

WAITING.

How lonely it is to listen
For the steps I hold so dear;
To fancy they're coming near,
To their own loved home.
Yet never a sound to hear,
Save the ceaseless beat of my anxious heart,
That throbs like a "muffled bell,"
To reckon the time
By its dreary chime
Is sadder than words can tell.
Yet greater far the anguish
Had hope of their coming led
Where the darling one,
That in storm and sun
Has been my world since we were wed,
Were he lying asleep among the dead,
Then life would be a shoreless sea,
And my shattered bark
Would drift in the dark,
And soon be wrecked in misery!
But who can paint my rapture
When his steps are at the door?
And his kindly eyes
Light the midnight skies
With a glory the sun never wore,
Then joy awakes and sings in my heart,
While earth seems "a heaven below."
As I find in his kiss
That exquisite bliss
Which only the loving know.
—New Orleans Times Democrat.

MRS. BRIGGS' CLERK.

HE was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim, and when she saw him he was eating a crust out of the gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough itself, heaven knew; but, she said he looked a little like what her Tom might if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him: "Come here, sonny," she said; and the boy obeyed. Before she could speak again, he said: "I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything. I didn't do it. I ain't so mean." "Didn't do what?" said the pleasant old woman. "Break your winder," said the boy nodding his head toward a shattered pane. "Why, I broke that myself, with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I ain't strong enough to lift them, that's the fact. I'm getting old." "If I'm around here when you shut up, I'll do it for you," said the boy. "I'd just as soon. What was that you wanted me for?" "I want to know what you was eating that dry crust out of the gutter for?" was the reply. "Hungry," he said. "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there, after it's too dark for a policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty." "I'll give you some that's clean," said the old woman. "That will be begging," he said. "No," she said, "you can sweep the store and pavement, and put up the shutters for it." "Very well," he said. "Thankee, then. If I sweep up first, I'll feel better." Accordingly she brought him a broom, and he did the work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter. He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was 12 years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life. The antecedents were not elevating, but the boy seemed good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—"his living and a bed under the counter." When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy, whom no one knew, did Mrs. Briggs really want to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business by introducing candies and chewing gum. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old molasses candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for peanuts. And in the evening after the shop was shut up she began to take him into her confidence. Her great dream was to buy herself into a home for the aged. It would cost her \$100. She was saving for it. She had been saving for three years, and had \$15 of it. But it cost so much to live, with ten 25 cents per quarter and loaves so small; and she had been sick, and there was the doctor and Mrs. Jones' Maria Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop. After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them, as though he had brought a blessing. One night in the spring she took the bag from under the pillow, and counted what it had. It was \$30. "And I'll begin to make kites tomorrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you'll see the custom it will bring. If a little shaver sees the

kites he'll spend all he has for 'em and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick darts and chewing-gum. I know boys." "You're a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand. It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked the crust out of the gutter, and he wore clean, whole clothes, though they were made of very coarse cloth. "How wrong all the neighbors were!" she said. "That boy is the comfort of my life." "So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow, and slept. Far on in the night she awoke. The room was utterly dark; there was not a ray of light; but she heard a step upon the floor. "Who is that?" she cried. There was no answer, but she felt that there was some one leaning over the bed; then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bar, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from the open door and some confused noises. Then she sprang to the door, and hurried into the little shop. "Dick! Dick!" she cried. "Dick! Dick! help! wake up! I'm robbed!" There was no answer; the door into the street was wide open, and by the moonlight that poured through it she quickly saw, as she peeped under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone. Gone! Gone! Oh, that was worse to Granny Briggs than even the loss of her money, for she had trusted him, and he had deceived her. She had loved him, and he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he robbed her. When the dawn had broken the wise neighbors came into granny's shop to find her crying and rocking to and fro, and said they had told her so; she only shook her head. Life had lost its interest for her. Her occupation was gone, but not with her savings. Money was but money, after all; he had come to be the only thing she loved, and Dick had robbed her. It was 10 o'clock. Granny sat mourning by the kitchen hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones, from upstairs, "was seeing to things" and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in. "Mrs. Briggs?" he said. "Here she is," said Mrs. Jones. "Yes, I'm the wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs. "Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the officer. "There's a boy there, and some money." "Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him!" But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her on her arm. "The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad he's caught; you'll get your money back." And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way and cared nothing for the money. And soon they were at their destination. Then, not before, the policeman turned to the two women. "It's pretty bad," he said. "They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death!" "Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?" cried Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had it done for half the money. Let him go with it, if it's any comfort to him." "I beat him!" said the man. "Well, women have the stupidest heads. Why, if I hadn't got up when I did he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummeling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver, I tell you, I never saw the like." "You sha'n't take granny's money from her," says he, and he fought like a tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it for all I know. "Oh, Dick, Dick! I know you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you," and then she wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit of money!" And so she knelt beside the still, pale face upon the pillow, and kissed it and called it tender names. And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered: "I was so afraid he'd get off with it, granny, if he killed me, and you in such high hopes last night." He did not know what she meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near to death. Dick did not die. He got well at last, and went back to the little shop. And, though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the old ladies' home; for long before she died Dick was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city, and his handsome house was hers, and she was happy.—Waverly.

