"IS HE GONE?"

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel
My fingers ache; my lips are dry.
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel—
But oh! who eve felt as I?
No longer could I doubt him true.
All other men may use deceit;
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Various the roads of life—in one
All terminate—one lonely way
We go, and "Is he gone?"
Is all our best friends say.

How many happy voices sing,
O happy morn!—O happy spring;
O life? Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from memory,
And says, "If love and hopes have flown
With years—think, too, what griefs are gone."

Mild is the parting year, and sweet
The odors of the falling spring,
Life passes on more rudely fleet,
And balmness is its closing day.
I wait its close, I count its gloom,
But mourn that there must never fall,
Or on my breast or on my tomb,
The tear that would have sooth'd it all.

—Exchange.

A BRAVE GIRL.

I am not inclined to discourage the physical bravery involved in facing bastions and taking cities, but I do say that this is not the most difficult side of the virtue, and that there are mortal victories won in daily life evincing as honorable and enduring courage.

Mattie was the only child of Major John Darley, a man who had done service in the Mexican war and been rewarded for it by an honorable and lucrative government office.

He lived in good style in a handsome house, and Mattie was generally understood to be well off in money matters as she was attractive in person and winning in manners. She visited in the most fashionable circles, and was rather noted for her pretty toilets and the number of her beaux.

Mattie had, however, made her choice. Unreservedly she had given her affections to Mark Taylor, a young man of no particular family, but of handsome exterior and fair business prospects. Many, indeed, wondered at the major sanctioning the match; but there are always reasons within reason, and the poor father had his private motives for forwarding the views of the man who seemed most in earnest about marrying Mattie.

But before Mattie's pretty wardrobe was finished, and while the lovers were yet undecided as to whether the wedding was to be a public or private one, Major Darley was found dead in bed one morning, and the house of pleasant anticipations became a house of mourning.

This was but the beginning of Mattie's troubles. Vague but terrible rumors of suicide and ruin began to be heard, and Mattie, even in the first gush of sympathy for her desolate condition, could feel that indefinable something which expressed disapprobation as well as pity; and after the funeral was over she was quite sensible that her acquaintances and friends were ready to stand aloof from her at the first good opportunity.

The world upon the whole is not flagrantly unjust; it thought it had good reason for its disapprobation. Major Darley had done wrong; he had squandered money not his own; and poverty and dishonor it refuses to sanction. In the main it is right. And when Mattie knew also that it was generally believed that her father had slunk into the grave because he was afraid to face the wrong he had done, she did not much blame the world. She knew it must judge men and women on general rules.

But she did blame Mark, for he had no such excuse. He had made particular promises to her and her alone. But when misfortune does not strengthen love, it kills it, and before Major Darley was in the grave, Mark's behavior had lost something of its respect, and he soon became querulous and inattentive. Mattie did not hesitate long. In a few dignified lines she gave him his dismissal, and it was coolly accepted with a very unmanly and ungenerous reflection upon the dead.

Then the poor girl began seriously to consider her future. There was absolutely nothing for her but the furniture of the house in which she lived, and the half-and-half invitations which she had received from her two aunts to make her home for a time with them. One had a large family and lived in a pretty Jersey village; the other was an invalid and traveled a great deal.

She sold the furniture at auction, paid out of it her father's funeral expenses and found that she had about $1600 left. Upon the whole, the invalid aunt seemed the most desirable, and she accepted her invitation first. It was the beginning of summer, and Mrs. Dayton was going to Europe "for her health." Mattie was to go with her, but it was not until everything was arranged that Mattie found she was expected to pay her own passage. She drew $400 and went to sea with a heavy heart.

The next six months were a simple record of an imaginary invalid's whims and unreasonable tyranny; and Mattie took under these circumstances her first lessons in that knowledge which teaches—

"How salt the savor is of others' bread!
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs!"

And in spite of all Mattie's efforts and humiliations, she did not please. Mrs. Dayton and her niece parted at last on very bad terms.

"She had still $900, and she found herself one morning in June in a New York boarding house, asking her heart twenty times an hour: "What shall I do with it?" One morning she lifted a paper and eagerly ran her eye over the "Wants." This paragraph supplied her with the idea on which rested a very prosperous future:

"Wanted—A thoroughly artistic, professional cook. A liberal salary given and two assistants allowed. Apply, etc."

