

A MOTHER'S HEART.

A stretch of meadow-land,
By patches gray and brown between,
Save where long intervening fields
Are brightened by the tender green
Of early wheat—a rippling stream,
Through sedgy banks, flows swift and
And glimpses of a village dim,
In distance, make a picture fair.

Here, on the edge, a lily pond,
Nestle crowded foliage, like as palms,
And daisies coy, like country maids,
Peeping to catch reflected charms
In the blue mirror, flecked with white;
And there the lustrous lilies lie,
In soft drowse, and dreaming hide
Their hearts of gold from curious eyes.

Sweet Christabel, with innocent brow,
My little maid, but twelve years old,
Stands smiling, "I would fain," she says,
"Find some one with a heart of gold
Like these pure, fragrant lily-buds,
That bathe at will in air and dew;
If I could reach their garden-bed,
I'd make a wreath of them for you."

I break a slender alder stem,
The wazen beauties draw to shore,
A regal cluster, dripping pearls,
And still my darling asks for more;
Then plating swift the shining crown,
She lifts it to my tresses, fold,
And cries with sudden tenderness,
"Your's, mother, is a heart of gold."

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. V.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

He bent down to make some reply, but before he could speak the attention of both became arrested by a sudden blaze that leapt up through the darkness amid a cloud of smoke and sparks. "The mill is on fire," Madoline said quite calmly; for what was the destruction of those old moss-grown beams next to the thought of Ronald's danger?

Not many days ago, the sight of those spreading flames would have sent a wild panic to her heart; now she was no more moved by the scene than if she had been gazing on a heap of dry leaves burning on one of the cottager's hearths. It seemed as though she had no room for any feeling save fear for Ronald. A shout echoing from the distance warned them that the fire had been seen by others, and Madoline knew in a few moments the mill would be surrounded.

"The light will betray us," she said, as the horror of how this night might end rushed upon her face. "You must make for the woods now, or—Ah, it is too late! They are already in sight. Stoop down; perhaps in the confusion you may be able to steal away unseen."

Once more they concealed themselves in the thick brambles, while Ronald Castleton's pursuers passed within a few feet of them.

Madoline dared not raise her head to see what was going on. She could hear the sound of voices and footsteps running hither and thither; then above the din her father's stern tones came distinctly to her.

"Let it burn!" he said with a stolid contempt; "it will save the trouble of pulling it down. I have no desire to keep open a refuge for every thief and vagabond who comes this way."

"Of which there are not many, I am glad to say," a younger voice replied—a voice Madoline recognized as Lucien De Courcy's. "Besides, my dear uncle, are we to believe every rumour we hear? My great fear was that Madoline might have been up in the mill. This was always a favourite haunt of hers. I remember often finding her, as a child, perched on those steps, either trying her hand at sketching, or amusing herself with some tame pigeons that had made their roost there. What can have become of her? It is unlike Madoline to keep away while so much excitement and panic is going on."

"It is easy enough to guess what has become of her!" Clyde answered in a tone of muffled fury. "Since she has been so false, I can believe her capable of the vilest deceit. A week ago I would have put faith in her as in an angel, and she has all the time been laughing in secret at my blindness. It dawns upon me now the meaning of her words—of her craving for solitude. She has fled with Ronald Castleton!"

"I can not believe that, uncle, Madoline was so confiding, so frank, so loving; she would not have left her home in so heartless a fashion. Some accident may have befallen her."

"It is hard to force the truth upon you Lucien. If accident be the cause of her disappearance, how do you account for those daily visits to the mill, secret journeys taken under cover of the evening, with provisions from my own table? She acted her part very cleverly; but my eyes have been opened, and I never want to look on her false face again. The worst I can think of her is not bad enough; she has robbed me of my daughter!"

An intense bitterness overcame the hatred with which the first words were uttered; and in the silence that followed, Cuthbert Clyde seemed to put Madoline out of his life and to close his heart for ever against her.

