

THE RULING PASSION.

A tiny lot of only three,
Sweet as the dew the roses inhale,
I gaily dance upon my knee,
The while I tell her fairy tales,
Uncoloured is her placid brow;
"No care," muse I, "such lives distress"
"Dear me," says she, "I wonder how
I'd better make my dolly's dress!"
A fair young bride in queenly gown
Comes down the grand cathedral aisle
The mighty organ sweetly sounds,
And on her lips a saintly smile,
And in her heart a prayer—not so,
For truthfully we must confess
She's thinking this: "I'd like to know
What folks are saying of my dress!"
A matron near the gates of death
With weeping kindred at her side,
All fearful that each feeble breath
Will bear her soul across the tide,
She tries to speak; she faintly clasps
The kindly form that bends above,
And with her dying breath she gasps:
"See that my shroud is ruffled, love!"
If all the Scriptures say is true,
There'll be more women, ten to one,
In that sweet by and by where you
And I may meet when life is done.
But all the joys designed to bless—
Bright crowns and harps with golden strings—
Won't please the women there unless
Each has the nicest pair of wings.
—Memphis Appeal.



CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Nearly thirty years have gone by since Charles Dickens wrote about the Savoy churchyard and the quiet precinct. "I think that on summer nights the dew falls here," he said; "the only dew that is shed in all London, beyond the tears of the homeless." And these very words may be spoken of this spot to-day, so green and fresh is the grass and so beautiful are the trees. The place is unchanged, and the familiar figure of the chaplain, known and loved by everybody, is still constantly seen in his old haunts. The surroundings are altered; the simple dwelling houses, with their white doorsteps and green blinds, have been swept away; but the coals still "touch their suit-westers to him as he glides about," and the children's faces brighten at his greeting.

The churchyard was quiet and deserted when Olive ventured in and sat down to rest upon a seat under the trees. She was in perfect harmony with the tranquil lights and shadows; and the grave beauty of the old gray walls, on which the record of centuries was written so legibly, yet without any sign of neglect or decay. The chapel, in its venerable strength, stood in the midst of all the active life of to-day, and linked the present to the past. In that old church, the good and peaceful Fuller spoke loving words to those who sat within the walls, and crowded about the windows and doors to get within reach of his voice. And there, too, he preached his last sermon to the wedding couple, who were members of his flock, and was carried out of his beloved sanctuary to die. There were no regrets for the dignities so lately bestowed upon him, no troubles about worldly things; but only "all humble thankfulness and submission to God's welcome providence."

Olive sat there and meditated, and saw the yellow leaves dropping slowly in the still sunshine. Watching them idly at first, she began, after a time, to remember that these very leaves had taken the sun and dew of spring; and all the freshness and fragrance of those earlier days came back to her with a sudden thrill, stirring her with emotions which she had believed to be almost dead. How soon the autumn of her life had come! It was tranquil; it might be sweet; but the gladness of springtime is the one irrevocable joy that, in this world, can never be granted to us again.

She was no longer bitter and desolate, yet the sense of a lost youth (which comes oftener to those still young than to the old) was too strong for her at this moment. Something arose in her throat; the tears filled her eyes, and she thought she would allow them to flow without restraint. They did flow and plentifully. Once set flowing, they would not stop, for thoughts and memories came crowding after them. Every scene in her brief experience seemed to be suddenly revived at this moment; voices, long hushed, were calling to her from the past, and drowning all the sounds of the present. The habit of self-restraint, so constantly cultivated for the sake of others, was broken through at last.

When at length her bowed head was lifted, some one spoke to her in a calm tone that she had heard before. She looked up, startled and yet strangely quieted, and met the gaze of the speaker. It was Mr. Sidney, the chaplain. "You are in trouble," said the quiet voice, with its penetrating sweetness. "You are in trouble, and you need help and comfort."

As he stood there, tall and of dignified bearing, she found courage to glance at him a second time. He was a man who looked as if he could stand alone without a single prop; and although he had a most benign face, it wore an expression of authority. While he was speaking Olive had dried her last tears, and she answered him with a gentle frankness that touched him.