Now, if there was one thing for which Mattie had a natural aptitude, it was the making of delicacies and the beautiful arrangement of a table.

"Why should I not learn how to do this thing?" she said. "This very day I will see about it."

She had to take many a fruitless walk and to bear a good deal of impertinent curiosity before she found what she wanted—a professional cook willing to impart the secrets of his art for an equivalent in cash. Even then he could not take her until the winter season made grand dinners in demand, and Mattie was forced to content herself with an engagement to the great artist in the following October.

Did she live on her small means in the interval? She took a situation as saleswoman in a retail store, and immediately began to sell trimmings and laces. Not unfrequently she had to wait on ladies at whose houses she had visited and with whom she had frequently spent the morning shoping not eighteen months before. Some ignored the fact and treated her as a simple shop-girl, and some spoke to her in that tone of constrained kindness still harder to bear. Others whispered to their companions, as they passed, her name and reverses; but, after all, she was amazed to find how little these things hurt her.

Still she was honestly glad one morning to receive a note from Prof. Deluce, requesting her services. In a plain, neat dress, with her large apron and linen sleeves in her satchel, she entered at daylight one of the principal hotels and took her way resolutely to the professor's rooms. He set her to work with a very few words, and day after day, week after week, she assisted him in the production of the most wonderful dinners and suppers.

When the winter was over the professor was willing to endorse his pupil in all things, and he offered to secure her a position for the summer months. Mattie very gratefully accepted the offer, and in a few days he was able to make an engagement for her at a fashionable summer hotel. She was to have one thousand dollars for the season and two assistants.

For five years Mattie spent her summers at this hotel, and her winters with some rich private family, making about fifteen hundred dollars a year, and saving nearly every dollar of it. For she had in view the opening of a large private hotel, and she knew that in order to get the necessary funds she must herself be willing to risk a respectable sum.

So she was patient and industrious, and the day on which she was thirty years of age saw her the mistress of a magnificently furnished mansion, every room of which had been taken before it was opened. For by this time Mattie's skill was well known to wealthy epicures, and it was considered something of a privilege to sit at a table she provided for, or live in a house she ordered.

But though obliged now to dress as becomes the lady of such a house, she never relaxed her patient attention to the smallest detail of her duty, and her boarders knew that the elegantly dressed woman who presided at the table had been hours before in a linen blouse and cap busy among her bright saucepans for their benefit and enjoyment; and the knowledge detracted nothing from the respect and admiration every one delighted to give her.

In three years Mattie had paid off the last cent of the money she had borrowed in order to start her enterprise, and thenceforward she began to make money and save money for Mattie Darley alone. She was still handsome and had many admirers, but she was of that order of women who love once and no more, and many things about Mark's desertion of her had left a sting in her heart which no future love could extract. She did not know whether he remembered her or not; she had heard while in Europe, that he was going to marry an old companion of hers, but that was twelve years ago, and twelve years rolled between two lives generally effectually separate them.

When she was thirty-six years of age and a rich woman she had an offer of marriage. She refused it but the circumstances set her thinking about Mark in a very persistent manner. She determined to make some cautious inquiries about him; she was too old now for him to attribute any silly motive to her. The resolution ran in her mind for two or three days, and she determined one afternoon to go and find out an old friend likely to be familiar with Mark's doings.

But while she was dressing an English nobleman came to rent a suit of rooms and was so full of crotchets and orders that she thought it best to remain in the house. He was very peculiar and insisted upon having all his meals in his own room, but as he paid extravagantly for the privilege and kept his own servant to attend upon him, Mattie thought it worth her while to humor so good a guest.

She soon found, however, this strange servant a very uneasy element in her kitchen affairs. In a week her own maids were at open war with him, and she heard so much about his delightful singing and elegant manners that her curiosity was somewhat excited. One morning, as she was coming down stairs, dressed to go out, she saw the wine-colored livery of my lord's servant coming toward her with a tray containing delicacies for his master's breakfast. As they passed each other, Mattie looked steadily into the man's face and saw Mark Taylor.

He recognized her in the same moment, but with the instinct of a little mind pretended not to know her. After his stare and silence there was nothing left for Mattie to say. She had been going to see him, and, lo, even as a servant he would not know her! The next day the servant's parlor was desolate. Mark had left my lord's service.

