

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

The light that fills thy house at morn
Thou canst not for thyself retain;
But all who with thee here are born
It bids to share an equal gain.

The wind that blows thy ship along,
Her swelling sails cannot confine;
Alike to all the gales belong,
Nor canst thou claim a breath as thine.

The earth, the green, outspreading earth
Why hast thou fenced it off from me?
Hast thou than I a nobler birth,
Who callest thine a gift so free?

The wave, the blue encircling wave,
No chains can bind, no fetters hold!
Its thunders tell of him who gave
What none can ever buy for gold.
Jones Very.

A LUCKY SLIP.

It was about 12 o'clock on a dark, cold February night; the rain had been pouring down steadily for several days. One could hardly imagine a more bleak, desolate station than Beechwood on that night, with one lamp making darkness visible, the platform an inch deep in rain, and a sleepy station-master and porter giving the only indications of life.

Mr. Hugh Lambert, as he got out of the train and went to look after his luggage, felt very thankful that he had only a mile to drive before reaching home. He was a man of about forty, old for his years and slightly gray; in figure he was tall and well made, and his face had an expression of cleverness.

As a rule, few passengers alighted at Beechwood by that late train; but on this night there were two beside Hugh Lambert—a young lady and her maid, with a goodly pile of luggage. Hugh was wondering a little as to where they could be going, when he heard the girl ask the station master if there was a carriage waiting from Mrs. Newton of Priarton.

"Why, the road has bin blocked up since six o'clock miss! Thers's bin a big landslip and they're working all night to git it cleared. I don't think you'll get to Priarton this week, what with the slip and the floods."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the girl, with a face of blank despair. "Is there no other road to get to Priarton?"

Hugh Lambert was listening with some interest. Mrs. Newton was the nearest neighbor, and a great friend of his; this must be her niece of whom he had so often heard. He approached the lady and raised his hat courteously. "I am sorry to say there is no other road to Priarton; nor is there any way of getting there to-night. I heard of the landslip only about an hour ago, and know that the road is completely blocked."

"What can I do?" the girl asked again. "Is there any inn here, or must I take the next train back to the nearest town?"

"The last train's gone an hour; there ain't no inn in the country wide save public's"—this from the porter.

"You must let me arrange this matter for you," said Hugh Lambert. "I think I must be speaking to Mrs. Newton's niece, Miss Nayton?"

"You have guessed rightly," and Dorothy Nayton looked up eagerly delighted to find some one to whom she was known, if only by name.

She was a bright little body, pleasant-looking, though she could not lay claim to great beauty—a brunette with a clear olive complexion, dark eyes, and a straight nose. She had crossed from her home that afternoon, she told her new acquaintance; and so of course her aunt might not have expected her to arrive so early.

"You must let me take care of you," Lambert said. "My place is close by. I will take you there, and send a message to your aunt as soon as possible to let her know that you are safe."

Just at that minute a horse was heard galloping up the dark road, and presently a man came hurrying into the station.

"Is there a young lady here for Priarton?" he asked.

Dorothy went forward eagerly.

"If you please, miss, here's a note from Mrs. Newton. I've been four hours getting here; I had to ride twelve miles around, for the road's blocked and the floods are out. I had to get a boat at the low meadows, and borrow another horse on this side; and that has delayed me in getting here."

Hardly waiting to listen to this long explanation from the old coachman, Dorothy tore open the note and read:

"MY DEAREST CHILD.—I am in great distress. The road between here and the station has been blocked by a tremendous landslip; so it is impossible to send the carriage to meet you. I have therefore forwarded a note to my great friend Hugh Lambert, asking him to send for you and your maid sooner for the night, than we see what is to be done. He is the only neighbor that side of the landslip, and is so charming that you need not mind going to him; it is indeed the only thing to be done. In great haste,

Your loving aunt,
"Mary Newton."

The coachman had also given Hugh Lambert a note.

