

A Little While.

If I could see thee once again
A little while, once more,
Thy tender heart I might regain
And my lost peace restore;
You would forget the scorn you felt—
So patient I'd be.
You would forgive while low I knelt,
If I might only see
Thy bright eyes smile on me:
Only a little while,
Only once more.

If I should see thee once again
And find thee stern and cold;
An ever dead—ah, bitter pain—
Thy bright, strong love of old;
Yea, even while I felt your scorn,
—All bitter though it be—
And my sad heart with grief were torn
I'd welcome misery,
If I thy face could see:
Only a little while,
Only once more.

W. A. Hunt, in Detroit Free Press.

SUSIE DALTON'S RIDE.

We were sitting out on the broad piazza—grandma and I—and as Barney went by with the horses to water at the spring grandma said:

"Why! how much that horse does remind me of Blucher!" I saw by her peculiar smile that she recalled some pleasant reminiscence of the long ago.

"Do tell me!" I said coaxingly.

She laid down the scarlet stocking she was knitting for Pearl, and let her eyes wander to the hills, golden with the October sunlight, as she dreamily went back over the long stretch of years intervening.

"Let me see, it's sixty years and over, for I was coming on fifteen and Susie was two years older. Susie was an orphan—with seven brothers and sisters who had found places among relatives and friends—living with Weymouth Brewster, her cousin Pauline's husband, who was a merchant in Lime Rock. She was a quiet, capable girl, and they set great store by her. Her sister Sallie had married during the summer and gone to housekeeping over in Massachusetts, and Susie had been longing to go and see her for quite a while. So when it came a slack spell on the farm, late in September, Weymouth told Susie she could take Blucher—a great roan horse—and go over to her sister's one day and come back the next.

"Susie was wild with delight, as she ran over to get me to come and help along with the work during her absence. She did look sweet, to be sure, as she came out with her batiste dress of soft, silvery gray, her jaunty velvet hat, turned up to show the pearl satin lining, with its ostrich plumes a-nodding in the wind. You see, that hat was bought on purpose for her in New York, when Weymouth went after goods. There was not another in town to compare with it.

"Well, the hired man held the horse while Weymouth helped her on, and she was off down the road while we were calling out good-bye to her. Women in those days mostly rode horseback when they went anywhere, and Susie went on happy as a bird, until she got over the state line, when her ear caught the sound of drums and fifes, and her horse began going as though he was 'a-walking on eggs.' Then Susie remembered all at once that it was 'general trainin' day over in Massachusetts.

"Her horse had been owned by an officer of the troopers for several years, and always stepped in time to music. She spied the troopers now on a cross street making for the main street. If they only would pass before she reached them! She tried to restrain her horse, so that he would not overtake them, but he heard the martial strains, and as though the sweet elixir had filled all his veins with life, he pricked up his ears and swept on like the overwhelming leap of a cataract, to join them. On he went, never pausing at the rear of the glittering column, on, past the array of men sitting so proudly within their saddles, on, to the very front, and there, beside the tall form of the gallant captain, he deigned at length to form in line and sweep on to the martial tread of inspiring strains; for, lo! he would have his accustomed place!

"Poor Susie! what should she do? She longed for a moment to have the earth open and swallow her up, as it did Korah of old. There was a perceptible smile on more than one lip, as the men glanced at their perturbed captain, who was an old bachelor of the most orthodox kind—rich and hard-hearted—yet terribly afraid of all women. When Captain Drew saw how terribly frightened Susie was, and that, try as she would, she could not make that incorrigible horse budge, he pitied her, and essayed to say something comforting.

"He saw, too, that she was very comely to look upon, and modest and very tastefully dressed. He kept looking more and more. Finally, a bright thought came to him, and he said, very respectfully: 'Miss, if you are willing, I will exchange horses with you, as mine I am using for the first time in this way, and he has not become so attached to martial music as yours.' So, helping Susie off, and exchanging saddles, he inquired her name and place of residence that he might come to exchange them again.

