

**MY PORTION.**  
Carolina Perry.  
Very little of gold have I.  
Wealth and station have passed me by.  
But something sweet in my life I hold  
That I would not change for place or gold.  
Beneath my feet the green earth lies,  
Above my head are the tender skies.  
I live between two heavens; my eyes  
Look out to where, serene and sweet,  
At the world's far rim the two heavens meet.  
I hear the whisperings of the breeze,  
The sweet, small tumults amid the trees:  
And many a message comes to me  
On the wing of bird, in the hum of bee,  
From the mountain peak and the surging sea.  
Even silence speaks with voice so clear,  
I lean my very heart to hear,  
And all above me and all around  
Light and darkness and sight and sound  
To soul and sense such meanings bring,  
I thrill with a rapturous wondering:  
And I know by many a subtle sign  
That the very best of life is mine.  
And yet, as I spell each message o'er,  
I long and long for a deeper lore;  
I long to see and I long to hear  
With a clearer vision, a truer ear;  
And I pray with the keenest of all desire  
For lips that are touched by the altar fire.

**FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.**

**Feed the Cows.**  
L. S. Coffin.  
Now who of us have the "sand" to call out until we get down to the number we know we can winter and bring them to the next grass in good fine shape. Ten of your best cows well wintered will be worth more than fifteen "spring poor" will when grass comes. Here is where the sand comes in. Who of us can and will just go at it and cut down till we know our hay and grain just balances what stock we have to winter? Remember how terribly poor almost all the cows were last spring. It took half the summer to get them up into shape, and some of them are poor now. A well fed cow through the winter is the good cow through the summer. Corn is high now we know, but the best buyer a man has for his corn is a good cow. She may want to buy on a little time, but she is as good as the bank. She will pay it all up next summer and with good interest. Just try it this winter. Feed to the cows from two to four quarts of meal a day and what good hay, corn-stalks, and straw they will eat, and more comfortable quarters, and we'll sign the note they give for the corn. We'll risk it.

**Raising Beef Cattle.**  
National Live Stock Journal.  
Those who raise and feed beef cattle will find it of great advantage to market their own stock by shipping and selling it at some one of the great markets of the country. Where this is not convenient the desired end may be accomplished by making a personal visit to some of the extensive stock yards. This will especially be of advantage if this visit can be made during the time their own cattle are on sale.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, who feeds a fine lot of cattle each year, and who, for profit and convenience, sells them at home, quietly gets on the cars and visits the stock yards about the time his cattle are to be in the market. He says he finds this of advantage in buying, breeding and feeding. The lessons are so instructive, he says, that it pays in dollars and cents to pay railroad fare and take the time from his large and extensive business. As his cattle command the highest prices, from their quality, and are readily sold—sometimes six months before delivery—and there is every evidence that he is making money, we have reason to believe his methods are good.

Farmers too often sell to local shippers who, for the purpose of buying at the lowest possible rates, misrepresent the state of the market, as well as the quality of stock most in request and commanding the highest prices. Acting upon such information alone, a breeder or feeder may make an expenditure of time and money that would be wrong, and take years to otherwise find the error of his ways.

**Skimmed Milk.**  
Dr. Foster's Health Monthly.  
Dr. Brush of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has written to the Medical Record a sensible protest against the wanton waste of skimmed milk, which is frequently seized and poured into the gutter by the inspectors of the Board of Health. There is, he says, no reason to regard skimmed or even watered milk as injurious to health or unwholesome, and for babies and adults with weak stomachs it is preferred to milk which is rich in fat. He quotes authorities who state that even calves thrive best on skimmed milk, not because in a state of nature their mother's milk would be too rich for them, but because as cows are fed and continually milked, the secretion becomes unnaturally rich in solid and fatty constituents. It is further argued that when children are fed upon over-rich milk, a portion of the fat passes through them unabsorbed, and consequently Liebig proposed the use of skimmed milk of cows in the preparation of milk to correspond as closely as possible with human milk. Skimmed milk sent to cities is not liable to be the product of diseased cows, for their milk cannot be kept long enough for the cream to rise in paying quantity.