It might be four years after this event that Mattie one bitter, snow day received a letter which greatly agitated her. She was a very wealthy woman now, and though she still kept her hotel she also kept her private carriage. After half an hour's troubled and uncertain thought, she ordered it, and greatly to the amazement of her servant requested to be driven to a very disreputable part of the city. It was hard for the vehicle to make its way to the wretched tenement she indicated, and Mattie's heart sunk at the filthy, slushy court and dark, noisome stairs before her.

I might say that love made her regardless of these things, but that would not be true. There was no love in Mattie's heart now for Mark Taylor, but his note had said he was dying, and she had not found herself able to refuse his last request. Indeed she half doubted him now, for during the past two years he had begged money from her, under every possible pretext, and there was now more fear and contempt in her pity for her old lover than lingering trace of affection.

But this time he had told the truth. Mattie barely got there in time to hear his last words—a pathetic entreaty for a half-starved little lad sobbing his poor childish heart out for his dying father. The child loved Mark—that almost redeemed Mark in Mattie's eyes. She promised faithfully to bring up the boy as her own, and she kissed and forgave at the last the poor, weak, heartless man. After the miserably selfish failure of his life, it is something to die with his child in his arms and the woman who had once loved him so dearly dropping tears upon his face and praying humbly for his peace.

So Mattie buried Mark, and took to her home Mark's little Roland. At first it was not altogether a pleasure. The love for other people's children is not an instinct. But Roland had a handsome person and bright, bold manners. He won his way surely and rapidly, and Mattie, in his case, made true the sarcasm of a proverb, for this "old maid's bairn was well taught and well bred."

About five years after Mark's death Mattie sold her business and bought the loveliest of lovely farms. She came to the country with the intention of taking life easy and enjoying the fruits of her twenty years of hard though pleasant labor. But Mattie can't help making money, and her berries and vines, her milk and butter and grains are the wonder of the country. When any one in our little community is sick or blue or tired, we go to see Mattie; when the church or the Sunday school wants a delightful meeting or a pleasant picnic, it has it at Mattie's place. If a young girl has any trouble about her wedding clothes, she goes to Mattie; if the elders can't raise our good minister's salary, Mattie puts matters all straight.

Everybody loves Mattie Darley. Even her aunts come to see her now; for sooner or later we pardon our friends the injuries we have done them.

Now suppose Mattie had hung on to her aunts in wretched dependence. Suppose that she had dragged out a half-existence trying to teach what she did not herself understand. Suppose that, at the best, she had married for a living some man whom she did not love. How much nobler to accept the humble work she was fit for, and dignify it by a conscientious, intelligent and artistic practice.

"You were a brave little woman, Mattie," I once said to her, "to dare the scorn of friends and the descent from social position that the profession of cooking entailed."

"Independence," she replied, "can brave a great deal. None of my employers ever said a disrespectful word to me. No one pitied or parronized or pretended not to see me. It is as great a pleasure as life affords to have work to do which you like to do and get well paid for doing it."

"But with stylish bringing-up and your gentle birth?"

"My friend, take your stylish bringing-up and your gentle birth to market and see what they will buy you. I love Roland dearly, and he will have plenty of money; but if he wanted to make a shoe or learn how to sew a dress-coat, I hope he'd be man enough to do it."—Amelia E. Barr, in New York Ledger.

An Irish Cup of Tea.

Irish servants, with all their faults, have many virtues, and the Irish cup of tea is not a bad exponent of the national character as we see it displayed in our kitchens—generous to lavishness, careless to sloppiness, and quick-tempered as warm-hearted. A writer in Harper's Bazar says:

Coming in tired from a long walk, I went to my room to lie down, and on my way left a message for Mary: "Tell Mary to make me a cup of tea, strong, and bring it up-stairs."

In the course of time there appeared at my door Mary's round smiling face.

"It's an Irish cup of tea I'm bringing you, ma'am," she said.

"An Irish cup of tea, Mary! and what is that?"

"It's a cup that is flowin' into the saucer, ma'am."

I laughed as I took "the Irish cup of tea," and Mary stood beside me, smiling, while I drank it.

