

BEYOND THE HILLS.

What's beyond the distant hill tops,
Stretching westward, far away—
Bathed in golden mists at sunset,
Purple haze throughout the day!

What's beyond those mystic summits,
And that faint horizon rim?
Is there some "Fair Land of Promise"
Just beyond the hill-tops dim!

O, my Guardian Angel tell me,
If I climb the distant hills—
Shall I find what most I long for,
What my wisdest dream fulfill!

In the valley, all about me,
Fields are full of ripening grain;
But I long to mount the hill-tops—
Unto greater heights attain.

O, my faithful Guardian Angel,
Why such grave reproachful eyes!
I must climb those purple hill-tops,
See the star of Fame arise.

I must go, and win, and conquer,
I must wear a laurel crown—
And the world shall bow before me,
And shall give me great renown.

But my faithful Guardian Angel
Whispers softly: "Turn thine eyes
From those distant, purple hill-tops,
And those glowing, western skies.

"Look around thee, in the valley,
At the work there is to do—
For the fields are white with harvest
And the laborers are few.

"You will faint upon the mountains
And your bread will turn to stone.
Lo, a blackened cloud will lower,
Where the star of Fame once shone.

"Dare it not—the smile illusive,
Is too oft a hidden frown.
You will shrink and pale and shudder
At the sharp thorns in your crown.

"Do not slight the wayside flowers
And the blessings near at hand,
Patient working, patient waiting
Leads into the 'Promised Land.'"
—ISAIAH HORCHAKIS.

HARPOONER'S REVENGE.

Decalmed off the coast of Peru lay
the old whaleship, Coral, Captain Hus-
sey, with her three lookouts at the
mastheads, keeping a sharp watch for
whales.

Nearly three years had passed since
she sailed from Nantucket and so suc-
cessful had she been that now only one
more good whale was needed to give
her a full cargo of oil, when, under all
sail, she would be headed course, on her
homeward-bound ship.

The captain a fine looking man of
thirty, was pacing the quarter-deck,
with a happy, thoughtful expression
upon his sun-embrowned visage. He
was thinking of his wife and two chil-
dren, far away in the Nantucket cottage,
where he hoped to be in a few months
from the present time.

"There they are," he said to his first
mate, half an hour later, taking from
his pocket a small photograph, contain-
ing the likeness of his two little ones—
a boy and a girl. "They will have
changed somewhat in over three years.
It will be a happy day for me when I
see them again."

"You will never see them again, if I
can help it," muttered to himself the
tall, dark harpooner of the captain's
boat, as, while arranging his line in
that craft, he overheard the skipper's
remark.

The name of this harpooner was John
Rockel. He was a half-breed Gayhead
Indian—a skillful thrower of the barbed
iron, and a good sailor, but possessed
of a cruel, revengeful disposition. Not
unlike many of his race, he had an
aversion to Kanakas, and recently, he
was about to strike one of these island-
ers—a youth named Loko, who had
made some blunder in the coiling of the
line in the starboard boat, when the
captain interfered. Rockel, in his rage,
pushed the captain, but the latter, seiz-
ing him by the collar, hurled him down
on his back; and then saying he sup-
posed the harpooner had forgotten
himself only for a moment, and had
never before opposed him, he was will-
ing this time to overlook the offence.

"Very well" thought Rockel, "but
John will never forget yours! That
hand, lifted to help his enemy, the Kan-
aka, still burns at his throat! John
must have his revenge."

So, now, there in the starboard
boat, he continued to mutter about ven-
geance.

Suddenly, far aloft from the three
lookouts, came the well-known cry of
"There blows!"

About a mile ahead of the ship, the
thin spouts of a school of sperm whales
rose, like jets of silver, in the sunlight.
The men sprang up; there was a
quick tramping of feet; and then the
banging of a handspike against the
forecastle scuttle.

"All hands ahoy! Stand by the
boats!" came a stentorian voice that
made every man below leap from his
bunk.

In a few seconds all hands were on
deck.

"All ready there?" inquired Captain
Hussey, turning to the boat-steerers,
who had sprung into their boats to pre-
pare their craft.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.
"Lower away, then. Lively, but no
noise."