Therefore, the only possible objection to the sale of skimmed milk is that the people may be made to pay the same price for it as though a part of the cream had not been removed. Instead, then, of confiscating and destroying it, when found coming into a city, there should be some punishment for dealers who charge a full price for it, an extra fine put upon those who add water, for the dilution of milk to the requirements of babies, can be better attended to "at home."

**Founder.**  
A disease that is far too common in horses is caused most frequently by driving or working the animal till it is overheated, and more or less exhausted, and then allowing him to cool off suddenly without rubbing dry. A horse driven hard for several miles, and then hitched to a post in the open air in cold winter weather, and perhaps forgotten by the driver, who may be telling stories or smoking a cigar by a warm fire. The next morning, if not sooner, it is noticed that the animal has not eaten well, and can scarcely move from the stall. The lameness may be chiefly in one limb, or in more than one. Dr. Cressy, in his recent lecture before the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, said that any case of founder can be cured if taken within thirty hours of the attack. The first thing to do is to place the horse's feet in tubs of warm water, then blanket heavily and get the animal thoroughly warm all over. The lameness is caused by a stagnation of the blood in the feet, caused by being cooled too rapidly after exhausting labor. The warm water thins the blood, extends and softens the blood-vessels, and favors increased circulation. In very bad cases bleeding in the feet may be necessary, though ordinarily it may be dispensed with. Knowing the cause of founder, it will be seen that it is much easier to prevent than to cure this disease after it becomes established. In the first place avoid very severe driving and over-exhaustion; but if abuse of this kind is unavoidable, see to it that the horse who has risked his life in the service of his master is not neglected at the end of the journey. Drive into a warm shed or barn free from cold draughts, and rub vigorously till the animal is dried off. Give warm water to drink, and cover with warm blankets. In short, treat the horse just as you would treat yourself under like circumstances.

**A Good Wire Fence.**  
Experience has demonstrated the practical value of the following suggestions for building barb wire fence: Set substantial posts one rod apart; post at the starting point should then be braced by cutting a notch in it two and a half feet above the ground, and running a strong pole from the notch to the foot of the second post, where it is fitted to rest firmly, and is supported three inches above ground by short blocks driven into the ground up close beside the fence post. This manner of bracing should be repeated once in forty rods. A faulty construction would be to cut the notch in the post four feet from the ground, make the brace shorter and allow the end to rest on the ground; for the moment the wire is placed the fence, the short brace acts as a fulcrum to raise the initial post.

When the posts are set, the wire is wrapped firmly around the first post, four feet and two inches from the ground and the coil then unrolled forty rods; the wire is then drawn tight by means of pulleys and grapples. After this wire has been securely stapled, a second wire is one foot below it, and two below that, and leaving a foot between the respective wires; the ground space is fourteen inches. Four wires thus arranged make a perfect cattle fence. For horses the lower wires should not be barbed to prevent cutting their knees, and a fifth wire should also be placed upon the posts five feet from the ground.

The upper wire prevents accidents by attempting to reach over the fence. In place of any upper wire, a galvanized steel ribbon is used as more slightly for horses.

For swine the fourth wire of the cattle fence is raised four inches, and the barbed wires placed at equal distances below it. For sheep, the three lower wires, as in the fence for swine, are smooth. Thus constructed, the barbed fence, while uniting all the conditions of a perfect fence, is comparatively harmless.

Upon the Iowa agricultural college farm there are nine miles of barbed wire fences, inclosing pastures upon which graze 175 head of horses and cattle, and during this season there has been but one animal scratched to draw blood, and that was slight and due to a faulty construction of the fence.

Barbed wire will not answer for the fencing of narrow lanes and yards, or any place where animals are likely to be crowded against it. Yards and lots for sheep can be made practically dog proof, by placing one barbed wire near the ground, three fence boards above and three wires above the boards. The lower wire prevents digging, and upper ones suggest that he had better try to climb. Within such an enclosure, the sheep rest in perfect security.

