

THE LAST SWALLOW.

Last of his clan, he wings his aimless flight,
Beneath the cold gray sky;
No comrades wheel around on pinions light,
As in the days gone by.

Alone he roams the trackless fields of air,
From dawn to set of sun;
Haply he finds the yellowing woodlands fair,
Although the heavens are dun.

Why dost thou linger when thy mates have flown
Across the Southern Sea?
Winter already on his trump has blown
A warning stern to thee.

And they, thy mates, ago in sunny Spain,
Are circling in the blue,
Where azure heavens and all unruined main,
Blend in the same soft hue.

We dream of Summer still while thou art here;
But soon at death of day,
Like a last hope, thou wilt disappear
For ever and for aye!

HOW SHE HATED.

JUST picture to your self a charming villa in the Italian style standing upon a little point of land which runs out of the eastern bank of the Hudson, not many miles from Newberg. The house is light and airy; the lawns are close-mown and dotted with flowers; the trees are plenty and give graceful shade, and at the moment when our story begins—a summer evening at sunset, when the sky was flooded with a rich yellow—the whole scene was radiant with a supernatural beauty. On the piazza of the house were two young ladies, one reading a novel as she lay in a comfortable hammock, the other embroidering a pair of slippers in a large arm-chair.

The girls were opposite types of beauty. The young woman who was working on the slippers was a sweet-faced blonde.

The young lady in the hammock was a decided brunette. Her hair was so black that in some lights it looked blue. Her eyes were a rich brown, something like that Van Dyke brown which painters so like to mingle with their warmest shadows.

The minutes rolled along and soon the sun disappeared in the gorgeous west. Then the blonde girl looked up from her work and addressed her companion.

"Violet," she said, "what in the world have you been reading all afternoon?"

The dark beauty in the hammock looked up with a little yawn, and, brushing away a fly that had made a post of observation of her piquant nose, replied:

"I've been reading a very stupid story entitled 'A Mad Marriage.'"

"Stupid!" exclaimed the blonde, opening her blue eyes to the fullest extent. "I didn't think so."

"Minnie Duncan," said Violet, "you are just the simplest-minded girl in the world."

"Violet Caryll," retorted Minnie. "I should like to know why."

"Why, my dear, you read this book and thought it beautiful. I think it is stupid, because the hero don't exist except in the imagination of novelists, who write of men as they ought to be, not as they are."

"Oh, nonsense! there are good men in the world. You haven't happened to see any of them."

"Well, you must acknowledge, dear, that I've had plenty of chance to find them. I looked in vain for one at Washington. I failed to find them in the court of England. I saw none in Paris. I saw none in Italy; I saw none anywhere. I found the same old worn-out types—the man of fashion and the man of reason—but the man of noble soul I never met."

"I think I have met one," said Minnie, softly, with a tender light in her eyes.

"Oh, yes; you are in love, and you think your lover a hero. Go on. Marry him, then you'll find your deity is only a little clay idol, after all. Bah! I hate men!"

"And I love Harry Marshall, and no matter how much you hate men, you mustn't say anything against him. Besides, I hope to convert you."

"There you are, hoping against hope."

"We'll see," laughed Minnie. "My cousin, Tom Neville, who lives next to us, will be home from South America to-morrow, and I shall then show you a man who is a man."

"Nonsense! If he's a man he's just like the rest. I don't want to meet him; I tell you I hate men."

There was a step on the gravel walk, and turning around Minnie saw a bronzed and bearded fellow, her quondam fair-haired cousin.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "how glad I am to see you!"

"My sweet, little cousin," he said, stroking her golden hair, "so you missed me, eh? But you took good care to console yourself by finding a permanent resting-place for this bright head. God bless you, Minnie, I hope you'll be very happy."

And he stooped and kissed her gently on the forehead.

"But, oh, Tom," she said, "I am forgetting." And turning to where Violet lay half concealed by the corner of the house she said:

"Let me present you to my dearest friend, Violet Caryll. Violet, my cousin, Mr. Neville."

Violet bowed without rising from her recumbent posture, and Neville smiled slightly as he thought: "Independent and saucy as she can be."

