

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DOBYS & CO.

OREGON, 1911, MO

HOPE.

Men speak and dream with keen delight
Of some sure-coming better day;
To gain the happy golden height
All madly press the crowded way.
The world grows old and young by turns
But human hope unchanging burns.

Hope leads the infant forth to life,
And gaily plumes the boyish head,
Her spell lures youth to many strife,
Nor leaves the veteran's dying bed;
And when life's o'er, e'en from the tomb
Hope springs to shed her brightest bloom.
All is not vain illusion—no
Mere fancy, sprung from error's brain;
Too well proclaims the life we know
A higher life man shall attain;
And what those inward voices say
Shall we'er the hopeful soul betray.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

White Grubs Among Strawberries.

If any of your readers have become discouraged with white grubs in their strawberry beds, let them try the remedy here given. I keep my strawberries in stools, as I find it easier for me to keep the bed clean. Last August I found that the runners I set in July, in missing hills, looked wilted, and examining one, I found it without roots. Digging out under it I saw the grubs were at work. Having spent a great deal of time pleasantly caring for my strawberries, I determined to save them. Hunting up authorities on this point, I found that some recommend wood ashes and sulphur. Having on hand a rich heap of hen manure composted, I took one-half bushel, same measure of flour of sulphur, two quarts of soft coal soot, and one quart of salt. This I mixed thoroughly, and every hill afflicted I filled with this mixture (after digging out the grubs), sprinkling a little clear earth over, before setting new plants. Those plants partly eaten I put back in the prepared hill, and in a week after upon examining them, I found them forming new roots. Never did I see such growth made in strawberries before. I have also applied this mixture to raspberries that made a feeble growth. They responded almost immediately. I now keep it on hand, ready to apply to any shrubbery I find languishing. The soot I regarded as the most valuable insect destroyer. I think it probable that if it was mixed alone with the compost it might be sufficient, but sulphur is a powerful fertilizer to plants, and at the same time very obnoxious to insect life.

Marketing Cattle.

The Chicago *Drovers' Journal* has a sensible article on marketing cattle, and winds up as follows: "The month's business caused dissatisfaction to everybody, the consumer as well as the producer and middle men, because the cattle were thin in flesh as a rule and dressed very poorly. Dull and heavy markets seemed rather to increase than to lessen the supplies, for as is apt to be the case when values show weakness, people hurry to market their stock before there is further loss, and thus defeat their own plans. It is true, corn is scarce, but it is not as scarce as good cattle will be at the rate half-fat droves are being crowded to market. A man in the business here remarked the other day that 'corn is scarce and high now, and cattle are plentiful and cheap, but in a little while things will change, and corn will be plentiful and cheap, while corn-fat cattle will be scarce and dear.' This is putting the case a little strongly, perhaps, because this is not very good weather, and while there will probably not be enough corn come to light to make it a drug on the market, but the general truth of the statement does not seem now to be exaggerated very greatly.

Beans From California.

Lima beans are quite extensively cultivated in California, one farmer there having nearly 100 acres in that crop last season. There would not be a market for such a quantity of Lima beans if sold green; hence, large lots are dried in the sun and shipped great distances. San Francisco consumes many thousand bushels of these dried beans. The crop of 1880 was good, while that of 1881, owing to a severe drought was very light. The wide fluctuations in the quantity and quality of field crops is characteristic of California agriculture. Sands, Furber & Co., of Quincy market, Boston, have recently received a full carload of these Lima beans from a Ventura County California grower. The car contained 325 sacks of beans, the latter weighing twelve tons. The railroad freight on the car to Boston was \$360. Such beans sell here by the pound at eight cents, equivalent to \$4 per bushel. At wholesale in California they are worth four cents per pound. By soaking and cooking these dried Lima beans for several hours they have the taste and appearance of being freshly grown, and are certainly a very desirable vegetable for winter use. They could be grown in New England and New York as well as in California, though in the former localities the drying would need to be performed by artificial means by the use of an evaporator, while on the Pacific Slope they are air-dried to perfection.

