TWO ANGELS.

ANGEL of the parting year,
Winging back to Heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
From the darkness into light;
Burden of my wasted days,
Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
Never into fruit or flowers.

Happiness I might have won,
Worthy deeds I might have wrought
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
Withered now to vain regret—
Feeble, foolish as the will
To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
Lay them at the Father's feet;
He will search if yet there be
'Mid the chaff some grains of wheat,
He will fan my faint resolves
To a purer flame and clear,
Bear to Heaven my heart's desire,
Angel of the parting year.

And angel of the coming year,
Though thy face is vailed, I see
By the glory round thee shed,
Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold, power, or fame?
Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these;
Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
All the measures of my days;
This the treasure thou hast brought,
Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave—
God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
With life's sweet flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
Shedding perfume far and near.
Lend thy grace to make it so,
Angel of the coming year!

—Susan Marr Spalding, in N. Y. Weekly.

HIS HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ORDINARILY the fall term of school in the Brown district would have closed before the holidays, but this year there had been an invasion of measles right in the middle of the term, necessitating a vacation of two weeks, and Director Hathaway had insisted that the teacher make up the lost time, much to the disgust of the younger children, who had thus been deprived of their holiday freedom.

But the teacher had not been in the least incommoded by this prolongation of the term. Herbert Allen had enjoyed his first term in a country school For some reason, which he had never stopped to anaylze, there had been a peculiar fascination about his work, although it had been in a sphere of life and amidst environments so different from what he had dreamed of a year before. And yet he had unwittingly incurred the displeasure of the school board and had been recently informed that his services would not be needed longer.

And now, on the last afternoon of December, the term was over. The school had closed with "exercises" and the whole community had turned out to hear them. The boys had stammered through their "pieces," the big girls had read their "essays," and the little ones had gone through their songs and "motion exercises" to their own great satisfaction and the infinite delight of their admiring parents. Director Hathaway and Elder Sloane, at the teacher's invitation, had talked edifyingly on the "advantages of an eddication" and the "proper training of the young," and the teacher had spoken a few words of modest farewell.

At last all was over, the last scholar had said good-by to the teacher and gone. The young master seated himself at his table and sighed deeply as he looked around the now quiet room, especially as his eyes rested upon the seat of Helen Hathaway, the charming young daughter of the director.

The schoolhouse, on whose interior he was so disconsolately gazing as the setting sun shone through its windows and lighted up the familiar objects—the charts and pictures on the walls, the neatly executed maps and drawings, the specimens of "busy work" done by the children, the mottoes and diagrams and quotations on the blackboards—had been indeed a pleasant place to Herbert, save for the one disturbing incident. Many a cheerful modern schoolroom can be found in the country districts of the middle western states, and it is easy to see how an enthusiastic, refined young man like Herbert Allen could become attached to such a pleasant, intellectual workshop.

It would have been even easier to understand his fondness for the spot if one could have seen the sweet face of Helen Hathaway and noted the deep interest which she evinced in her algebra and history and the readiness which the young teacher displayed to help her in her pursuit of knowledge. It would have amused a disinterested observer to see the earnest devotion with which the pedagogue and his most advanced scholar delved into the mysteries of quadratic equations and how willing the young man appeared to "show" his interested and interesting pupil.

Such amiability, however, was not at all pleasing to John Warren, another of the oldest, though by no means brightest, scholars in school. Before the advent of the new teacher, John had been the recipient of an occasional smile from the director's daughter, but of late the young lady had apparently forgotten the young man in her deep absorption in algebra and history.

It was this unfortunate condition, speaking from John Warren's standpoint, that had led to Mr. Allen's discomfiture. Squire Warren was a neighbor of Director Hathaway and the two farmers were firm friends. So when the squire's son began to make disparaging remarks about the teacher, and the father, whose faith in his only son was unbounded, had become prejudiced against the young man, he mentioned the matter to the director and easily persuaded that worthy official, whose acquaintance with the teacher had extended little farther than had been incidental to the duty of making a contract with him, that "young Allen" was not a "fit person to conduct our school. He is too familiar with the scholars and hasn't enough dignity to fill such a responsible position."