"Well, Susie went on and had her visit out. We all wondered a great deal when she came back on a strange horse, yet she never tried to enlighten us any.

Weymouth said, 'Susie made a very good bargain in trading horses, and any of them are at her disposal if she does as well every time.'

"But the next day when the handsome captain came driving up and we saw Susie's blushes, we knew just as well how it would end as we did the next May when we saw her stand up beside the captain in the little church, while the solemn words were said which made them one.

"Yes, I was one of the bridesmaids, and wore a silk dress for the first time. Well, Captain Drew took her to a home of love and plenty, and she said many years afterwards, 'I never had cause to regret my first ride with the troopers.' That was her first ride but not the last.

"For, every general training, the men would have their captain bring out his sweet wife just as they had formed in line on the village green, and the way they would cheer her! So this is what I thought of when I saw the horse that looked like Blucher."—Good Cheer.

The Shark and the Pearl Diver.

"The reason why big strikes in pearls don't create a boom, as a gold discovery would," said an old hand at the business, "is because most everybody knows the danger of it, and if you don't know it yourself you are at the mercy of a pack of the biggest thieves that ever lived. The principal dangers are sharks, rays and drowning. The sharks are the worst, and some grounds have old man-eaters that hang about them for years, at least the men think so.

"I remember one season we got on the grounds early. I was owner of an outfit comprising ten men, but when we got ready to start a man would go over. I didn't blame them, as they pointed out the fin of a big man-eater that was swimming about. I wouldn't have gone over myself for all the pearls on the farm. The shark had a notch on his top fin where some one had put a bullet through, and one man said it had eaten his brother, another that his cousin was killed the year before by the same brute, and you would have thought that every man in the place had lost a relative of some kind, so I concluded it would be a chumty to put the old murderer on the retired list. I had a harpoon with me that had barbs that fitted into the iron so that it would go in easily, and then when a slight pull was made they would set back. This I rigged to a pole and fastened to a line about one hundred feet long, having it fastened to a keg. Heaving the toggery into the boat I got one of the men to pull me to the shark that was swimming around and around, and as it came by the boat I put the spear into its back as well as I knew how.

"We didn't bother about hauling in, but just threw over the rope and keg and let him go, and that's the last we ever see of the old man-eater. I reckon he ain't stopped yet, as we kept hearing of the keg up along the coast for several weeks."—San Francisco Call.

A Senator's Signature.

When Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania writes his name in a hotel register, he invariably puts a dash in front of it thus:

—J. D. CAMERON.

The dash is very long, and begins where the page of the book is fastened in its place. If the register is a very wide book, the eccentric dash of the Pennsylvania senator is supplemented by an affix:

—J. D. CAMERON.—

Whenever he writes his name on the Fifth Avenue Hotel register, which is a wide book, he uses the double dash. A gentleman gives this explanation:

"I have lived in Washington; know Senator Cameron well, and the reason he uses a dash before his name. He never uses a dash except on a hotel register. At the capital nearly every man has a handle to his name. When a senator or general registers at a hotel, the clerk politely adds the prefix, whatever it may be, and it appears that General So-and-so has deliberately written his *entitle*. Senator Cameron, instead of being a vain man, is very modest and unassuming. The polite clerks put the prefix, Senator, to his name frequently on the registers, which was exceedingly repugnant to him. His simple request to leave off all appendages to his signature did not have the desired effect, and he hit upon the happy idea of the dash to keep anything from being written in front of his name. The front dash worked for a time on narrow registers, but finally the ingenious clerk wrote the word Senator after his name. This required double vigilance, so the retiring and genial Senator added the affix dash."—Washington Republican.

Horseshoes of Sheepshorn.

Various trials of the new French horseshoe, which is made entirely of sheep's horn, are said to show its particular adaptability for horses employed in towns and known not to have a steady foot on the pavement. The results of the experiments are, therefore, regarded as very satisfactory; horses thus shod have been driven at a rapid pace on such pavement without slipping. Besides this advantage, the new shoe is spoken of as more durable, and, though a little more expensive than the ordinary kind, seems destined sooner or later to replace the iron shoe.—American Register.