"I was to have left it at Leyton, sir," he said; "but I heard you was coming by this train."

Lambert glanced at the contents, and then turned to Dorothy.

"Your aunt has kindly trusted you to me; so now you won't mind accompanying me home, will you?" he asked.

"I think it is you that ought to mind," was Dorothy's answer. "I am afraid we shall be giving you so much trouble. It is very good to you."

A minute later she was seated beside him in the dog-cart, spinning along the dark roads into what was to her an unknown country.

Dorothy was very tired, and was thankful to reach the house and be handed over to the care of the housekeeper. Very soon she was fast asleep in an old-fashioned oak-paneled room that would have seemed very ghostly to her, but that she was too much fatigued to take much heed of her surroundings; and, beside her maid was in the dressing-room and within call.

The next morning Dorothy was down

for half past 9 breakfast, and was shown into a bright little morning room. Mr. Lambert met her, and was so kind and anxious to make her happy and at home that she very soon found herself talking to him as if she had known him for years, instead of his being an acquaintance of a few hours only. She was rather an unconventional little person, and by no means stiff or cold. She had warm-hearted Irish manners, and looked at the world in a trustful way, believing people and trusting in them firmly, unless she found that they were not to be depended upon, instead of proving before trusting, as colder natured and perhaps wiser folk do. She had been brought up by an old uncle, for whom her elder sister kept house. They had no brothers, and their parents had both died years before. Mrs. Newton was their mother's sister-in-law; but her husband had quarreled with the girl's uncle and guardian, Mr. Nayton; so it was not till after the death of the latter that Dorothy and her sister had been allowed to go to Priarton. Now, however, they hoped to spend a good deal of time there; but this was Dorothy's first visit.

Mary Nayton, her sister, was about twenty-seven and exceedingly placid and sensible; but she took things so quietly that Dorothy was always allowed to go her own way and do whatever she liked; consequently, at twenty-three she had learned to think and act for herself, and as her nature was impulsive and warm-hearted, she indulged in a great many theories of her own, hated conventionalities, believed firmly in Platonic friendships, and not infrequently got into trouble in consequence.

It very soon struck Hugh Lambert that she was different from most of the girls he had met, and she interested him accordingly.

It was with a feeling of relief that he had found the road would be impassable for some days; so he wrote to Mrs. Newton, begging her to let Dorothy remain with him instead of returning home, and asked an elderly cousin who lived a few stations off to come and act as chaperon.

The old lady accepted the invitation and the post allotted to her; but as she was a great invalid, Dorothy and Hugh were constantly left alone together. He liked to sit in the dusk and hear her sweet voice singing to him, to watch her arranging flowers, and to consult her about the garden. The girl felt supremely happy—he was so kind to her, such an agreeable companion in every way that she thoroughly enjoyed his society.

A fortnight went by and the road was pronounced perfectly safe; even the floods had subsided. So Hugh had no excuse for detaining his fair guest longer and though very reluctant to part with her, he drove over to Priarton.

She was standing in the hall as he left that night, after dinner, and held out her hand to say good-by.

"I can't thank you enough for all your kindness," she said softly.

"Nay, my child, I can not tell you what a pleasure it has been to me; but perhaps you will know some day," he replied, and she went up stairs wondering what he meant.

She believed so firmly in platonic friendship that she would not let herself think that her feeling toward Hugh Lambert was anything else; and, although she knew he disbelieved in her theory in the abstract—for they had argued the subject very warmly—still she thought that his sentiments were well defined in her case.

Hugh Lambert felt as if something very bright had come into his life since he had known Dorothy. She was so quaint and naive in speech, new and fresh with ideas and theories, so fresh and unaffected in manner, and yet so womanly withal, that during those few days they had spent together she had completely won his heart. But he was not likely to act on the spur of the moment; he was so much older than she; how could he expect the bright little body to regard him as anything but a steady-going friend?