Director Hathaway was a man of promptness and decision, whose will was law with the board, so when he called his colleagues together and delivered the opinion that the teacher was too young and inexperienced to conduct the winter term, the assessor and the moderator meekly acquiesced, though they both felt in their hearts that the young man had performed his duties well.

So it came about during the last week of the term that Mr. Allen had been given formal notice that his services would not be needed any longer. He had been greatly surprised and mortified at this announcement, and his pupils had shown their disapproval of the board's arbitrary action in a way that threatened open revolt—all but John Warren, who could hardly repress his exultation at the turn affairs had taken.

One year before this incident Herbert Allen had been the favored son of a rich merchant in an eastern city. His mother had long been in the grave and Herbert had spent most of his boyhood days in a famous preparatory school. Just as he was ready to enter college, financial disaster came upon his father, resulting in his ruin and subsequent death. This sudden blow of fate left Herbert dependent upon his own resources. Young and resolute in character, he made his way to the west and finally found the congenial work in the country school which he had pursued so happily until a cruel fate had again thrown him upon a selfish world without the means of employment.

SEATED HIMSELF AT HIS TABLE AND SIGHED DEEPLY.

Finally the young ex-teacher, as he now felt himself to be, was aroused from his reverie by a rap at the door, and before he could collect his wandering thoughts a curly-pated lad, breathless from running, stumbled into the room with a letter in his hand. "Say, teacher," said the boy, "I was down to the 'corners' to get Dad's mail and Mr. Jones wanted me to fetch this letter for you. He said it had been in the office 'most two weeks."

"Thank you, Charlie; my correspondence is so limited I had forgotten there was such a thing as a post office," and he took the business-like envelope in his hand and wonderingly tore it open. It read as follows:

New York, Oct. 3, 1895.—Office of J. W. Penniman, Attorney and Counselor at Law.—Mr. H. W. Allen, Oakville Corners, Mich. My Dear Sir: For the past two months I have been looking for your address and have just this day learned it. I now hasten to inform you of a very agreeable turn in your affairs. When your late lamented father became involved in financial difficulties one of the largest and most valuable of his steamships, the Dolphin, bound for the East Indies, was reported lost in a tropical hurricane. Without attempting to inform you of details, which I can better explain in person, I will simply say that the supposed loss, followed by inability to obtain the insurance, came at a critical time and brought on the failure. It now transpires that the report was incorrect. On the 20th of July, only three weeks after your father's death, the Dolphin arrived in this port with an exceedingly valuable cargo. By this unexpected stroke of fortune you are again a rich man. I have very gladly taken charge of your business interests, believing, sir, that you would wish me to do so, and shall take the liberty to act in this capacity until I hear from you.

No doubt you will at once communicate with me, but thinking it might be an accommodation to have a little ready cash, I inclose draft on New York for $1,000, subject to your order. Awaiting your further instructions, I am your obedient servant, JOHN W. PENNIMAN.

Herbert read the welcome news in a dazed sort of way. He reread it more carefully, and as its full import dawned upon him exultation took the place of despondency in his breast. He picked up the draft with a feeling of elation. "This is indeed a New Year's gift! This little piece of paper is worth ten times as much as I have earned this whole term. No more need to worry for the future! The news is too good to be true. Now I can bid defiance to that august body, the school board of the Brown district!"

Just then his eye happened to rest upon some very neat algebraic characters on the blackboard which he had purposely directed "not to be erased" in order to attract the wondering attention of his visitors that afternoon. An instant change came over his spirits. "Still I would have enjoyed another term in this district. It is a shame that one's efforts are so little appreciated!"

