

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

There's a bugaboo that unfurled minds  
See peeping at them as their life path winds  
Among the foot-hills, ere they gain the  
height  
Above the clouds where all is pure and  
bright.  
Each soul who climbs has felt the tortur-  
ing fear  
Caused by the presence, either far or  
near.  
Of this uncanny creature. Such is life  
For all who gain the heights beyond the  
strife.  
But, soul, be strong of purpose and of  
heart:  
Keep to your upward path, and do your  
part  
Of the world's work, unmindful of the  
pain  
Which oft does bring to men life's greatest  
gain.  
For conquered fear doth have a strength  
behind  
That you may search for elsewhere and  
not find.  
And this which makes you tremble, and  
grow faint,  
This thing so ghoulish that no words  
can paint  
Its evil aspect in the stronger light  
You'll find a thing to smile at, not to fight.  
'Tis nothing in itself, but by our fear  
We give that power it has to cut or rear  
These foolish hearts of ours; so speed the  
day  
When we will banish fear from out our  
way:  
And tread with steadfast hearts by faith,  
or sight,  
That upward path that leads to truth and  
right;  
And scared no more, though passing  
through the wood,  
By that strange creature called misunder-  
stood.  
—Adelle E. Burch, in Minneapolis Prog-  
ress.

## AWAY FROM THE OLD HOME.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

Such a dear old home it was. Nestling  
down in an old-fashioned garden, with  
an orchard full of old, rough, weather-  
beaten apple trees behind it, while an  
outer circle of ancient elms leaned  
reverently over it like faithful guardi-  
ans. The low, red house, with its broad  
wings, made you think of a mother  
bird brooding over her well-filled nest.  
But the nestlings were all gone now—  
had wandered far from the old home  
which seemed to them shabbier and  
more cramped every time they came  
back for a short time.  
Only mother clung to it closer and  
closer as the years went by. When the  
busy sons and fashionable daughters  
called it lonely, and the grandchildren  
wandered all over its queer little nooks  
and corners, and remarked with open  
contempt upon the stiff old furniture  
and the tiny paneled windows, the good  
old lady listened and said nothing, but  
her heart throbbed with pain, as though  
she heard the maligning of some

remain in that gloomy old house alone.  
So, one sad day, overpowered by the  
sons and daughters who meant to be  
kind, mother went softly to and fro  
over the old house, taking leave of it all,  
and the last farewell was the visit to  
the mounds under the drooping elms  
where John slept and the first-born lit-  
tle son lay. Then, with a feeling that  
the world can never quite understand,  
she was driven away to the fine city res-  
idence—they don't call them homes  
now—where Alfred and his wife, who,  
for all her kindness, rather overpow-  
ered mother with her fine ways, had  
given her a stately room, and what  
was the most dreadful, she was sup-  
posed to keep it there alone by herself.  
Yes, they meant to be kind to her, but  
the city ways and style gave the old  
lady the feeling that she was in an asy-  
lum, and, in spite of all the grandeur,  
mother's wrinkled cheeks lost their  
soft pink like that of a half-wilted rose,  
and she began to grow feeble and worn,  
though everyone was so busy that it  
was passed unnoticed. She was pining  
for the old home, though she felt that it  
would seem ungrateful to say so, and  
then, somehow, to pray in the mag-  
nificent church, where she sat in a vel-  
vet-cushioned pew, did not seem to give  
her the help she prayed for, for God, as  
it seemed to her, was not as close as  
when she used to pray at home kneeling  
by that old table. If she could only go  
back and tell her friend all about it;  
just once kneeling where John used to  
come and join her. This feeling grew  
and grew, though, as there was no one  
to tell it to, she shut it up in her own  
lonely old heart.  
One summer morning she was miss-  
ing, and she could not be found, though  
they searched everywhere they could  
think she would be likely to wander,  
but in vain, she was gone. Then Al-  
fred recollected all at once that he had  
rather neglected his mother of late.  
His wife forgot her cultured calmness  
and joined in the search, weeping bit-  
terly. Henry left his desk for once  
and set the telegraph wires to work,  
and confusion and grief reigned su-  
preme, while the sons and daughters  
found their thoughts running back  
again to childhood and mother as they  
had not done for years. Hours passed,  
and no news came from the missing,  
then their fears and grief grew greater  
and stronger. Mother was gone.  
Perhaps she had gone home. The  
thought was sudden, and, too impatient  
to wait for trains not due for hours yet,  
they set off across the country in their  
carriages. As they drew near the old  
home they found news of the lost one.  
She had passed only about an hour be-

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### LOTS OF MONEY WASTED.

