

### Growing Old.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care;  
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh  
To thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant Home-light;  
Far from the waves that are big with commotion,  
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:  
Growing old cheerfully,  
Cheerful and bright.

Fast all the winds that were adverse and chilling,  
Fast all the islets that lured thee to rest,  
Fast all the currents that lured thee, unwilling,  
Far from thy course to the land of the Blest:  
Growing old peacefully,  
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow  
When the bright faces of children are seen;  
Never a year from the young would'st thou borrow—  
Thou dost remember what liest between:  
Growing old willfully,  
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,  
Rich in a love that grew from and above it,  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears:  
Growing old wealthily,  
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,  
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;  
Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—  
"It is more blessed to give than receive":  
Growing old happily,  
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory  
Have a sweet recompense youth cannot know;  
Ears that grow dull to the world and its story  
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:  
Growing old graciously,  
Purer than snow.

### FARMER'S INGLE-NOOK.

#### Care of the Stock, Poultry and Surroundings.

#### HINTS ON CARE OF HORSES.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.)

##### Take Care of the Horses.

An English lover of horses offers a hint that may benefit horses in muddy weather. "The object of the hint," he says, "is to prevent horses getting mud fever. One of mine used to suffer from it until I adopted the following plan. I suggested to my coachman to oil him underneath and down his legs in sauddy weather, then, when he came in, to sponge, not brush, off the mud with warm water, my theory being that the fever was principally caused by brushing off the half-dried clay and making the skin sore and tender. The proof of the pudding, etc. For the last three winters the horse has never had the least symptom of the disorder."

##### Select the Seed Now.

A little later in the season there will be much hurry to do the pressing work, and any labor like that of selecting the needed seed for spring sowing and planting should not be delayed. It is important that only the best seed be sown, and to this end much attention should be given. A great many weeds are unintentionally sown with the various field and garden seeds. The number of weed seeds sometimes sold with that of clover is very large. In this way eastern weeds have been introduced into Western ports. It is not an easy matter to detect some of the weed seeds, and therefore the farmer should buy where he feels certain that only pure seed is sold. The seed should be of the best varieties, plump and sound and free from "foul stuff." Let every farmer now see that such seed is at hand when seed time comes.

##### Farm Gates.

Have as few farm gates as possible. Each one is an expense in its construction and subsequent care. It never pays to make a poor gate. The frame should be constructed of hard and lasting wood, with the slats of light but durable material. This gate needs thorough bracing with strips of wood, or better, rods of iron, which run from the bottom of the latch and to the top of the hinge end. A gate thus braced cannot sag, as it is impossible for it to get out of the rectangular form. When finished a gate should be painted. The farm gate should be wide enough to permit the free passage of loads of hay and grain, field rollers and harvesters. A most important point is a large, durable and well-set post, upon which the gate is to be hung. The hinge-post should not be less than eight inches square, and set at least 3 1/2 feet deep. The earth needs to be rammed firmly around the post. A first-class gate is expensive at the outset but needs very little attention afterwards for several years.

##### Food and Flesh.

A writer says: Many persons object to large fowls because they eat too much. But one cannot get something out of nothing, nor flesh or eggs without food; and, after a pretty long time spent in feeding all kinds of farm stock I like those kinds which will eat the most food and make the most from it. As a rule, your unthrifty, gluttonous, unprofitable animals are in bad health and do not digest their food; their appetites are abnormally large and their food is wasted. A healthy animal will eat no more than it can turn to good account, and it pleases me to see my cows well filled with a liberal mess of good food, nicely prepared, lying down, sprawled out, and stretching their legs with comfort and puffing and sighing with contentment; or my pigs, full to the muzzle, sleeping in their warm nests in dry, comfortable pens and enjoying the pleasing sensations which accompany the change of good food in their stomachs into pork. And in regard to fowls, it is gratifying to see the hens stretched on a bed of clean dry dust in the warm sunshine in front of the close window of a tight, wind-proof house, with their crops filled with a warm mess of meal and milk, and hear them singing, giving notes in payment for the care bestowed upon them, which are always paid when due. But it is very true that there are some animals which eat only to live, and are unable to do much in the way of working up surplus food into meat, milk, butter or eggs. And it is the farmer's business to get rid of these and to keep those only which are profitable.