They had stepped quite near to where she was crouching on the damp grass, with drooped head and throbbing pulses, bravely enduring torture, and taking strength from the tightening clasp of Ronald's hand.

He had managed to slip off his coat,

and torn though it was, covered her thin white dress, and sheltered her from the mist creeping up from the damp earth.

The men succeeded in getting the fire under; but they were still working in the smoke, and the two who should have been most interested in the fate of the mill stood apart, one heaping his anger against a daughter he had lost, one defending the girl he would have chosen from all others to be his wife.

Not a syllable had escaped Ronald; once or twice he clenched his teeth in silent struggle against the chain of events that held him down, when every nerve thrilled with the longing to spring up and declare Madoline's truth.

The falling of some of the blackened timbers made Lucien rush forward to ascertain if any one was injured, and as Clyde continued to pace to and fro, Ronald suddenly faced him, holding Madoline by the hand.

The coat had fallen from her shoulders, and with the glow of the burning mill lighting up her blanched features, she looked like some pale spirit drawn from out the gathering mists.

In the surprise of the moment, Clyde scarcely recognized her. Since he had last gazed upon her, she seemed to have changed from life to death, and her long hair floating round her in the breeze, brought to his mind some uncanny spirit.

Putting out his arm he caught her wrist in a fierce grip, jerking her towards him with a violence that made her sway as though she would fall.

"Where is the man?" he exclaimed hoarsely—"the man for whom you have duped and deceived me?"

Ronald stepped forward, his face as stern as his enemy's.

"You mean Ronald Castleton?" he said, meeting Clyde's gaze steadfastly through the gloom. "He is here; but we can speak of him afterwards. First let me clear your daughter from reproach; for your words, uttered against such innocence as hers, are infamous. It is true that she was touched to pity at sight of a fellow creature's suffering; true that when he craved drink, she held water to his famished lips; true that she saved him from the faintness of death. She is guilty of nothing, except a woman's sweet act of charity; the man she saved never breathed to her his name, and had he not exacted a promise of secrecy from her, she would have gone straight to you with news of the sick stranger."

There was a slight pause in his voice; then, with the same stern gravity, he added: "You owe your daughter an apology, Cuthbert Clyde, for the harsh thoughts you have encouraged against her. She is a dove of spotless plume; guard her tenderly, and let no shadow of reproach disturb the peace of her life. One day," and his voice grew softer, "I may ask you for this poor white angel, but that will be when I shall have proved myself worthy her faith."

Again there was silence between them—silence broken by the shouts of the men conflicting with the bursting flames, and by the whirr of the sparks showering up from the smoke. Ronald gazed at the drooping form, with its veil of loose golden hair, and then their eyes met in a mute farewell.

Madoline stretched out her arms towards him, the wondering terror that had startled him before showing on her wan face.

"Not yet—not yet," she moaned, and then with a deep sob she sank on to his breast, and clasped her cold hands about his neck.

For one brief instant Ronald strained her to his heart; yet as he put her from him something in that strange fathomless gaze seemed to draw his soul into his eyes. He drew her to him again, and in silence he kissed her quivering lips.

He felt her tremble like a bird with broken wings, and with a suffering greater than her own he gently freed himself from her clinging hold, and turned away.

With a shudder of despair Madoline dropped on her knees at her father's feet, her white dress trailing on the chill turf, her face uplifted in forlorn supplication.

"Dad, save him! I love him—I love him!"

Clyde laughed savagely through his closed teeth.

"I told you what sort of mercy I would show Ronald Castleton!" he muttered, trying to free himself from her desperate clutch. "Rise Madoline! Let go your hold! Do you hear? Do you want me to strike you? Great Heaven! that I should have lived to see such a sight as this!"

His rage nearly rose above control; he glared down on the bending figure as though he would have hurled it out of his path, and he did not heed that he was trampling the soft dishevelled hair ruthlessly beneath his feet.

Madoline clung to him with almost supernatural strength.