Where to Keep Poultry.

A great deal of annoyance is caused by fowls that are kept about the house. Their droppings keep the lawn and walks about the house continually dirty. This is especially true of ducks and geese. Well-footed fowls devour almost everything they see, and though clean themselves, they render everything about them dirty. Other kinds

of fowls scratch up seeds that are planted, and make it difficult to keep grounds in good order. They ruin flower beds, and make bad work in every portion of the vegetable garden. They pick open the pods of peas, and devour tomatoes as soon as they become ripe. In fact there are few garden vegetables that they do not injure. They have an epicure's love for fine strawberries, raspberries, and other small fruits. They will eat grapes on the vine, and will sometimes fly into tree-tops and devour fruit and branches. Unless fowls kept near the house are restrained during the season when they derive the most benefit from running at large, they will render the production of fruit and vegetables extremely difficult. To surround a large lot with a fence that fowls will not fly over is attended with considerable expense. To keep fowls in close quarters is to injure their condition and prevent their laying many eggs. There are many advantages in keeping fowls at a considerable distance from the house. Cleanliness is insured, and a tight enclosure rendered unnecessary. It is as cheap to erect buildings for the shelter of poultry in one part of the premises as another. The trouble of carrying food some distance is compensated by the trouble saved in other matters. Those who have tried keeping fowls at a distance from the house speak highly of the arrangement.

Corn Fodder as Green Food.

The past dry season ought to be a good lesson to farmers in general, but more particularly to the dairymen. It is a well known fact that clover makes a good pasture as long as it lasts, but when it is fed off we must have recourse to something else to take its place until the new crop comes on, which the present season was short and afforded but little food, as the drought kept it close to the ground. I noticed that the clover crop was short, and looking around for a substitute, hit upon corn fodder, intending it for winter use. I plowed the ground (about three acres) the last of May; harrowed and rolled it until in good condition. I then took the Bickford and Huffman drill, closed all but two tubes, leaving the drills about three and a half feet apart; used the nine-peck wheel, and put about 200 pounds of phosphate to the acre. I then waited patiently for its coming up, which it did in about two weeks. As soon as it was six inches high I worked it clean with the cultivator (no rain yet), and then finished with the double-shovel, and let it stand (waiting for rain.)

About the last of July the corn-fodder was about three feet in height, and I went into it and cut it down with a scythe, and fed it twice a day to my cows. It was all the green feed I had. Clover was burnt up, and no rain to make any more. It lasted until October, keeping up the flow of milk when everything else failed. I only regret that I did not put in more ground, and what was not consumed green I could have cured in large shocks and left for winter use. I drilled in a bushel between the rows that I cut off, just as an experiment, but the drought continued and it did not come to anything.

I consider fodder (chilled and worked) the cheapest and best food a farmer can raise, and the most profitable for the dairyman. In a fair season it can be sowed as late as August and cut green.

Growing Strawberries.

As a rule, where strawberries are raised on an extensive scale for market, the Spring may be said to be the best season for setting them. But for family use, and when fruit is wanted the first season after setting, they can be set out at any time between the first of August and October, when, if properly planted and cared for, they will yield a pretty fair but not a full crop the coming season, and do as well as if they had been planted in the Spring. No crop, however, can be expected the same season from those set in the Spring.