##### Eggs in Winter.

The price of fresh eggs in winter should induce a little more attention to the feeding and housing of hens during the cold months. A writer says: Fowls that are

well fed are now beginning to lay. In my yards the American Dominiques have begun first, followed five days later by light Brahmas. Some white Leghorns belonging to a neighbor have not yet begun to lay, nor have some Plymouth Rocks of my own. All these fowls are well cared for; kept in comfortable, clean houses, and are fed upon warmed feed, with every necessary as a supply of fresh food, dry earth, broken bones and pure water, slightly warmed, and a little stimulant now and then, in the shape of red pepper and ginger. The Dominiques are excellent fowls, and after a few years' experience with them I am inclined to rate them above the Leghorns. They are quite hardy, while the latter are very tender. They are too small for profit, weighing only about four pounds, while the Brahmas are twice as heavy.

##### Milk.

The towns and cities get their milk supply from the country. But some times they get more than milk; they get the proverbial peck of dirt which every man is supposed to eat in his lifetime. On emptying the picher which the milkman fills a sediment is often found, enough to turn a man's stomach. Whence comes it? From the udders and bodies of cows. They are milked as they rise in their stall, without any process of brushing or cleaning. If the stalls are not kept clean the milk will be tainted, and if the cows are not brushed before being milked there will be sediment in the picher. The farmer who is neat in the dairy will have a quick market, and get the highest prices for his milk and butter.

##### Other Farm Notes.

Many a valuable horse is subjected to unnecessary pain, if not to permanent injury, at this season of the year, by the thoughtless placing of a cold iron bit in his mouth. If any one doubts that this is painful to the horse, let him satisfy himself by laying a piece of frosty iron across his own tongue some sharp morning. It is a very easy matter to keep the bridle in the house, where it will be kept warm when not in use. We have seen horses the skin of whose tongue and lips was as effectually burned by a frostbite as they would have been by a red-hot one, and all the while the owners were wondering why the animals refused to eat and fell off in flesh. An experienced dairyman says: Cows usually become addicted to kicking when heifers, from being milked by abusive milkers. I have never seen an old cow become a kicker unless abused. Instead of cows being adverse to being milked when giving large quantities, I have ever found it the reverse. When pasturage is good, and cows come home at night with their udders distended with milk, they seem grateful to have it removed.

An experienced farmer recommends that oats be soaked sufficiently to swell them before feeding to stock. Ground oats are in proper condition at all times, but millers are not partial to grinding oats, and many farmers feed them unground. When soaked the husk is partially torn away, and facility of digestion increased. Poultry will carefully pick out the soaked grains from the dry when allowed a preference in the matter. A correspondent writing from Johnsville, S. C., incidentally mentions a curious instance of the influence of animals in controlling or preventing forest growths. It appears that the fondness of hogs for the juicy roots of young pines leads them to seek them assiduously, so that where hogs are allowed to roam in that region one can hardly find a young long-leaved pine in a thousand acres of pine forest. There being no young trees to take the place of the old ones used by the lumbermen and turpentine gatherers, that species of timber is rapidly being exterminated.

##### Billiards for Girls.

Two girls of this city having heard that Elizabeth Cady Stanton advised billiards for girls, concluded to profit by the advice of so wise a counsellor, and the other day when the men folks were all down town the girls in question adjourned to the billiard-room to have a game. "What shall we play?" asked the elder. "Why, billiards, of course." "I know, you silly thing; but there's different kinds of billiards. I mean, what kind shall we play? There's discount, and hundred or nothing, and pin ball and fifteen pool." "Oh! I don't know; which is the nicest?" "Hundred to nothing's easy; maybe we had better begin on that." "All right." "Well, why don't you get your pole and shoot? It's your first shot."