MEANEST WOMAN IN CHELSEA.

The meanest woman in Chelsea has been found. She engaged a poor washwoman at fifteen cents an hour, and during the job set the clock back an hour. The trick was discovered, and the mean woman's husband paid the proper amount, declaring that he had been known as a mean man himself, but this beat any of his performances.—Chelsea, (Mass.) Record.

THE FARM AND HOME.

SOME ESSENTIAL THINGS ABOUT COLT BREAKING.

Few Men Who Are Competent to Undertake It—A Splendid Garden—Potatoes—Sheep Shearings and Home Hints.

Breaking a Colt.

Very few there are that are fit subjects to break or handle a colt. A man may know just how it ought to be done, but still be unable to do it. There are two very essential things regarding colt breaking. First, you must be a man of courage, and second, you must be blessed with a mild disposition, and be a true lover of the class of animals you are handling. If you have an ungovernable temper, don't ever undertake to break a colt. There are times when the whip must be applied, but all men do not know when to stop whipping after they once commence. Two or three smart blows with the whip is far better than double the number half as smart. Don't keep continually hitting the colt for every little offence, and don't keep tapping him along on the road, but when you find him unwilling to obey the word of command hit him once or twice, and hit him hard, then put up the whip. You will find him very apt to start the next time you speak to him. I believe in the biting bridle, says a writer in the American Cultivator, for it gives the colt a good mouth and accustoms him to the check, so when you hitch him up he is not in the least troubled with either check or bit, which is very annoying to him until he becomes well used to them. Harness the colt and drive him about several times, teaching him to back and start at the word of command before hitching him to sleigh or wheels, when you do hitch him have your harness strong, and so regulated that you want have to unbuckle any straps. Then if you happen to get into a scrape and want to detach the colt quickly from the cart, you can do so.

Never leave off the kicking strap until the colt has been driven long enough to be thoroughly broken, no matter how kind he may appear. If you wish to be safe, keep on the strap at least two months. We read and hear about controlling bits, but they are no good. There is not a bit of earth that will prevent a colt or horse from kicking, and a harsh bit of any kind is the worst thing you can put into the mouth of a colt or a puller. Once in a while you will find a horse that requires a jaw-breaking bit, but they are few and far between, and are generally not worth the price of the bit. A good-sized leather-covered bit, and a nose strap buckled tight enough to keep the mouth closed, will control any ordinary puller or colt, and will not fret or chafe them. When you first start out with your colt he is very apt to want to start off quickly. It is better to indulge him in this at first rather than to pull him back, as he will settle down after going a short distance, and if you pull or yank him, he is very apt to balk, and it is better always to avoid balking if possible.

Colts differ in intelligence, the same as children, and as a rule the better bred the more they know and the less apt they are to forget. I would much rather face a locomotive with a well-bred, high-strung colt than with a lunkhead. The well-bred colt has confidence in his driver, but the lunkhead never. The dull colt never sees an object until he comes in contact with it; then his first impulse is to get away; but the bright, clear-headed colt sees ahead, and by the time he comes up to the very thing that has scared the dull colt, has, with the aid of his driver, reasoned the object out, and nine times out of ten will go past the object without shying.

Take great care when unhitching the colt to see that he don't start out with a holdback or some other strap hitched. When you hitch the colt for a drive compel him to stand a few moments after he is hooked to the carriage. This will teach him to wait until you are ready. Give him short drives at first, and never drive long enough to get him leg-weary. Always drive him a good road gait, making him road over the little hills and well up to the large ones. By so doing you teach your colt to become a good road horse, which will make him very valuable even if he never trots fast. Teach him to be a good walker, and whenever you find him lagging at the walking gait touch him up. He will soon learn to walk well, which is very essential to a good horse.

Splendid Garden.

