

# Their Honeymoon

It was a perfect night. The silver moonlight flooded all the familiar landscape, bathing it in mystic depths of unfathomable brightness and transfiguring all things into a fairy-like beauty. A beautiful night—a night of stars and fleecy cloudlets, and soft sweet odors from a thousand pungent leaves and fragrant flowers distilled by the silent dews.

Olive and Janet had gone upstairs to their little room, and now sat upon the floor beside the low window looking out into the moonlight. On such a night sleep was out of the question for an hour at least, and so they sat, slowly unfastening their hair and gradually preparing for bed.

A murmur of familiar voices on the little porch below sounded in their ears and hushed them to silence. They leaned together on the window-sill and listened. The sisters knew the voices well—the dear voices of father and mother. They had come out into the porch before going to bed, and were sitting on the old time-worn bench there looking at the calm, clear night. The sisters could imagine just how they were sitting, though they could not see them. The dear old mother with her wrinkled hand on her husband's knee and his broad, homely hand covering it, they had seen them so often. "Darby and Joan," Janet called them lovingly.

"Mother," they could hear the old man say, and there was a little tremble in his voice, "it's most fifty years since we were married—do you mind? Next week a Wednesday'll make it fifty years, Mebby we'd oughter have a golden wedding to kind o' celebrate—what think—mother?"

"'Twould be nice, father," they could hear her answer, "but I guess we hadn't better think of it; 'twould be an awful sight o' bother, an' what with Olive teachin' an' Janet to do all the work with what little I could help, 'twould make it pretty hard. Guess we hadn't better, father."

There was a little silence and then the old man spoke again:

"Hanser," said he, "we didn't never have a weddin' journey nor a honeymoon. Almost seem's if we ought to have 'em now. You know how 'twas—we was poor an' couldn't even afford to go out to Uncle Eben's for a little trip, but settled right down to house-keepin' an' hard work at once, without a bit o' play spell. In all these years we ain't been nowhere to speak of, seem's if 'twould be nice to go 'way somewhere now on our wedding journey—seem's if 'twould make us feel young 'gain somehow."

"'Twould be nice, father," they could hear the gentle voice murmur, "but I guess we hadn't better think of it. Mebby the children would think 'twas kind o' oddish."

"Mebby they would, mother," the old man answered quietly, and then there was silence. After a little they went into the house and the girls heard them lock the door and wind the clock, and then all was still. Something glistened in Olive's great dark eyes, and the moonlight touched to crystal clearness a drop upon Janet's fair cheek. The two girls crept into bed and lay talking in low voices for a long time before they went to sleep.

For the next few days there were busy preparations in the old farm house. Mysterious doings were going on all over the house. Mother was hustled off somewhere every day to visit some friend or neighbor in the vicinity, who gladly welcomed the dear kind soul and her perpetual knitting work.

Father and "the boys," stalwart men of twenty-five and thirty, were busy in the field and orchard doing up the fall work. Janet worked away happily all day, and when at four o'clock Olive came home from the little red-painted district schoolhouse, she doctored a big apron, put on her thimble and went resolutely to work in her own room upstairs. Evidently something was in the air.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, with that indescribable crispness and sparkle in the air that makes October a royal month.

Olive had asked the trustee for the day and he had granted it willingly; Janet looking like an apple blossom in her pink calico gown and snowy white apron, fitting about the house on light feet, seeming to be everywhere at once.

John and David were wrestling with their Sunday neckties and polishing their boots to the very highest possible shine.

The old folks looked on wistfully, but silently, wondering what all the commotion was about.

Out in the woodshed father confided to mother this piece of news: "Guess the children must be goin' over to Millerville to the county fair. But it does seem kind o' curious they don't speak about it."

"That's so," mother had made response, "but mebby they think we're gettin' too old to be took into their affairs," and she sighed a little tremulous sigh that told planner then words the sadness that she felt.

Almost simultaneously Olive's clear contralto and John's deep bass came raging down the stairs. "Mother, please come up here a few minutes!" and "Here, father, I want you upstairs a little while."

Wondering a little, but never guessing, they went upstairs together, and

in the hall parted. What mother saw as she entered her daughter's room was a shining, silvery mass of something lying on the neat white bed, a soft and silky pile of material which gradually took form and shape until she saw a beautiful gown, whose delicate laces in neck and sleeves combined with the soft gray tint, made it look bridelike indeed.

"Oh, girls!" was all she could say, as Janet put her into a chair and began to take down her little coil of white hair.

"Dressing the bride," occupied, perhaps, an hour, and when at last the toilet was announced complete, the faded blue eyes behind the gold-bowed glasses saw in the large old-fashioned mirror a sweet and dainty picture—a beautiful-faced old lady with delicate heliotrope nestling among the laces at her throat, and a tiny spray in her hair.