"No, it ain't either; we have to choose for shot." "That's so, well, here: ock-a-bock-a-bon-a-crook-a-ock-a-book-tuse; there, its your first shot!" "Why, you mean thing! Tain't no such thing." "Don't you call me a cheater, or I'll tell ma you take pickles to bed with you." "Well, I don't care; ock-a-bock-a-ink-fair; you know you always said it wasn't in ketcher." "Well, do it yourself, then." "One err-y-orr-err-y-ink-or-y-ann-fill-i-son-fall-i-son-nick-olas-John. Que-vy-qua-vy-English-navey-stink-um-stank-um-buck! There, now, I told you so; you have to shoot."

"Well, I'll shoot, but tain't fair. What are you laughing at, you little fool?" "Te-he-he-he. You ain't got no chalk on your stick; you know a heap about billiards, you do!" "You think you're smart, now, don't you? Well, you aint. You dasen't put chalk on only when you make a run, there! I guess I've seen pa a hundred times." "Oh, you big story teller. I saw pa put chalk on his stick a thousand times in one game, and he never made more'n two in his life. George says pa's a chump in billiards." "You horrid, nasty thing! What did ma tell you about being slangy? If I don't tell on you I'm a goat."

"Whatch you doin' yourself! Better mind your own self. Goody! goody! Now see what you've done," as the other made a lunge at the ball with a tipless cue and tore a forty-inch slit in the cloth. "Well, you made me do it;" then she pulled the other's hair, they both cried, and the tournament was over.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Adele Bray, leading lady with the Knights, will shortly resign. The Manager wants her, but the Knights do not.

### THE CHURCH BUDGET.

#### Intelligence from All Over the World.

The U. S. Methodists expect to build 450 churches during the present year. There are 1,000,000 Moslems in Syria and Palestine.

Mr. Spurgeon has received \$1,500 as royalty on the sale in America of "The Treasury of David."

Statistics show that nine per cent. of the entire population of Connecticut are Congregationalists.

Rev. J. B. Hamilton, of Rhode Island, has given alcohol a new name. He calls it "Aqua mortis"—the water of death.

Rev. A. B. Greene, of Newburyport, Mass., and his wife are respectively great-grandnephew and great-granddaughter of General Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame.

A new Catholic Cathedral, costing from \$300,000 to \$400,000, is to be built at Albany. A suitable plot of ground has already been secured and paid for and \$41,000 has been subscribed to begin the work.

The Detroit Ministerial Union, a body composed of ministers of all denominations, has decided by a vote of 23 to 1 that belief in the Apostles' Creed is not sufficient as a declaration of faith upon which to admit members.

A Bible society in Chicago visits large establishments where numbers of young women are employed, reads portions of the Scriptures to them and holds religious talks during the noon hour of lunch and recreation.

Evangelist Moody was greeted in Dublin recently by an audience of four thousand persons. Mr. Moody has had his picture taken, the first time for nearly twenty-five years. He had only about a dozen copies taken for a few of his family and friends, and then bought the negative.

Professor Hiram F. Reed, of Philadelphia, says the Bible is the most dramatic book in the world, not even excepting Shakespeare's plays, and argues that the same care and art required in reading Shakespeare should be applied to the reading of the Bible.

The ancient church of Birdbrook, England, contains a monumental slab bearing this extraordinary record: "Martha Blewitt, of Swan Inn, at Baythorne End, in this parish, buried May 7th, 1681. She was the wife of nine husbands consecutively, but the ninth outlived her."

When an American missionary offered a Greek Testament the Greek turned to the title page and saw: "Translated from the original Greek." So he gave it back to the missionary, saying, with a bow: "Thank you; we have the original." Greeks hold, among other sources of pride, the particular one that the New Testament was written in their language.

A letter by the Bishop of Peterborough has recently been published, in which he states that he has in vain endeavored to find an incumbent for a living vacant in his diocese. There is, as described by the Bishop, a comfortable house in good condition, a beautiful church and an interesting sphere of work among a village population of 600 people in a pleasant and beautiful neighborhood. But there is no "certain income." Before the late agricultural depression set in it was worth £480 a year net. It is at present "worth nothing," its income being barely sufficient to pay the charges upon it.