The first thing toward success in strawberry culture is suitable ground—a deep, strong, sandy loam, naturally rich, or such as has been previously made by heavy manuring, is probably best for the purpose, though almost any good soil will answer. And in order to insure the best results it should be deeply stirred and well pulverized before planting, and then a thorough cultivation between the rows carry them through a severe drought without injury. Having thoroughly prepared the ground, mark off for planting by stretching a cord or small rope the whole length of the beds, pressing the same well into the ground, and at such distances apart as you wish the rows, digging the holes and setting the plants from 12 to 15 inches apart in the row. In making the holes use a common garden trowel, and after shaking out the roots, set a plant in each hole, taking care as soon as the plant is set to pour the hole half full of water, and then with sufficient dry earth to fill up the hole. Of course, if the weather is damp or the ground at all wet the watering may be dispensed with, otherwise the watering is indispensable. It is well after setting, to shade the vines a day or two with a little straw, and removing the same as soon as the vines have taken root. It is much better, too, to have the plot in three divisions, resetting each every third year alternately. In cultivating use the hoe as often as any weeds make their appearance, and if very dry in July and August scatter about an inch or so of straw or chaff between the rows, and in November cover the whole with corn-stalks, and they to be removed the following Spring.

In regard to the best varieties, a per-

son should be governed more by the purpose for which they are raised. If for market size is of more importance than quality, and those varieties are best which measure the most. Berries are not sold in the market on the merit of their flavor, but on their looks. A berry may be sour or insipid, but if it is large and brilliantly colored it will find a ready sale at fair prices, while in the absence of these qualities it will be overlooked or rejected although it may possess the highest excellence in flavor. The carrying quality is also very important in the market variety. A fruit may possess all the other qualities of a first-class market fruit, but if it is too tender to bear handling so as to place it in market in good condition it will not command a good price. As a market fruit there is none better than the Wilson's Albany, although the Captain Jack and the Crescent are said to be equally good.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Tomato sauce to pour over beef tongue, or in fact over any meat you choose, can be prepared very easily. Take one quart of canned tomatoes, boil it half way and strain it. While it is boiling, rub together till smooth one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half or almost a whole teaspoonful of salt (tomatoes will bear a great deal of salt), before taking the tomatoes from the fire add this and let it come to a boil.

VIRGINIA PONE.—Virginia pone is made of twelve tablespoonfuls of corn meal, a piece of butter the size of half an egg, half a teaspoonful of salt; pour over this a little hot water, beat well, then add two eggs, first putting in some cold water so that there will be no danger of scalding the eggs. Beat the whole for five minutes. Bake in gem pans for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

WELSH RABBIT.—Select the richest and best American factory cheese, the milder it is the better, as the melting brings out the strength. To make five rabbits take one pound of cheese, grate it and put it in a tin or porcelain-lined saucepan, add also enough to thin the cheese sufficiently, say about a wine-glass full to each rabbit; stir until all is melted; have a slice of toast ready for each rabbit (crusts trimmed); put a slice on each plate and pour cheese enough over each piece to cover it. Eat while hot.

IMPERIAL CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered white sugar, one pound of flour, ten eggs, one pound of raisins, one pound of sweet almonds, bleached and cut thin; one-half pound of citron, cut thin; one nutmeg, one glass of wine. Beat the butter and sugar together to a cream; beat the eggs thoroughly and add next, then the sifted flour, sprinkle the fruit lightly with flour before adding to the mixture. It requires to be well baked. Half the receipt makes a good sized loaf. This is one of the most delicious cakes ever made—perhaps the most delicious of all.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—One pint mashed potato, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, a speck of cayenne, one teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of onion juice, the yolk of one egg well beaten. Mix and beat until very light. Rub through a fine strainer, and add one teaspoonful of fine chopped parsley. When cool, shape into smooth, round rolls, then in cylindrical forms. Roll in fine bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in smoking-hot lard; have the lard hot enough to brown a piece of bread while you count forty. Drain on brown paper to absorb the fat.

EGGS BROUILLE.—Six eggs, half a cupful of milk, or better still, of cream, two large mushrooms, or two spoonfuls of canned ones, a little pepper, three tablespoonfuls of butter, a slight grating of nutmeg; cut the mushrooms into dice and fry them for one minute in one tablespoonful of the butter. Beat the eggs, salt, pepper and cream together and put them in a saucepan; add the butter and mushrooms; stir over a moderate heat until the mixture begins to thicken; lift it from the fire and beat until quite creamy, still keeping it hot; have slices of toast in a hot dish; heap the brouille on the toast and serve with little points of parsley.