The boats were soon in the water,
with their crews lightly scrambling in-
to them. Four had been lowered, and
as soon as the captain passed the word

to "Give way!" there was a race for
the whales.

The skipper's boat took the lead. It
contained a picked crew, amongst
whom Loko, amidship, and Rockel at
the bow, were remarkable oarsmen.
In a short time it was within ten fath-
oms of a large bull whale, whose barna-
cled hump, as he lay nearly motion-
less, glistened in the sunlight.

"Stand up!" ordered the captain,
and Rockel, iron in hand, rose like a
flash to his feet.

As the usual words, "Give it to him!"
passed the captain's lips, the Indian
sent his barbed weapon deep into the
whale's hump.

The monster gave a wild sheer—for
an instant his dark, agile form seeming
to bend almost double—whisked about,
scattering a cloud of spray around the
boat. Rockel hurled the second iron;
then, with one mad, sidelong sweep of
his flukes which just missed the bow,
the whale sounded (went down).

Away went the boat, the line spinning
round the loggerhead, and the tub oars-
men pouring water upon it to keep it
from burning.

Far astern, the other boats looked
smaller every moment, until at length
they seemed little more than specks on
the water.

For some time it was feared that the
whale would take all the captain's line,
but at last the rope began to slacken,
showing that he was about to come
up.

"Haul line!" was now the order.
And the skipper, who had ere this
changed places with Rockel—the former
going to the bow and the other to the
steering-oar aft—selected a good
lance, and stood ready. The men con-
tinued hauling on the line, until, sud-
denly, the water parted with a roar,
about twenty fathoms ahead, and up
came the whale, his huge form looming
from the surface as he rolled about and
whirled his flukes.

"Your oars, men!" shouted the cap-
tain.

And in an instant the oars splashed
in the water.

The light craft rapidly drew near
the monster. Meanwhile the other
boats, fast approaching, now were not
a mile off.

Soon within ten fathoms of the
whale, Captain Hussey sent his long
lance quivering into its body, when,
with a sort of a gurgling roar, the old
bull, opening wide its huge jaws,
threateningly displayed the white scroll
of his teeth, while his flukes pounded the
sea with thunderous strokes.

Again Hussey hurled a lance into
the body of the coveted prize, and then
it was that, full of vengeful ire, the
monster, whirling round, came straight
for the boat, with yawning jaws, his
broad flukes churning and beating a
white path of foam in his wake, while
the spray, dyed with his blood, flew in
crimson drifts about him.

"Stern! Stern!" ordered Hussey; and
while he spoke he sent another lance
into the huge body.

"Now John's time has come!"
thought Rockel, clinching his teeth.
"The whale will bite the captain in
two, or knock him dead with his flukes,
if so I can manage it. Don't care if I
do have the boat stove; other boats
not far off. They will come and pick
the rest of us up."

The men backed water, but so rapid
was the approach of the whale, and so
cunningly did John, with his steering-
oar, retard the motion of the craft, that
the bull gained fast, coming straight
forward in spite of the captain's lance,
which was plunged again and again
into his mighty form.

"Now!" muttered John, as all at
once the whale gave a forward rush.

He worked his steering-oar so that
the boat's backing was suddenly nearly
checked, when with tremendous force,
the bristling jaw struck the bow, crush-
ing it like an egg-shell.

"Jump for your lives!" shouted
Hussey, just escaping the jaw by throw-
ing himself over, sideways, into the sea.

The next moment all the men were
in the water; at the same time, diving
edgeways under the boat, the whale,
whirling his enormous flukes upward,
sent the light cedar planks flying in
many splinters.

The crew now endeavored to strike
out from the vicinity of their powerful
foe, who was still beating the sea with
his flukes, as if feeling for his enemies,
while the line, fast to the irons in his
body, flew wildly about the heads of the
swimmers.

With fierce disappointment, Rockel,
the Indian harpooner, who had thought
to insure the captain's destruction, now
saw the latter buffeting the waves a few
feet from him.

Suddenly there was a hoarse cry from
Hussey, as a light of the line caught
tightly about his breast, under the
arms.

"Quick! Rockel! out the line, or I am
gone!" he cried. "The whale will go
down in a few seconds, and drag me
under!"