Which, if Properly Expended, Would  
Build Fine Country Roads.  
The problem we have to solve in Penn-  
sylvania is to endeavor to utilize the  
money and natural material at hand to  
the best advantage on our country  
roads. There is money enough expend-  
ed in this state year by year which, if  
judiciously and practically used, in the  
course of a very few years would "pike"  
all the principal thoroughfares in the  
state outside of the cities and boroughs.  
From the best obtainable statistics we  
find that for the year ended May 31, 1895,  
the road tax levied in the several coun-  
ties of Pennsylvania, outside the cities  
and boroughs, was \$3,622,708.76. This,  
of course, does not include Philadel-  
phia county. The total mileage of pub-  
lic roads in the same territory is 80,000  
miles. From the best obtainable infor-  
mation, confirmed by personal observa-  
tion over a large section of the state, I



THIS IS WHAT SOME FARMERS CALL  
A ROAD.

am satisfied that at least one-quarter of  
all the roads are not worked every year.  
This I believe to be a low estimate. This  
estimate leaves 60,000 miles of road ac-  
tually worked during the year, or an  
average expenditure of \$60 per mile.  
Now, if the provisions of the Flynn  
bill, passed by the last legislature, to-  
gether with some contemplated amend-  
ments, were enforced, we would have  
a network of good roads extending all  
over the state at small additional ex-  
pense, which would be a great boon  
to the traveling public and in time add  
thousands of dollars to the corporate  
wealth for every hundred expended.

The plan contemplated is to have the  
roads of the state divided into three  
divisions, namely: State, county and  
township roads. All roads leading to  
and from one county into another, con-  
necting county with county, I would  
classify as state roads, to be maintained  
by state appropriations. The second  
class would consist of the principal  
thoroughfares of the county leading to  
said state roads or arteries of commerce.  
These roads to be maintained by a spe-  
cial county tax under the direction of  
the county commissioners, according to  
the Flynn bill. I would also have  
the state appropriation above men-  
tioned placed at the disposal of the  
county commissioners, to be expended  
according to the conditions of the above  
bill. Said appropriation to be allotted  
to the county in proportion to the  
amount the county itself raised for good  
road improvement.

The third class would consist of the  
smaller roads or feeders to the county  
roads, which would be maintained by  
the regular township tax, under the di-  
rection of the supervisors, but upon a  
more scientific basis than is conducted  
in some parts at present.—A. B. Dun-  
ning, in Good Roads.

### USING THE SEPARATOR.

How to Get a Good Cream and the Most  
Satisfactory Results.

In running a separator do not have  
the milk needlessly warm. Mr. Waga-  
ner, instructor in butter making at  
Cornell university, teaches that 80 de-  
grees is better than a higher tempera-  
ture. He believes that probably the most  
important point in running a separa-  
tor is the thickness of the cream, and  
says: "Adjust your separator so that  
your cream will be as thick as you  
can churn. By this I mean as thick as  
can be and yet fall from end to end of  
a revolving churn and not stick to the  
sides when churning. Such cream will  
generally contain 35 to 45 per cent.  
of fat. I consider this a very important  
point. Cream containing 40 per cent.  
of fat will churn more quickly and leave  
less fat in the buttermilk at 55 degrees  
than will cream containing 18 to 20 per  
cent. at 60 degrees. The secret of quick  
churning at the very low temperature  
—52 to 55 degrees, which we know to  
be the best—is to have your cream very  
rich. This is an advantage you can-  
not secure from cold settings, it being  
difficult to obtain cream of this class  
with much over 18 to 20 per cent. of fat.  
The second point of great importance  
is to cool the cream at once to a low  
temperature—at least 55 degrees—and  
hold it there for a few hours before  
warming it up to ripen. Whenever in  
summer time we are troubled with  
cream that coagulates before it gets  
much acid, or with different churning,  
which some of us have, I feel sure that  
chilling the cream directly from the sepa-  
rator will help greatly. We shall get  
better grain, better flavor and more sat-  
isfactory results in every way. I be-  
lieve that this matter of careless hand-  
ling of cream after it is separated is the  
rock upon which many butter-makers  
split.

### Roman Road Construction.

The Roman roads were built on the  
Telford plan, with a substratum of  
heavy blocks of the stone most abun-  
dant in the neighborhood, covered with  
a layer of smaller stones or gravel. They  
were highest in the middle, with a  
trench on each side to carry off the  
water, and no trees or shrubs were al-  
lowed to grow within 10 paces on either  
hand. The population of the districts  
through which these highways passed  
were required to keep them in order  
and to cut down weeds and shrubbery  
within the proscribed distance.  
Bad milk will make bad butter, no  
matter how it is handled.