"I have had sorrow, but it is over," she said. "I came here because the place is so still and restful; and then I began to cry unawares."

He had seen men and women come here to renew the youth of the spirit under these trees. There are few spots left now in the heart of London where old memories may live and grow.

Then he talked to Olive of the ancient churchyard and its history; and of other things; and she listened and wondered a little at her own perfect restraint in his presence. She would not have wondered, perhaps, had she realized that he had been directing people's lives for years, learning their griefs, and making himself fully acquainted with their hopes and fears and blunders. All sorts and conditions of men and women confided their affairs to him. He could have told how Tom and Sue in the court had got into the habit of knocking each other about the head; and why Lord and Lady Hightower in Mayfair never spoke a word nowadays, when they chanced to be left alone together. He possessed the rare gift of unlooked hearts, and such a gift is only held by one who is a born director and spiritual guide of men.

Mr. Sidney had no mystical tendencies. His life was too busy; he took too intense an interest in the lives around him to have time for mystical thoughts. He believed strongly in the helping power of human agency and had all kinds of questions referred to him by all kinds of persons. He did not write books; he preferred to live in people's hearts rather than on the shelves of their libraries. Even his sermons were rarely to be found in print, and in short he was not one of those men who desire to leave a great name behind them. To do his work thoroughly while he lived here; to lift others out of the slough of despair and lead them with a firm hand up to those delectable mountains where his own soul rejoiced in pure air, this was his daily task.

Before Olive left the old churchyard the chaplain had learned her simple history, and was quietly devising plans for her future good. She went back to the Wakes with a brighter face than she had worn for many a day.

"Uncle," she said, "I have found a new friend; or, rather, he has found me. It is Mr. Sidney."

Samuel looked at her with a smile of infinite content. "I have been waiting," he answered. "I knew a fresh wind would blow into your life, but I did not know what quarter it would come from."

CHAPTER XIV.

SEAWARD AYLSTONE AT HOME.

"There is no reason why I should not bring her to see pictures," said the chaplain. "You say you can count upon Miss Villiers?"

"Most certainly," Seaward answered. "Adeline is a comrade true and tried. Already she has seen Miss Winfield in the flower-shop, and does not wonder that I want to know more of her. There is not an atom of petty jealousy in Adeline; and—rare quality in a woman—she is always willing that a man shall be happy in his own way. Poor girl! I wish I was quite sure about her happiness."

The chaplain and the painter had dined together and were now talking quietly over a bright fire. The weather was clear and cold; heavy curtains kept out all possible draughts; deep chairs invited rest; the warm light fell on paneled walls, painted by Seaward's own hand. Here were golden wheat-ears, mingled with scarlet poppies and ox-eyed daisies; there was a mossy bough, laden with blossom; a glimpse of shining water and dark rushes filled another panel; the next showed a fragment of snowy woodland. It was a perfect room to spend a winter evening in. It glowed with rich colors, and abounded in small arrangements for ease and comfort.

"She will soon be married, I suppose? Mrs. Villiers told me that the time was almost fixed," said the chaplain.

"Granny wants to fix everything," cried Seaward, in an angry tone. "Nothing is definitely settled yet. Adeline has not made up her mind, and I begged her not to be hurried. Sometimes it occurs to me that we are all using the poor girl very badly. She is more and more surprised at Claud's curious languor. No one has ever given her even the faintest hint of that disastrous affair of his."

"Has he not got over that affair?" the chaplain asked.

"No; and I don't believe he ever will. He knows that he behaved like a scoundrel."

"He wanted to marry Mrs. Villiers' companion. Was not that it?" said Mr. Sidney.

"Yes. My grandmother had engaged a young woman as maid, just as she was starting for the Tyrol. The girl was singularly clever and beautiful, and actually found her way into the old lady's affections. When she returned she was no longer maid, but companion. And then Claud met her in the house in Curzon street, and straightway fell in love."

"They must have attracted Mrs. Villiers' notice," said the chaplain. "She is keen-sighted, I fancy."

"No; she was quite blind. Moreover her mind was steadily set on marrying Claud to Adeline, and she thought of nothing else. It was a pity that her eyes were not opened sooner."