But still, day after day he would ride over to see her at Priarton, and when he returned would sit and think of how she used to look in the rooms that now seemed so desolate. How he longed in the evenings for the sound of her voice singing to him "The Land of the Leal" or "Auld Robin Gray!"

And Dorothy began to watch for his coming; and if, by chance, something detained him at home, how long the day seemed, and how uninteresting everything seemed! At first she justified it to herself by the thought of her friendship for him—a friendship which had ripened quickly in the peculiar circumstances of their meeting; but little by little, as time passed, and she had been at Priarton three months, it dawned upon the girl that the feeling she entertained for Hugh Lambert was something more than mere friendship. She fought against herself with all the strength of her nature; she could not bear to prove false to her own theories and traitor to her favorite cause; but finally she felt the struggle was hopeless, and made up her mind to keep her secret securely locked in her own bosom.

While gathering primroses one sweet spring afternoon, Dorothy heard a step crushing the dead leaves, and saw Hugh coming toward her.

"I want to speak to you," he said.

"Will you walk with me a little?"

Presently he turned sharply and took both her hands looking more in earnest than she had ever seen him look.

"I can't stand this any longer!" he cried out. "I must know my fate one way or the other. It is true that I am years older, but no one will ever care for you better than I do. If you cannot love me in return, I will go away and never worry you any more, I give you my word. Am I to go, Dorothy?"

"Oh, no!" she gasped out, hardly able to realize what she was saying, only feeling as if she could not breathe, her heart beat so wildly.

Not long afterward there was a happy wedding at the dear old home; and then Dorothy came back to brighten up the old house at Leyton.

Hugh Lambert would have been less or more than a man if he could have resisted triumphing over her a little; and, as they went into the library, where he and she had bravely defended her theories, he turned and said:

"By-the-by, Dorothy, who was right, after all, about Platonic friendship."

FARM AND HOUSE.

Farming Brevities.

This insane attempt, says Mr. Slosson in the Western Rural, to raise from one to three hundred acres of corn, when only half the number of acres can be tilled as they should be, is beginning to dawn upon the minds of some from the few examples here and there practically given.

If there is any difference made in water given to various kinds of stock, it is obvious that milk cows should have the greater care, for it is well known that the milk is more or less affected by the food and drink of the animal, and when used it must in turn affect the user, as it is more or less near purity.

The winter radish should be sown about the middle of summer, and, like the turnip make its best growth in the Autumn. Pitted out of doors or buried in earth in a cool cellar, it will keep crisp all winter. An hour before using place the winter radish in cold water.

Be kind to your help. They will respect you for it and work the harder. Retire early. Take a good rest after dinner, no matter how pressing the work may be. After working and perspiring all day, do not sit down to rest and cool yourself in a breezy place. Colds, rheumatism and malaria are contracted in this way. It is better first to strip off the damp clothing, rub the body and put on dry clothing.

The officers of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, declare that hog cholera has been practically exterminated. Good news for the farmers of the country, if true. It seems that for weeks past unsuccessful attempts have been made by the Department to secure virus from infected hogs for experimental purposes on the place which Dr. D. E. Salmon, D. V. M., is superintending. The extermination of hog cholera would save millions a year for our farmers, and should it really turn out that we have got rid of the plague, the greatest precautions should be taken everywhere to prevent the recurrence of it.

Care of the Plough.

If you have a very rusty plow, says a writer in the Cincinnati Times, pour about eight ounces of sulphuric acid, as purchased at the apothecary's, into a quart of water; do this slowly and very carefully, for it will burn hands, clothing or almost anything else; also use an earthen or crockery vessel, rather than a tin or iron one. Apply this to the rusty surface two or three times, making each application as soon as the former one is dry. Then wash with clean water, and repeat the process. Give some of the worst spots a rub with a Bristol brick; wash again with water and wipe dry. Put a little kerosene around the bolts, and take the plow to pieces, scouring each piece to get off the remaining rust spots if necessary. This sounds like a formidable process, but the whole operation ought not to take over an hour. Oil all exposed surfaces with kerosene when you set the plow away, and when you do your spring plowing a very few turns will finish off the balance of the rust.