My garden is ten rods long and eight wide. I plow as soon in the spring as it gets dry enough to work. While plowing I call all my heus in, say 150, to pick up the worms; they have a feast. The next day I harrow fine, and plant and do all I can to keep the hens at work to get rid of worms. I then sow all small seed in rows the whole length of the garden, as straight as a line can be drawn, 28 inches apart, raking wide enough for one row, and draw line and mark with end of hoe handle close to line about an inch deep. Then I sow the seeds, such as beets, lettuce, onions, cabbage, carrots, spinach, parsnips, tomatoes, etc., remove the line and pat the dirt on the seeds with the back of the rake, so as to cover the seeds about half an inch deep, and they will always grow. Next I rake enough for another row and sow, and so on until all the small seeds are sown. I plant two rows of English multiplier onions—one row of large and one row of small—in the same way, only I use the corner of the hoe for a marker, for they must be planted deeper, and

a couple of rows of peas a foot apart; cover as before with the back of the rake and pat the soil firm; they are sure to grow. Treat cucumbers, squash, beans, etc., the same only farther apart; potatoes, 3 feet; corn, 8 1/2 feet. The whole garden is planted in rows lengthwise. It is a great pleasure to run a good cultivator up and down between the rows and see the weeds turn up their toes and die. Try this plan, dear reader. I let hens roam over my garden all they wish, and somehow they don't scratch up anything, perhaps because I feed them every day and have no dog. It may be they don't know where the seeds are. One thing I know, all passer-by look with admiration, and often say: "Oh, see what a splendid garden; I never saw the like of it."—Germantown Telegraph.

Value of Pumpkins.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives some figures to prove the value of pumpkins as a food for stock. He tells of a friend who is a thorough farmer and keeps a dairy. Last year the September drouth found him with ten fresh cows and a scarcity of pasture. He had a fine crop of well-ripened pumpkins, and for three months he fed them regularly, feeding most of them in the barn-yard. No attention was made to taking out the seeds, but the cows ate few of them, as most of them fell out on the ground and were eaten by three hogs kept in the yard. The hogs got their share of the pumpkins, and when eating them regularly would drink neither swill nor water. When the pumpkins were gone, it was necessary to feed seven pecks of corn, ground cob and all, per cow. He says: "My friend estimates that his pumpkins saved 200 bushels of ears of corn, or \$62 worth. A few were fed before the main crop was drawn, but 40 top-box loads (the box holds 50 bushels of apples) were put in one of the feed passages of the barn basements and fed from there. This man's estimate makes them worth about \$1.50 per load, a much higher value than is commonly awarded to them.

Pumpkins matured very finely this season, and were very ripe, thick and nutritious. My friend thinks as I do—that pumpkins do not injure the corn crop in which they grow. It is possible that they take something from the soil that would be used by the succeeding crop, but this is difficult to determine, and in the absence of definite knowledge on this point, it will be safe for dairymen to grow pumpkins on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Sheep Shearings.

Grain will make the animals grow larger and improves the quality of the mutton.

There will be less waste in feeding hay if it is scattered thin in the feeding racks.

Many consider that Southdown wool is about the strongest grown on domesticated sheep.

Use all reasonable care to save all of the lambs, as losing them cuts materially into the profits.

It is a good plan to sow some millet or Hungarian hay, especially for feeding the sheep in winter.

It is often the case that one or two dogs will wipe out in one night all of the profits of a flock of sheep for the season.

All things considered it rarely pays to wash the wool before shearing; the difference in the price rarely pays for the work.

Wet, dirty wool on the sheep makes a breeding place for maggots; they will increase rapidly and will destroy the animal.

Scab, foot rot and liver trouble are all diseases that are induced by lack of thrift. A poor shepherd makes poor sheep.

So long as so many are so careless in feeding and dressing muttons for market, there will be a prejudice against mutton.

Home Hints.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

When the taste of the cook has become vitiated by the tasting of many dishes, a swallow of milk will restore the delicacy of the palate, so says an old authority on the cuisine.

Common sulphur will kill or drive away the little, fish-shaped, silvery pest which infests our pantry. Sprinkle the sulphur freely about, and the place will soon be cleared of the vermin.

A hole in a garment may be patched so deftly that the defect will be scarcely visible. The patch should be fitted into the aperture with the greatest accuracy, and should be overhanded to the surrounding edges.

The writing paper most in vogue is a large, square sheet of clear white, which folds once and fits into a large, square envelope. A cipher or small monogram in gold or silver is liked, though a number of people have the house address on the flap of the envelope, so that if the letter is misdirected it can be returned.