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Founder, From Overfed.

A contributor to the New York Tribune says: A little city boy spending a week with an Ohio farmer fed a young horse in pasture nineteen ears of old corn. The owner found the animal finishing his feast, and thinks he could have saved him from founder had he known what to do. Overeating, and consequent foundering, is one of those things more easily prevented than cured. The results of the total disarrangement of the system by the impaction of the stomach and bowels cannot be wholly avoided, but they may be ameliorated by judicious treatment. No water is to be given, or the food would swell and ferment and rupture the stomach, with very quickly fatal results. A large dose of raw linseed oil is the best remedy, and a quart is the right quantity. This causes the ejection of the undigested matter and the relief of the intestines. The after treatment is of importance; the stomach wants rest, and feeding should be wholly suspended for twenty-four hours, when a quart of oatmeal gruel only should be given. One quart of this at a meal is sufficient for the next day, after which regular feeding should be approached gradually and cautiously. The resulting stiffness of the fore limbs should be treated by thirty-drop doses of acetonite and hot fomentations and rubbing of the legs and feet with some active liniment.

Barn-Yard Manure.

Prof. Wyatt, in his present work, "Modern High Farming," attempts to impress upon farmers the necessity of allowing their farm-yard manures to undergo a thorough process of fermentation, to so completely rot or carbonize before making use of them in the field. In order to make his meaning still more clear, he says:

"Let it be remembered that first, if freshly made manure be put into the soil, the saline and nitrogenous portions will all be washed away by the first fall of rain and lost.

Second, if the manure be allowed to thoroughly ferment, the nitrogenous matters will remain insoluble in the soil, and will thus be held at the disposal of the plants ready for assimilation.

A few experimenters have striven within the past few years to persuade themselves and the world that the total abandonment of farm-yard manure and the sole employment of chemical fertilizers would result in immense economy and increased production; but in nearly every case within our knowledge where the reduction of these theories has prevailed over common sense, the result has been, to say the least, discouraging.

Artificial manures of every kind are necessary, we have always admitted and shall always propound; but that they can ever profitably and usefully replace those made on the farm, is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion."

Value of Artichokes.

Jerusalem artichokes are similar but slightly inferior to potatoes in nutritive value, says *Rural World*, but, owing to their immense yield and cheapness of raising, are much more valuable as stock, particularly hog, food. Yields of one and two thousand bushels per acre are obtained, while the culture is not as costly as that of potatoes. The planting is done in about the same way, but the growth of stocks is so strong that the ground is soon covered, and all weeds are effectually choked out. Although the leaves and stalks are rough and coarse, stock are very fond of them, and will greedily eat the tops to the ground if allowed to get to them. Usually the hogs are turned into the patch after the tubers have matured, which will not be until late in the season, and allowed to do their own digging. Fed in this way with the tops left on the ground and the droppings of the hogs also, the crop cannot fail to improve the land. A freezing does not injure the tubers in the least, either for food or seed. They can be left in the ground until spring, and then fed to the hogs. Usually the hogs will leave enough of the tubers in the ground to reseed it, if not kept there too long. Some prefer, however, to let the hogs clean out the patch thoroughly and replant in hills and drills, rather than let a volunteer crop come up. Many are afraid to plant them for fear that once get them into the land they can not be eradicated. The fear is unfounded, and it is strange they are not more widely grown. The red Brazilian is considered the best.

Overfameant in Breeding.