Oldham Street Wesleyan Chapel, Manchester, is to be taken down after all the efforts which have been made to avoid the necessity. It was the original home of Wesleyanism in that city, and was opened by Mr. Wesley himself on the 20th of March, 1781. The repeated visits of the great founder of Methodism to the North are all associated with that place. There Adam Clarke ministered, and the most famous of the old preachers accounted it one of the honors of their lives that they had been stationed there. In the roll of its superintendents or preachers stands the honorable name of Joseph Benson, twice President, the grandfather of the Archbishop-elect of Canterbury. The conferences held in Manchester always eat there. It was once in the centre of a vast population; it is now in the midst of a desert of warehouses. A new central hall is to be built on the site at a cost of £20,000.

##### The Law of Libel.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch rises to remark as follows: Few States in the Union have as stringent libel laws now as Missouri, and yet the Bar Association of St. Louis wishes to add features to what which will make the publication of a newspaper here about as precarious as sheep-herding in the Sioux Reservation. A certain class of able lawyers, who are ambitious to control and influence the communities in which they live, are always jealous of the press and anxious to hobble it. Another class of lawyers enjoy excessive libel laws because they stand a reasonable chance of digging a libel suit out of every police item published. There are the shysters. What is more needed in Missouri is a law to protect newspapers against malicious prosecution. The only amendment that the law of newspaper libel requires is a clause making it obligatory upon the plaintiff to show actual damages, and holding newspapers clear of suits until they have had an opportunity to make public reparation for wrongs unwittingly inflicted upon citizens. Nine-tenths of the so-called libels of newspapers are the result of errors. Malice seldom enters into them, and yet publishers are at the hourly mercy of malicious persons ready to take advantage of their mistakes, and the shysters who initiate suits for the sole purpose of having them compromised. It seems to us that the Bar Association of St. Louis might find laws upon the statutes which are in greater need of doctoring than those pertaining to libel.

If you stick your finger into the water and take it out, it is in vain you look for the hole; and equally so is it to suppose, whatever space you occupy, that the world will miss you when you die.

Queen Victoria has twenty-two grandchildren.

### A FORTUNE OF \$100,000,000.

#### How Poor Families Have Come to Claim and Get It.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: A number of people of Cleveland who are now poor have fallen heirs to property valued at \$100,000,000. This wealth, now in England, has been the subject of legal quibble for over a hundred years. During all this time the fortune, most of which is in solid cash, remained untouched, and has slowly but gradually multiplied, until when it finds itself at last very nearly ready to be divided among the long patient heirs it is swollen into a sum almost equal to that of Vanderbilt's. The first and nearest heir living is Mrs. Frances Pillar, living in Geneva, O., in 1827, is the nearest relative of Colonel Bradford, of Mayflower fame, from whom the great fortune descended. Below her, her two children, Mrs. A. C. Mollrath, of Cleveland, and Mrs. Braman, of Geneva. The children of Mrs. Mollrath, of whom there are ten, have been pushing the matter, and now at last see the reward awaiting them for their untiring labors. The story of the fortune is a simple one. Col. Bradford derived his great wealth from his second wife, Alice Carpenter, by whom it was inherited from her first husband, an English nobleman. The story of the courtship in England and the separation afterward of Col. Bradford and Miss Carpenter, their subsequent meeting and marriage in America, when Col. Bradford was a widower and his first love a widow, is a familiar one. That its revival should occur in Cleveland is matter of more than usual interest. Col. Bradford died without making a will. On receipt of the news of the good fortune from across the water, arrangements were made to despatch representatives of the Mollrath family to England, and J. P. Mollrath, of Boston, a brother of the children in this city, will probably start in a day or two.