"But they were opened at last?"

"Yes; just when things had gone so far that it was a sin to interfere. Claud was passionately in love; and upon my word I believe that the girl was as good as gold. He had the banns published in a church that was never attended by anyone he knew, and everything was arranged between the pair. They were to steal off early on a Monday to be married; but on the preceding Sunday the plot was discovered."

"How?" asked the chaplain.

"I can hardly tell. It was the house-keeper who had set a watch, I think. Anyhow, Mrs. Villiers burst upon them in a storm of fury, and the companion was sent out of the house that very day. She thought, of course, poor girl, that her lover would keep his word at all costs, but she leaned upon a broken reed. He did follow her, but it was only to bewail his own weakness and beg to be set free."

The chaplain's contempt was too

strong to be put into words; and Seaward went on:

"He got his release, it seems, easily enough. The girl was as proud as an empress, too proud even to load him with reproaches. She let him go in silence, and then vanished out of his life forever. He does not even know whether she is living or dead."

There was a pause, a flame leaped up brightly, shining on the chaplain's thoughtful face, which looked sterner now than Aylstone had ever seen it before. When Mr. Sidney broke the hush he spoke in a tone of deep indignation.

"And you will let Miss Villiers marry her cousin without hearing a word of this story, Aylstone?"

"She came in one day quite gray, and told me that she was engaged to Claud," Seaward replied. "I went to him, and urged him strongly to tell Adeline everything. But he had given grandmother a solemn promise to say nothing. And so the engagement has gone dawdling on; the man always depressed and conscience-stricken, and the girl puzzled and dissatisfied."

"But it ought not to go on. You know that?"

"Yes; I have been hoping against hope; trying to believe that a wrong thing would come right. At first I thought that Adeline, bright and at-



THEY WERE NOW TALKING QUIETLY.

tractive as she is, would help Claud to begin a new life and a new love. But I have never been happy about the matter; and I see plainly that Claud cannot forget."

"You have all behaved cruelly to Miss Villiers," said the chaplain uncompromisingly. "If this story is hushed up before marriage it is sure to come out afterwards. And if I judge Adeline Villiers rightly she is a woman who would suffer acutely under the ill-will of such a disclosure. Besides this ill-used girl may reappear?"

"I have thought of that," Seaward answered sadly. "And yet I fancied that she would not live long after Claud's desertion. Hers was the kind of beauty that one always associates with early decay."

"Then she was very beautiful?"

"Would you like to see her portrait?" said Aylstone. "I made a study of her head."

The chaplain assented, and Seaward led the way upstairs to the studio. Then he turned up the lamps, and went to a corner where two or three unframed pictures were leaning against the wall.

"I always meant to put her into a group," he said. "I had an idea in my mind, but I never carried it out, and then she disappeared; and somehow I have never cared to look often at this."

He turned the canvas to the light, and showed a pure delicate face, and a soft mass of golden hair, in which was a spray of jessamine. Only the head was finished; some filmy drapery, gathered loosely round the shoulders, was put in with a few careless touches. But it was a life-like countenance that looked back on the gazers with beautiful melancholy eyes and a faint smile.

"I have not flattered her in the least," remarked Seaward, and then, without further comment, he carried the picture out of the light, and put it gently down in the corner once more. Only this time the face was not turned towards the wall.

They went downstairs and parted somewhat gravely in the hall.

"On Saturday afternoon," the chaplain said, "I will bring Miss Winfield."

He went out into the London night, and Seaward returned to the fireside and meditated, until the warmth and quietness drew him away into dreamland. In sleep he saw the fair face hovering near another, whose richer, darker beauty was always in his waking thoughts. And it seemed to him that the golden-haired woman looked at him with mute entreaty as if praying that the brown-eyed girl might have a happier fate than her own.

He woke up suddenly with two lines of an old song ringing in his ears, and when he remembered that the man who wrote that song was resting somewhere under the green grass of the old Savoy churchyard. He went up to his room with a firm step and a resolute heart, singing George Withers' well-known words in an undertone:

"If she love me, this believe,
I would die ere she should grieve."