**Suggestions of and for the Season.**  
Prairie Farmer.  
This month brings the farmer to the close of the year, and while he naturally takes a survey of the season that is past, he also looks forward to the coming one. The year now closing has been an eventful one in many respects, and a review of it should show some valuable lessons. Over a wide extent of country the farmer was never more fully impressed with his dependence upon a full supply of water for a profitable crop. The drought of 1881 will turn the thoughts of many to the subject of irrigation, with a view to controlling the supply of water for the fields and gardens. The dairyman who was cut off from an abundance of green food in the height of the season will bestir himself to find means of securing a supply of nutritious food in times of need. The question of fodder crops will probably be discussed more thoroughly this winter than ever before, and the next dry season will be provided more fully against than the last. There has been an unparalleled excitement in the pro-

duce market, and never before have the farmers been more thoroughly impressed with the importance of knowing when to sell. It may be said, in short, that the lesson of the season is that the farmer who is to be the most successful in the future is the one who mingles the largest amount of brains with the labor of his hands. Thoughtless farming—if such a thing has been possible in the past—will not prove successful in the future. With this in mind the farmer has food for much valuable thought before the opening days of the busy spring. Each one, as he enjoys the season that has closed, and reviews the failures straight in the face, plan some way to shun them in the future; while thankful for the successes, he will consider wherein they might be improved or increased in number. In the peace of the quiet winter we must prepare for the war of activity and growth that opens with the spring. The practice of "taking an account of stock," as it is termed by the shopkeepers and business men, is especially a good one for the farmer. It will not consume much time, and when done will be more than a source of satisfaction; it will serve as a basis for many calculations, and possibly induce important changes in the system of farm management. To know the results of the season in dollars and cents is the aim and end of the taking of account of stock. The losses and gains are here brought to view, and opportunity is given for a careful inspection of every department of the farm. It may show that in the way the work has been done, it is much more profitable to raise potatoes than corn, or sheep than hogs. It may be that the profits from an acre of currants are more than from the ten acres of wheat. All such questions are these are best settled by a system of farm book-keeping, which includes the yearly balancing or settlement of accounts.

**Antidotes for Poisons.**  
There is no specific antidote for arsenic, and remedies are rarely attended with success if not applied at an early stage. Mixtures of olive oil and lime water promptly administered after the effectual use of an emetic have been recommended; recently precipitated hydrated oxide of iron mixed with magnesia has also been used with favorable results. No chemical antidote should ever supersede active evacuation treatment by emetics and with the stomach pump.

Lead or its salts are often taken into the system unawares—in drinking water which has been allowed to stand in lead pipes or reservoirs, or in preserved vegetables, and fruit cooked or allowed to stand for a long time in contact with lead soldered joints. In lead salts are more or less poisonous, and their effects are accumulative—as with the painter who becomes "leadied" by the gradual absorption of lead from the paints with which he is constantly in contact. When any considerable quantity of this metal has been swallowed, or when it has accumulated in the system, the usual symptoms are a burning, pricking sensation in the throat, with dryness and thirst, uneasiness of the stomach, and irritation of the alimentary canal, followed by violent and obstinate colic and great pain in the abdomen, relieved somewhat by pressure, the pain being intermittent. There is usually obstinate constipation, cold skin and general prostration. In extreme cases the extremities become numb or paralyzed, followed by convulsions or insensibility.

For lead poisoning sulphate of soda or Epsom salts is the prescribed antidote; powdered charcoal and sulphate of magnesia are also recommended. Large quantities of cream and albumen (or white of eggs) also retard the action of lead poisons, and emetics are given to promote vomiting if the poison does not itself occasion it.

The action on the system of the salts of antimony when taken in considerable doses is similar to that of arsenic. The usual antidotes are solutions of tannin, strong tea, and magnesia and milk. The symptoms of poisoning with copper salts are similar to those produced by arsenic, but the vomited matters are blue or green, and there is usually a "coppery" taste in the mouth. The usual antidotes are warm water to promote vomiting, white of eggs, strong tea or tannin solutions, and weak solution of protosulphates of iron or potassium ferri-cyanide in water.