"You shall not hunt him down!" she exclaimed passionately. "Do what you like with me—kill me—drive me where you will! But leave him—leave him to go his way!"

With a fierce movement he flung her from him, and plunged forward into the darkness, uttering as he went a hoarse cry to the men, now barely visible in the dense smoke.

"Quick, lads—quick! The outlaw is here!"

They needed no second signal. With a confused shout they followed swiftly in his track, all but one—Lucien De Courcy.

In the first rush he had stumbled against Madoline lying unconscious on the wet grass, and very gently he raised her face, and did what he could to restore her to animation.

"Poor Madoline!" he murmured. "How changed—and yet how beautiful she is! What if she does love Ronald Castleton? He is gone, and I am here to win her from that fancy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Brave Girl's Heroic Deed.

We learn by a recent dispatch from Grafton, this territory, that a young society lady of that place named Miss Olive Sanborn is the heroine of a daring act. It seems she was standing in front of the postoffice, when suddenly a runaway team hitched to a buggy came dashing down the avenue at a terrific rate. The moment Miss Sanborn saw them she leaped to the middle of the street at a single bound, and to quote from the dispatch, "seized the maddened team by the bits." Planting her feet firmly on the ground, with her toes turned slightly out, she, in the words of the dispatch, "threw the team high in the air." As they came down she again seized them by the bridles, one in each hand, and swinging the heavy half-crazed beasts around at each side of her, like the arms of a wind mill, she brought them down on the ground at each revolution, (one striking on its side while the other was above her head in the air) with a hollow thud like the sound of two pile-drivers at work together and striking alternately. Some five or ten minutes of this kind of treatment served to bring the frightened and infuriated animals to a halt and calmed them so much that they both lay flat on their backs, gasping for breath. Miss Sanborn then stepped back to the postoffice and inquired for her mail in a calm tone of voice and with a captivating smile. Pieces of the wagon, which broke loose when the young lady jerked the horses into the air for the first time, continued to fall for three-quarters of an hour.—*Dakota Bell.*

Tunneling the Rocky Mountains.

One of the most prodigious engineering projects now on the tapis is that for tunneling the Rocky Mountains under Tray's Peak, which rises no less than 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. It is stated that at 4,441 feet below the peak, by tunneling from east to west for 25,000 feet, direct communication could be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance, between Denver in Colorado and Salt Lake City in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri river, say at St. Louis, and San Francisco nearly 300 miles, and there would be little more required in the way of ascending or descending or tunneling mountains. Part of the work has already been accomplished. The country from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies rises gradually in rolling prairie until an elevation is reached of 5,200 feet above the sea level. The Rockies themselves rise at various places to a height exceeding 11,000 feet. Of the twenty most famous passes, only seven are below 10,000 feet, while five are upward of 12,000, and one is 13,000 feet. The point from which it is proposed to tunnel is sixty miles west of Denver, and although one of the highest peaks it is by far the narrowest in the great Lark-bone of the American continent.

Mr. Blaine Abroad.

A Frankfort dispatch says:—Mr. Blaine and family arrived here late to-night after an unsatisfactory tour of the Rhine. They journeyed from Brussels to Cologne Wednesday, reaching the celebrated city of the four kings in the darkness. Without making any effort to view the historical or architectural wonders there they boarded a Rhine excursion boat at an early hour this morning, preferring to inspect the dismantled and decayed castles of the ancient highwaymen in midstream to craning their necks through car windows for glimpses, which latter quicker method of sight-seeing most Americans adopt. Unhappily, it clouded soon after the boat passed the upper bridge and all day long the black canopy remained, rendering the passage miserable. Mr. Blaine is disappointed and is apt to take an excursion as far back as Coblenz, at least, before long. He is pointed for Hamburg, where it is expected he will abide a couple of weeks.