Close Planting.

The Farming World believes in close planting. It says: "Every farmer must know that to produce the heaviest possible crop a certain number of stalks must be upon the ground. It is often observed that the great sin of American agriculture is too thin sowing. Grass is nearly always sowed too thin, and the same is true of small grain. In England they sow four and five, and sometimes six, bushels of oats to the acre; in this country generally not more than a bushel or a bushel and a half. Hence in England they yield three or four times as heavy as in this country; we never hear of an extraordinary crop where less than three or four bushels to the acre are sown. Now we venture to affirm that no very large corn crop was ever grown unless it was planted more than usually thick. In the crop of George W. Williams, of Bourbon county, Ky., the corn was planted in rows two feet apart, with a stalk every foot in the rows. This crop produced 167 bushels to the acre. Yet there is another advantage of close planting. The corn very soon becomes so dense that the ground is shaded, and the growth of the grass is prevented, and the moisture retained in the soil. By this method of cultivation no grass is ever allowed to absorb the moisture from the earth, or to take up the nutritious gases which ought to be appropriated exclusively to the corn."

Osage Orange Hedge.

Secretary Chamberlain, of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, thinks of all fences Osage orange hedge is "the cheapest and certainly handsomest, if properly tended, and has several advantages that I may point out at some other time. But let no shiftless, or slack, or untidy farmer plant a hedge. He will constitutionally and inevitably neglect it; he will not replace the sets that died the first year; he will not braid or 'plash' it at the proper time; he will always be 'going to trim,' and never trim, and his hedge will be anything but a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Nor will it keep his steers out of his corn. And even the tidy farmer will find places and circumstances where hedge cannot be grown soon enough, or where it is not best for other reasons to have one." The ordinary wire fence he considers too dangerous to stock, so he has adopted a combination of wire and board where fences are unavoidable. One board is put between the two upper strands of wire, which acts as a brace the whole length of the fence. It should be nailed on firmly, and each with its ends close to those of the next boards, so that there may be no "give" when the wires are stretched. The board is placed down one space from the top, so that the wire above it may protect it from the cattle reaching their heads over and crowding with their necks and breasts, and break-

ing it as they will a single pine board on top without a cap.

Cookery.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of melted butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, two and a half cups of flour and a little salt; dissolve the soda in a very little hot water. Bake in a buttered tin.

LADY'S FINGERS.—One and an eighth pound of flour, one of powdered sugar, ten eggs; beat eggs and sugar as for sponge cake; sift in with flour one teaspoonful of baking powder and stir slowly. Make a funnel-shaped bag of heavy ticking or strong brown paper; through the hole in the small end push a funnel-shaped tin tube one-third inch in diameter at the small end and provided with a flange at the other to prevent it from slipping quite through; tie small end of the bag firmly around the tube, and you have a funnel-shaped sack with a firm nozzle projecting slightly from the small end. Into this bag pour the batter, over which gather up the bag tightly, so that none will run out, press and run the dough out quickly into a pan lined with light brown paper (not buttered), making each about a finger long, and about as thick as a lead pencil, being careful not to get them too wide. Sprinkle with granulated sugar, bake in a quick oven, and, when cool, wet the underside of the paper with a brush, remove and stick the fingers together back to back. The bag when made of ticking will be useful in making macaroons and other small cakes.

