

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Magazines as well as Daily Papers contribute to make this Department of Our Paper of General Interest.

He Leadeth Me.

Day after day my soul in calm contentment, Meets all things that may come.

He is the weaver of this strange designing— I put a single thread—

At His swift shuttle's beat? I shall behold some day in awe and wonder

He who has led the stars through mystic mazes Can guide my slower way.

Or through the shadows gray: I am a part—though small and little knowing—

This mirth I know that naught is 'neath His kindness—

Too small to know His grace— That through the world's deep glooms and partial blindness

I see His kindly face: That unto endless years through fate direct me

Come well, come well, I lean on faith unshaken

While safe within His arms. Hour after hour I follow His good guiding,

Obey His mighty will. Knowing that in His love and truth confiding

I am protected still

Schoolgirl Friendship.

Things are always black Except the sky—that's gray—

When she's disappointed By her darling May?

Face is very gloomy— While she works away

With her mouth all puckered— What ails May?

Gets up cross of mornings. Prings to get the cat

Wishes Tommy Brown Wouldn't tease round her so.

Wishes she wouldn't come— Oh, what ails May?

Says she's sick and tired of things— Doesn't like her dress—

Says the blue is too blue, and that Spoils her loveliness.

Then the postman—envelope— Seven sheets—hooray!

Bliss her heart, and happy now— She's heard from May.

Obliging Others.

A man was once asked why he took much pains to oblige others in trips. His answer was, in substance: "I have neither the wealth, nor the intellect, nor the learning, nor the position to do big things for God or man, and so I take my light in doing any little thing to promote another's interest or enjoyment."

How Juggernaut Takes a Bath.

At all times of the year Hindu pilgrims bathe or less to see Juggernaut, but in much larger numbers when what is known as the Rath yatra, or car festival, is annually celebrated at Puri. There are in fact, three days during which the idol is exposed to public view. The first is the bathing festival, when he is taken from his temple, and on a lofty platform, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, is bathed by the priests. They bathe themselves every day, but their god only once a year; so, not being used to cold water, he is supposed to take a severe cold. He is therefore taken back and put into his temple for ten days, when he is again brought out, and by the assistance of the priests, is made to walk up the inclined bridge from the ground to the platform of his huge car. He is placed under a canopy made of different colored cloths, and his car is festooned with flowers. By his side sit his brother Balarama, and his sister Subhadra. Three ponderous ropes, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet long, are attached to the car, and these are laid along the street as far as they will extend. When the priests and musicians have assembled on the platform of the car and the people have taken hold of the ropes, to the number of sometimes ten thousand, the officiating priest gives the order for the car to move. The musicians, with drums and horns and cymbals and other kinds of instruments, more assigned to produce noise than harmony, begin to play, and the people begin to shout, and the great car begins to move. It is a monstrous, unwieldy affair, and with nothing to guide it but the ropes, often does damage to the buildings along the streets. Juggernaut is taken to a neighboring temple, where his maternal aunt is supposed to reside, and after staying there a week is again placed on his car—though with much less enthusiasm on the part of the people than on the first occasion—and is taken back to his own temple, where he sits until the next year.—From "A Glance at Hinduism," in Demorest's Magazine for February.

A Lesson of Painstaking Care.

Our God takes delight in his least creatures. Wearied with gazing over wide fields, where the eye finds no end to the breathing life that worketh everywhere, I stop to pick up a tiny weed growing at my feet. I did not see it before; but I know that God saw it. For it God cares, for it he made His sun to shine, His rain to fall; on it surely His eyes delight to rest. How wonderful a lesson of patient, painstaking care—of individual love and providence! The mighty worker is the minute Provider. Widely as God lavishes life, yet He forgets nothing. Be ashamed, my soul, of thy fearful tears!

He Didn't Hattle Her.

He was a San Franciscan in the played-out city of London. He came from the West, where he had developed that independence and self-reliance which, combined with good looks and twenty-dollar gold pieces, made a man superior to all Europe. He strolled with graceful dignity into a gilded bar, over which presided a divinity of superb physical form, but still a woman, with that air which only an English maid can possibly put on—an air of mingled conceit, pride, coyness and humility. She awaited his order. He was dressed in the latest fashion. He threw the lapel of his coat back with a proud gesture, and, fixing his fascinating eye on the bar beauty, he said: "Tell me, my pretty maid, what can you suggest for a man who ate a Welch

rabbit last night and does not feel well this morning?"