Tom Neville was a magnificent man, six feet one inch, strait as an arrow, powerful in every sinew, with flaxen hair and beard and a bright gray eye, but nevertheless the calm of this little girl annoyed him.

"Tom," said Minnie, "I hear mamma going up stairs and I want to speak to her. Excuse me, please."

And Minnie ran into the house, leaving her cousin and friend together.

"Miss Caryll," Tom said after a moment's silence, "what are you reading?"

"Dear me! Mr. Neville," replied Violet. "What a stupid question! Whenever I read every one who cannot find something else to say asks what I am reading. I might answer you, like Hamlet, 'Words, words, words,' but I'll have compassion on your ignorance and tell you. I am or was till you came, reading 'A Mad Marriage.'"

"Do you like novels?"

"Yes, or I shouldn't read them. Nevertheless, I find many of them very provoking, especially those written by women."

"Why?"

"Because they create ideal men such as we look for in vain in real life. But there are no such men."

"There have been men," said Tom, "who gave up all for love. Antony found it—"

"Stop right here!" cried Violet. "Poor Marc Antony has been dead and buried 1,900 years. Don't for goodness sake, don't drag him out and make him the scapegoat of your sex any more."

"Miss Caryll, I am sorry you are so bitter on my sex."

"What are you two discussing?" said Minnie, running out on the piazza. "It's growing dark, I hope you haven't been quarreling."

"Oh, no," said Violet with a sneer; "it takes two people to quarrel, and they must both have some decided characteristics."

"Now Violet," said Minnie. "It's too bad to give Tom hard shots after his South American experiences. Tom, go and see mamma, she wants you, and don't stay here to be abused. You have done enough in the way of bravery in the morasses of the Amazon."

And Tom, laughing, bade the young ladies good-evening and went into the house to see his aunt before going home.

"Minnie," said Violet a few moments afterward, "did you say your cousin had been brave in the southern wilds?"

"Yes; didn't he tell you anything about his trip?"

"Well, no; I don't believe I gave him a chance."

"Why, he was quite heroic. When the vessel lay at anchor in the mouth of the Amazon, Tom's chum, Frank Lusby, fell overboard. The bay swarmed with sharks and Frank can't swim. Tom seized along knife, which the boatswain's mate carried and, without a moment's hesitation, sprang into the water. Frank had sunk for a second time and a shark was only a few yards away. Tom rose to the surface with Frank in his arms, slipped the rope they threw him around Frank and bidding the men on deck haul up, he turned to defend himself from the shark. When he was hauled up on deck his arm was broken in two places by the blow he received from the shark's tail when it dived."

Tom Neville sat by his bedroom window that night and smoked for an hour thinking about a rich, dark face with a piquant nose, a pair of deep eyes and a set expression of scorn.

The possessor of the said face was in the meantime indulging in her little reveries, too, and went to sleep thoroughly satisfied that Tom Neville was one of the same ordinary men she had always met.

Violet was sitting by the river one afternoon reading. Tom came in from rowing and went up and sat down by her.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"The same old question," she replied. "I am reading the same impossible things about the grand love of man for woman."

"And you don't believe it?"

"No!"

Tom sprang to his feet.

"Miss Violet," he said, "this is too much. You know that I have not watched your every movement for the last six weeks for amusement. You know that I love you, that I worship you. Tell me I am not mad."

He stretched out both hands to her and stood still. But she arose with a laugh.

"Good-bye, Mr. Neville," she said; and turning she went up the path, leaving him alone.

Tom flung himself upon the greensward and stared blankly out upon the river.

A week passed. Minnie was standing on the piazza and Violet was mounting her horse for a ride.

"Tom goes away to-morrow, Violet," said Minnie.

"Does he?" said Violet, with a half-suppressed sigh.

"Yes, poor fellow; your refusal has broken his heart."

"He is a—go on, King!" exclaimed Violet, suddenly striking her horse with her little riding whip.

She rode out into the deep woods among the hills. The woods were bright. Here and there were little clusters of wild flowers, about which the slow bee hung in drowsy delight. Birds united in a chorus of vesper praises; the whole scene was full of joy.