"So that's the kind of cup of tea you get at home, Mary, is it—the tea running into the saucer?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," she said. "When you give a cup of tea to a friend, ye're not givin' plenty unless it's flowin' into the saucer. We'd not be insultin' a friend wid a cup that wasn't full. At home it's mane ye are if ye don't fill the cup runnin' over."

There is a pretty bit of Irish poetry in this. "A cup flowin' over for a friend."

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS.

MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST TO THE AGRICULTURIST.

One of the Minor Industries—Why Eggs Spoil—A Mangel-Wurzel Pest—Sheep and Wool—Keeping Butter Fresh—Minor Topics.

One of the Minor Industries.

There are several small industries which, without a large increase of labor, may be profitably carried on by the farmer or his family. One of these is bee keeping.

It is true that, when carried on on a large scale, and after the most approved fashion, bee keeping does involve a good deal of labor and expense. When so managed it requires the knowledge and skill of an expert, just as a large poultry ranch does. But hens and bees can both be kept, in a small way, by a farmer who is not an expert, though a certain amount of knowledge and experience is requisite in order to get the best results out of either.

Farmers should not be deterred from keeping bees, however, by reading of the toils and anxieties and fancy "contraptions," of expert apiarists. A dozen or twenty hives, with ordinary care will yield enough honey for domestic use and a considerable amount besides for sale. A supply of nice white honey is "handy to have in the house, especially in the country," as Mr. Sparrow grass would say, and no farmer's table need be without it.

The beginner in bee keeping, as Prof. A. J. Cook has wisely suggested, will do well not to go into the business too largely at first. Commence with two or three swarms and learn how to manage them and enlarge the number as knowledge of their habits and needs increases. We once knew a busy city merchant who had a small place on the outskirts of the town, and who managed twentyfive or thirty hives with great success, doing nearly all the work of caring for them himself. He obtained every year a large quantity of as fine honey as we ever saw. The hives, made by his hired man, were very simple in construction, such as any one hardly with tools could make.

If a man so situated could succeed so well, there certainly are not many farmers who, with the help of their families, could not manage a few hives.

Why Eggs Spoil.

Whenever a fertilized egg is raised to a temperature of 92 degrees, the Farm, Stock and home says, the hatching process begins, and when the temperature falls much below this point the process ceases. These conditions are found in the warm days and cool nights of summer. During the long hot day the hatching process is at work; during the cool night it ceases. After three or four alterations of this kind the embryo chick dies and the rotting process begins.

Now, it is evident that if the eggs were not fertilized the hatching would not begin, neither would the rotting, and hence there would be an absence of rotten eggs. The remedy, therefore is to prevent the fertilization of the eggs, and this can be secured by the destruction of the rooster. Every rooster not intended especially for breeding should be killed or sold to the huckster as soon as big enough to eat. Not more than one rooster should be kept on any farm, and that one cooped and mated with not more than 10 hens, and the eggs from these hens should be kept or sold expressly for hatching. The other hens should be kept especially for eggs for market or table use, and no rooster should ever be allowed among them. On the ordinary farms about one-tenth of the fowls are roosters which is about nine times as many as there can be any possible use for.

Unfertilized eggs are much sweeter and better for table use and will keep from two to four times as long as fertilized ones. Hens not kept with roosters will lay longer and sit less than others. It is safe to say that in the United States alone there are 20,000,000 roosters and 19,000,000 of them are a positive and expensive nuisance, except for the table at the right time. If these roosters are killed and their places supplied with hens, and each laid 200 eggs per year the aggregate would be 3,800,000,000 worth one cent each, $38,000,000, every cent of which would clear net profit to the farmer.

A Mangel-Wurzel Pest.

The mangel-wurzel is in some seasons attacked by the larvæ of a fly which work havoc with the crop, unless promptly checked. The presence of the pest is easily detected. As the plant begins to show a vigorous growth with broad leaves, they suddenly droop and assume a withered appearance. Examination will reveal the presence of white blotches, and here will be found a little collection of maggots gorging themselves on the juices and green colored substances of the plant. Further investigation will show quantities of eggs on many of the leaves, from which maggots are hatching at a lively rate. If allowed to go on unchecked, these voracious little wretches will make sad work of the crop, greatly lessening, if not altogether destroying it.