Those acquainted with the methods common with some breeders of swine, and the results obtained, know that there is a tendency to overrefine their swine. Breeding to a refined standard without cautionary reserve easily results in a fineness of bone, a body almost denuded of hair, charming to look upon by the fancier who exhibits at the show ring but objects of suspicion to the utilitarian hog raiser, in whose mind the possession of these attributes in an exaggerated degree is associated with delicacy of constitution, infecundity and a degree of trouble and vexation in raising the young pigs only to be realized by those who have had it to do. Some breeders will remember how at one time the Suffolks, highly esteemed as they then were, were

by many breeders so finely bred, that sows would only drop four to six pigs at a time, and these were as much trouble to raise as so many delicate children—subject to chills if the weather was the least cool, with hardly strength enough to take their natural nourishment, succumbing quickly to the slightest exposure, or to disturbances of the bowels, to which the young pig of feeble constitution is so prone. A well-known writer says on this subject: "No man who wants a hog for profit, will have his wants fully met until he gets such as are hardly enough to stand pretty severe cold, some neglect, and be quite ready to thrive with plain, even what would be rough feed for the exquisitely bred and pampered hog. The pigs of the stronger kinds—those with plenty of hair and not too fine bone—will survive, though they are farrowed in cold weather, and this, too, without extra care and nursing. More pigs will be dropped at each farrowing time, and it is safe to say that half a dozen strong, well-haired, thrifty sows will raise as many pigs in a season as will be saved and raised by ten sows exquisitely bred and accustomed to close confinement."—Chicago Times.

Fall Plowing.

Fall plowing, says Ben Perley Poore in the *Cultivator*, is important for those who mean to farm well. One great trouble in our farming is the fact that we do not till our land enough. One shallow plowing in the spring, with many a balk and dodge not plowed at all, is too often considered sufficient; but what right has any one to expect a good crop from such tillage? If it is obtained, it is the result of accident. Yes, gentlemen, such of you as would raise good crops from year to year, irrespective of drought or wet seasons, must till your land thoroughly and deep while your teams are vigorous and healthy in the fall. Speed the plow over stubble and corn-hill, and not only over but under them, the deeper the better. Yes, the deeper the better, except, perhaps, in some extraordinary instances. Turn up the furrows as deep and ridgy as possible this fall, and let them frost-slack through the winter. Keep everything off that can tramp in the least if there is any clay or marl in its composition. Let it stand in that shape, and when spring comes I will tell you what further to do with it, to be almost sure of a good crop of wheat, oats, corn, or anything else that will grow in this country. Plow all you possibly can in the fall, for the purpose of lightening your labor in the spring, which, at the best, is always short with us, after the fields are dry enough to plow, besides the additional consideration that teams are usually in the worst possible plight to do any considerable amount of work. Therefore, speed the plow every leisure moment this fall, not only to save time in the spring, nor merely to pulverize the soil with frost (which, by the way, is an all-important thing), but last, though not least, to destroy the insects and vermin that have gone into winter quarters. Doubtless, late fall plowing will be found our best protection against the increase of all such pests.

Transplanting Fruit Trees.

The transplanting of fruit trees is very simple and effective when properly understood. Trees should never be planted in a square or round hole, such as you would dig for setting a post. Many trees transplanted in this way die, much to the discouragement of the planter, who attributes his failure to the insects, drought or anything rather than to the manner of transplanting. A good plan is to take a plough and break out the whole length of the row each way, checking fifteen, twenty to fifty feet each way, as you may elect, running five or six or more furrows each way, making sure to break the land as deep as you wish to set the trees. It is best to use a two horse plough; then in each check you can draw out the earth a sufficient width and depth to suit the roots of the tree to be planted. Trim all broken roots smoothly and straighten them out at full length in the hole; cover carefully so as to get the earth firmly around each root, then fill up the hole and press the soil down firmly with the foot. Not one tree in a thousand will die if planted this way, provided the tree was all right when it was set.

As a general rule, trees should be transplanted to the same depth that they stood in the nursery, or where they were grown. Dwarf pear trees are an exception to this rule, and should be planted deep enough for the union of the pear and its quinceroots to be below the surface of the ground, so that natural roots may shoot out from the pear in course of time, thereby converting the dwarf into a standard tree.

The object in breaking the land each way as above advised, is in order that the roots may have free access to loose, mellow earth, to run into in every direction from the tree. If only a small number of trees are to be planted a mattock or spading fork would suffice, using care to break the ground each way several feet from where the tree is to stand.—From "How to Plant."