A faint, pink flush of excitement had come to the withered cheeks, which made the old face a sweet history of what it had been in its youthful prime. Olive and Janet kissed her triumphantly.

"Mother, you don't realize how sweet and young you look! you have worn black so long!" and, "Oh, mother, we're going to have a wedding in this house to-day, and you are to be the bride!"

"Fifty years ago to-day," the old bride softly murmured, looking down at the thin circle of gold that she had worn so long, and in her heart a sudden longing sprang up, newly kindled, a quick and strong desire for him who had been her husband all these years.

She looked wistfully toward the door and took a faltering step towards it, but just then it opened, and John and David entered escorting between them proudly the hero of the day attired in a fine new suit of broadcloth, with a festive little pony in his buttonhole and a face beaming with renewed youth and gladness.

The children were forgotten in the quick impulsive embrace that followed, and the long kiss of love and honor and fidelity that had crowned that half century of wedded life.

That was a day never to be forgotten in all the country round. Everybody was there. Not only the old who had grown old with the happy bride and groom, but the middle-aged and strong. A great table had been spread out of doors under the drooping elms that had been slender treelets on that wedding day fifty years ago.

The minister who had married them was long since dead, but his son, a middle-aged domineer, had been procured for the occasion and performed the marriage ceremony with dignity.

Olive and John acted as bridesmaid and groomsmen, looking very happy at the complete success of their innocent conspiracy.

Congratulations and gifts were many. The bridegroom seemed scarcely to need the support of his handsomely engraved gold-headed cane, he felt so young, despite his seventy-two years, and stepped blithely and briskly about among his guests with his slim little wife upon his arm, smiling and happy.

When the dinner was at last over, David pressed something into his father's hand—two tickets for the western city in which his married son lived.

"Your trunk is packed and ready and the train leaves at four o'clock, father," he said with characteristic straightforwardness.

"All you've got to do now is to take your wedding journey and enjoy a six-week's honeymoon at Sam's."

The other children gathered around and laughed gleefully at the bewildered joy of the newly-wedded pair.

"It's what I've wanted to do ever since Sam went West," the old man said quaveringly, and the tears stood in his eyes. The mother only turned and leaned her head upon the shoulder of her tall Olive—and Olive kissed her. There were misty eyes all round and smiling faces as the carriage drove off, amid a generous shower of rice and an old shoe thrown by some one for good luck. And as the guests dispersed after examining to their curiosity's content the array of substantial gifts, the young folks at the farm house congratulated themselves and each other upon the wonderful success of their scheme.

And as the train sped westward over the shining rails, the little old bride sat in quiet happiness at her husband's side and looked at the flying landscape. There was a sweet peace on the dear, wrinkled face, and a light of new, deeper tenderness in the blue eyes behind the glasses.

People noticed how lover-like were the old man's attentions to the little old lady by his side, and some even wondered if this were not possibly the happy ending of some life-long romance. But no one heard him as the bridegroom leaned and said, in a low voice, "It's been a grand day, Hannah—a day full o' all kinds o' nice surprises, but they ain't nothing makes me feel better than to know that after all we ain't too old for the children."

"And the bride made soft response, "That's so, father."

Then there was a long and blessed silence as they journeyed on together "in that new world which is the old," the world for love.

## KING AND HAYMAKER.

George III. was one day visiting a small town in the south of England, and being anxious to see something of the country, took a solitary walk. He came to a hayfield in which there was one woman at work. The king asked where all the rest were and was told that they had all gone into town to see the king.

"Why didn't you go too?" asked he. "Pooh!" she answered, "I wouldn't go three yards to see him! Besides, they've lost a day's work, and I'm too poor to do that, with five children to feed."

His majesty slipped a sovereign into her hand, and said:

"When the rest come back, tell them that while they were gone to see the king the king came to see you and left you his portrait in gold to remember him by."