FLAXEL-GIRDLE CAKES.—Make hot a pint of sweet milk, and into it put two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, let melt; then add a pint of cold milk, two well-beaten yolks of four eggs (placing the whites in a cold place), a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of yeast or half a cake of compressed yeast, and sufficient flour to make a stiff batter; set in a warm place to rise, let stand three hours, or over night; before baking add the beaten whites. Fry them like any other pancakes. It is important to make the batter just stiff enough, for flour must not be added in the morning unless it is allowed to rise again. These were favorite pancakes in the olden time.

FROSTED ORANGES.—An exchange gives a recipe for frosted oranges which we refer to our lady readers: Six oranges peeled and every particle of white skin removed. Take a cup of powdered sugar, divide and stir into one part a few drops of cochineal. Spread on a dish in the sun to dry, and if lumpy roll to powder. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, dip half of the lobes into the whites and then roll in the sugar. Place upon a piece of white paper to dry. Arrange in a pretty glass dish and garnish with lemon leaves if you can get them.

FATE.
Two shall be born the whole world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no lie.
And there o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Error so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wise full eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Science of Perfumes.

By a process known as enfleurage, which is the exposure of beef fat to fresh flowers in close boxes until it is thoroughly permeated and charged with their odors, the perfumes of six flowers are obtained, which could in no other manner known to science be preserved apart from the fresh petals. Those flowers are violet, jasmia, tuberose, rose, orange flower and cassie (cinnamon flower). From those six there are fifty or more combinations made for the simulation of the odors of other flowers. Sweet pea is made with jasmia and orange flower; hyacinth is counterfeited by jasmia and tuberose; lily of the valley by violet and tuberose. But the resources of the perfumer are by no means confined to the pomades, as the scented fats are termed. He uses many essential oils, the principal of which are sandalwood, bergamot, lemon, rosemary, neroli (made from bitter orange flowers), patchouli and otto of roses. It is very difficult to get the last named in a pure state, because its great cost tends to dishonest adulteration. Very often rose-geranium oil is substituted for it. Musk is another important ingredient, entering, as it does, into almost all perfumes, except those which are actually imitations of flower odors, or, as styled by perfumers, "natural"—as, for instance, heliotrope, tuberose, white rose and violet.

Action of Ice Upon Rocks.

In a recent number of *Natural*, Mr. Berg has drawn attention to the powerful agency exerted by ice in severing rocks, of which he gives a striking instance occurring on the Aalsund in West Norway, where a low ledge rising out of the fjord is all that remains of a once extensive fjord promontory, which in the year 1717 was suddenly blown up and precipitated into the water by the force of the ice within the interstices of the stone. The winter had been mild and during a rapid thaw a considerable stream had swelled up from the ice-covered summit of the fjord, and carried its waters into every crevice of the rock, when a sudden change of wind brought about a sharp frost which turned the descending water of the newly formed stream into ice arresting their course within the interstices of the rock. The result was the explosion of the entire mass of the fjord below the outbreak of the stream, and its projection from a height of more than 1,500 feet into the neighboring fjord, which engulfed the whole of the promontory, with its cultivated fields and farmstead.

Simultaneously with the disappearance of the land below the surface of the fjord, a huge mass of waters was propelled against the opposite shore, carrying with it rusty anchors, boat-riggers, and numerous other objects which had long lain at the bottom. The disturbance extended a mile beyond the point at which the land was submerged, and the waters in retreating carried with them a wooden church which had stood fifty feet above the fjord, besides sweeping away all the fishing-boats for a distance of two and a half miles. Before this occurrence, which was attended by loss of life to about a score of persons, the headland had been much resorted to on account of the Hallibut, which abounded in the neighborhood, but since that period the fish has never returned, a circumstance which, according to local popular belief, is due to the covering up by the fallen rock of certain submarine cavities and springs frequented by the fish.

