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THE SONGS WE SANG.

I hear them singing together— My neighbors in the choir— As I sit for a moment, resting Alone in the twilight gray...

"FINDIN'S KEEPIN'S"

A Story Fittingly Illustrating This Juvenile Sentiment.

CHAPTER I.

"Hullo!" cried a boy who was sprawling on a nursery floor. "Findin's keepin's! Here's the mater's sixpence she lost a week ago."

"You are vulgar," was the rejoinder made to this by a very small girl. She, Maud, was in her rightful domain, the nursery.

"What a bore! Now mind, nurse, that's my sixpence. Just you keep it safe. If I hadn't to play in that match this afternoon I'd hang about till mother was back."

"Do they want you very much?" This was an infantine remark of small Davy's. "Don't you make any mistake. Harry was grand. 'Should I be in Plummer's Eleven if I wasn't something? Just see that that's all."

"I don't doubt you; but we can't have kids on our ground." At which Davy subsided, and Harry took himself off to do his cricketing flannels.

"Years went by, and the Boyle nursery had become almost a forgotten thing. Misfortune had seized the Boyles, and they were at their worst when, some ten years later, we met them in a third-rate street at New-Cross."

five years, not that many details were known about him, for he did not often write home. Davy was seventeen, a nice bright lad, in a merchant's office. Maud, for three years, had taught as a daily governess.

This lodger had been a silent, nervous old gentleman, who gave no trouble whatever; a perfect godsend of a lodger, in fact. He was order itself. None of his belongings were ever allowed to litter his room. He read a good deal, but his books had their places orderly on their shelves, and were read and re-read, annotated and digested.

"If only Mr. Harbutt were back!" sighed Maud. "Dear! how funny he was!" was the laughing echo to her sigh. Kate was a bright-souled being, and always ready to make the best of their troubles.

"Did he ever write, dear?" Kate said, "write letters, I mean. He composed, and he imagined, and he ruminated, but until those nephews looked him up I don't believe he received as much as one letter a month; certainly he never wrote one."

"I suppose not. Where was that one letter from that he sent when he left?" "Durham—but that's nothing; he only went there to see somebody who had some rare manuscripts. He said that in the letter; he was going to see this nephew at Edinburgh, and then when the people found a place to take him was going to settle down with them. A wild-goose chase for such a man as he!"

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Maud made a little grimace. The morning came and she was doing it. CHAPTER II. Maud had opened the two drawing-room windows and let down the Venetians over them, so that the room should be cool and shady.

It was beautifully made, the dark old oak was of the finest grain, and how delicately were the joinings and corners fitted! A reeded line was carved or turned at the frontage of each drawer; on its top too, making an artistic border to its finish to its level polish, there was the same reeded decoration running for a distance of an inch or two, and a pendant and triangular brass handles. They copy these old things nowadays, but this was a veritable antique.

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ment bonds. But whose were they? They bore no man's name. CHAPTER III. The treasure had to lie in John Bryant's strong room. John Bryant was a stockbroker, as Mr. Boyle had been, and was, in truth, a man whose friendship to the Boyles had lasted on from the old days of their prosperity. He was an upright man, and he marked the interest of the Boyles as well as if they were his own.

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her, but at the present moment she has nothing to do with them, and they have joined the rest of old Mr. Harbutt's property, and Lewis Simpson has them. Can you understand how what is hers is also his?—All the Year Round.

STABLE MANURES.

How They Should Be Preserved for the Renovation of Worn-Out Soils. While the renovation of soils may be possible without the use of stable manures, we must never overlook them as factors in this work.

It is not generally thought that farms can be brought up and maintained in fertility without its use. A large class of farmers labor under the idea that only by increasing the live-stock upon the farm can its fertility be enhanced.

While this is no doubt in part erroneous, it is a pretty safe rule to fall into. The farmer who adheres strictly to this policy will seldom be found with a run-out soil. He will properly appreciate the value of manures.

Another, and I regret to say a much larger class of farmers, seem to have, as yet, no rational idea as to the real value of even stable manures. But little is manufactured on the farm and that little is not half cared for or applied.