## AGRICULTURAL

### THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

Who should wisely have a good garden, if not the farmer and his family, and yet it is too true that on far too many farms, says a writer, there is scarcely a pretense of one. I suppose there are few who do not put in a few seeds, such as lettuce, onions, cucumbers and corn, but often these are sadly neglected and a crop of weeds is about the only result. There is no excuse for this, for a very small piece of ground will produce enough of all garden delicacies to well supply one family. In planting a garden on the farm where land is plenty, an oblong strip should be selected and everything put in rows sufficiently far apart to admit of horse cultivation. Modern cultivators can be arranged in a moment to cultivate wide or narrow. A wonderful amount of dainty relish may be obtained from a very small bed or row of lettuce, on ground thoroughly well fitted. Indeed, this applies to everything put in the garden. We will suppose the garden strip to be eight rods long. One row in beets will supply any ordinary family, but one-half should be sown early for summer use and the other later for winter. Beets and turnips for winter use are much better if not sown until the ground is thoroughly warm. Then they grow quickly and will be crisp and free from woody fiber. A row of black seed onions and a row of peas should be sown as early as the condition of the soil will permit, and others sown at intervals to extend the season. If carrots or parsnips are desired a row or part of one of each will be sufficient. Tomatoes and cucumbers require room and we usually plant in hills, giving room to get all around them. A row or two of sweet corn, planted early, and as many more a little later, will furnish the table during most of the season, and most farmers will have some planted in the field that can be used until frost comes. One or two rows of beans will furnish a supply of pickles, etc., and go far towards furnishing shelled beans for winter use. Such things as strawberries or raspberries are far too rare in the farmer's garden, but this should not be. A few plants of black caps will soon furnish tips so the number can be increased to any desired amount, and with good care they will provide plenty of berries after strawberries are gone. Many seem to think strawberries can only be successfully grown by an expert gardener. The fact is they may be had in any garden as easily as most of the common vegetables. Our system of culture may not be scientific, but it succeeds in giving any amount of berries, so we have them on the table three times a day for about three weeks. As soon in spring as new runners get well rooted we set out three new rows. In the first place, the place intended for the new plot is thoroughly manured with rich, well-rotted manure, and every few days it is gone over with the horse cultivator. This serves to thoroughly incorporate the manure with the soil, makes it fine and mellow, and every time it is gone over numberless weed seeds sprout and are killed by the next cultivation so that at planting time it is comparatively free from weeds. The plants are carefully taken up, a suitable hole made to receive them, when there is at hand a pail of mixture of half cow manure and half soil, stirred to a thin paste. The roots of each plant are dipped in this mixture and immediately set in the ground and the soil well firmed around it. This coating on the roots furnishes a certain amount of moisture and of fertilizer which the plant needs at once to start the new growth. In a few days we start the cultivator between the rows and keep them absolutely free from weeds the first season. Treated thus they will be comparatively free from weeds the following season. If allowed to form wide rows but little can be done the second year but pull any weeds that may start by hand. I should have said we plant the rows four feet apart and set plants about eighteen inches apart in the row. As soon as the ground is frozen hard, the rows should be covered with some coarse manure. I like best to take dry forest leaves and bed the horses with them, then take them with the horse manure and cover the rows well. When the plants start in spring rake the mulch between the rows and the fruit will be clean and nice. After fruiting time the old plants should be mown off with a scythe and any weeds that may have grown pulled up. By this means the first rows will bear even better the second year. A new bed or rows must be put out every year, as it will be found less trouble than to undertake to fight weeds after the second year. City people can buy garden fruits and vegetables but they do not compare in freshness and delicacy of flavor with those taken immediately from the garden.

space than 20 by 30 feet. The amount of room depends largely on the locality as to climate, etc. Where the winters are severe and the fowls must be constantly confined for weeks or months, they demand more room than would be necessary when they could comfortably run in their yard a good part of the time.

### PROTECTION FROM GIRDLING.

Where fruit trees are kept cultivated there is little danger from their being girdled by mice or rabbits if the ground is free from weeds or trash of any kind. But around the edges of the orchard, says a writer, there is often danger of the pests coming in from the outside and doing their work. The greatest damage is likely to occur in orchards that stand in sod or in those near woodland. Old trees seldom are attacked, but young ones should always receive some protection. Where nothing but mice are feared the simplest and easiest protection is a bank of earth heaped up around the base of the tree to the height of a foot. If this has been neglected a solid tramping of the snow around the trunks will turn the mice away.

Mechanical means of protection are the surest where there is trouble from rabbits, woodchucks, sheep or hogs. Wire cloth, such as is used for door and window screens, is cheap, effective and quickly applied. Cut in strips eighteen inches long and six wide—longer if to protect against sheep and hogs—and wind it around the tree, letting it extend into the earth an inch or two, which will also keep out the borers. Tie it loosely with a cotton string, and it will last for two or three years. A few laths tied around the tree will answer the purpose, or a band of heavy paper, tarred paper preferred.

Washes have no advantage over the mechanical devices mentioned except that they are more quickly put on. They are not generally as lasting and many are more or less harmful. Fresh blood is as harmless as anything, and quite effective. Axle grease has been recommended, also soot, a common flour paste and asafetida a mixture of three gallons of lime wash, one pint of sulphur, and a pound of copperas and dozens of other things. Field mice have been very numerous this fall, and I have never seen so many cats around the fields. While they will catch many there will more escape, and unless the young trees are protected, there will be many broken rows in the orchard, before another year rolls round.

### FIRST ORGAN GRINDER.

He Became Immensely Wealthy and Purchased a Title.

When barrel organs, once the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the Province of Tende was one of the first who traveled about Europe with this instrument.

In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the King of Sardinia the title of Count of the country where he was born—for which, probably, in a time of war, he did not pay above 1,000 guineas. With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank and settled himself peacefully for the remainder of his days in his mansion.