Salts or preparations containing mercury in any form—corrosive sublimate, white precipitate, black oxide, red precipitate, mercuric iodide, vermilion, mercuric sulphate, mercuric chlorides, etc., are extremely poisonous. A few minutes after swallowing any of these a "coppery" taste is observed, followed by a sense of constriction in the throat and irritation of the throat and stomach. Nausea and vomited matter consisting of coagulated mucus and blood. Diarrhea follows, and the face of the patient becomes swollen and alternately flushed and pale. The pulse becomes small and irregular, the skin clammy, and respiration labored. In extreme cases the interior of the lips becomes swollen, and the tongue white and shriveled. The case frequently terminates with syncope or convulsions or general insensibility. Egg albumen administered with warm water to allay the irritation and produce vomiting is the usual antidote. Milk or flour is also recommended. Active efforts should at once be made to effect the entire expulsion of the contents of the stomach. The stomach pump cannot be used.

The operation of such narcotic poisons as opium and prussic acid or potassium cyanide is confined chiefly to the spinal marrow and brain. The effects of hydrocyanic acid (and potassium or other similar cyanide) are almost instantaneous; it is very rarely the case that they are delayed more than two or three minutes. On the other hand, cases of fatal poisoning by opium do not terminate earlier than from six to twelve hours. In cases of poisoning by cyanides emetics and the stomach pump are at once called into requisition. Freshly precipitated hydro-iron oxide, if administered immediately, is perhaps one of the best antidotes. Horine water injected into the stomach is also recommended. Nitrate of silver yields with solution of the soluble cyanides a white precipitate. When a few drops of a solution of potash in gum water is mixed with a small sample of the suspected liquid and solution of sulphate of iron is then added, a dark brown precipitate separates in a few minutes. The precipitate, when agitated with sulphuric acid, develops a deep blue color if cyanides were present. These are only a few of the long list of active poisons, but they include those which are in nine cases out of ten responsible for the fearful record of poisoning cases. And it is assuredly true that but for want of a little timely and definite knowledge respecting common poisons and their antidotes—such as we have endeavored to briefly sketch above—the list of fatalities from poisoning might have been shortened one-third.

**The Caverns of Luray.**  
An illustrated paper in the January Century, by Ernest Ingersoll, describing the natural wonders of the recently opened caverns of Luray, in Virginia, contains the following:  
The ground rises only a trifle from the level of the valley to the hill, and on the open slope stands a house with porticoes all around, conspicuous in fresh paint, and having a public air about it. There is the ordinary appearance of public waiting-rooms about this house, but, unlike most houses, the great interest of it lies in its cellar. Registering your name, your guide gives you a tin frame much like a scoop shovel, held upright by a handle at the back, which holds in front three lighted candles. He opens an inner door, and you follow him down a staircase of masonry, and before you grasp the idea that your adventure has begun, you find yourself in the large antechamber of the caverns. The unpremeditated, unintentional entrance is as though you had been dropped in the midst of it, or had waked from a sleep there, and is most effectual in putting the stranger on rapport with the spirit of astonishment which he must feel. If (by reason of a bad defect in his constitution) is lacking, in order to maintain his reputation in this locality as a respectable person. At the same time the truth is pressed upon your mind, that this cavern is not in the side of a mountain, as your preconception of it would suggest, but underneath one of the low hills which diversify the surface of the valley, and which remain from the hollowing out of all the valleys, and the production of the mountains four or five miles distant on either side; and the cave "has no obvious relation with them, except that its origin was partly coincident with their origin, and with the excavation of the valley by erosion."