An Eastern Texas paper remarks that it does not feel called upon to answer every hissing reptile that "crawls his slime across our pathway." This was in answer to an esteemed contemporary which had called him a "slab-sided, razor-backed, lopped-eared, sag-bellied, corned-toed wolf-whelp."

A Main street mother was whipping her boy the other day, and as she applied the rod she shouted: "Will you behave?" "Yes," blubbered the throbbing boy, "I will if you will."—*New London Day.*

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

MIDSUMMER GOLDEN ROD.

Bids't thou the summer haze,
The fields and hill-sides given
With early snowflakes fallen,
Midsummer golden rod.

Would'st banish crimson clover,
The blackbird and the plover,
Whil'st thou broad fields reign over
With golden rod.

Like sunshine is thy face;
Modest and sweet thy grace;
Yet thou and all thy race
Weird rhizoids are.

Thou tell'st of wind and cloud,
Tempest and thunder loud,
Dark forms of demons proud,
Dread winter's sway.

Delay still yet a while;
Force not on us thy smile,
So sweet, so full of gale!
Thou golden rod.

Late we'll welcome thee,
When from each stub and tree,
No more comes forth the glee
Of festive song.

When summer skies grow pale,
When autumn breezes wail,
Then gladly these we'll hail,
Bright golden rod.

—E. J. CARPENTER in the Pilot.

THE SEASON CHANGING.

It is quite evident that the seasons are changing somewhat in this particular; that so far as relates to farming operations they can commence as early and are more lengthened out in the Fall. As a general rule it was expected that all hood crops would receive full attention and be, so to speak, out of the way before haying commenced. But in these times it is not an unusual thing for haying to commence after the first hoeing, and frequently is pressing even at that time. Even now, with haying at hand and some pieces cut, we know of corn-fields only prepared for hoeing. The reason seems to be that work cannot commence at Spring as early as formerly, and at the same time the growth of grass remains, in season, about the same time. This condition of things suggests the advantage of underdrainage, thereby the soil is fitted for much earlier working than in the case if left to the removal of surface water by the more natural method of surface evaporation.—Exchange.

CHAFF FOR FEED.

In the old times when threshing was done altogether with the flail much account was made of the chaff as feed. Possibly some light grain was retained in the chaff, which made it better, but even without this addition I think there is a larger proportion of nutritive value in the chaff surrounding the grain than in other parts of the straw. As usually threshed the chaff is often wasted. It settles in a mass just behind the carrier from the thrasher, and the men making the stack using forks, find it much easier to handle the coarser straw. It is better to keep one extra hand on the stack with a finer fork or scoop to spread the chaff through the straw as the stack is made. In this way all will come out together evenly mixed, and the stack will eat a larger amount of straw. The stack will also settle more evenly, and the straw will keep better. The chaff left just under the carrier will be soaked through by the first rain and spoiled. It is well worth putting into the barn for Winter feed, using two or three hours the next day after threshing, if possible, for this purpose. Unless the chaff is got away before rain it will rot and spoil the stack.

SWEET BREADS IN CREAM SAUCE.

All sweetbreads should be blanched, that is thrust into boiling water, boiled fifteen minutes, then put in ice-cold water, when all the pipes, superfluous membranes and fleshy fibre should be removed. They can now be cooked in any way. They are always excellent fried. After thoroughly cleaning them wash and sprinkle lightly with salt and season with pepper, roll in the beaten yolk of an egg and then in fine bread crumbs and drop in a kettle of smoking hot fat, hot enough to cook doughnuts. Fry till a light brown, about three or four minutes. Remove the sweet breads from the fat and lay on piece of coarse brown paper for an instant to absorb any fat on the outside and serve on a platter in a circle with cream sauce poured in the centre and around them, not over them.

THE CHECK REIN.

Never use a check-rein upon a horse at work, it being calculated to worry and injure the animal more than the work. If a man has a heavy load to draw he lowers his head by bending forward and throwing the whole weight of his body against it. So does a horse, if he is permitted to do so. But if the man's head were so tied back that he could not bend forward, he would lose the advantage of his weight; just so with the horse. By taking off or loosening the check-rein on a horse at work, you not only increase his muscular power, but abandon a fashion which is both cruel and foolish.