##### A WOMAN'S SAD DEATH.

#### Frozen to Death while in a Drunken Condition.

Since Saturday last Mrs. Gordon, who lived at 137 Claremont street, Toronto, has been missed by the neighbors, says the Mail. Yesterday her dead body was found lying in the bedroom by a Mrs. Foster, who called to see her. Constable McRae was notified, and visited the house. He found the deceased lying on the floor beside her bed frozen stiff. A glass which stood near contained a few drops of whiskey, and told only too well how the unfortunate woman met her death. Coroner Johnston was notified, but after hearing what the neighbors had to say, did not consider an inquest necessary, and accordingly granted a permit for her burial. For twenty years she has lived in the same place, and until the last five kept a little store, from which she made a good living. Of late, however, she has been drinking so heavily that her son, although he continued to support her, had to leave the house. Two years ago she had her feet frozen during one of her drunken sprees, and had part of them amputated at the general hospital. She owned the house in which she lived, but nearly all the furniture has disappeared, having been sold for whiskey, or as some say stolen during her drunken bouts. The deceased was 67 years of age, and leaves a son in Toronto, another in the States and a daughter in British Columbia.

##### The New Suspension Bridge.

A Niagara Falls despatch says: Two gangs of workmen of ten each have been engaged the last two weeks in digging for the foundation to the piers for the new bridge across the Niagara River which the Canada Southern Railway is to build near the present Suspension Bridge. The workmen are instructed to find a solid stone foundation, 20 by 40 feet, as near the river bank as possible. The point selected for the first digging is about 200 feet above Suspension Bridge. On this side the spot is conveniently reached by way of the stairs to Wither's Race. On the Canada side a ladder about 70 feet long over the palisade, and a newly-made path over the debris to the water's edge, are used. The distance across the river at this point is 300 feet, and between the piers, if a good bottom is found, it will be about 830 feet. Excavations on both sides have reached to low water mark, and have consisted of fallen debris. On Thursday a large, hard rock was reached on both sides, which had evidently fallen from near the top of the bank. It is believed that below this stone will be found similar to that which lies at the bottom of Wither's Race. It will take some days to ascertain whether this is so or not.

##### Remarkable Courtship and Marriage.

A New York despatch says: A remarkable marriage is that of Thos. Fitzgerald to Mary Alice Moss. Fitzgerald has been importunate in his love for months, had frequently had his suit rejected and frequently been ejected or refused admission to the house of the Moss family at No. 81 Pell street. His habits were bad and the girl seemed to care nothing for him, but to entertain a dislike. Some weeks ago he secured admission to the house against her wishes and her mother's, and in a fit of rage stabbed her, the wound at the time being believed to be fatal. The girl, however, recovered, and on Sunday last they were married in the Church of the Transfiguration, that fact having just come to light. Both parties refuse to explain how the change was brought about.

"I believe you are a fool, John," testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs, as her husband unwittingly presented the hot end of a potato-dish, which she promptly dropped and broke. "Yes," he added resignedly, "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."

The winter in British Columbia is the driest and finest ever known. The coldest register at Victoria was 18 degrees of frost. On the lower mainland, the lowest thermometer reading was zero. The stock is doing well on the ranges, and there are no losses.

The largest stage in America is being erected for the dramatic festival at Music Hall, Cincinnati.

### MURDER AT A DANCE.

#### A Young Man Shot in a Scuffle—His Antagonist Fatally Wounded.

A Halifax despatch says: A shocking affray has occurred at a dance, or frolic, held at a place called Marshalltown, five miles from Digby. The row started in the house between James Worthylake and Denis Hutchinson, who came into the house during the evening. There was bad feeling between them. Hutchinson's niece had had an illegitimate child, of which Worthylake was reputed to be the father, and on account of this he had been compelled by legal process to pay \$310. Worthylake had some words outside of his house with a man named Brooks. He then came in and taking his hat went out again saying, "They will go for me, will they?" Hutchinson followed and endeavored to strike him. Worthylake, who was a much smaller man than Hutchinson, drew a revolver and said, "Keep off or I will shoot." Hutchinson followed, whereupon Worthylake discharged the revolver, the ball entering the body near the centre of the breast, going through the second rib. They then clenched and fell, Worthylake being underneath. He was heard to exclaim, "Dennis, you are killing me." Hutchinson replied, "You have shot me." Immediately afterwards the pistol was discharged again, the ball entering the left side of Worthylake's head, and being buried in his brain. He immediately expired. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in effect that the deceased Jas. Worthylake came to his death from a bullet shot in the head, being fired from a revolver while he was on the ground engaged in a scuffle with Dennis Hutchinson. Hutchinson is unable to find the bullet. The doctors are only 23 years of age, and was a sailor. Hutchinson is a farmer, about 30 years of age; he is married, and has two or three children.