It is a scandalous fact, that upon many rich prairie farms, of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, where cheap stables were built in the early days, that manure should be allowed to accumulate until there was no longer room to get into the stable and out, and the stable was moved away, the labor of getting out the manure, it was easier to move a pole and board or straw stable than to move a hundred or more loads of manure.

It would be positively appalling, astounding, if the usually close calculating farmer could see just how much he is every year allowing to go to waste for the lack of a little protection and management of his manure pile.

How many make any provision whatever for their stable manure? Not one in twenty, I venture to assert. Holes are made in the back side of the stable (under the eaves) for throwing it out, and this is almost the only provision made.

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ALASKA'S CAPITAL.

Evidence of the Antiquity of Sikta. Once Called New Archangel.

It is a grassy and mossy town that gathers about the Russian chapel. All of the old houses were built to last, as they are likely to do, for many generations to come. They are log houses—

Alaska is buried under forests like these—I mean that part of it which is not covered in ice and snow. A late official gave me out of his cabinet a relic of the past. It is a stone pestle, rudely but symmetrically hewn—evidently the work of the aborigines. The pestle, with several stone implements of domestic utility, was found by a party of prospectors who had dug under the roots of a giant tree, in the soil below.

Most of the collection went to the Smithsonian Institute, and perhaps the origin of an history may be some day ascertained. How many ages ago, I wonder, will be required to develop the resources of this vast out-of-door country? When the tardy darkness fell upon Sikta—toward midnight—the town was hardly more silent than it had been throughout the day.

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PITH AND POINT.

—There are but few horses that will stand without the pig—and there are less men.—Joa. Billings. —When narrow down to 'snk or swim,' the hard work that most young men can stand would surprise them.

—Skip the hard words, dear," said a school mistress to one of her pupils; "they are only the names of foreign countries, and you will never be in them."—Boston Transcript.

—Rich Uncle—Now, sir, devise some method by which your expenses will not be above your income. Miss never says, "Nephew, be frugal!"—Then let's trade incomes.—N. Y. Graphic.

—You are a fool, John Gray," observed that gentleman's better half, angrily. "So I've been thinking, my dear, ever since I married you, was the soothing reply.—New Haven News.

—Punch once told a droll story of a man who, being suddenly raised to riches, exclaimed, in the fulness of his satisfaction: "Oh, that I could stand in the road and see myself ride past in my carriage!"

—A magazine discusses the question, "Why a girl should go to college." We don't see why she should. She never can learn to throw a ball straight enough to stand well in her classes, and it wouldn't be proper for her to play foot ball.—The London Standard.

—Father (starting down town): "Yes, Robert, my son, always keep in mind what your mother says, and always say please." Though a little word, it indicates the gentleman. Here, wife, hold my overcoat and hat.—Troy Times.

—Wasn't Built That Way: She could sing a sweet soprano and could play the piano. And had traveled from Galveston to Cape Ann. But she could not boil a pot, and sewing she knew not. For she never was constructed on that plan.—Richmond Baton.

—Willie Freshington—Wouldn't it be nice if we could stroll together this way, always? Miss Hunter—This is so sudden, Mr. Freshington! You had better speak to mamma. Willie F.—Yes, but, say, isn't I better speak to my mother first?—Hambler.

—A news item says: "A man in Lakeland was struck by a locomotive yesterday, and instantly killed. Whisky was the cause." This is shameful. All locomotives "choo," but this is the first time one has been accused of indulging in whisky and knocking a man over its smoke-stack.—Norfolk Freeman.

—Forwards, forwards, forwards! "Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, "and how are you this morning?" "We darsn't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight. "Dare not tell me," exclaimed the physician, "and why not?" "Because, doctor, that last year it cost him fifty dollars to have you come in and ask us how we were."—Texas Siftings.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The Passamaquoddy People Nation of the Nature of Thunder. The Passamaquoddy still cling to their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunderstorm and the flashes of the lightning are the demonstrations of thunder spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens.

Seven years after his translation a violent storm passed over the encampment of the Passamaquoddy; there was an unusual and frightful contention among the thunder spirits; the rumble was more terrific than Passamaquoddy had ever heard; the air smelt of brimstone; the sky blazed with red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them; the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning snared up fire to another; the alighted Passamaquoddy, who never had been held such a storm, believed that the legions of the thunder spirits were wagging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into the camp on a beam of lightning. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from pursuing thunders, shaken off his "thunderdied" existence and returned to them. He had changed somewhat, but all his old friends knew him. He lived with the tribe till he died.—Lewis-ton (Me.) Journal.