## TURNING MONEY OVER.

A Few of the Mistakes Made by Many  
Dairy Farmers.

A farmer who has quite a cream trade  
was heard to say that it was only "turn-  
ing money over." And while his re-  
ceipts from the sale of cream were con-  
siderable, yet there was a great deal of  
truth in his remark. It should not have  
been so, for the price paid him was a  
good one, and there was no railroad  
freight or commission bill to pay out  
of the sales. It is not a pleasant task to  
criticise anyone, least of all a farmer;  
but sometimes good comes of it, and we  
venture to point out his mistakes, hop-  
ing that we may thereby help some one.

In the first place, his trade is only for  
certain times in the year, and instead  
of having his cows fresh at that time he  
turns a bull loose among his cows and  
they come in without regard to times  
or seasons.

Then instead of getting a thorough-  
bred bull he raises one from one of his  
cows, sired by any bull that happened to  
be the nearest to his farm.

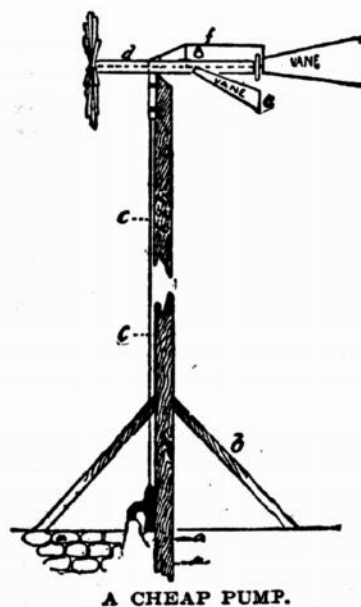
In times when prices were high some  
profit might be made in following such  
plans, or rather lack of plans, but now  
when prices are so very low these two  
causes alone are sufficient to change  
from profit to loss the whole business  
of dairying. I do not think that the  
present situation is at all just to the  
farmer, nor do I believe that affairs will  
always remain as they are now. I most  
ardently hope that after the election  
we will see better times, and every par-  
ticle of influence I possess will be used  
to further such means as I believe will  
bring about the desired end. But no  
man may tell when the better times  
are coming, and in the meanwhile we  
must make our calculations on the pres-  
ent basis of prices.

The only way to do this is to cheapen  
the cost of our salable product. Just  
how we are to do this is the most im-  
portant question that confronts our  
farmers, and it is one that must be an-  
swered or we will keep on going from  
bad to worse. It may be a thorough-  
bred bull will answer the question,  
or better feeding, or a silo, but just  
what it may be each one must decide  
for himself. It seems that sometimes  
we get into a certain way of doing  
things and keep on year after year  
whether we are being paid or not. This  
way of doing will not avail these times,  
however unjust it may be that things  
are as they are.—National Stockman.

### CHEAP WINDMILL.

Can Be Made at Small Expense by Any  
Ingenuous Farmer.

A windmill such as is portrayed below  
can be made by any ingenious farmer at  
a trifling expense. For an upright to  
place the windmill on, I use six by six  
inch elm scantling. Cut a two-inch  
strip four feet long from the center and  
run it down on the cribbing of the well.  
Two polls, (a, a) were riveted through  
upright to cribbing. Two braces (b)  
of two by four-inch scantling make the  
upright secure. To upper end of the  
upright is bolted a piece of old pump  
piping about two feet long for the  
sucker rod (c c) to work through as  
well as for the windmill to turn and face  
the wind. The crosspiece upon which  
the windmill works (d) contains a  
hole just large enough to allow it to turn  
easily on this pipe. The shaft from the  
windmill to pitman passes close at one  
side of the pipe. The tail or vane is put  
on the opposite side of the crosspiece  
to the fan and balances it. To prevent



A CHEAP PUMP.

the main vane from holding the fan too  
straight to the wind in a storm, I placed  
a smaller vane (e) at the side. Strong  
winds press against the smaller vane,  
turning the fan out enough to prevent  
breaking. The crosspiece is six by six  
inches. At about one-third of the dis-  
tance from the pipe to pitman is placed  
a standard (g) for a lever (f) to work on.  
These parts were made by a blacksmith.  
My windmill has been in operation over  
a year and since placing the smaller  
vane (e) on the side, I have had no  
trouble with it; before then, a storm  
would break the leaves.—Farm and  
Home.