She did not smile; she did not appear to be affected by the appearance of his swelling chest or his wicked eye; she simply said: "Why didn't you eat two Welch rabbits and let 'em chase each other."

Earthly Trials.

The earthly trials that come to us are God's means of scouring our heavenly joy. They lie upon the road we have to travel, and they help us forward. As means of satisfaction they make us meet for the inheritance. If Christ prepares mansions for His people, it is by preparing them for the mansions. The affliction is not merely light compared with the weight of glory, but it actually worketh down the glory, and so it holds a chief place among the "all things" that work together for good.

Duchess and Parrot.

The Duchess of Buckingham's elfy stands in Westminster abbey, magnificently dressed in the splendor of brocaded gown she wore at the coronation of George II., just a few years it stood by the great tomb of her husband; with her is her little son (who died at the age of three), quaintly clothed in a long, red coat reaching to his heels. Next to her is the beautiful Mary, Duchess of Richmond, known as "la belle Stuart," her figure dressed "in the very robes her grace wore at the coronation of Queen Anne." She is said to have set for the figure of Britannia on the coins issued in 1702, for faithful parrot, she was with her for upward of forty years, and who died of grief a few days after the death of his mistress, occupies a perch in the same case, and enjoys the privilege of a resting place in Westminster, the only one of his race so honored.

A Little Reflection Necessary.

Those whose lives are the most secluded from society are seldom entirely alone. There are but few moments of the ordinary average life in which some eye is not turned upon it. How many different eyes fall on us during a sojourn of a few years in this life! On the farm, in the home, on the highway, in the store, on the streets, in the market, everywhere ten thousand eyes are searching our path and seeking our spirit, character and life. A little reflection upon the fact that our pilgrimage in life is imposed under the observation of an impatient company of piercing eyes will present its valuable hints and lessons.

AN OX-TEAM ELOPEMENT.

WANDERING down through the lumber region of the Ozarks, not far from the Missouri-Arkansas line, I came upon a wagon—a man of 24 and a girl of 18 or 19. To their vehicle were yoked two red oxen. The beasts rolled their eyes lazily as they stood still at the command of the youth and the girl, and looked off into the trees.

"Lookin' for us?" the young fellow called out to me as I appeared, though the undergrowth hid my gun, and I hid myself behind a tree. "Yes, we're goin' to the city," the girl said, and she looked at me with a suspicious look of every fellow I see."

"Well, to git right down to the fact, we're—Clorindy, here, and me—we're elopin'."

The youth's face had relaxed the expression of sternness that I first noted, and he was smiling. The girl was very red, but she was smiling, too. Then I smiled.

"Eloping? Well, that's pretty good. You haven't a very fast team there, have you?"

"No," returned the youth, looking at the dusty, tired, red animals. "No," he said again, "but they're stiddy, an' what's more," he went on, with a show of pride, "they're mine."

"How do you happen to be eloping?" I inquired.

"They was two of us after her—Clorindy here—an' I just went up an' see if 'which'll you have?' She kinder smirked and said she 'lowed she didn't know. I don't take no stock in dickerin', so I come right out an' says, 'Ye kin have me now or not at all.' 'Mighty presumin'!" says she, but kinder soft like in tone. I knowed I had her then and I kep' up my blusterin', though my heart wa'n't backin' up all my mouth said. 'Well,' says I, 'we'll go right away if ye ready,' at which she held off like and said it wa'n't fair not to give Jonathan—that's the fellow's name—a chance at it. I see right then an' there that I'd got to hustle if I was goin' to win, so I goes good-bye to her for the minit an' I goes over home an' yokes up. It was just as I thought. When I got back she—Clorindy here—was all tuckered up ready for to start."

"When did all this happen?" I inquired.

"Last week," he said, "and then we started to—"

"And you are still eloping? Aren't you married yet?" I asked, stopping him in his narrative.