The gathering dusk of a winter's day admonished him not to linger further, and he began to gather up his books with a constantly sinking heart. He had nearly completed his task when heavy footsteps and deep-toned voices in the hallway attracted his attention and in walked Director Hathaway, Moderator Stevens and Assessor Simmons.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was the pleasant salutation of the ex-school master.

"Good evening," replied the director, in a somewhat embarrassed tone. "We hardly expected to find you here so late. But we've jest had a board meeting down to my house and was on our way to your boarding place. Seein' the door ajar, we thought maybe as you was still in the schoolhouse, and so we stopped in. As I was a sayin', Mr. Teacher, we've jest had a board meetin', and we have come to the unanimous conclusion to reconsider our former action and ask ye to stay the winter term. As I've been sayin' to Mr. Stevens and Mr. Simmons, perhaps we was a little hasty in our course. The teacher has taught us a good school, there ain't no gittin' around it, and I guess we've been a little prejudiced. I know my Helen never took so much interest in her studies before. Then another thing that has convinced us that we ought to reconsider our action was the solemn way in which the scholars felt 'bout your leavin'. There's my daughter, for instance, she has been mopin' around the house ever sence we sent you notice, and last night after school the whole crowd of scholars came traipsin' down to my house with a petition askin' us to reconsider our vote. So, Mr. Teacher, we have thought best to yield to all this pressure and ask you to stay. What is more, we've decided to raise your wages to $30 a month."

During this long speech the spirits of the young man again rose to an exultant pitch, but he replied in a calm and dignified tone, which the gathering darkness helped him to assume:

"Gentlemen, it is indeed gratifying to me that you have thus vindicated me from the suspicion of failure in my work. But whether I can accept your offer at this late day is a question which I cannot decide without some reflection. The generosity of your offer to raise my wages is appreciated, though I shall decline to accept the increase. I will carefully consider your kind offer and leave my decision with Director Hathaway to-morrow morning."

The interview was now ended, and the board solemnly and with some surprise at the independent but perfectly courteous manner of the youthful master, withdrew.

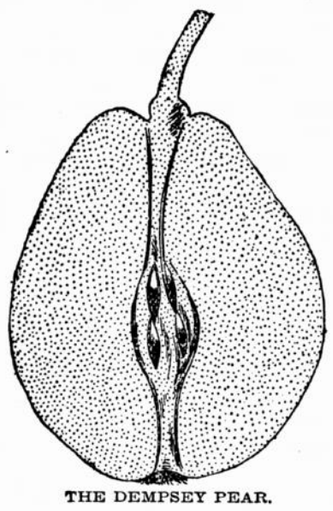
New Year's morning, as the young teacher repaired to the home of the director, he felt that he had been doubly blessed. Yesterday he was but a poor and unappreciated school-teacher. To-day he is the possessor of a snug fortune and stands vindicated before the school district. Does the reader wonder which thought gave him greater pleasure? And the answer which the young pedagogue gave to the director that morning; if anyone doubts its character, the joyful smile which lit up the sweet face of the director's daughter when she heard it would have made further questioning useless.—Detroit Free Press.

HORTICULTURE

DELICIOUS NEW PEAR.

It Is Called the Dempsey and Is a Combination of Bartlett and Duchess d'Angouleme.

If parentage should tell for anything in the production of a new fruit one would expect a combination of Bartlett with Duchess d'Angouleme to be productive of good, and that for once expectations were not in vain is evidenced in the very fine pear Dempsey, specimens of which were received at this office from the holders of the stock at Toronto. Coming in full condition at a season when the generality of good



THE DEMPSEY PEAR.

pears is overpast, the Dempsey is a welcome addition to the list. We ate the fruits with a good deal of gusto.

The Dempsey was produced from a seed of the Bartlett fertilized with Duchesse d'Angouleme. The tree is described as an upright, good grower; foliage large, glossy dark green, resembling both parents. Fruit large, obtuse pyriform, irregular in outline, as is seen in our life sketch. Skin smooth, green, changing to yellow as it ripens, with a slight brown tinge where exposed to the sun. Stem about an inch long, stout, and set slightly to one side. Calyx shallow. Flesh white, fine grained, tender, buttery, almost melting, with a rich, sweet, delicious flavor. As a desert or market pear it is of the highest merit. Season, October and November. Judging from the condition of the samples before us, we should say the fruit will prove a good shipper, and that after all is not the least valuable attribute.—American Gardening.