### Better Firm Without Ice.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairy-  
man gives the following method of  
keeping butter firm without the use of  
ice: "Take a tight box (10 or 12 inches  
high, 12 to 14 inches wide and 18 to 24  
inches long) that can be got at any  
grocery store, put a loose shelf about  
five inches from the bottom on which to  
place the butter. Set a dish containing  
water in the bottom of the box and  
place the butter on the shelf. Take a  
piece of cloth large enough to well cover  
the shelf into the dish of water. Moisten  
the cloth, spread it over the butter and  
let the end drop into the dish of water,  
and it will take up the water so as to  
keep the butter cool and hard and free  
from salt crystals and in fine shape for  
table use. Toweling crash is the best  
cloth to use for the purpose. The box  
should have a cover."

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward  
for any case of Catarrh that can not be  
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.  
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe  
him perfectly honorable in all business  
transactions and financially able to carry  
out any obligations made by their firm.  
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, To-  
ledo, O.  
WALDING, KINWAY & MARVIN, Wholesale  
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,  
acting directly upon the blood and mucous  
surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bot-  
tle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials  
free.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy! Oh, where was he?  
He grabbed his water-cycle—and  
Went scorching o'er the sea.  
—Chicago Record.

### Mind Reading.

You can read a happy mind in a happy  
countenance without much penetration.  
This is the sort of countenance that the  
quandam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic re-  
lieved by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters  
wears. You will meet many such. The great  
stomachic and alterative also provides hap-  
piness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the  
weak, and those troubled with inaction of  
the kidneys and bladder.

KITSON—"A foolish New York artist has  
just married an Indian who posed for sev-  
eral of her pictures." Thatcher—"Well, I  
suppose she was looking for a model hus-  
band."—Philadelphia North American.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits,"  
says the philosopher. The umbrella bor-  
rowed by a friend should be excepted.—  
Boston Courier.

SAYS an exchange: "There are poems  
unwritten and songs unsung." That is  
what reconciles us to life.—Texas Siftings.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and  
bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

The man who works the hardest for the  
least pay is the one who has the biggest  
fortune.—Ram's Horn.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consump-  
tion an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lottz,  
1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

"Why is it called the honey-moon?" "Be-  
cause it accompanies the tide."—Up-to-Date.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest  
liver and bowel regulator ever made.

## Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.



### The Breakfast Cocoa

MADE BY  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED**

DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.  
NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA  
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS  
THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE  
ON EVERY CAN.

•AVOID IMITATIONS•

## PEARLINE

### Keep your eye on Pearline "ads."

If you use it already, you'll find hints here and  
there that will greatly help. There isn't a man,  
woman, or child but can be helped by Pearline.  
All these advertisements are meant for the  
good of Pearline (as soap), of course—to show  
you the best and easiest and cheapest way of  
washing and cleaning, and to lead you to use it.  
But if they do, they will have helped you  
far more than they will have helped Pearline. You have more at  
stake. All the money you could bring to Pearline (as soap), by using it,  
wouldn't be a drop in the bucket to the money you'd save by it.