BRAISED TONGUE.—Wash a fresh beef tongue, and with a trussing needle, run a strong twine through the roots and end of it, drawing tightly enough to have the end meet the roots; then tie firmly. Cover with boiling water, and boil gently for two hours; then take up and drain. Put six tablespoonfuls of butter in the braising pan, and when hot put in half a small carrot, half a small turnip, and two onions, all cut fine. Cook five minutes, stirring all the time, and then draw to one side. Roll the tongue in flour, and put in the pan. As soon as browned on one side, turn, and brown the other. Add one quart of the water in which it was boiled, a bouquet of sweet herbs, one clove, a small piece of cinnamon and pepper. Cover, and cook two hours in a slow oven, basting often with the gravy in the pan, and salt, pepper and flour. When it has been cooking an hour and a half, add the juice of half a lemon to the gravy. When done, take up. Melt two tablespoonfuls of glaze, and pour over the tongue. Place in the heater until the gravy is made. Mix one tablespoonful of corn-starch with a little cold water, and stir into the boiling gravy, of which there should be one pint. Boil one minute; then strain, and pour around the tongue. Garnish with parsley and serve.—From Miss Parloa's Cook-Book.

Breathe Through the Nose Alone.

Much has been written, and very properly, too, about the necessity of sufficient ventilation in the bed chamber, sitting room and shop, and very little of the need of perfect nose ventilation; and yet the latter, always and persistently active, has a more marked influence on the health than the former. Man in a savage state and all the lower animals breathe through the nose in repose or sleep; in fact, some animals cannot breathe through the mouth. Civilized man, while he may rejoice that he has surpassed his savage brother in the nobler things of earth, can well envy him his freedom from lung and throat diseases and impaired voice and hearing, which are so often due to the vicious habit of breathing through the mouth. The nose is designed in the economy of nature to prepare the inspired air for the lungs as it passes through the winding nasal canal and pharynx by warming it, charging it with moisture and filtering or purifying it from foreign substances. The nose is also the organ of the sense of the smell, and has a direct influence on the voice, playing the same part the curves of the cornet does in enriching the tones; it is also closely associated with the sense of hearing. The effect of mouth breathing is to bring the cold, dry, dusty air directly in contact with the delicate mucus membrane of the air passages, often producing irritation, which results in sore throat, swollen tonsil, hoarseness and lung troubles. Snoring, the pleasant little trick of causing the soft palate to vibrate can only be accomplished by breathing through the mouth. Sore throat, hoarseness, lung troubles, deafness, snoring and impaired voice flow as naturally from breathing through the mouth as blood from an open vein. And now, in the language of the famous American traveler, George Carleton: "If I were to endeavor to bequeath to posterity the most important motto, which human language can convey, it should be in three words, 'shut your mouth.'—Tolledo Journal.

From the Family Scrap-book.

From the Troy Times.
Never let tea boil.
For rough hands, use lemon juice.
Strong lye cleans tainted pork barrels.
Tepid milk and water cleans oil-cloth without soap.
Turpentine applied to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.
A hot shovel held over furniture removes white spots.
Sprinkle sassafras bark among dried fruit to keep out worms.
Popcorn is a good lunch for Sunday nights with milk for drink.
A handful of hay in a pailful of water neutralizes the smell of paint.
To make a carpet look fresh, wipe with a damp cloth after sweeping.
In sewing and winding carpet tags double them with the right side out.
Clean tea or coffee cups with scouring brick; makes them look good as new.
Remove ink-stains on silk, woolen or

cotton by saturating with spirits of turpentine.

Washing pine floor in solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye gives oak color.

Remove flower pot stain from window sills by rubbing with fine wood ashes and rinse with clean water.

A paste of equal parts of sifted ashes, clay and salt, and a little water cements cracks in stoves and ovens.

Mixtures of two parts of glycerine, one part ammonia, and a little rose water whiten and soften the hands.

Cover plants with newspapers before sweeping. Also put a little ammonia on them once a week.

Corn husks braided make a serviceable and handsome mat. The braids to be sewed with a sack needle and twine.

A Boon for Ghosts and Ghostesses.