THE APPLE ORCHARD.

Hill Location Is by All Odds the Best and Safest in Almost Every Locality.

The soil for an apple orchard should be selected with a great deal of care. It used to be the idea that any soil was good enough for the apple orchard, and we find in many cases apple orchards set out on soils entirely unsuited for them. Some people have the idea that the poorer the soil the better it will be for the apple orchard. This opinion evidently arose from the experience of people in setting out orchards on very rich land and finding them unsuited for them. They quite naturally inferred that if the rich land was not good the poor land must be good. But rich land is not suitable, for the reason that it occasions a too great growth of wood and not enough of fruit buds. As we say: "It all grows to foiliage!"

Land should be rich enough to insure a good growth of wood, but not too rich to permit fruit buds to develop in large numbers. Generally a meadow will be found unsuitable, for the reason that the soil-water stands so near the surface that the roots are soaked during a large part of the year. The water does not have to lie near the surface to do this, for, as is well known, the roots of apple trees penetrate very deeply into the ground, sometimes seven or more feet. The hill location is generally best for the apple orchard, for the reason that there is no underlying sheet of water. The drainage is natural and rapid, and the roots are always able to do their work without interference. A medium clay soil is generally good, for the reason that in it the fertility is held till taken up by the roots. A sandy soil gets rapidly poor, and when fertilized leaches so badly that much of the manure is lost.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Cut back the grape vines you planted last spring.

Don't use too much coarse manure on the grape vines.

Destroy the old orchard that you are sure is past usefulness.

If evergreens did not do well last summer, mulch them.

California figs are coming into consumption in great shape.

The quince is quite easily grown and is a choice fruit for preserves.

Air the cellar. Don't let the odor of decaying vegetables permeate the house.

Give winter protection to even the hardiest fruit, for we sometimes have severe winters.

We again insist that the west can grow apples in abundance, if care is taken as to the making or selection of varieties.

As soon as the ground is well frozen mulch where you intend to mulch. The purpose of mulching is to keep the ground from alternate thawing and freezing.—Western Plowman.

TREES AND MOISTURE.

The Old But Ever New Question of Watering at Transplanting Discussed Once More.

A correspondent of Green's Fruit Grower says: "I have planted, perhaps, a million of trees in my lifetime. I have met with but few failures, and cannot remember having watered any of these trees. If the soil is made thoroughly fine before planting; if the soil about the roots is pressed in very firm, as firm as a fence post; if the soil is left loose on the top, and kept continuously loose by cultivation, the trees will live even though the season may be dry." In connection with this paragraph, it may be noted that, on one occasion within the experience of the writer, a large number of trees that had been planted in the spring, and had grown tolerably well, showed signs during the following very dry summer of wilting their leaves for want of water. An examination seemed to show that although the trees had been well planted in the common acceptation of the term, yet the earth in many cases was not packed closely around the roots. It was not convenient to water them. The owner was recommended to pound the earth around the trees with a heavy paving rammer. This was done. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the force used on this occasion. A force was exerted fully equal to that employed by the regular rammers in paving the streets. The earth being very dry was reduced to fine powder by this process, and moisture was drawn upward by capillary attraction. In a couple of days afterward, there was not the slightest sign of wilting, although no water had been applied, and they continued to grow without any evidence of suffering for want of water until the next rain came. Had the soil not been heavily beaten in this way, their death would have been absolutely certain.

FORCING VEGETABLES.

The Style of House Most Favored for This Purpose by the Market Gardeners of New England.