"Bless yo', yes," he exclaimed. The girl blushed again and pulling the pink sunbonnet over her face, turned away.

"Oh, yes," the youth went on. "Married that day noon at Squire Harries, over near Thayer. We was sittin' at the 'Squire's table, eatin', when Phil Henry, one of the neighbor boys, kem runnin' in an' says, 'Hank, Jonathan an' Binky's dad's after you with the black yoke an' they're gittin' all the boys out.' Well, all we could do was to git right up and pike off, puttin' the 'Squire's good dinner under the seat. Phil said that Jonathan thought I had tuk a mean advantage of him."

"And haven't you seen anything of them yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet, but I'm skeered of that one of the boys 'at don't like 'll go to Thayer an' git one of the hotel horses and come along, but I'm fixed here," and he patted his old rifle. "Our yoke is purty fresh yet an' they're better than their'n any day. Ef they catch us we'll have fun then, shure."

"But didn't you tell me that you were married by Squire Harris?" I asked.

"Yes, in course we're all right and jined," she youth responded.

"Then what right have the father and friends of the girl—your wife—to run after you in this manner?"

"Wall, to tell the truth, I hadn't

thought of that," the young fellow replied.

The girl's sunbonnet was pushed back at this part of the conversation. She was a pretty thing, a good type of the Ozark young woman. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they brightened up at my words.

"An' don't you think that—"

The girl started to speak, but she was stayed by the hand of her husband. "What was you goin' to say, stranger?" he asked.

"I was going to say that you are foolish in running away in this fashion. Do you know how far you've gone?"

"About fifty mile, I reckon," I answered. "You are in Ripley now."

"But they're right after us!"

"What of it?"

"They'd take Clorindy."

The girl burst into tears.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I replied. "She's yours for all time. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for running away like this. Where have you been sleepin'?"

"In the wagon. Clorindy druv while I sleep, an' I druv while she awoke."

"Well, I'd advise you to turn back and go home."

"An' can't they take Clorindy?"

"I should say not," I replied. "If you have a marriage certificate."

The girl almost laughed aloud.

"Well, I'll be gosh darned," the groom exclaimed. "Gee about, you leather hid-ded sons of Satan. If we meet them fellers 'nd they say shoo to us I'll put 'em so full o' holes that they won't hold sand an' all."

"Don't be rash," I exclaimed, "just show your certificate. They'll growl, but that will be the end of it."

"Stranger," said the young mountaineer, "you've done me a good turn, so I'm goin' to do you one. You kin 'lute the bride of you want."

The girl did not hesitate a moment. She pushed her bonnet back and leaned far down from the seat, her red lips puckered and her eyes dancing with merriment. The blush was there yet, but it was more delicate than at first, the rich tan on the forehead blending with the roses on the cheek.

"My life has always wanted to know whether or not I took that proffered kiss."

The present incident belongs to the latter class.

Mary Blake was a domestic in a family where she had lived some years that she had fingers on both hand and she was as much an integral part of that family as the head of it, Mr. Munson. The hope of these good people was that Mary Blake would never either die or resign. One horn of the dilemma would have been as serious to them as the other.

She was a model domestic in every way a cook that would have put to shame the greatest chef in the country with her well seasoned dishes, an excellent laundress, and when there was sickness, a capable nurse. Added to these rare qualities was that of an unostentatious and steady good housewife. A little stolid, perhaps, and fond of her own way, which was such a good one that it needed no interference.

This was the aggregate of Mary Blake's virtues, and the Munsons depended upon her to such an extent, that it really seemed as if any member of the family could have been spared with less friction to its running gear.

That child who amended her nightly prayer by adding the sentiments and thing by the kitchen, the parlor and the glory," petitioned better than she knew. If there are a hundred rooms in a house or only two, the kitchen is the most important factor in the well being of the family. It is the heart of the domestic system, and its life-giving arteries reach through parlor and guest chamber with revivifying influence. And the goddess of the shrine is the plain, hard-working woman who views heaven and earth through the back door.