Ghosts of all kinds ought to feel extremely indebted to the legislature of the state of Ohio in America. That sapient body has decreed that henceforth anybody who claims to be a spiritualist "medium" must pay a yearly tax of \$40 for permission to practice his so-called profession. The news will be received with considerable satisfaction in ghostly circles, for the inconvenience to which respectable spirits have often been put in the way of attending seances and rapping tables amounts to a positive scandal. A phantom that had retired for the night was liable to have his legitimate repose disturbed at any moment by the inconsiderate "summons" of a professional spiritualist in the upper world, and could hardly call his soul his own. Everybody knows that the different states of America are allowed to manage all their local affairs and to levy taxes just as suits themselves, so long as their measures do not conflict with the constitution or with special laws passed by the supreme legislature. By the Maine Liquor Law, for example, anybody in that particular division of the country who desires to partake of the flowing bowl has the trouble of going just across the border to gratify his propensities. It is almost needless to say that the state of Maine has a geographical fringe of most flourishing liquor bars. Its boundaries on the north are beer taverns, and on the south are whiskey saloons, and its inhabitants are supposed to enjoy a good deal of domestic tipping on the sly, on the same principle by which Artemus Ward declared that a temperance hotel usually sells worse liquor than any other kind of inn with which he was acquainted. Why, therefore, should not Ohio, if it so chooses, follow the example of the wise men of Maine, and prohibit "spirits," though of a different sort? There are many good reasons why no such tax should be levied on "mediums" as is proposed, but the Ohio parliament is not likely to see the force of them just yet. Probably the chief result will be that those gifted with the remarkable faculty for interviewing members of the world of shades will charge an enhanced fee as the price of attending a seance. The lower class of mediums, who only call up a spirit or two a month, will possibly be thinned out under the operation of this financial law. But will it check the high-class impostors, or the sincere and affluent individuals who believe in the genuineness of "spirit photographs" and impassable apparitions, despite the many cases of proved swindling which have occurred? Anything that tends to hinder free inquiry into the regions outside of science is to be deprecated, and we should hardly have expected an example of intolerance towards unoffending phantom-raisers to originate in the American republic. Yet so it is. The ghosts and ghostesses will lead a much happier and easier life than of yore, but the persons who "raise" them at \$2 an hour will have to put on some more "gate-money," or ply their avocation in an adjoining state.—London Telegraph.

How Millions of False Teeth Are Made.

From the Wilmington (Del.) Star.
A reporter of the Star recently visited a factory in this city where false teeth are made by the million. In the process of manufacture the silica and feldspar in their crude state are submitted to a red heat and then suddenly thrown into cold water, the effect being to render them more easily pulverized. Having been ground very fine in water and the water evaporated the two materials mentioned are dried and sifted. The kaolin is washed free from impurities. These materials with feldspar sponge, platinum and flux in proper proportion for the enamel are mixed with water and worked into masses resembling putty. This done the unbaked porcelain masses are ready for the moulding room. The moulds are in two pieces and are made of brass, one-half of the teeth or sections being on either side. The coloring materials are first placed in the exact position and quantity required and the body of the tooth and the gum is inserted in lumps corresponding to the size of the teeth. The moulds are then closed and they are dried by a slow heat. When perfectly dry they are taken out and sent to the trimmer's room. The trimmers remove imperfections and send them in trays of fire-clay to the furnace, where, having remained for twenty minutes, they are complete.

The Popularity of Great Men.

It is all nonsense to say that because the people at large love cakes and ale—as of course, they do—they will not tolerate any one who does not love cakes and ale too. They will not tolerate anything that looks like ostentatious virtue. But they will love all the better, the man who, not being in love with such delights himself, shows himself simply as he is, without the smallest depreciation of those who care more for such indulgences than he cares. The popular mind is wonderfully catholic in its tastes. Greatness of any kind, even of the purely intellectual kind, easily "fetches" as the phrase goes. Prince Bismarck is popular in Germany, General Grant in the United States, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone in England, Garibaldi was popular in Italy, all without any well-marked sympathy for the pleasures of the people, just because all of them managed to show strong character strongly identified with the national welfare.—London Spectator.