The market gardeners of Worcester county, Mass., have a handy style of hot house for forcing all sorts of vegetables. During winter lettuce and beets are marketed, and cucumbers and tomatoes started. The plan herewith shows diagonal pieces from center of bed to center of glass. Houses may be of any length, but that of C. L. Hartshorn, from which our plans were taken, is 200 feet long. The house is 20 feet wide, the roof having a 12-foot pitch. Others have a 16 foot front pitch with 8-foot pitch at the back. For a 16-foot pitch the front side would be 4 feet high and for the 8-foot rear, 8 feet high. The stakes for cucumber wires are about 9 feet long. The stakes are set a few yards apart through the house, and wires strung from stake to stake over which cucumbers climb. Tomatoes are trained up on stakes along the edge of path and bed. Raising early vegetables thus becomes simple, and where markets are good has been found more profitable than any branch of farming.—Farm and Home.

CUCUMBER AND TOMATO HOUSE.

Many Virtues in Apples.

The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Next to lemon and orange it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit.

Spraying with Kerosene.

The San Jose scale is constantly spreading in all directions and in some parts of the south is destroying the peach trees. No satisfactory spraying material except kerosene has been discovered, even whale-oil soap emulsion failing to get all the insects unless very carefully applied. The application of kerosene is not safe for the tree, although a newly-invented spraying pump promises to make it safer. This pump is so constructed that it mixes the oil with water in the nozzle and allows a very light coat of kerosene to be applied. This should be done on bright days in the winter while the buds are dormant, and under favorable conditions works very effectively.—Farmers' Voice.

Coal Ashes for Orchards.

That coal ashes are beneficial when spread on the surface of apple orchards in grass cannot be disputed. But they contain scarcely any mineral fertilizer, and are, of course, having passed through fire, destitute of any other. Undoubtedly they benefit by setting as a mulch, and where they cover grass causing it to die out and rot. In this way they supply considerable fertility and moisture indirectly. Wherever coal ashes have long lain under fruit trees there will be an abundance of tree roots just under the ashes where the grass has been killed.

Michigan will grow beets to perfection. So will some sections of Illinois.

Good Digestion

Waits on appetite, or it should do so, but this can be only when the stomach is in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla so tones and strengthens the stomach that it digests food easily and naturally and then all dyspeptic troubles vanish.

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Is America's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills. 25 cents.

CONVERSATION SIMPLIFIED.

It Is Not Difficult to Determine the Subject When a Man Talks Like This.

"It's a fraud!" exclaimed one of the men who had stopped to read their papers in the warm though unpretentious little place which serves both as railway waiting-room and post office. "The whole business is a downright swindle."

"Of course it is," answered his neighbor, who was busily engaged in pronouncing under his breath all the words in an article on successful fertilizing.

"It's an outrage on a confiding public, and a backset to civilization."

"That's what it is," was the somewhat grudging response.

The indignant old gentleman became so excited that he had to go out and walk up and down the platform. As his friend glanced up from his paper to watch him depart he caught the eye of a traveling man who, pending train time, had nothing to do but observe people.

"Excuse me for asking questions about things that are none of my affair," said the traveling man, "but are you a mind reader?"

"Not that I know of."

"You knew what your friend was talking about without his telling you."

"Well, not precisely."

"But you answered him as if you knew."

"Yes. I wa'n't takin' any risk in that. I knowed he was makin' allusions to either a 'lection or a prize fight. An' whichever it was, them was my sentiments."—Washington Star.

Can You Solve This Puzzle Verse?

"A simple go-between am I,
Without a thought of pride;
I part the gathered thoughts of men,
And liberally divide.
I set the soul of Shakespeare free,
To Milton's thoughts give liberty,
Bid Sidney speak with freer speech,
Let Spenser sing and Taylor preach.
Though through all learning swift I glide,
No wisdom doth with me abide."

If you can solve the foregoing, and send the correct answer to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, together with a two-cent stamp, he will send you what it calls for.

He who sows thorns must not go barefoot. —Spanish Proverb.

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