Mary Blake—she was usually called by Mrs. Blake—to distinguish her from Mary Munson, the daughter of the family—was as much attached to the people she had lived with so many years, as it possible for those who are neither kin nor kin to their employers. It was her nature to be loyal, hard-working, patient and steady. The only reason she was not working for a husband and family of her own, was on account of a strong dislike she had to men. She tolerated Mr. Munson, but had no special liking for him. And she was that treasure in the family, a "girl" without followers.

One morning Mary Blake came to grief. She went out the back way with a pith or in her hand, walking a block or two, on an errand at a neighboring grocery store, and returning full on a defective side-walk, where she lay in a dazed and hurt. Some one found her, telephoned for an ambulance, and she was carried off to a hospital, where a serious fracture of the hip was reduced by a surgeon, and she was laid on a white cot in the city ward, from which place she sent word of her misfortune to the Munson family.

It was a severe blow to them, but under their grief lurked the hope that Mary Blake was not permanently injured, but would return to them, and they did everything to make her comfortable and help her to get well.

The best that was promised them was that at the end of three months she would be well enough to leave the hospital and Mrs. Munson expressed a fear to her husband that such a long rest might render Mary Blake useless; she might not want to do battle with the pots and pans again. And Mr. Munson had said: "Don't you worry, m'dear. I was in the hospital myself once, and it isn't as much fun to lie and rest with a broken back as you think it is. I'd rather work by the day myself."

At the end of six weeks Mary Blake walked in upon them. She looked white and walked with a slight limp, but a ter she had taken off her things and given one look around the kitchen, the new girl who had supplied her place said she was ready to leave, and the cat retired under the stove.

By slow degrees order grew out of chaos. The Munsons, who had been hanging on the edge of a domestic precipice, returned to the peaceful daily methods of existence they had so long been accustomed to, and the good order of grateful sacrifices arose from the altar where dust and ashes had gathered.

Then a great scheme entered Mr. Mun-

son's head. He felt that he had never appreciated the services of this excellent domestic, and one morning he sent for her to come to the breakfast table while the family were seated at the table.

"How are you feeling now?" he asked considerably.

"I'm all right, sir," answered Mary Blake.

"Oh, no; not all right. You limp a little yet."

"But it don't hurt a bit. I'm as right as I'll ever be."

"That's it, Mary," said Mr. Munson; "you'll never again be well; you've received a shock that you can never get over. You will always be lame and feel the effects of that fall."

"If you mean," began the woman in a choking voice, "that I'm not able to do much work, or earn my wages, just say so, and I'll be leavin' at once."

"It has cost you all the money you had saved up for your hospital expenses and was a loss to us of—let me see, at least \$2 a day."

"Am I worth the like of that?" asked the "girl" with a look of surprise.

"Oh, thoss a e imaginary figures," said Mr. Munson, who saw he had made a mistake. "Now, Mary, I am a lawyer, and I advise you to sue the city for damages. I will conduct your case, and there will be no trouble in getting a snug sum of money that will enable you to live in your old age; it will be a long time to that, but the money will draw interest, and it's only fair that you should have your rights."

Then Mr. Munson explained that the city owned that particular piece of sidewalk; that it was defective, causing the fall; that he had secured two witnesses who "saw her fall, and that his own family would go into court and swear that she lost her wages during that time, and had a large bill of expenses to pay."

"It took her a long time to get the idea into her work-a-day head, but once there it took complete possession of her, and the discharged girl had to be recalled to assist in the housework, and the kitchen became a scene of wrangling and disconcert. Mary Blake among her own class of people was despotic, and no wonder; she found no one who would carry out her plan of work as it should be done, and she was a lawsuit with the city on her hands, she was not expected to do more than keep a supervision of affairs.

The Munsons were not wealthy, but they had always lived in comfort, and they felt severely this turning over of their quiet lives. But, as Mr. Munson said, it would be wicked to deprive the poor woman of her rights, and he would see that she had them. He also saw in perspective a generous slice for himself. There were wine and fees to be paid, his own service; and other minutes of the law, and the handling afterwards at a fair rate of interest of the thousands which would result.

He won the case.