Seaward Aylstone had gone regularly to the chapel on Sundays for years. He belonged to the crowd of deep thinkers and earnest brain-workers who gathered round Mr. Sidney, and found rest and refreshment in his teaching. There was a freshness and quietness in the chaplain's sermons; his voice guided his hearers to the green pastures and still waters of life, and Seaward, who was an eager toiler, spending himself on his art, felt the good of this restful influence.

One day he saw Olive among the congregation and followed her, as we have seen, to her own door. Other Sundays came, and he saw her again and again, and he longed to speak to her and know her. And then he opened his mind to the chaplain.

Mr. Sidney already knew something of Samuel Wake, and had gone to the book-seller's house and talked to Olive

in her own home. It did not surprise him that Seaward had fallen in love with this girl's face, for the face had a soul shining through it, and Seaward was not the man to linger over a lamp without a flame. Nor did it surprise him that the painter should frankly ask for his help in the matter. He was accustomed, as we know, to give counsel to the perplexed, and aid to those who could get assistance from no other quarter. Moreover, he knew that a man's "fancy," whether bred "In the heart or in the head" may develop into one of those deep loves which are the blessing or the curse of life.

Every love affair is a mystery, and those who bring two persons together do not know whether they strike the first note of a dirge or a Te Deum.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a red-letter day with Olive when Mr. Sidney took her to the painter's studio.

She had been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy with Uncle Wake, and he had pointed out all the works of great artists. She had stood spellbound before a picture of Seaward Aylstone's and had tried afterwards to describe it to Michael. But Michael never had patience enough to listen to descriptions. He always grumbled every moment that was not spent in talking about himself.

Two visitors were already in the studio when they went in. Miss Villiers was there, charmingly dressed, and she came forward and held out her hand to Olive. In the background was a tall, weary young man, whose face was like an ivory cameo, perfectly cut and colorless. And the girl remembered afterwards that his proud, unhappy look had chilled her for a moment. But she was a little agitated on her entrance, and answered the first words addressed to her with a bright blush, which reminded Aylstone of the day when he saw her under the larches at Kew.

Her nervousness vanished when she turned to the pictures. Here were poets, soldiers, statesmen, whose names were well known in the history of our own times. Here were women, fair and stately, whose beauty had won them a transitory fame; and children who smiled fresh and rosy from the canvas. And there were other pictures, full of mystic meaning; angels watching on the summits of the everlasting hills; a man standing on the bank of a dark river and looking across to the other side, where a woman walked in solemn light.

While she gazed the painter talked to her, explaining this and that, well pleased when she gained confidence enough to ask questions. Mr. Sidney stood a little apart and chatted with Adeline, while Claud Villiers, standing near his cousin, hardly spoke at all.

Seaward had led his visitor to the far end of the studio, and Adeline, near the fire, was still talking to the chaplain, when a faint cry from Olive startled them all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"STICK TO YOUR LAST."

There is More Demand for Shoemakers Than There is for Philosophers.

Some of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages; and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages, and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers, and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Ansterlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

CONCERNING DREAMS.

The Joys and Sorrows That Occupy the Mind of the Sleeper.

The whole cosmos is in a man's brain—as much of it, at least, as a man's brains will hold; perhaps it is nowhere else. And when sleep relaxes the will and there are no earthly surroundings to distract attention—no duty, pain or pleasure to compel it—ridiculous fancy takes the bit in its teeth and the whole cosmos goes mad and has its wild will of us. Ineffable false joys, unspoken false terror and distress, strange phantoms only seen in a glass darkly, chase each other without rhyme or reason and play hide and seek across the twilight field and through the dark recesses of our clouded and imperfect consciousness. And the false terrors and distress, however unspoken, are no worse than such real terrors and distress are; are only too often the waking lot of man, or even so bad; but the ineffable false joys transcend all possible human felicity while they last, and a little while it is!

We wake, and wonder, and recall the slight foundation on which such ultra human bliss has seemed to rest. What matters the foundation if but the bliss be there and the brain has nerves to feel it?—From "Peter Ibbetson," in Harper's Magazine.

A Famous Hack Hurd.