The eyes of the young Indian flashed,
exultingly. He swam on, heedless,
of the captain's cries. After all he would
have his revenge. The skipper having
lost his own knife, which had dropped
out of his pocket when he fell, seemed
doomed to be soon dragged by the
whale into the dark depths of the ocean.

All at once Rockel turned and struck
off in another direction, for the leviathan
had swung round, with his flukes beat-
ing the sea, close to him. The next
moment the Indian saw those mon-

strous flukes raised above his head. He
quickly dove, but while his back was
yet out of water, the huge appendages
came down upon it, crushing the life
out of him in an instant.

Meanwhile Hussey was still vainly
struggling to free himself from the line
which held him firmly in its tight coil.
The whale, a few yards from him, was
yet beating the sea with his flukes, but
it seemed evident that he would soon
go down, dragging the unfortunate
man to his fate.

"Good-by, wife and children, good-
by!" he cried, sadly. "I shall never
see you again!"

But just then a lithe, dark form
came swimming near those flying
flukes, and narrowly escaping their
blows, gained the captain's side.

It was the young Kanaka, Loko,
who, the moment he had detected the
skippers situation, had used every effort
to reach and save him. From his
teeth, in which he held it, he now pulled
his sheath-knife, and with two quick
blows cut the line loose from the im-
periled man.

Nor was this done a moment too
soon; for scarce was the line severed
when, with one farewell upward fling
of his flukes, the whale dove down to-
ward the fathomless depths.

The three mates' boats which during
this time had been steadily ap-
proaching, where now not many
fathoms off, and the Kanaka—as are all
the people of his race—being "at home"
in the water, assisted his nearly ex-
hausted companion to keep afloat until
the larboard boat arrived and picked
them up, together with the rest of the
crew.

Before night, the whale having come
up, much weakened by his many
wounds, was attacked by the three
boats and killed. He yielded more
than oil enough to complete the cargo
of the Coral, which, when it was all
stowed, was put under full sail, home-
ward bound, bearing the Nantucket
men, with merry hearts, toward their
native shores, and leaving far behind
her the broken, mangled form of John
Rockel, the wily pleiter, who in plan-
ning the captain's death, had but com-
passed his own destruction.

Marriage by Capture.

Perhaps the most curious of the in-
stances of marriage by capture and
those to which are given the generic
name of "bride-racing." There is the
"love-chase" of Turkestan. Here the
bride, "armed with a formidable whip,"
mounts a swift horse, and is then pur-
sued by all her suitors. She is the
prize in the race. She has, however,
the right to use her whip, and appar-
ently often does so "with no mean force"
on the pursuers whom she does not
favor. It is sad, however, to relate
that the traveler who describes this
custom adds that in reality the race is
always "sold" by the father, and that,
in fact, "the love-chase is a mere mat-
ter of form." M. Vambéry was wit-
ness of such a chase where the maiden
held on her lap the carcass of a goat,
which it was the object of the bride-
groom and the young men who at-
tended him to snatch from her. One
of the tribes of Northeastern Asia, the
Koraks, have an extremely elaborate
system of bride-racing, which takes
place in a tent containing numerous
compartments, "arranged in a contin-
uous circle round its inner circumfer-
ence." The girl is clear of the mar-
riage if she can get through this series of
compartments without being caught.
Besides her start, the women of the en-
campment throw every possible impedi-
ment in the man's way, tripping up his
feet, holding down the curtains and
beating him with alder switches.

The man, however strong, has ap-
parently no chance, if the lady really
wishes to get away from him. In a
race witnessed by Mr. Kennan, indeed
the bride had to wait in the last
compartment for her bridegroom, so
completely had she distanced him. A
bride race in Singapore must sometime,
we should imagine, be a very pretty sight.
The natives are accustomed to boating,
and so have developed a bride boat
race. The ceremony is thus described:

"The damsel is given a canoe and a
double-bladed paddle, and allowed a
start of some distance; the suitor, sim-
ilarly equipped, starts off in chase. If
he succeeds in overtaking her, she be-
comes his wife; if not, the match is
broken off. * * * It is seldom that ob-
jection is offered at the last moment,
and the race is generally a short one.
The maiden's arms are strong, but her
heart is soft and her nature warm, and
she soon becomes a willing captive. If
the marriage takes place where no
stream is near, a round circle of a cer-
tain size is formed, the damsel is strip-
ped of all but a waistband, and given
half the circle's start in advance; and
if she succeeds in running three times
round before her suitor comes up with
her, she is entitled to remain a virgin;
if not, she must consent to the bonds of
matrimony. As in the other cases, but
few outstrip their lovers."—"Studies
of Ancient History," comprising a re-
print of "Primitive Marriage," etc., by
the late John Ferguson McLennan."