##### ANOTHER CRAZY MATCH.

#### The Contest Which Two Smokers Engaged In.

A "smoking match" for \$25 a side came off in Chicago on Sunday. A smoking match is not a match which has just been lighted and extinguished, but a match between a Scotchman named Anderson and Cunif, an Irishman, to smoke pipes twelve hours, the one scoring the greatest number of "refills" of the pipe to be declared the winner. Cunif began vigorously, and by 6 o'clock in the evening was ahead of the Scotchman; but after supper he was rinsing out his mouth with water. His tongue became sore; he had to stop frequently, and at the end of twelve hours had finished only his twenty-sixth pipe, while Anderson had finished his thirtieth. Cunif's tongue and the roof of his mouth were badly blistered and he looked as if he were sorry that he ever attempted the feat. Anderson took it very coolly, drank no water, had no blisters and said he could smoke another twelve hours. He offers to smoke on the same terms against any other man who has no more brains than himself and wants to prove it.

##### The Old Man Young Again.

It was a beautiful picture, and quite pathetic in the kindly good nature which it portrayed so eloquently. The old gentleman stood midway of the icy hill, lost in contemplation of the merry coasters as they flitted past him. He was an old man no more; he was a boy again and these were his well-remembered mates. The spirit of resurrected boyhood possessed him utterly. How clear and distinct was the new-born past! The old days, the old scenes, the old sounds—"L-u-l-l-a!" The cry was unheeded, and in a flash the old gentleman's feet flew into the air, and the old gentleman lay at length on the boy-scooped sled and was born in triumph to the foot of the hill, somewhat frightened and considerably bruised. It was good to see him attempting to hide the lump that his unexpected ride had given him, and good to hear his hearty laugh when he had recovered his scanty breath. And his own face and the face of the youngster who had tripped him were comical in their respective inappropriateness. His was full of fun, the youngster's of fear and trembling. But the old gentleman's happy face soon reassured the boy, and he was up and away, and the episode was soon forgotten by him, but not by the old gentleman. His boyhood had been brought back to him, and a very precious memory it was to him. He will cling to it tenaciously, and thank every twinge that his latter-day coast shall bring to him during his short tarry on earth, feeling in every throb of pain a heart-throb of the rosy-cheeked boy he once was so many, many years ago!

##### How Rich Men Began Life.

Many of the wealthiest men in New York began poor. Jay Gould was a cow-boy, James R. Keene came from England with \$20 in his pocket, Rufus Hatch began by dealing in "garden sass," D. Appleton kept a grocery store, James Watson Webb was a country clerk, Henry Villard was a reporter, Leonard W. Jerome was a printer, H. B. Claflin was a Vermont school teacher, Charles O'Connor was born of the poorest of Irish parents and Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice.—Pittsburg Post.

An exchange says: "On the Pacific slope there are about 1,500,000 inhabitants. To accommodate these there are now, or shortly will be, the Union Pacific, Texas Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, Denver & Rio Grande, Northern Pacific, St. Louis & San Francisco, Southern Pacific via New Orleans, Pacific Mail via Panama. It might be inferred from the above that the buyers of Union Pacific at about par are not likely to derive much benefit from their investment."

Minister who meets one of his parishioners who has had a good dram: "Dear me, John, am very sorry to see you the worse for drink! I thought you were a teetotalle John: "An'-hio—so I am minister, but—hio—I'm no a bigoted yin."

A western preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he would discuss a family scandal the following Sunday. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was Adam vs. Eve.