Washington's most famous ride was when he took a hack at the tree, A. D. 1791.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ERGOT AND ERGOTISM.

The Terrible Disease Produced by Fungus—Popular Remedies.

Ergot affecting forage crops such as wild rye, red top, timothy, etc., causing great distress at times among farm animals, begins by the germination of spores of a fungus, which have been carried by wind, or other means, to the flowers of grasses favorable to their development. These spores germinate in contact with the outer surface of the newly-forming seeds, penetrate and in the end displace them, preserving the original form, and later bearing spores which perform the office of seeds, and falling to the ground, or upon flowers, again germinate and produce the fungus. Therefore, ergot is not a diseased seed, but is entirely a fungus growth, developing below the young seed and preventing its formation. It is the dormant form of the fungus, which remaining in this condition until autumn, or more usually until spring, germinates in the damp ground and sends up a growth which produces spores that fall on flowers of the grasses and thus completes the cycle. The fungus has a different appearance on different grasses, but the results from animals eating it are the same. In the illustration, 1 is a head of orchard grass, 2, of timothy, 3, of wild rye, and

4, of red top, each of which is affected by ergot as is shown by the black growths where seeds ought to be. The results of feeding hay affected by ergot disease are frequently disastrous. The skin of the animal becomes red and itching in spots, the hair falls off and repulsive sores appear. In cattle, hogs and sheep, the sores more commonly appear on the legs and feet. The ankles swell, suppurate, the bones become diseased, and finally the lower joints drop off. This continues until the animal is destroyed, affecting first one, and then by degrees all the limbs. It is a terrible disease, and has been known in the old world for several centuries.

Of the multitude of remedies tried, only two have proved of any value: 1. Poultices of soap, rye-meal and salt to the legs and feet. 2. A wash of beef brine, composed of saltpetre and common salt applied several times a day, and afterward washing and rubbing the feet with bitterweed ointment. After the disease is well advanced, treatment is useless. When the first signs of the disorder appear, make an entire change of food, feeding that of good quality, nutritious and free from ergot. Administer a dose of physic, keep animals warm and give plenty of water. Ergotism will probably not appear if the hay is cut before the seeds formed. Green cut hay is easily digestible and readily eaten.—Orange Judd Farmer.



ERGOT ON GRASSES.
1. Orchard Grass, 2. Timothy, 3. Wild Rye, 4. Red Top.

The theory of which a rotation of crops is advised by the most successful agriculturists is based on the fact that the demands made upon the soil for plant food by vegetation, while nearly alike in important particulars, are not the same with all kinds in degree. Thus some crops require one element in abundance with comparatively little of others. Manifestly, if crops are planted in such rotation that a succeeding one naturally requires but little of what a former one has drawn upon largely, it will in most cases be better than to permit the former to succeed itself. In this way a different crop whose wants will be mainly supplied by the elements that remain in greater plenty, may be raised with but little or no help from the one element most important for the crop preceding.

To successfully plan a good system of rotation, which may be kept up with the least soil exhaustion, is evidence of a high order of farming, and involves more than ordinary knowledge of the constituents of the soil and the wants of crops. Again, some crops are almost wholly exhausting, being chiefly carried off, while others, like the clovers, derive much fertility from the atmosphere, which is afterward acquired by the soil through the decay of their roots and stubble. No formula for rotation can be given that will be of general application when so much depends on the present condition of a soil, but the idea of rest and recuperation through a judicious succession of different crops should never be lost sight of by a farmer who would be successful in his calling.—Colman's Rural World.

THINNING ONIONS.

The New Method of Transplanting Not Very Successful.

Some onion growers do not thin onions at all. The result is at harvest time they have a large amount of onions too large for sets and not large enough to be salable. Without sowing the seed pretty thick we cannot get the desirable full and even stand. This gives us the less desirable feature of a large surplus of plants. It is no child's play to cultivate and weed onions and to work over a patch where the plants in many places are from six to twelve inches apart is labor and money lost. It is much better to sow the seed reasonably thick and thin out the surplus plants. This is an important point and should be properly done.