To remove freshly spilled milk from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold, sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black; then wash with cold water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

"This man has a helpful wife," once remarked a well-known economist who had incidentally partaken of the hospitality of a simple household. "Why do you say that?" queried an observant fellow-guest. "I saw a darn in her exquisitely white tablecloth, and it was finer and more ornamental in my eyes than the most delicate embroidery."

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

EASY DEATH WITH A BULLET THROUGH THE HEART.

The First Experience in Battle and a Fight in a Virginia Wood—How It Feels to Stand Face to Face With Death.

In every soldier's memory the first experience of battle is impressed with a vividness not equaled by any other event in life, writes Colonel E. V. Semple. We of the Seventh Ohio Infantry received our first baptism of fire in West Virginia in an affair which was scarcely more than a skirmish, and is long since forgotten by all except the men engaged in it. It occurred at a place called Cross Lanes and our antagonist was General Floyd, of Georgia. I shall never forget the strange sensation when I saw a long line of men in gray march out of the woods, and realized that they were the enemy; nor shall I forget the thrill of excitement when a flash of fire swept along the gray line and the bullets rang about our ears, cut the grass about our feet and chipped splinters from the rails of the old fence behind which we lay.

In that fight the captain of my company was killed at my side, says a writer in the Northwest Magazine. We were outnumbered and defeated, and we retreated sullen and dejected for two days across a mountain wilderness to our base of operations at Charleston.

Our next taste of the wild excitement of battle was at Winchester, in Virginia, where three brigades of northern troops fought stubbornly with Stonewall Jackson's army all one afternoon, and at last drove the enemy from the field. That was my first experience of charging a battery. Our brigade had been lying for some time on the slope of a hill, supporting two of our batteries, which were pounding away at the enemy's guns half concealed in the woods across a narrow valley.

It was a beautiful spring day, the leaves were pushing out on the branches and the grass was green, and I remember that the robins sang in the intervals of the thunder of the cannon. Our general came riding up and shouted: "We're ordered to take the rebel battery; men, will you do it?" Of course we all yelled, "We will," although I doubt if there were many in the brigade that felt any strong desire for that sort of business. We made a long detour through the woods, dumped our blankets and haversacks in a field, keeping only our cartridge boxes and canteens; then we moved forward again in column by divisions of two companies front, keeping as still as possible, but the tramping of 2,000 men among the dry leaves and twigs of the forest made a great subdued roaring noise.

My company, with the Oberlin company, formed the front line. Suddenly there came a crackling of musketry from among the trees—the fire of the enemy's picket guard. The orderly sergeant of the Oberlin company, a noble young man to whom I was deeply attached, fell dead, shot through the forehead. We were ordered to take the quickest step. Before we could see what was in our front we drew the fire of the battery, and the grapeshot and canister passing over our heads brought down the leaves and limbs of the trees in a green shower. Soon all order was lost, and the men were huddled together in a ravine some firing at the flash of the guns and some taking shelter behind trees. It took perhaps half an hour for the officers to form a ragged line and get the men down to the steady work of loading and firing.

There was a stone wall across the open field in the front of us and from this wall came jets of fire. I lay on my back behind a little knoll, loaded my gun, raised myself on my elbows just far enough to see the flashes from the stone wall, and fired at them. After awhile I observed that the man next to me in the line was lying motionless, and having just been promoted to the rank of sergeant. I thought it my duty to improve him for not attending to his business; so I said to him: "Why don't you load and fire?" He made no reply. His face had the flush of battle upon it and his eyes were wide open. Then I noticed that my hand was wet with blood, and looking down, saw that he had been shot through the heart. I thought how easy and pleasant death must be to come in this way, with not even conscious pain enough to change the expression of the face before life is blotted out.

Twice Shot Through.

Lieutenant Muncie, of the Sixty-first Georgia Regiment, was a very remarkable man. He was slender, cadaverous-looking man, with apparently no physical strength, yet he lived through what would have killed a dozen ordinary men, and is alive to-day. In the early part of the war he was shot through and through. The ball struck the breast bone and shattered it, passed through his body and came out within an inch of his spine, between two ribs. After a desperate struggle for life he recovered and regained his regiment. At the battle of Monocaccas Creek he was again wounded, the ball entering between the corresponding ribs on the other side of his spine, and issuing from the same hole that the first entered at. The second shot must have taken the passage inside Muncie's body that the first ball made in going in the opposite direction. He was in prison later and appeared to suffer no unusual pain.—Chicago Herald.

Crazed by Her Loss.

The sale of her home to satisfy a mortgage so preyed on the mind of Mrs. William Fisher of Atco, Camden county, N. J., that she became violently insane.