THE RED POLLS.

Recently we have had two or three inquiries as to the merits of Red Polls for the dairy, says the Western Rural. We have usually replied that those who are most familiar with the breed give the Red Polled cow high prize as a dairy

animal. We have recently seen the statement that an English breeder of Red Polls affirms that a carefully kept account with his herd shows that his cows average 804 gallons of milk and 320 pounds of butter a year. This is a good report and would go to show the possibilities of the breed. The American importers and breeders have always claimed for these cows a high degree of excellence. Gen. Ross, of Iowa City, Iowa, a careful and intelligent man, places them very high as dairy cows.

BEETSUGAR.

Mr. W. A. Henry, of Madison, Wis., says: "Agriculturists have only just learned that the sugar beet is a safe and profitable crop, and it is unfortunate that those engaged in such production should be forced to other crops for want of a sugar factory. The prejudice against beet sugar has been overcome, and consumers now recognize the facts that sugar produced from beets has merits equal to that of cane sugar. With those advantages gained, it may very properly be regarded as a misfortune to the state if anything should now interfere with the development of this industry."

INSECTICIDE.

Professor Cook being asked why he did not recommend white arsenic as an insecticide instead of Paris green and London purple, replied that the arsenic was equally fatal and cheaper, but was more dangerous to human life. Men and women did not get poisoning from the material sprayed on fruit or sprinkled on potato vines. They did get poisoned sometimes in the house by mistaking arsenic for something else. The color of Paris green and London purple carried their own warning. No one ever mistook them for soda or salt or anything else than what they were. Hence, they were safer than white arsenic.

PROFIT IN FEEDING.

The profits in feeding animals are graduated by age. There is more growth in proportion to the food consumed the first year than the second; more the second than the third; more the third than the fourth. When an animal gets its growth, profit in feeding ceases, except to fill it up. This is limited and only takes a short time. After this period food only repairs waste, and there is no profit in this unless an animal is at work. The repair of waste, or restoring it in its kind, is repaid only in the fertilizing material it affords. When there is growth with food, there is double profit. This is the farmer's placer.—*Farm Journal.*

SPREAD THE ASHES.

In farmers' families that use wood for fuel, there is a constant accumulation of ashes that possess a high fertilizing value and should be spread from time to time, so as to get the benefit of their virtues, rather than allow them to accumulate and deteriorate in quantity by being stored in the cellar or other places. They are especially valuable for spreading about fruit trees of all kinds or small-fruits, and their use for this purpose is probably as valuable as any that they can be put to. Do not waste the ashes, even if they are coal ashes.

TREATMENT FOR A RICKER.

The Callistogian gives this prescription its warmest indorsement: If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded. Suspend a sack filled with hay or straw so that it will strike his heels, and let horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or any thing else.

RANDOM NOTES.

They are holding institutes to prepare gentlemen for expert judges on swine at Fairs. A meeting of this kind was held at Warsaw Ind. a few days ago.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture estimates the corn crop of Illinois at 65 per cent. This will give the aggregate crop of 191,000,000 bu. against 210,000,000 bu. last year.

What cattle are allowed to shrink during short pasture, has to be made up again. Keep up the flesh of stock by green corn food. It is cheap in comparison with the dry corn, by which flesh and fat will have to be returned, if lost now.

When we see a lot of stunted calves we don't need to ask what kind of a farmer lives there. Nature puts up a sign board which says a poor farmer lives here, a man who don't read and don't think, and don't understand his business.—*Capt. Pierce.*

The sugar trade is only fair, and prices are weak. Advice, as to crops from all cane producing countries, while rather early, are favorable. Late cable advices, received by Bradstreet's, from London indicate that the drought in the European producing districts still continues. The London market at last advices, however, was quiet.