Rubber jewelry can be restored to its original black by rubbing with rotten soap mixed with sweet oil.

Household Hints.

White spots on varnished furniture when caused by water, can be removed by holding a heated shovel over them.

Where a filter is unattainable, a very little alum will purify foul water. An ounce of alum will purify a whole hog-head of foul water.

To extinguish kerosene flames, if no cloth is at hand, throw flour on the flame. Flour rapidly absorbs the fluid and deadens the flame.

Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive for rats, as they flee from its odor as from a pestilence. It should be thrown down their holes, and spread about wherever they are likely to come, and should be renewed once a fortnight.

Recipes.

FRIED APPLES—Wipe a few nice, smooth-skinned apples, have ready a spider with a little butter and lard in it, let it get hot, and slice the apples into it, sprinkle a little sugar over them, and fry slow to a nice brown, taking great care not to let it burn.

SPLENDID COTTAGE PUDDING—One cup of white sugar, one egg, butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour, and two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Sauce—One tablespoonful of flour, one-fourth cup of sugar, make into a smooth paste with milk, and pour on hot water till thick enough, and let it come to a boil, stirring constantly. Flavor to taste. Vanilla is the nicest.

POTATO FRITTERS—Boil eight or nine large potatoes, mash them through a colander, beat five eggs light, and mix with the potatoes, adding a tablespoonful of wheat flour, butter the size of a walnut, and a quart of milk, with one teaspoonful of salt. Beat well, and drop in large tablespoonfuls into boiling lard, deep enough to float them. They are done as soon as they rise to the top and are a light brown.

CORN SOUP—Soup of green corn pulp is excellent. Put in a saucepan half a pint of finely cut cabbage, one gill of celery also cut fine, two potatoes, one small onion and two small carrots, all sliced, with two quarts of water, and simmer for one hour. Then add one pint of peeled tomatoes cut in slices, and boil half an hour longer. At the end of this time add half a pint of green corn pulp and let all boil up at once; season to taste and serve. If desired, the soup may be strained.

A Glutton.

In a conversation with a leading lawyer recently, we fell to talking about gluttons and gluttony, and he told me a story about the gluttony of a brother lawyer who was in the front rank of his profession in this city, but who, a year or two ago, fell a victim to his intemperate habit of eating and drinking. "I was with him and another eminent lawyer," said my friend, "at Coney Island, several summers ago, and one day he requested our company at his parlors at 11 o'clock that night, 'to a little lunch.' We were on hand, and were somewhat appalled at the costly and extensive repast which he had ordered. There was such a variety of dishes and so many courses that it required all our ingenuity to work our way through them, and pretend to partake of each, so as not to bring on a fit of illness. But not so with our host, who partook largely of everything on the menu. I will tell you a few things that he got away with. Among them were two cups of coffee, an oyster stew, a dozen raw, a whole lobster, a large dish of chicken salad, several slices of bread and butter, and two quart-bottles of champagne. We got away with our lives at one o'clock, and though I retired to bed I lay awake until morning, expecting to hear that my friend had been seized with a mortal illness. As the tidings did not arrive, I arose about breakfast time, still expecting to find that he was dead. But, on the contrary, he was the first man I met on the piazza, looking as fresh as a rose. We have another prominent lawyer in Chicago who is going the same way."—Chicago Journal.

A Life-Saving Floating Fabric.

Lord Charles Bessford, Lord of the Admiralty, and a number of gentlemen witnessed some experiments which took place last evening off the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, with a life-saving floating fabric which has been invented by Mr. William Jackson, manager of the outfitting department of the army and navy stores, Victoria street, Westminster. Mr. Jackson has succeeded in weaving cork, or floating fabric, with various kinds of material used in the manufacture of coats and waistcoats. Some of these articles can not be distinguished from those made of serge, while others are made of silk, and adapted for the use of ladies while yachting. The material is light, and may be worn with comfort. With regard to the experiments of last evening, several men who could not swim entered the water wearing the coats in question, and furnished ample evidence of the floating qualities of the fabric and of its utility to those engaged in seafaring occupations. At the close Lord Charles Bessford expressed his entire satisfaction with the experiments, and stated his intention of writing a letter to Mr. Jackson on the subject.—London Telegraph.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Autumn Leaves.