Fortunately there are ways of circumventing their ravages, and no time should be lost when they appear in applying the appropriate antidotes. Among the remedies that have been found effective is an application of from one to one and a half hundred-weight of nitrate of soda and from two to three hundred-weight of salt per acre. The effect of this will be to stimulate the growth of the plants, so that they will become too strong for their insect foes.

If finely distributed, so as to cover the plants, this will also put an end to the feeding of the larvæ. A thorough dusting with lime and soot, in the proportion of one bushel of lime to three of soot, is also an excellent remedy. So also is a wash made of one pound of soft soap and a gallon of paraffine oil to one hundred gallons of water, applied with a garden pump in a fine spray.

Sheep and Wool.

The last bulletin of the National department of agriculture gives the following retrospect about sheep and wool in the United States: "A very comprehensive presentation of the statistics of sheep and wool gives the estimated number of sheep and product of wool for each of 22 years past, the average wool supply by decades since 1840, the annual importation of wool since 1870, and the annual importation of woolens by decades since 1830. It shows that the value of our flocks is greater by $42,000,000 than in 1870, and the value per head greater than since 1875. From these facts it appears that the domestic supply of wool is six times as great as in 1840, and that both domestic and foreign supplies were only three pounds to each inhabitant, while they are now six and a half pounds. Then including imports of woolens scarcely four pounds per head were used, whereas we now require over eight pounds. It appears that three-fifths of all the wool used for all purposes is of domestic production, while four-fifths of the requirement is manufactured in this country leaving only one-fifth to come in the shape of imported goods. It is gratifying to know, also, that for three decades the value per head of imports of woolens has been regularly declining, and is now only about three-fourths of a dollar per annum for each individual. when in 1850-1860 it was considerably more than a dollar."

Keeping Butter Fresh.

The best method for keeping butter for any length of time is to store it in barrels, under brine in the granulated form. Now, clean whisky or pork barrels should be used, filled to within 18 inches of the top with brine strong enough to float an egg, and the butter then put in and covered so as to keep it at least four inches beneath the surface of the brine. Butter packed in this way has kept perfectly sweet for 18 months or more. Under our present conditions of manufacturing and marketing, it of course rarely occurs that there is any need of keeping butter for such a long time, but in putting up butter for export, especially to countries south of us, this or a similar plan might be adopted for keeping it in good condition. We have a good chance now for building up a trade with our southern neighbors, and it would pay to take some extra pains to procure it by getting our butter to them in better shape than any other they receive.—Ex.

Fattening Sheep.

An experienced sheep breeder says that the best ration he has ever known to be fed to fattening sheep is composed of equal parts by weight, of oats, peas and millet to 15 bushels of the mixture was added one bushel of flaxseed and all were ground fine together. Each sheep was fed two pounds of this ground mixture with hay, and made a peculiar gain of three pounds each week, besides growing an unusually fine staple of wool. This small amount of flaxseed is peculiarly soothing to the digestive organs. It is a perfect preventive of all diseases caused by dry fodder.

Minor Topics.

Advice to the milker—Keep thyself clean.

The farmer who does not provide a garden for his family ought to go without his dinners.

A practical dairyman cleanses his milk utensils with boiling water, sal soda, scouring with salt and occasional scraping. He never uses soap.

Three hundred pounds of butter per cow should be the minimum, 400 pounds the aim, and 500 and upward the ambition of the progressive dairyman.

What we want now, wisely remarks an exchange, is pure bred dairymen, It is vain to give the best cows to a man who has not learned to make the most of the native kind.

Pure milk cannot be had from a cow that drinks impure water. Eighty-seven per cent of ordinary milk is water. A cow will drink 100 pounds of water in a day.

A horse affected with chronic founder always goes sore and is inclined to walk on his heels. The heels of the fore feet usually strike the ground first. The hoofs show signs of contraction, by rings or ridges coming on hoof. Blisters applied to the coronet do good in such cases.

Ground oats, fed dry, in troughs, are excellent for young chickens, but they should be well sifted, the chaff and hulls being given to the adult fowls. If slightly moistened with fresh milk or boiling water, chicks are very partial to ground oats, but they must not be so fed as to have any portion of the food remain over after each meal. The rolled oats, which are used for making oatmeal porridge, may be fed dry to chicks, and perhaps it is best of all foods for newly hatched broods.

