples and cover all with paste, pinching edges together. Bake in a hot oven half an hour.