Shingles.
The large number of buildings, the roofs of which the farmer is compelled to keep tight, makes it a question of importance as to how he can best preserve the shingle and do it at a cost that will make it advisable. The split and shaved shingle of a hundred years ago, that came from the old growth of pine, was quiet a different article from the sawed pine shingle from the sapling pines of to-day. While the former would keep a roof tight thirty or forty years, the latter would keep one tight not much more than one quarter of that period.

Various methods have been devised to make the shingle of the present day more lasting. Dipping them in hot lime water, or coal tar is practiced by some, and is found to be very beneficial; but it is very disagreeable work to lay them, and carpenters are not inclined to encourage the practice. Some lime the roofs after the shingles have been laid a year or two. No doubt this is very beneficial to that portion of the shingle that it touches. It is now the practice of some to paint the roofs, as well as the other portions of the buildings. A great variety of paints are used. While some use white lead and linseed oil, others use various kinds of mineral paint with cheap fish oil.

Some of these are good, while others are almost worthless.

About thirteen years ago there was a paint made of ground slate, mixed with coal tar, and probably some other substance, which, when properly put on, proved to be not only fire-proof, but a great preserver of the shingles, keeping them without any perceptible change for more than ten years; but this soon went out of style, it not out of use, probably because it was so much trouble to put on properly that the work was improperly done. To do the work well it was necessary to apply this preparation so hot that it would penetrate the shingles, and make a surface as hard as slate stone. Probably the time will come when shingles will be dipped in some material that will not be disagreeable to the carpenters, and yet preserve them from decay. When this can be done at the mill where the shingles are sawed, and they can go to market all prepared, it will be a step of progress in the right direction, and will meet a want that at present is felt by all owners of buildings.

The Woman Who Plants Shrubbery.

The philosophy of *Texas Siftings* has solved one of the women problems as follows: "You can see it down here in Texas already, and in a short time it will make its appearance all over the United States. Like the prickly heat and boils, it comes out regularly every spring. We refer to the spectro of the front yard. Perhaps the reader does not quite comprehend our meaning. We refer to the woman who plants shrubbery, and grubs about generally, early every spring, in the front yard. Early every spring the average woman, rich or poor, dresses herself in a faded calico dress, disguises herself in a big poke bonnet, and, armed with a garden rake, she goes prowling about like a scarecrow on wheels, a nigger with a water pot usually bringing up the rear of the procession. The question arises: why does the average female strive to make herself so hideous as to fill a dead man with distrust, if he were to walk past, when about the only returns for her trouble are a \$40 rheumatic pain in her back, and a suggestion from her husband that she hire a wagon and go around selling vegetables? The reason why women will persist in fixing up a garden is simply because they cannot help themselves. They are acting from an irresistible impulse. It is because their ancestors did so. Why in the spring of the year, do ponies become epidemic and old and young, rich and poor, rush off into the woods to eat their larch under trees, and be fed on by ticks and mosquitoes? It is simply because for tens of thousands of years man was in a nomadic condition. He wandered about with his family in the woods, living on berries and being annoyed by insects, and although man has become civilized, and lives in a house, yet, nevertheless, about once a year an irresistible desire to return to his old vagabond life comes over him, and he just has to go on a picnic, after which he cools down for the rest of the year, and puts sweet oil on the tick bites. Just so it is with women gardening. Until quite recently woman had to do all the hard work in the field. She had to dig up the ground, plant the crop and gather it, until it became second nature to her. Her husband was kind enough to encourage her to keep on by shaking a stick at her when she wanted to sit down and rest, but it was below his dignity to work. Such was the condition of woman from the beginning of time. It will be remembered that Adam was too lazy to gather in the apples, so Eve had to do it for him. Of course all this is changed now. All that most women do in the way of hard work is to dress up and go to parties, but every spring she cannot resist the impulse to put on her worst clothes and drudge with a hoe out in the front yard, as she used to do thousands of years ago."