But Violet saw none of it. There was at her heart a dull pain she could not understand. She knew that since she had laughed Tom Neville's love to scorn something of the world's brightness had faded, and yet she told herself every hour, every minute, that she did not care for any man. She rode on and on, heedless of the coming night.

Over in the silent west big, black clouds were gathering and lightning danced across the sky.

But Violet was too deep in her thoughts to notice these things. And presently the storm burst upon her with all its fury.

At the first drop of rain she turned to go home, but a terrible flash of lightning, accompanied by a deafening burst of thunder, broke from the inky heavens, and a towering tree fell, splintered and blasted, immediately behind her horse. The terrified beast, mad with fright, dashed down the road at a wild gallop. Violet tugged at the reins till her little hands were purple and swollen, but all to no purpose. On went the horse, faster and faster.

Turning a short curve in the road, she saw another large tree lying directly across her path. Then she knew her fate. She had often heard of frightened horses running headlong into stone walls, and she knew her horse would not stop till he had hurled himself, against that fallen monarch of the mountain.

She closed her eyes in terror. Then she felt a sudden slacking of her horse's speed and opened her eyes to find Tom Neville holding the bit in an iron grasp, while the horse still struggling forward, trampled under foot the many limbs. But Tom never let go his hold till the brute stopped and Violet dismounted.

"Thank God, you are safe."

"But you are hurt," she cried, wringing her hands, "oh, what shall I do?"

"I am—sorry," he said, with an effort, his face becoming very pale, "to trouble you, Miss Caryll, but I fear you—you will have to go home alone—and send some one after me."

For a moment Violet hesitated; and then, remounting her still trembling horse, she rode away.

As soon as her back was turned Tom Neville sank back senseless, for both his legs were broken.

When Tom returned to consciousness he found himself in his own room, in bed, with both legs confined in a heavy casing of plaster paris.

Violet came in after awhile.

"Mr. Neville," said Violet in a low, tremulous voice, "I have come to thank you for my life and to ask you to forgive me."

"To forgive you?"

"Yes; for hurting you, first in your heart and then in your limbs. If I could only give my life to atone for the wrong I have done you!"

And the tears rolled down her cheeks while she buried her face in her hands.

For a few minutes both were silent. Then she looked up and their eyes met.

"Violet!" he said softly, "will you give your life to atone for my past? Will you give it to me?"

"Tom," she cried, throwing herself on her knees beside the bed, "take my life and my soul!"—New York News.

Early Envelopes.

He would be thought an eccentric person who should at this day fold and seal a letter so as to leave a blank outside, and thereon write the address, discarding the envelope. But the time is easily within living recollection when one of the things which went to the making of an accomplished lady or gentleman was knowing how to fold a letter neatly in oblong shape, the vacant space coming outside for the direction, and the edge being secured with sealing wax, or often with wafers. It is difficult to understand why envelopes came into common use at so late a day, for they were devised and in some instances made use of at a very early period. Their first appearance seems to have been in France, where letters were enclosed in envelopes as long ago as the reign of Louis XIV. in the last half of the seventeenth century. Specimens dating as far back as 1653 have been preserved to this day; and a letter written, sealed and addressed by the most Christian King himself to his natural son, the Count of Soudouze, in April, 1706, was enclosed in an envelope, and is still in existence. Other envelopes possessing historical value are those which contain letters written by Madame de Pompadour in 1760, and by Sir James Oglevie to the British Secretary of State in 1696.

Surprised Pig.

Little Pete never intends to mistake things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion:

"Just think Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."

"How do they do it?" asked Billy.

"Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose, and he goes right to sleep, when he comes to himself he says, 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's sawed my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"

How to Take a Sweat.

People who take camphor, ipecacuanha and half a dozen kinds of teas to provoke a perspiration are grossly insulting their internal organisms. If a man wants to sweat, there is no better way than to wrap himself up in a blanket and drink half a pint of the hottest water he can swallow. Nor is there any fear that it will provoke nausea. Warm water will generally cause perspiration, and hot water never, and in fever, where perspiration is desirable, if a pint of water will not induce it, the case is almost hopeless.—New York Journal.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN.