A letter addressed to a party in "Father,
Mich.," was sent to a post office expert,
and he forwarded it to Paw paw, Mich. He
guessed right.

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

THE NIGHT MIST.

All the night long the gray embracing mist
Has held in tender arms the tired world;
The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,
And over hills and meadows it has curled.

Its white, cool finger it has gently placed
On weary stretches of deep, drifting sand;
The noisy city and the far-off waste
Have felt the benediction of its hand.

The drowsy world rolls on towards the day;
The fresh, sweet wind of morning softly
The willing mist no longer now may stay;
With first expectancy of dawn it goes!

—MARGARET DELAND, in Harper's Magazine for
May

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come, boys, I something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The great stirring world has inducements,
There is many a gay busy smart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start

The farm is safest and surest,
The orchards are yielding to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey;
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits should come rather slow;
Remember, you're nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

FEEDING THE CALF.

The good village pastor was ready
or church. He had donned his "suit
of solemn black," tied his rather limp
white necktie, carefully polished his
boots and smoothed his old plug hat
with a silk handkerchief when his
daughter ejaculated: "Law sakes, pa,
you have forgotten to feed the calf."

A momentary cloud crossed the good
man's brow but he wearily plodded to
the barn, filled a bucket with meal and
milk and water for the forgotten animal,
who, plunging his head into the recep-
tacle, guzzled the contents rapidly down.
Then raising his black muzzle he shed
a shower of mush all over the good
man, drenching his treasured trousers
and extinguishing at once the brilliant
polish of his boots. With a look of
anguish at his bedrabbled dress, and a
murderous glance at the cause, now
switching his tail and mildly staring at
him, the worthy pastor groaned: "If
I was not a humble follower of the meek
and lowly One I would knock your
blanked head through that bucket,
blank you!" And then he sorrowfully
wended his way into the house for re-
pairs.

WHY THE BUTTER DOESN'T COME.

- 1st. Because of some disorganized or unhealthy condition of the cow.
 - 2d. On account of the unwholesome food and water supplied.
 - 3rd. Want of proper cleanliness in milking and setting the milk.
 - 4th. Lack of right conditions in the raising of the cream—pure air and proper time—kept too long.
 - 5th. The cream not raised and skimmed in due time.
 - 6th. Cream not churned at the proper time—kept too long.
 - 7th. Cream is allowed to freeze—injured still more in thawing.
 - 8th. Cream too warm when churned.
 - 9th. Cream too cold.
 - 10th. Churn not a good one.
 - 11th. Lazy hand at the churn.
- Some persons have the churn around nearly all day, summer or winter; take a few turns and stop; fool around and begin again. Cannot make good butter so. Use a box or barrel churn; begin moderately and continue so until no more vent is needed, and then go on at a good pace, without stopping till the butter comes. When the cream is perfect and the temperature is right, about sixty-five degrees in winter, for a batch of butter weighing twenty to thirty five pounds, twenty to twenty-five minutes should be ample time for churning. In the winter season I should expect to find the cause in the reason given above in No. 4 to No. 9.—Practical Farmer.

THE BEST SEEDS FOR PROPAGATION.

Nursery men are well aware that seeds of the best and choicest apples are not best for planting. All that is wanted is strong, vigorous stock and this is best secured by planting seeds of the small, inferior varieties, too poor for anything except making cider. These are generally used not alone because they are easiest to get, but because they are the best. If we wished fruit from these seedlings only seeds from the best flavored varieties would be planted; but as the propagator invariably grafts these, then the kind of fruit the seedling might bear is immaterial. The chief drawback to this method of getting trees is that it gives little opportunity for valuable chance seedlings which used sometimes to be obtained. Perhaps, however, it is as well that improved varieties of fruits should be bred, for by selecting seeds from the choicest kinds, and by cross fertilization, much of improved stock is bred. This will make two kinds of seeds, each best for its respective purpose, one including the great bulk of seeds from inferior fruit for producing stocks, and the other the carefully selected few seeds for the amateur and specialist seeking new varieties.