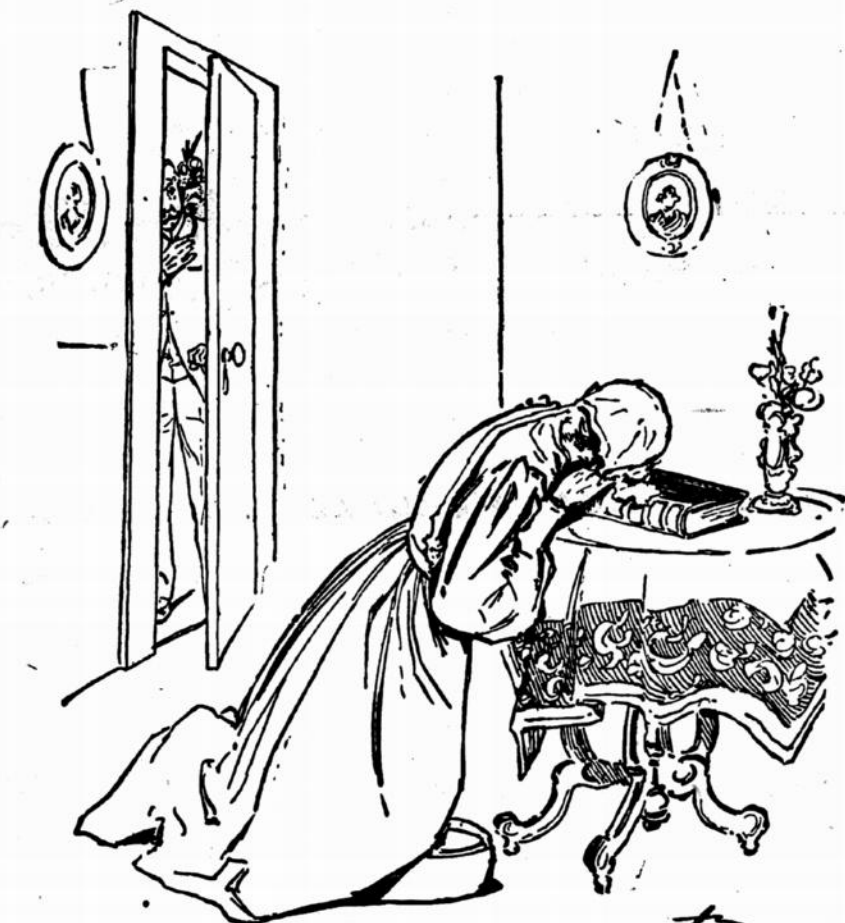
Millions of Pearline



"The New Woman."

## Battle Ax PLUG

The "new woman" favors economy,  
and she always buys "Battle Ax" for  
her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent  
piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as  
large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade  
brands. Try it yourself and you will see  
why "Battle Ax" is such a popular  
favorite all over the United States.



WITH HER OLD GRAY HEAD BOWED ON THE FAMILY BIBLE.

dear friend. "They don't know, of  
course," she thought, excusing them in  
her own gentle way. "Though to other  
eyes it may seem poor and old-fash-  
ioned, to me it can never be so, for it is  
the first and the only home that I ever  
had." And, after the sad, tender man-  
ner of the old, who only have a past and  
an empty present without a luring fu-  
ture here, she fell a-dreaming of by-  
gone days, when her faithful John  
brought her, a bride, to this dear old  
home, which seemed so grand and beau-  
tiful then. How could it ever seem lon-  
ely and humble to her, when it was so  
rich in a thousand happy, blessed recol-  
lections? Had not that been John's  
favorite rose bush? Had not she and  
John planted that very mountain ash  
together? And could the rooms ever  
seem empty and cramped to her when  
every nook and corner spoke to her  
sometimes of the living or of the dead  
as eloquently as tongues could do?

Here is where she used to sit and  
watch the fire on winter evenings, rock-  
ing the cradle as she knit. This dark  
spot on the worn floor is where baby  
Mary had spilled the ink while she sat  
there writing to the soldier father far  
away where the battle raged or on the  
long, dreary march. And here, beside  
the old-fashioned table, on which still  
lay the well-thumbed family Bible, she  
had knelt and prayed for 20 years with  
John—prayed for her little ones in tear-  
ful grief when he was gone—prayed for  
them when they, one by one, slipped  
from her arms out into the cold world,  
and where she still nightly bent her  
stiff old knees to pray for them and  
theirs.

Mother only loved the old house bet-  
ter as the years rolled on, but when  
grim old age had slowly crept upon her,  
it was decided in family council that  
she must make up her mind to come  
and live with one of them, for it was al-  
together out of the question for her to

fore, plodding wearily along the fa-  
miliar road, and with lightened hearts  
they hurried on. When they came to  
the leaning old gate, through the wet  
grass they could see a solitary pathway  
trodden by one who had first visited the  
low mound with the tiny one beside it,  
and from there on to the house. So,  
with tearful eyes, and not ashamed of  
their tears, either, the party tip-toed  
like children up the low rocky steps,  
through the hall and paused reverently  
at the door, with remorseful hearts that  
longed to tell the gentle old mother, as  
they were wont to do over some child-  
ish disobedience, that they "were  
sorry, mother."

The stillness of the house grew op-  
pressive while they stood uncertain,  
and, though they listened, there were no  
faint footfalls as of one going about  
after the fashion of one just getting  
home.

They softly pushed open the door of  
the old family sitting-room, and there,  
with her old gray head bowed on the  
family Bible, and a smile of joy and  
peace on her dear dead face, knelt  
mother, who had gone home to find rest  
and content with John, already there.

### As the Curtain Rose.

She—Don't you think something  
ought to be done toward uplifting the  
stage?

He—Yes; or perhaps something like  
the lowering of the bonnets would  
serve the same purpose.—Up-to-Date.

### Politically Put.

"So you and my daughter have con-  
cluded to get engaged, have you?" said  
the happy parent, as he shook his pros-  
pective son-in-law by the hand.

"Yes," said the airy young politician,  
"me and Mary have concluded to fuse."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The amaryllis is named in honor of  
the nymph whose story is told by Vir-  
gil in one of his shorter poems.