VALUABLE INFORMATION CONCERNING THE FARM.

Pests That Plague Farm Stock—Corrosive Sublimite Liniment—Culling the Sheep—What to Feed Fowls—Charcoal for Hogs.

Pests That Plague Farm Stock.

We read the other day of a new method of constructing a granary, and one of the recommendations was that, as it was open underneath, the hogs could be relied upon to dispose of any rats that might attempt to work their way into it.

This would be all very well if the protection of the corn was the only point to be considered. But how about the hogs? It is well to know that that noxious and terrible pest, the trichina spiralis, infests rats, and that swine that devour the infested rodents are apt themselves to become food for the trichina. To be sure, the pest may be derived from other sources also; but it would seem to be a very absurd tempting of ill-fortune to make special provision for stocking the herd with so pernicious a parasite.

The enormous losses which have fallen upon the hog raisers of this country through the prevalence of trichinosis—and even through the suspicion of its prevalence—ought to warn farmers to take every possible precaution to prevent their swine from eating rats or any other trichina infested food. Rats ought to be suppressed, most assuredly, but not by exposing the hogs to the peril of becoming infested with a pest so dangerous to human life. The destruction of rats, combined with clean food, pure water and clean quarters, are the most important safeguards against the spread of the pest.

Another troublesome pest which infests swine is a small tapeworm, the measles, which, like the trichina, may be communicated to man. The well-known swine disease called measles is produced by this pest. It is very unsafe to partake of meaty pork, unless it has been thoroughly cooked, and even then one would rather know that it was not measly. "Never eat random pork," said a wise man. Sam Weller's maxim respecting "veal pie" has an adaptive application to pork of whose origin one knows nothing.

Among sheep parasites one of the most troublesome is the brain bladder worm, so named from its appearance to watery bladders in the brain of the sheep. Its presence in the brains gives rise to the disease known as "gid" or "turnside," because the infested animal seems to be giddy, or turns about continually in one direction until it drops and dies in convulsions. This parasite is derived from the droppings of dogs in pastures where sheep are kept, and as it is said that at least 25 per cent. of the dogs are infested by these worms, we have another argument in favor of the suppression of all useless vagabond curs.

But destructive as this pest sometimes is, it is less so than another, of which millions have died in England and many thousands in this country—the liver fluke, the worm which causes the disease known as liver rot. The worm embeds itself in the liver, where the chief mischief is done, interfering with the distribution of the bile, and thus inducing bilious fever, of which the animal dies. Sheep infested with this dangerous parasite should be at once killed, and if they have been in pasture after the disease has developed the rest of the flock should be at once removed to another pasture on higher ground, or to some inclosure where they cannot have access to a stream flowing below the infested pasture.

Sheep are also infested by two very troublesome insects, the tick and the scab mite. When the former are very numerous sheep and lambs—especially the latter—are tormented to death by them, and even when few in number they cause great pain and weakness from loss of blood. Dipping is the proper remedy for this, and the scab mite—a terrible pest, which has caused the loss of entire flocks when its first appearance has been neglected. Various solutions are used as a remedy for these pests, and of these one of the best is a strong decoction of tobacco and sulphur, into which the sheep is plunged, all but the head, for about one minute. The scab is a disease which must be "nipped in the bud," for it spreads with great rapidity.

Corrosive Sublimite Liniment.