SHE DIDN'T ASK FOR MILK.

A Thirsty Young Woman's Experience With a Literal Yankee.

The other day when the thermometer stood at 101 degrees a young woman got off at a village station on the New England Housatonic Railroad with a two hours wait before her for the train that would carry her to her destination. She was travel-worn and thirsty and hurriedly approached the station master.

"Where is the village?" she inquired,

"There ain't no village?"

"What!" said the young woman, "Do you mean to say there is no village with shops where you might get a glass of lemonade or anything cool to drink?"

"You can try that hotel over there," said the man, "but there ain't no village and for certain no shops."

Unsuccessful at the hotel, the young woman returned to the station and dropped down wretched on the nearest bench. "Well, of all the Godforsaken hollows," she remarked to the station master, "I never met anything like this."

"If you care to walk up the track a quarter of a mile," said the man, "you'll get a train at the junction to take you half an hour earlier to your point. I'm going to signal and I'll show you the way."

After they had walked a short distance the man jumped up a bank and entered a shed with an army of huge cans outside. In a second he was back carrying a half gallon tin of ice-cold, foaming milk. The thirsty young woman grasped it and swallowed about a quart before uttering a word.

"Well then," she said, "you're the kindest man and that's the best milk I've ever come across. Why didn't you tell me at first?"

"You asked for a village, and you asked for shops, and you asked for lemonade, said the literal Yankee, and there ain't one or t'other. If you'd asked for a drink of milk you could have had a gallon.

HIS WIFE'S ASHES.

Carried About in an Urn By a Drummer in His Travels.

A commercial tourist traveling in the interest of a fancy crockery and glassware house arrived at the Palmer one morning with his large trunks filled with samples, which he arranged upon the tables in his room. After completing this work he took from his hand satchel a large and handsome urn, which he placed on his dressing-case. It was a peculiar looking article, resembling the designs of ancient times. He looked at it intently for a few moments, frowned and turned away, sighing audibly. He went about his samples with an air of melancholy, and every time his eyes rested on the mysterious urn he sighed. Dropping into a large chair he buried his face in his hands and was silent for some minutes.

At last he was aroused from his reverie by the appearance of one of his oldest customers and friends. His face brightened and the two entered into a brisk conversation. They had talked upon all subjects, when suddenly the Chicago man saw the urn, on the dressing-case and exclaimed: "Why, old man, what a peculiar, design. What price have you on that?" The knight of the gripsack frowned as he replied: "That is not for sale. That is one of my personal effects." The Chicago glassware man proceeded to examine it. "Mighty pretty thing. Oh, there are ashes in here. I dare say you use it in your smoking set." The young man could not avoid an explanation. "You see," he said, with some feeling, "my wife requested before she died that her body be cremated and that I carry her ashes with me in my travels. I complied with her request and those are the ashes of my wife." The Chicago man suddenly thought of a previous engagement and left the room unceremoniously.—From the Chicago Herald.

Not so Grand as Niagara.

A late visitor to the great Victoria falls of the Upper Zambesi river, which were first described by Livingstone, states that their grandeur is unseen, and for that reason it is impossible to compare them with Niagara. The immense river, about a mile wide at this place, suddenly contracts and disappears, apparently, into the bowels of the earth, falling from a height estimated at about four hundred feet into a gorge narrowing about five hundred feet. A column of spray rises at least three hundred feet above the level of the river and may be seen seven miles away, while the roar can be heard for many miles. But in no place can the bottom of the gorge be seen, and in only one place was it possible to survey as much as 600 feet in width of the falls at one time.—Philadelphia Item.

The Gape Cure.

In certain affections of the throat, such as acute pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tube with pain in the ear, a Swiss confrere says that he obtains excellent results from making the patients yawn several times a day. It produces, it seems, almost instantaneous relief; the symptoms rapidly subside, and the earache disappears. Frequently the affection is cut short by this novel treatment. Yawning produces, as everyone knows, a considerable distention of the muscles of the pharnyx, constituting a kind of massage, and under this influence the cartillaginous portion of the eustachian tube contracts, expelling into the pharnyx the mucosities there collected.—Medical Record.