When the Campbells first entered this ante-chamber, which is about as large as an ordinary barn, they were able to follow a narrowing extension of it only a little way, when, as I have said, they were stopped by water. Some weeks later, in order to make a second exploration, they took a small boat with them, but found that the water had nearly dried away. We can now walk across on a causeway of clay for twenty-five or thirty yards, past the Vegetable Garden, the Bear Scratches, the Theater, the Gallery, over Muddy Lake on a plank bridge, which is itself supported by a stone arch; through the Fish Market and across the Elini Rumble—a plateau in which the roof is generally within reach of the hand—and so come to Pluto's Chasm, an underground ravine roofed with the strata which support precisely similar gullies and caverns open to daylight, and owing their origin to the same slow and subtle agencies. Leaving the Cathedral, a narrow, jagged passage, where one must continually guard both his shins and his crown from painful bumps, we get an outlook down into a sort of devil's pantheon, full of grotesque shapes and colossal caricatures of things animate and inanimate, cast in odd and suggestive shadows in whose gloom fancy may work marvels of unworly effect, and leads you by a stairway to a well-curtained room called the Bridal Chamber. With an access of that idiocy with which the strongest people, perhaps, are afflicted when about to enter matrimony, one or two couples have come to this damp hole to be married; so the place is put down in descriptions as "consecrated." The back door of the Bridal Chamber admits to Giant's Hall, just beyond which is the Ball-room—both large and lofty apartments, constituting a separate portion of the vast network with the length of Pluto's Chasm. In the Ball-room we have worked back opposite the entrance, having followed a course roughly outlined by the letter U.

**Sticking to the Track.**  
Fraser's Magazine.  
I sometimes think that any man who is growing old, and to whom it has been appointed in this life to earn his own bread, ought to be thankful to find himself in any settled and fairly creditable position. It tends to make one so to look around upon those who started along with us, and to remark here and there the clever fellow who would not settle to steady work, who would not get into one of the recognized grooves of human affairs. Such clever fellows tend to be unsteady in another sense than lack of fixity of aim, and here doubtless is a main cause of their failure. But even where this is not so you know the sorrowful upshot of not sticking to the track, not choosing a line and holding to it. The income is precarious; all incomes are precarious that are made up of scraps. Give us steady wages, whether little or great. You have known a brilliant man with a hundred times the brains of some wealthy mortal who wants to get into Parliament (with the single purpose of serving his country) thankful to earn a few pounds by doing a set of action jobs, writing squibs, and canvassing, and meekly bearing to be sworn at by the wealthy mortal in the hour of defeat. It is very sad to find a man of true ability and eloquence and content to work very hard, waiting, like a cab on the stand for some one to hire his brains; for some one to get him to write on some subject in which he feels no interest, or to puff some doing which he sees to be contemptible. And such a man, living from hand to mouth, even if he has no one but himself to support, must make them look forward to the future with fear, thinking of days when the poor wearied brain and hand will not be able to work any more, and when there will no longer be the nerve to push himself forward amid younger and fresher competitors. Surely, thus meditating, and beholding how solid mortals who never had half his ability, and who never worked half so hard, but who got into one of the main grooves and kept to it, have distanced him in life—are Judges, Bishops, or at the least are thriving business men and rosy country parsons, filling recognized positions, and not without the confidence thereby arising—the brilliant Bohemian that never would run steadily in harness must feel that he has made a mistake in his choice of life.

**Fourteen Miles Under Ground.**  
London Standard.  
There was discovered on Thursday last, on the farm of Evan Rogers, about one mile from the postoffice of this town, a cave that bids fair to rival, if not surpass, the world-renowned Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Back of Mr. Rogers' house stands a high hill, in which there are several small caves, one of them being used by the family as a cellar. Mr. Rogers, desiring additional room, conceived the idea of blasting out some of the rock in the rear. In doing so he struck a vast opening, and he was greatly astonished to find before him an immense cave, with avenues at least one hundred feet wide. Saddling his horse he rushed into town, and communicated the news of his great discovery to the astonished citizens. Torches were at once prepared, and he started back to explore the great mysteries of the wonderful cave, accompanied by well known business men and county officers.

Entering the cave they were at once greatly impressed with its grandeur. For three long hours they explored its spacious avenues amidst its wonderful formations without meeting a barrier to their progress until they came to a wide, deep river, which they found contained vast schools of eyeless fish and other sightless wonders of the marine world. They retraced their steps, determined upon complete exploration of the cave the following day. So the following day a much larger party entered the cave accompanied by Surveyor John E. Stone, who took an accurate measurement of the distance they traveled. They came to what seemed to be the end of the main avenue, after traveling a distance of fourteen miles, and it was near midnight before they reached their homes. There are evidences on all sides that the cave was the abode of a prehistoric race, and that race was identified with the ancient Egyptian races, as can now be proved by the light which is given us in this very important discovery.