Take a pint of turpentine, which put in a good, strong bottle adding an ounce of finely pulverized corrosive sublimite and an ounce of gum camphor. Shake well and let the mixture stand for 24 hours, when it will be fit for use. The value of this liniment depends greatly upon the fineness to which the corrosive sublimite is pulverized. Grind it as fine as possible in a druggist's mortar; pounding with a hammer will not answer. The object of this pulverization is to get the substance in such a form that it will be readily dissolved by the turpentine. There are comparatively few liquids which will dissolve corrosive sublimite, and turpentine is one of these. Corrosive sublimite is well known as one of the most violent poisons. Its combination with turpentine constitutes one of the most powerful of medicines, increasing in its active properties by keeping. We believe it to be the most penetrating liniment in the world. It reaches the seat of disease through any and all obstacles. It destroys all infection, putridity, ulceration, old running sores, proud flesh, and all skin and bone diseases of the horse. It will

cure big head and jaw, grease, thrush, scratches, swelled legs, hoof-rot, corns, ulceration of the foot, fistula, poll-evil, ring-bone and spavin in their first stages. In the human subject this liniment has been known to cure repeatedly those troublesome affections known as tetter and scald-head; but it is to be used with great caution in these cases, and not at all unless at least 10 days old.

Always shake the bottle well before taking out the stopper. Pour the liquid into an earthen vessel, as it corrodes vessels of metal. Apply with a little mop of soft rag. In all bone affections the liniment is to be thoroughly dried in by means of a hot iron, held close to the medicated spot, but not close enough to burn the animal.

Keep the materials for making this preparation and the medicine itself out of the way of children. Taken internally it is a violent poison, but may be antidoted by the white of eggs. It will not hurt the hands provided the skin is whole and sound. It is so corrosive that persons unacquainted with its use are sometimes alarmed at the severity with which it acts upon the skin of the horse. Nothing more strikingly shows the difference between the constitution of the horse and that of the human being than the action of this medicine, which it dreadfully inflames, corrodes, and puffs out the skin of the former, harms that of the latter not at all.—C. M. A., Anita, Iowa.

Culling the Sheep.

One of the best times to dispose of sheep to the best advantage is during the summer. With good pasturage at that time many of the sheep that would be difficult to fatten on dry feed alone can be gotten into a good marketable condition and be sold at prices that will give a good per cent of profit on the feed. Where a number of sheep are kept—and more or less can be kept on every farm—it will be found a good plan to look carefully over the flock and select out all that it may seem best not to winter. As a rule it is not a good plan to winter any animals that either in growth or as breeders will not pay a good profit on the feed required to winter them, and when they are in good condition to market then is the best time to sell them. In many localities mutton can be sold during the summer better than any other time, and sheep that could not be sold in any other way to good advantage can be butchered and sold out very rapidly at good prices. One item with mutton is to have it well fattened before selling. Old ewes that have passed their usefulness as breeders, or old wethers that ordinarily never should be kept with other stock, there must be continually effort to improve, selecting out and marketing all of the lower grades and keeping only the best for breeding. While, of course much depends upon the ram, yet if good care is not taken to select out good ewes the result will not be as good as may be desired, and with sheep no more economical plans of improving can be followed than to use a full-blooded ram of some of the better breeds with carefully selected ewes, and then each year carefully selecting out the very best ewe lambs for breeding and fattening the balance—and a sheep that it would be difficult to fatten during the late fall or winter can be made marketable in the next two months and be sold to a good advantage, and it is nearly always good economy to do so.

What to Feed Fowls.

Just what feed to give fowls for best results is not fully settled in the minds of many breeders. Many say corn is not good for laying hens, but most use corn once or twice a day, says Poultry Topics. I have had satisfactory results using oats, wheat and corn in the order named. Wheat is one of the best grains for laying hens, but is too expensive for general use. Oats are good for poultry if the beards are scorched off. If fed whole they should be scorched or scalded to soften the hull and beard. Rye is good for fowls two or three times a week, being a bone and muscle producer. How much feed should a hen have for good results? Most breeders aim to feed liberally, and in so doing sometimes give too much for best results. No infallible rule can be given for feeding. Imitate nature as closely as possible. If the fowls are penned up, they need special care.

What fowls need is plenty of grit, lime, wood ashes, bran, crushed bone, charcoal, green food and water should be in easy reach of the fowls whether penned up or not. Those at large will do well on one ration a day in summer, but in winter give feed twice a day. Feed young chicks on dry feed and sweet milk and keep clean water and sand at their command. The best food is corn bread and bran scalded with a little curd in it for about two weeks then cracked corn is good. The worst enemies to small chicks are damp quarters and lice.