THE GHOST AT IDA'S GRAVE.

Guarded Her Coffin Against the Desecration of the Body-Snatcher.

The German Lutheran cemetery is situated in close proximity to Grace-land, says the Chicago Herald, and in are buried thousands of what were once good, sensible, jolly Germans of Chicago, both male and female. One of the bodies that lies there is that of a stout hardware dealer who used to keep a prosperous store on Milwaukee avenue, near Noble street. He was taken sick one day and died, and his family shortly after got into straitened circumstances. His pretty young daughter, Ida by name, likewise sickened and died. Her death occurred at the hospital, and some of the features of the disease which carried her off were of unusual interest from a purely scientific standpoint. As no body had claimed the body for a day or two orders were given to have it taken to the dissecting-room and there have it explored for the benefit of budding M. D's. But the mother of the girl all the while had been exerting herself among her friends to raise money enough to afford her poor child a decent burial, and at last she had succeeded. So just in the nick of time the old mother presented herself at the county hospital and claimed and obtained the body of her child. On the same day was the funeral. What followed is given here on the authority of William Zengg, who at the time was employed as gravedigger around the German Lutheran cemetery.

It appears that a hanger-on at one of the medical colleges took it upon himself to disinter the body of the young girl and turn it over, in exchange for a snug little sum, to the janitor of that college. As this resurrectionist on a moist, foggy night in October, 1887, approached the newly made grave of his intended victim he was startled and scared beyond measure by the apparition of a stout husky man looking straight and threateningly at him. The apparition was that of the recently deceased father of the dead girl, keeping watch at the grave of his daughter to guard it against desecration. The would-be grave robber was so utterly demoralized by the unearthly sight that met his eyes that he threw down his tools—spade and all—and fled.

Potatoes Growing Like Pease.

Wellbaugh and Chening in their explorations in the Colombian Andes, have discovered a species of potato the vines of which were covered with well developed tubers growing in the open air like pease or tomatoes. Each potato is protected by a thin film or membrane, not unlike that which envelops the "ground cherry." They do not grow in clusters, each being given plenty of space in which to thoroughly mature. The natives say that during the dry season the membrane surrounding each potato is filled with water, which in a measure protects it from the rays of the sun.

Astute Canucks.

The French-Canadians of Lewiston, Me., have an electric trick that throws most Yankee devices in the shade. It has been discovered that several of the astute Canucks voted in one ward under their French names and in another under the equivalents thus: In ward 1, Antoine Boisvert; in ward 2, Antoine Greenwood.

Labor Item.

"Doing anything now, Bill?"
"Oh, yes, I'm kept busy all the time."
"Ah, glad to hear it. What are you doing?"
"Looking for a 'oh.'—Texas Siftings.

CONFAB AND COMMENT.

"Did you see Jobson's portrait in the Bugle?" "No. What was he cured of?" "Yankee, I guess, after he saw the picture."

To some of his auditors a great preacher always seemed to act as if he thought he was doing the bible a great honor by selecting a passage from it for his text.

"What is the main'n av that black eye, Dinis?" "That is a marruk of esteem." "Av esteem?" "Yis; Oi esteemed myself a greater fighter nor Mike McMannus."

"Is Jones a Christian?" "Yes." "To what denomination does he belong?" "None. He is only a Christian as yet. He hasn't been converted long enough to become a sectarian."

One of the questions that agitate the bosom of the young man of to-day is whether the girl he admires sings popular songs because she likes them or simply to test his affection.

Jennie—"Is there any test to ascertain the genuineness of a diamond without consulting a jeweler?" Minnie—"Cousin Bob says you can find out by soaking it, but I never thought to ask him in what."

"We don't place any value on things till we lose them," said Mrs. Smith. "That's so," said the Widow Jones; "I never knew what a good husband I had lost until I heard the minister preach his funeral sermon."

"I don't see how you ever let such a mistake as 'the editor lies like a pirate' for the editor begs leave to explain" get into print," said the advertising clerk. "You must have lost your head entirely." "Yes," mournfully assented the proofreader, writing out a little "Situation Wanted" advertisement and handing it over the counter, "I have."

Mrs. A. Plomb enters a crowded street car with admirable self-possession. She advances to a middle-aged man with an apologetic countenance and exclaims effusively, "Why, how do you do, Mr. Blank? I'm so glad to see you!" Of course it is not Mr. Blank, and she knows it, and of course she secures the seat which he relinquishes in her favor. Alas! who can withstand the wiles of a wily woman?