Baby-Monkeys.

Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and in looking about them. During the whole of this time the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and, with her baby in her arms, she skillfully evades any approaching danger by the most adroit manœuvres. At the end of the first fortnight the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself, but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge. When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are speedily developed, and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and, should it meet with an untimely end her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death.

How She Will Know.

Alice writes us asking how she can be sure that she loves her young man. The only certain test that we know of is this: If your young man is like the general run and confines his conversation almost exclusively to talking about himself, and you find yourself able to stand it and are interested in it all, Alice, "your name is Dennis."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LUCKY CHILD.

From the Chicago Tribune.
Little Bo-Peep awoke from her sleep;
Her eyes opened wide and wider;
For she found herself seated on the grass
With an old sheep standing beside her.
"Little Bo-Peep," said the good old sheep,
"How glad I am we've found you!
Here we are, rams and sheep and lambs,
All flocking up around you."
"You blessed sheep," said Little Bo-Peep,
"I've been worried to death about you."
"We've been searching for you," said the good old sheep;
"We wouldn't go home without you."

Annie Carleton's Trial.

Mary E. Bramford, in *Watchman*.
It is true that Annie Carleton had a pleasant, comfortable home, a father and mother to take care of her, three younger brothers and sisters for company, and a host of cousins who were very kind to her; but, in spite of all this, the little girl was very miserable.
"It really is as the old song says, 'The world is what we make it,' and Annie had persuaded herself that this was a very bloomy world indeed, that she was a very, very unhappy girl, and that it was never going to be any better with her.

Well, when Annie was very young she learned to read, and became so fond of this occupation that she spent most of her time with her story-books.
Her mother would say to her, "Now don't hold your book too near your eyes, Annie," but Annie was generally too much absorbed in the stories to heed the caution.

So things went on, and when Annie was about ten years old, objects gradually became dimmer and dimmer until she could not see papa down the road when he was coming home, nor the minister's house from the window where she used to see it, and when she looked at the Big Dipper at night she could not see as many stars in it as her brothers could, and so people began to say that Annie was near-sighted.

At school matters were worse, because she could not see the figures on the black-board when all the other scholars could read the examples plainly.

The teacher was very kind to her, and gave her a front seat, and, when examination days came around, she would write off all the examples on a piece of paper and give it to Annie, because she could not see, like the other scholars, what was written on the board. Still Annie was very unhappy, and cried a great deal about her eyes.

One day she came home feeling very badly, and told her mother that Nellie Hunt said she would not play with her any more, because the day before, when Annie was down to the postoffice, she had walked right by Nellie and had not smiled or bowed or even looked at her. Mrs. Carleton tried to comfort Annie, and told her she must beg Nellie to excuse her on account of not seeing who it was.

Things went on from bad to worse, till one day Annie's father went with her to the city and bought her a pair of spectacles with which she could see just as plainly as anybody.
Annie was so much pleased that she could hardly wipe her dishes that night after she came home, she was in such a hurry to get out-doors and look at every thing. All the trees and flowers and even the grass looked different to her. When it grew dark she was delighted, to see the stars shining so brightly, and she discovered that she was mistaken and that little Teddy was right about the number of stars in the Big Dipper.

Though her schoolmates stared at her spectacles a little, they were all glad Annie could see at last, that is, all except Tom Finnigan, a big boy who always seemed to delight in making over one miserable.

"Hello, grandmother!" shouted he, when the first recess came.

"Hush," said Carrie Benton, "you must not plague Annie; you know she has felt badly enough about her eyes."

But all the same Tom persisted in trying to annoy the spectacled scholar; and shortly succeeded so well that the little girl was almost as miserable as she had been before she had her spectacles.