His wife and four daughters were in the witness box where the city attorney badgered them until they were frantic with rage. The presiding judge made eyes at sweet Mary Munson, causing her to blush distressingly. Mary Blake was cool and stolid, answering just as her lawyer had instructed her to, and she was accorded half of the sum demanded. Mr. Munson had sued for \$300, and she was given \$150 in thirty days after the case went to trial.

The money was paid to Mary Blake herself, as the city records show. Mr. Munson himself wished it settled in that way, and then he gave her his bill for services, never imagining for a moment that he would have any trouble in getting his pay.

But Mary Blake had been awakened to the value of her own services. They had said under oath that she was worth \$2 a day to them, and she had received only \$4 per week during her long term of service. She had done a little reckoning on her own account, and the result was a countermill that appalled Mr. Munson by its length, minuteness of detail and summing up. He was caught in a trap of his own constructing.

A compromise was effected that was satisfactory to Mary Blake, and she at once left the family, not in a quarrelsome mood, but with a determined air that brooked no appeal. Girl after girl succeeded her, but they only made her less more apparent by contrast. Mr. Munson mourned the hour when he took a legal view of the accident. On so many slight hints hangs the chain of consequences.

One day Mary Munson sought her mother.

"There is a lady in the parlor to see you," she said with sparkling eyes.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Munson. Her daughter was laughing, but would not tell. Mrs. Munson went into the parlor with a company smile on her face.

"Gracious! Mary Blake! Is it possible?"

"The funny looking object that she was, almost made Mrs. Munson laugh too. She was dressed in cheap blue moire silk, wore a feather bedecked hat, and an imitation seal coat. Her pudgy hands were crowded into yellow kid gloves.

"I wouldn't have known you," said Mrs. Munson, "you look so fine."

"Yes, an' it's time. Them's the first pair of kid gloves I ever had, an' me workin' and slavin' all me life."

"They built a monument in New Orleans to a woman who never wore a pair of kid gloves," said Mrs. Munson, gently.

"I'd rather be here than atop of any monument," answered Mary, who had her own ideas of mortuary art; "I'm enjoyin' life an' goin' to the theater every night, an' I'm 'sever soi in' me hands with work."

"There's one comfort," said Mrs. Munson, when her caller had left, "at the rapid pace she is going, Mary's damage fund won't last forever and she may get back her senses and her usefulness when it is gone."

It is this hope that sustains the family under the trials of burned biscuits, soggy bread and general misrule, when Mr. Munson is heard to remark mournfully, that he wishes he had left well enough alone.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun recommends bichloride of mercury in a solution and applied with a sponge as a remedy for the scale insect which had for several years been injuring his pear trees. He tried various insecticides but without effect, until advised by Dr. Blessing, of Baltimore, to try this. He says that he has exterminated the scale without injury to the trees. The bichloride of mercury is a poison, and needs to be handled carefully. This will not matter if it is found generally effective in destroying the scale insect, which for years has troubled California orchardists, and has been recently introduced into the Atlantic Coast States.

The Chinese claim to have specimens of writing dating from B.C. 2200.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS AND NEWS NOTES.

For City and Country. Clippings and Original Articles which have been prepared especially for our Readers.

RULES FOR MILKING SHEDS.

Milk regularly, and as far as possible, let the intervals between the milkings be of equal length.

Wash the hands before milking, and be careful to keep the finger nails short.

Wipe the udder and teats, and if dirty, wash with chilled water, and dry thoroughly.

Never strike or kick a cow. The result of so doing will be to lessen the yield of milk.

Speak to a cow before milking; this often prevents her being startled.

Milk diagonally. The near-hind and far-fore, and the far-hind and the near-fore teats should be milked together alternately.

Take care to strip the cow carefully, as the milkings contain the most butter-fat, and any milk left in the udder tends to dry type cow up.

Never dip the fingers into the milk when milking.

Never mix the milk of a newly-calved cow, or of a very stale milker with that from the others. The milk from a newly-calved cow should not be sent into the dairy until at least five days after calving.

In milking a heifer for the first time, be very careful not to alarm her in any way, as bad habits, difficult to correct, are often formed during the first few milkings.

Kicking cows should be placed at the end of the shed.

If the teats are affected by "warts," dress the sore parts with vasoline immediately after milking.