Charcoal for Hogs.

The Western Swine Herd says that hard wood, charred, probably is the most desirable, yet the hogs are not particular as to the kind of wood their supply of charcoal comes from if they are so fortunate as to get any at all. We have charred old pieces of rail that was only fit for wood and found that they made a desirable quality for the hogs. When the rails are piled and fired they soon char. Where this is as perfect as possible the fire is easily drowned out. The amount of coal could no doubt be increased by exercising and taking more care in burning, by pitting the rails and smothering the fire when desired, but the quality of the fuel would hardly pay for this extra care. Many good farmers are entirely satisfied with the charcoal they get from corn cobs raked up about the feeding yard and burned till charred, and then putting out the fire. They make an excellent substitute where wood is scarce. However it is made the hogs should have a liberal supply at all times.

The Ideal Friend.

Once or twice in a lifetime he is found, and one who is worthy of him will be sure to find him. You will know him when you meet him and he will know you.

He will make the most and the best of the good that is in you, and so influence you that the evil in you will steadily diminish the longer you know him. Whatever is deficient in you he will supply, and in a like manner you will fill his needs and wants. You will fit together because you were made for one another. When you meet him it will seem as if you had always known him, as if, somehow, in some former existence you were true comrades and friends, and now only picked up the chain that had been dropped erewhile. And this impression as of previous acquaintance will not die out, as with lovers, but will continue to the end, and grow stronger, for your friend is your counterpart, your other self.

Your honor, your good name, will be as sacred to him as his own. Never once will he show cowardice, jealousy or treachery. He will rejoice with royal gladness when all goes well with you, he will sympathize with and try to help you when you are ill at ease, exactly as he would try to help himself. You can depend on him as on a rock for support. When you find him cherish him as your life, and never let him go.

But how will you find him? Make yourself worthy of such a friend, and he will come to you of his own accord.

Protecting the Money.

There is no absolute safety for life or property in this world, but as human ingenuity increases it certainly looks as if bank robbers—robbers from without, at any rate—were finding their knavish business more and more nearly an impossible one. Of the safeguards of the Bank of England the Manchester Guardian says: Its outer doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close them instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution.

The bullion department of this great English banking establishment is nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping-rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near this person's head.

If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

A Grass for Dry Regions.

At the experimental grass station at Garden City, Kan., trials have been in progress for some time of several hundred new varieties of grasses, with a view to finding some that would make good meadows and pastures in localities where little, if any, rain falls, and where irrigation is expensive or impracticable.

The experiments, it is reported, have already been attended with marked success. One of the grasses especially recommended is the brome grass "bromis inermis" which was introduced from Europe not long ago. This grass, it is claimed, will make good pasturage for nine months of the year, or will cut two crops of hay, without irrigation and practically without rain.

If, on wider trial, this grass proves to be all that is claimed for it, and makes a good, nutritious pasture and good hay in the arid localities to which it is adapted, it will prove a boom indeed. There are immense tracts of land in the West that only need such a grass as this is represented to be to give them great value as cattle ranges. We sincerely hope it will be found that brome grass is all that is described to be.

The Scissors-Grinder.

At a dinner of friends, if you wish to mystify those on the opposite side of the table, offer to sharpen their knives on a new kind of grindstone. Place your plate on your knees, the hollow part toward you, keeping it upright by leaning it against the edge of the table, above which it should show about two inches.

Place the blade of the knife on the plate, taking the ordinary position of a knife-grinder. By a slight tremulous motion of the legs make the plate dance on the knees, so as to rise and fall rapidly from one-thirty-second to one-tenth of an inch, the knife-blade barely touching it.

Your opposite neighbors will believe that they see the plate turning on its centre, like the wheel of the scissors-grinder, and will greatly admire the address with which you have imparted to the plate such a rapid rotary motion.—L. Illustration.

Nature rotates crops. When the forests of oak and hickory have been removed a thick growth of evergreens appears. In New England where pine forests have been removed, the maple, chestnut and oak have sprung up. A similar rotation is found in timothy meadows, followed by blue grass.