"Thanksgiving's coming, Annie!" called out her little brother Teddy, as he came in from school one day in November.

"I don't care," said Annie, crossly. "I don't see what I've got to be thankful for, if I must have these eyes always."
Mrs. Carleton, in the next room, heard what Annie said, but did not think it best to reply just then. When Mr. Carleton came home that night however, she told him that something must be done to make Annie feel more contented.

"Let's take her up to the Blind Asylum and show her the scholars there," suggested Mr. Carleton. "Perhaps when she sees so many worse off than herself, she will think that her eyes are worth something after all."

So it was settled that they should make a visit to the asylum for the blind, and the Saturday before Thanksgiving Mr. Carleton took his wife and Annie and drove two or three miles to their destination.

A servant answered the door-bell and showed them into the parlor. The principal came down in a few minutes, and Mr. Carleton asked if they could look over the buildings.

"Certainly," said he, and called a blind girl about sixteen years old to lead the visitors around and show them the rooms.
Out in the hall were two or three lit-

tle blind boys standing by the door. Annie asked one of them how he became blind, and the little fellow tried to tell her, but overcome by the young visitor's sympathy, he broke down crying, and Annie broke down and cried too.

In one room in which were a large number of blind children, one of the boys was playing beautifully on the piano. The principal told Annie's father that the scholars were fond of music and learned very readily. Some of them were good singers.

The blind girl who showed Mr. and Mrs. Carleton and Annie over the buildings did not have to move carefully, as Annie would have supposed, but walked quickly through the rooms and halls like one who can see her way.

They visited the large bedrooms with their rows of little white beds; then the girl took them to the library, where she lifted a large Bible down from its shelf and opened it to show Annie the raised letters with which the blind read. Annie's father asked the girl to read some verses to him, and she put her fingers on the letters and read as easily as a person could with eyes.

It was time to go, so Annie said good-bye to her blind friends and went away, promising to come again and see them some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton did not say anything to Annie, but thought they would wait and see what impression her visit had made upon her.

Thanksgiving Day came and the family all went to church to hear the sermon. That night Teddy said to Annie,—

"The minister said this morning that we must all be thankful, but I don't see what he meant you," cause you have to wear spectacles."
"Yes, he did mean me, too," said Annie, "and I have got over so much to be thankful for, Teddy. I guess you would think so if you had seen those blind children. You won't catch me complaining any more about my eyes, if I have to wear specs as long as I live."

Ever afterward, when she was impatient with her eyes, Annie thought of the greater affliction of her friends at the Blind Asylum, and was thankful.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

That which is well done is twice done.
A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

None but a wise man can employ leisure well.
Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Better one word in time than two afterward.
The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

Strive for the best, and provide against the worst.
Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

Forget other people's faults by remembering your own.
He that wells in prosperity is sure to shrink in adversity.

He who says what he likes, often hears what he does not like.

Some men and women talk by the yard and think by the inch.
The touchstone by which men try us is often their own vanity.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.
Be grateful if you can; but if you can't be grateful, be true.

The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.
The miller imagines that the corn grows only to make his mill turn.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.
There is always room for a man of force and he makes room for many.

A secret is too little for one, enough for two, and too much for three.

Many men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.
Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

What we are merely taught seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.
The only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference in opinion.

Nature never moves by jumps, but always in steady and supported advances.
It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indignation from the rest.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

Nothing shocks the sensibilities of an honest man more than a dishonest and meaningless laugh.

They say it is hard to be a consistent Christian, but it is equally difficult to be a consistent sceptic.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is the winnowing machine.

You can always gauge a man's character by noting the kind of jokes which make him laugh most heartily.

Economy is half the battle of life; it is not half so hard to earn money as to spend it well.

Rage spent on the vanquished often brings a return shaft, against which skill is powerless.

It will be found that no man is more to be feared than the man who is willing to tell you all he knows, because the chances are that he will tell you a great deal more than he knows.