Strain the milk carry to the dairy, and set it while warm from the cow. It should never be allowed to cool before setting or separating.

Keep the milk pails clean.

Always clean out the mangers after every meal.

Keep rock salt in the manger.

Allow the cows access to pure water.

Prevent over-driving, and never allow the cows to be gathered by dogs.

Keep the yards and approaches thereto clean and well littered.

Make your cows comfortable if you wish them to pay for their feed.

Every herd should contain one Jersey or Guernsey to every eight animals of other breeds.

When at grass cows should be allowed two or three pounds daily of extra food.

BUYING SUPPLIES.

One of the advantages of living near large cities is the competition in selling, which gives much lower prices than are possible when one store keeper or grocery man has the monopoly of business. For a farmer who can buy cheaply of the large dealer at nearly wholesale rates there is less gain in wholesale buying. Even in such cases the gain is much more than is lost in the money. Mr. Perry, in Practical Farmer, relates his experience in buying sugar, on which usually a smaller profit is made than on any other class of groceries. He quotes the wife of a farmer who trades at a small town as paying six cents a pound for granulated sugar. Mr. Perry bought the barrel, paying \$4.85 per 100 pounds, which with freight made the cost of a barrel \$16. At six cents a pound this sugar would cost \$20.34, a saving of \$4.34, or 27 per cent, and this, too, in six months. There is more profit made in buying tea and coffee, and by taking some care, uniform high quality can be obtained. Teas and coffees bought at country groceries are often very poor, even when high prices are paid. As much as 50 per cent can be saved in buying such groceries by the quantity, even if money has to be borrowed for the purpose. There is a saving of trouble as well, for often a journey has to be made over a hard day's work to buy the small amount which only lasts one or two weeks when secured.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It is well enough to put the cows in the stanchions at night, but give them the sunshine and exercise in the day.

Lately there has been no profit in keeping a hog until midwinter before killing him, if he is densely fat at the beginning of the season. Usually pork is as high in eastern states in November as it is later on.

The Farmer and Stockman says that hogs fed on wheat are not coming into the market, and they are not proving good sellers. Buyers discriminate against them because they do not show the fine finish and ripe condition found in hogs fed on corn. Its conclusion is that hogs fed on wheat ought to be finished off on corn. It may be, however, that this is only a prejudice on account of wheat-fed hogs not presenting the appearance which buyers have learned to regard as the test of excellence. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when the wheat-fed pork comes to the table we shall know more about its real value. There is nothing in wheat feeding to make poor pork, though if fed alone in large amounts it will create fever and injure the quality of pork made from it.

A writer for the Breeder's Gazette says "dairymen are coming to place a high value on oats, and this year they will be used extensively on many farms in place of bran." He concludes: "For making solid, healthful flesh and strong bone, and giving to the animal great vigor and quality, no grain in our farms can equal the oat." The correspondent is entirely correct. Considering what an easy, nice crop oats are to grow, the wonder is that they have not become more popular among dairymen and stock feeders.

Salting the cows is more apt to be neglected in winter than at any other time of year. Salt should either be given regularly twice a week, or better still, be placed under cover where stock can get it as they choose. Do not throw it upon the frost or snow, as the mixture makes an intense cold, and there is danger that the eagerness of cattle for salt may lead to frothing their tongues. The fact that the cow's breath is warm will not save her tongue from freezing. The faster salt melts the ice the more intense is the cold.

The autumn season is a trying one for young or feeble sheep, scarcely less so than the spring months. Nature is in a state of over ripeness and decay; the

grasses and other herbage are tending to rotteness; their juices are more or less acid or foul with germs of fermentation.

They produce diarrhoea, they breed vermin in the vitals. Frost weakens all varieties of vegetation, and of some it breaks down the tissues so completely as to make them unwholesome to stock. Frosted clover in particular is dangerous to young animals. The constant study of the flockmaster should be to provide sweet, sound and nourishing food for his young stock, to combat the tendency to diarrhoea and parasitism. There should be given a plenty of wheat bran twice a day, and after decidedly frosty weather sets in it is well worth while to give the lambs in the morning a bait of sweet, dry hay. It will assist materially in correcting any looseness of