Crimson and scarlet and yellow,
Emerald turning to gold,
Shimmering there in the sunbeams,
Shivering here in the cold;
Waving farewells as the tempest
Ruthlessly tears them apart,
Fluttering, dancing and rustling
As hither and thither they dart;
Rocklessly sailing the rapids,
Lazily swimming the pools,
Playing "I spy!" with each other
Under the puffy toads' coats.
Wreaths for the walls of her dwelling
Each neat little housekeeper weaves,
And there, amid delicate fern sprays,
Nestle the bright autumn leaves.
—E. L. Benedict in Young People.

A Beautiful Lesson.

Five hundred years ago there was living in Italy a great poet of the name of Petrarch. There came on a great trial; a number of people had to give witness, and they all had to take an oath before doing so. Petrarch came to bear witness, but they said of him, "You need not make him take an oath. He will be sure to tell the truth." So they did not make him take an oath, because everybody knew how true he was.

Hang on Like a Beaver.

When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm, the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house, his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach the life lesson; in all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean, that while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.—Young Pilgrim.

Norwegian Hospitality.

In no land is hospitality more open-handed and more unfeigned than in Norway, and though these features are naturally becoming blunted along the beaten lines of travel, the genuine goodness of heart, fine "gentlemanly" feeling, and entire absence of that sordidness which is so often seen even in primitive regions, cannot fail to strike the unprejudiced observer. Nor is etiquette ignored by even the rudest of the people. In the cities the stranger is apt to make many blunders. In the country, however, this is not less marked; though perhaps the visitor will be less conscious of its presence. One of the peculiarities of the Norwegian farmer is that, when visiting a friend, he must ignore all the preparations made for his entertainment. He will see the coffee roasted, and the cups set out, and then, just when the good wife is about to offer him her hospitality, he gets up, bids the family good-by, and is only persuaded to remain after some resistance. Every cup must be filled to overflowing, otherwise the host would be thought stingy. When milk, bread or beer is offered, the guest invariably begs that it will not "be wasted on him," and then, after emptying the cup, declares that "it is too much"—going through the same formalities, it may be, three or four times. In the farmhouses, or upland "saeters" the guest is left to eat alone, silver forks and spoons being often substituted for the carved wooden ones used by the family, and a fine white cloth for the bare boards which serves well enough on ordinary occasions. To a punctilious guest this may not be a drawback, for at the family table, as, indeed, among the peasants in Scandinavia everywhere, the different individuals dip their spoons into the same dishes of "grod" and sour milk; but for any one desirous of studying a people a load of foreign prejudice is a grievous burden to carry about. When a child is born the wife of every neighbor cooks a dish of "fodegrod" (porridge made with cream instead of milk), and brings it to the convalescent, there being a good deal of rivalry among the matrons to outdo each other in the quality and size of the dish. When any one has taken food in a Scandinavian house he shakes hands with the host and hostess in rising from the table, and says: "Tak for mad" ("Thanks for food"), to which they reply: "Vell bekomme" ("May it agree with you"). In many parts of Scandinavia all the guests shake hands with each other and repeat the latter formula; and in Norway, at least, it is the fashion for a guest to call on the hostess a few days later, and when she appears to gravely say: "Tak for sidst" ("Thanks for last time"), great gravity on this formal visit being a mark of good breeding.—Peoples of the World.

How He Escaped.

Doctor—"What is that scar on your leg, Mr. Blank?"
Patient—"A dog bite received in boyhood."
"Goodness gracious! Didn't you get the hydrophobia?"
"No, I hadn't heard of hydrophobia at that time."—Omaha World.