SELLING BUTTER PROMPTLY.

No farm product of equal value is more unsatisfactory to hold for a rise than butter. Its price, when newly made, is nearly always the best. It is

subject to greater deterioration in quality than any other product, must suffer some in comparison with that which is freshly made. The old-fashioned dairy butter made in June used to be good for a twelvemonth if packed in sweet crocks and covered with salt brine to exclude any odors. There is little such butter now. That made by the creamery process is first-class while fresh, but lacks keeping qualities. As nearly all enterprising dairymen have creameries, there is less really good butter made from milk set in the old-fashioned way than formerly.

THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF EGGS.

There are 365 days in a year, and of that number we must deduct 100 days as the molting period, as it usually requires about three months for a hen to shed her feathers and put on new ones. We have 265 days left. As no hen can lay an egg every day, it is apparent that the hen that lays 200 eggs in a year cannot stop to do much work in hatching; she must not become sick, and she cannot afford to lose any time. If a hen lays ten dozen eggs a year (120) she very nearly lays one every other day, and if she does that, and raises a brood, she is performing good work. For a flock, where good layers and inferior layers are together, we should not be disappointed if the hens averaged 100 eggs each and raised broods.

SKIM MILK FOR COWS.

There are many times in butter dairies where the most profitable use of skimmed milk is to feed it again to the cow which has given it. The milk, after the cream has been taken from it retains the elements that most cows find deficient in their food. With plenty of grain the cow can easily supply the carbon or fat-forming elements of her milk, provided she can get the casein and albuminous portions which the skim-milk furnishes. It is the drain of these that hurts cows most and they should be supplied, if not in skim-milk, then in some other food equally nutritious.

CHANGING HORSES' COATS.

While horses are shedding their coats they should be well fed and not over-worked. It is important to have the new coat on before active farm work begins, as the changing process is debilitating. Thorough grooming at this time is very important, and there should at all times be work enough to prevent the muscles from becoming weakened by disuse. Unless horses have some work in winter the fat they then put on will do them little good, besides the certainty that the shoulders will gall when the horses are put to hard pulling.

KEEPING FERTILIZERS IN STOCK.

Team help is too valuable at seeding time to stop the team and take a man's time for a day to draw a load of phosphate which might just as well be drawn before the busy season opens. Farmers who use phosphate should make an estimate of the amount they need or can afford, and draw it early, so as to have ready when needed. If kept dry it will not deteriorate, but rather improve, by keeping over one year.

CHAT FOR THE WEEK.

When the coat of a gray horse is stained in the stable use a sponge moistened with warm water.

Try a patch of oats and peas for fodder. A bushel of peas to two of oats will do for an acre, though many give a heavier seeding.

The most transparent lie used by the devil for the promotion of vice is that gambling is necessary to "improve the breed of horses."

In planting your grape and currant cuttings see that the earth is pressed firmly about them, particularly at their base. This is essential.

A Texas man writes that he is successfully feeding his cattle on caetuis in connection with cottonseed meal. He runs the caetuis through a cutter.

Beef cattle are twenty-five to fifty cents lower in the Chicago yards than one year ago, and rather more than that much lower than on the corresponding in 1885.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman put essence of peppermint in a hive of robber bees so that the burglars could be detected by their smell, and were not able to slip in without observation.

Mr. Hunnivell, whose beautiful grounds near Wellesey, Mass., are visited by people from all parts of the country who are interested in ornamental trees and planting, has given the town ten acres of land for a public park.

One advantage that the soil derives from well rotted organic manure besides the plant food which it brings is that it furnishes the best of breeding places for those microscopic growths which, as is now known, are the moving cause of nitrification.

Dry sawdust absorbs so much liquid (three times its own weight) that it makes the best of bedding for cow stables, but for this very reason its use in horse stables is sometimes condemned, because it is said to make the horses' hoofs dry and brittle.

Every cricketer is a very wicket man, for he is always going out on a bat with the bye.