THEY KNEW IT.

Smart Boys Who Didn't Take Water for Kerosene Oil. A barrel with a bung in it and a suspicious dampness are the heads was yesterday lying in an alley of Grand River street. So were two boys, two draws and a gimlet. A grocer stood in his back door and smiled and chuckled as he saw the barrel and the boys gradually draw near each other. At length, after one last look around, the boy with the gimlet bored two holes, two draws were inserted, and two suction pumps began working. "Anno," sighed the biggest boy, after a couple of pulls. "An't his good?" queried the other, as he lo to his straw. "Purty good, but just a shade off." "Oh, much as you going to hold?" "I'm going to hold more'n that." The grocer then put in a sudden appearance and said: "Come, come boys! I just filled that barrel up with water to tighten up the seams. Come back to the penstock if you want a drink." They left the straw sticking in the gimlet-holes and walked off without a word until beyond reach. Then the big boy called back. "We knowed it all the time. D'ye s'pose we thought it was kerosene?"—Detroit Free Press.

NOT AN EARTHQUAKE.

A Remarkable Land-Slide Involving an Area of Two Square Miles. The United States Geological Survey has learned from Mr. C. W. Cross, engaged in field-work at Denver, Col., the particulars of a remarkable land-slide near Cimarron, Gunnison County, which was described in the local papers as an earthquake. Prof. Farnham, of the Nebraska State Normal School, who chanced to be in the neighborhood, had personally visited the scene of the supposed earthquake; and when he called upon Mr. Cross, and described the appearance of the region, the sources of the trouble were ascertained. The serious disturbance must have occurred along the line of faulting on the west side of the Trident mesa, indicated on the Hayden maps. As soon as practicable, Mr. Cross went to Cimarron. He found the locality about nine miles south of that town, on the east side of the mountain, the Cimarron River. Between the two forks of the Cimarron is a mesa capped by eruptive rock, the valleys on either side being eroded out of cretaceous rocks, apparently the clays of the Colorado group. The area involved extends from the base of the eruptive rock, forming the top of the mesa, down the slope toward the valley bottom, nearly to the edge of the belt of timber. Such a crumbling of the surface had taken place—throwing down forests in inextinguishable confusion, pushing the ground up into ridges, and leaving fissure-like depressions—that the appearance of the surface of the mountain was so altered that the mountain was almost unrecognizable. The man who is called upon to renovate a worn-out soil must learn to make the most of the material resources upon his farm.—W. D. Boynton, in Western Pictorian.

WINTERING VEGETABLES.

How the Products of the Garden Can be Kept Through the Cold Season. Only a few vegetables can be wintered outdoors in the North without protection. Parsnips are among the exceptional vegetables which the winter does not destroy, and, except for use while the ground is frozen, may be left in the soil. Salsify or vegetable oyster is of similar nature, but beets, turnips and carrots will not stand excessive cold. To retain the fresh crisp flavor they should be taken up as late as possible and placed in a cool cellar or in pits of earth and straw enough over them to prevent freezing. The latter is the method most in vogue with market gardeners, who usually know how best to present their vegetables in the finest condition. Artificial heat in any form spoils the flavor of vegetables generally. The sweet potato is an exception, and will rot in a temperature below fifty degrees, while dryness does not injure it. Cabbages may be pulled up roots and all, turned upside down, the heads packed together in beds six feet in width, and ground between the rows thrown over the heads. In an exceptional case of the weather they can be reached, and enough must be left in the cold room for winter use. Onions require a dry barn or stable loft, and should not be packed more than eight or ten inches deep, with a foot of straw over them to keep out frost. In the extreme north some fire protection may be necessary. For family use a string can be kept hung up in any part of the cellar. Onions will stand twenty degrees of frost without injury if dry. Celery is best when taken from the open ground, but should be taken up and placed close together in beds with earth and straw over them to keep from freezing. Winter squashes require a dry place free from frost.—Chicago Times.

—About \$16,000,000 in fares are taken on the street railways of New York City every year.