In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they mouldered to dust; and he ordered by his will that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed should forfeit his inheritance, and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of wind had blown the clock out from un-a successor, to the hospital of Tende. Only a few years ago the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.

### TOWN WITHOUT DOCTORS.

A place for physicians to emigrate to is the City of Hamah, south of Aleppo. Though it contains 60,000 inhabitants among whom diseases of the eye, in particular are rampant, there is not a single physician in the city.

### WINTER QUARTERS FOR POULTRY.

To provide winter quarters for poultry it is necessary to have three different apartments to accommodate one flock of fowls. A building of ample size with a partition dividing the roosting apartment from the day house or scratching shed, and a good sized yard well fenced with poultry netting. The size of the house depends upon the number of fowls kept, and also for what purpose. Laying hens demand more room than others, and to accommodate a hundred hens I would not think of using less floor

## NERVES.

### How Many of Them Have We, Two Sets or One?

European scientists have recently been engaged in a discussion regarding the methods by which the sensation of pain is conveyed to the brain. Some of them have held that there are two sets of nerves, one of which conveys painful sensations and the other the sensation of touch. According to this view, when a boy bumps his head against the ground he receives two impressions of the event. One is merely the sense of touch, while the other records the pain. If one blow is not hard enough to hurt the second set of nerves do not act.

This view is combated by M. Philippe Tissie in an article in the Revue Scientifique. He holds that there is but one set of nerves, but that there is a "pain centre" in the brain which is affected only by excessive sensation.

It is well known that a boxer when in training, is insensible to pain from a powerful blow. M. Tissie explains how he arrives at this degree of resistance as follows:

"The boxer accustoms himself to receive progressively more and more powerful blows. And at the same time, as he must himself deal blows, he habituates his own fist to pain. He boxes against bags, and little by little, as his fists become accustomed to soft surfaces, he strikes harder ones.

"Does he reach the degree of insensibility by education of a set of special nerves of pain? We think not. We rather hold that he reaches it by a process of psychic education. For him 'pain' should be only a word, because his training consists not so much in the development of his muscles as in the suppression of pain, which would interfere with him and prevent him from striking out to the best advantage.

"Now, mental training has nothing to do with special nerves of pain. This mastery over pain cannot exist without a series of mental acts having relation with the diverse painful sensations of a blow of the fist."

### A MAD COUNTESS.

Not many years ago there lived in Holstein, in the north land of Europe, a young girl of aristocratic family, who became an intimate friend of the princesses of Denmark. One of these princesses became Empress of Russia; another is the Princess of Wales.

The court of Denmark has been remarkable for its simplicity and genuineness, and our friend, the Countess Schimmelmann, was stimulated to a noble life by the lovely daughters of the Danish king. As she grew older she determined when she should come into her inheritance to consecrate herself to the service of the needy.

After having been maid of honor to the Empress Augusta of Germany, she resigned her position and went back to her own Baltic shores. As in all sea-coast countries, there on the Baltic the fishermen were poor. Perhaps no other class of men undergo greater dangers and hardships for less return than do the toilers of the sea. To these fishermen of the cold northern shores the countess determined to devote her life.

She began to patrol the stormy coasts of the Baltic in her yacht, and soon she came to know almost every fisherman's family for many miles along the coast, and whenever she found them in need of food she fed them. If salt or nets were wanting, these she supplied. She carried medicines where no doctor could ever visit. She founded Sailor's Homes and temperance lodges, and wherever a brutal man was the terror of his village or community, she labored with him to make him a respectable citizen.

In this way she redeemed many a soul and saved many a home from destitution and destruction. Never in all her experiences of court life had the young countess been so happy as when carrying relief to the sick in body or in soul in the teeth of a gale at sea.

But one day she was arrested and hurried to a madhouse. The charge brought by her relatives was that she was using up her private fortune on poor, undeserving wretches, and neglecting her social duties. When had a Schimmelmann been guilty of helping his fellow-men at his own great cost? The countess must be mad.

She was imprisoned in an asylum for some time, and it was universally believed that her detention was a necessity.

At last the authorities discovered that the countess's estate was being mismanaged. An investigation was made, the wronged woman was examined, doctors pronounced her sane, and she was speedily restored to her estate and to the world. Not long ago she visited England, and the Princess of Wales, her old friend, brought confusion upon the Danish lady's enemies by giving her a formal reception, the greatest honor that can be granted to social aspirants, and a public endorsement of the countess and her noble work.

What a romance, what a victory such a life portrays! The court, the fisherman's hut, the narrow cell, each played its part in the formation of a rare and beautiful character, that became a blessing to the world.

The "madness" which finds expression in deeds of beneficence and love, which ennobles and enriches every life it touches, is so truly a "divine madness" that the best and sanest of us might well covet and strive for it.