**Unseen Fingers.**  
Apropos of the mysterious striking, recently, of the old clock which once belonged to Washington, in the cellar room at Mount Vernon, the Rev. A. P. Buel, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following account of an incident which took place in 1845, while he was at Yale College: "At that time I was taking my meals in the part of the city called 'over the dyke,' not far from the present site of the New York & New Haven Railway depot. The house was a low one-story wooden building, the large brick chimney standing in the centre and going straight up through the roof. On the first floor there was a large room on either side of the chimney. In the east room a wife and mother had died two weeks before the incident which I am about to relate occurred. The house was so near the flats that one could hear the wash of the waves as the tide ebbed and flowed. Snow had fallen to a depth of eight inches, and this had been followed by a heavy rain. Every thing, therefore, was moist to the touch. Coming to the house one night, I found the ladies greatly alarmed. The clock in the un-used room, where the death had occurred, had been heard to strike in the afternoon. They asked me to examine the clock and the room, as they dated not. I found an old-fashioned twenty-four hour clock with a thin pine back, standing on the mantelpiece and close up to the chimney. As the chimney was large, open and low, snow had fallen and melted on the inside. Of course the bricks of the chimney back of the clock had absorbed much moisture. The linen cord of the striking weight had contracted just enough to raise the weight and cause the striking. It was only the unseen fingers of common moisture, and not the unseen fingers of a light headed ghost that started the sonorous brass and filled the ladies with fear."

**Oyster Macaroni.**—Boil macaroni in a cloth, to keep it straight. Put a layer in a dish seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper, then a layer of oysters, alternate, until the dish is full. Mix some grated bread with a beaten egg. Spread over the top and bake.

**CHILDREN'S CORNER.**

**COMPENSATION.**  
For every leaf of green,  
A golden leaf;  
For every fading flower,  
A ripening sheaf.  
For every parching beam,  
A drop of rain;  
For every sunny day,  
The stars again.  
For every warring wave,  
A pretty shell;  
For every sound of woe,  
A joyous bell,  
For every passing care,  
A mother's kiss;  
And what could better be,  
Dear child, than this!

**Max and the Wonder-Flower.**  
St. Nicholas, January, 1885.  
Long before the great king Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people. They were all under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights, the river fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd boy, and tended the flocks of a rich baron, whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground, which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned, for the night.

He was always cheerful, and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled his heart with wonder and reverence toward the Great Being who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said that she must use the best herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth with his snow-shoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountain and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold, and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns, and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful, strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like gold, and its perfume so sweet that it seemed like a breath from the gardens of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it and take it home, that they all might see its loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no! I must find first the herb for to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower with which to gladden her eyes." So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the precious herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said: "Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty. Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee. The Wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years, and can only be seen by the pure in heart. Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished; but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds, and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf, who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack and motioned that Max should fill it, and even helped him, never saying a word. When it was filled it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated the dwarf threw it over his own shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door; and as Max fol-

lowed the mountain closed behind them and the snow lay over it as before. It all would have seemed a dream, only that there stood the dwarf, with his pointed little hat, and strange face with eyes like a squirrel's. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then he clambered up the mountain. Max hastened home as fast as he could with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands and said: "My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the Wonder-flower that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasure it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for his love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom he has shown the Wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.

**FRIED PARSNIPS.**—Boil until tender in hot water slightly salted; let them get almost cold, scrape off the skin, and cut in thick, long slices; dredge with flour and fry in hot drippings, turning as they brown; drain very dry in a hot colander; pepper and salt before serving.

The two most important things in this lower world both begin with the letter M—money and myself.

Uncle Sam's Nerve is some Liniment is most efficient in Rheumatism, Bruises, Burns, Scalds and many other ills incident to man and beast. Sold by all Druggists.

Save your harness by using it with Uncle Sam's Harness Oil, which will keep it soft and pliable. This is the best oil ever made for leather. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. Jaque's German Worm Cakes are an effectual and safe remedy for worms. They are pleasant to take and not only destroy the worms, but remove all traces of them from the system leaving the child healthy and strong. They are warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Sold by Druggists.

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