Every plant that is not required to make the crop is a useless consumer of the plant food in the soil and is practically a weed. It is just as important to remove the surplus plants at an early period of growth as it is to remove weeds. It requires rich soil, well manured, to profitably grow onions, and it is not wise to attempt to grow them on any other kind of ground. On such soil the plants may stand so that when the onions are full grown they will touch or almost touch each other.

The kind must be taken into consideration, as some kinds grow twice as large as others. The rows should be about twelve inches apart. I have found that it makes but little difference in regard to the size, whether they are twelve or sixteen inches apart. In the new method of transplanting we do away with the task of thinning (and weeding to some extent) and also get an even stand. However, the new method may not be very profitable after all, as it is not always attended with success. We have lost fully one-half of our plants this year. In a few days after they came up they tumbled down flat in the bed and died. Others around here have had the same trouble.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

To Plan a Good System is Evidence of High Intelligence.

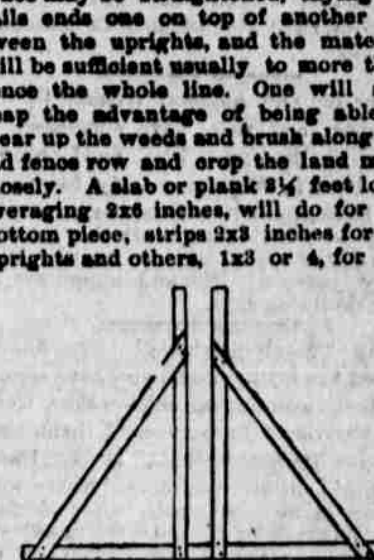
The theory of which a rotation of crops is advised by the most successful agriculturists is based on the fact that the demands made upon the soil for plant food by vegetation, while nearly alike in important particulars, are not the same with all kinds in degree. Thus some crops require one element in abundance with comparatively little of others. Manifestly, if crops are planted in such rotation that a succeeding one naturally requires but little of what a former one has drawn upon largely, it will in most cases be better than to permit the former to succeed itself. In this way a different crop whose wants will be mainly supplied by the elements that remain in greater plenty, may be raised with but little or no help from the one element most important for the crop preceding.

To successfully plan a good system of rotation, which may be kept up with the least soil exhaustion, is evidence of a high order of farming, and involves more than ordinary knowledge of the constituents of the soil and the wants of crops. Again, some crops are almost wholly exhausting, being chiefly carried off, while others, like the clovers, derive much fertility from the atmosphere, which is afterward acquired by the soil through the decay of their roots and stubble. No formula for rotation can be given that will be of general application when so much depends on the present condition of a soil, but the idea of rest and recuperation through a judicious succession of different crops should never be lost sight of by a farmer who would be successful in his calling.—Colman's Rural World.

STORMY DAY WORK.

A Splendid Way of Making Good Old Rail Fences.

In sections where old rail fences are only a temptation and not a hindrance to stock, some system by which they can be made good at slight expense will be welcome. If a quantity of frames be made like the engraving the fence may be straightened, laying the rails ends on top of another before the uprights, and the material will be sufficient usually to more than fence the whole line. One will also reap the advantage of being able to clear up the weeds and brush along the old fence row and crop the land more closely. A slab or plank 2 1/2 feet long, averaging 2x3 inches, will do for the bottom piece, strips 2x3 inches for the uprights and others, 1x3 or 4, for the



side braces. Waste strips that may be bought by the cord for almost nothing, frequently, will serve admirably, and may be sawed or nailed together in the barn or shop when storms prevent outdoor labors. The uprights and braces are nailed to the bottom piece and to each other 1 foot from the top of the uprights, a space of not over 5 inches being left between uprights. No fence is better for sheep. Unless the rails are clinched, wire nails should not be used, as they draw out so easily, enduring but little strain and rendering the fence weak. Light poles can be laid up between these braces if desired instead of rails.—Hollister Sage, in Farm and Home.

The Way to Success.

As a rule, if you want more money on stock, and this especially applies to the cows in the dairy, it must have the best of care, it must have food and water regularly, must be kept clean, and in every way made comfortable at all seasons of the year. If you cannot make up your mind to treat stock in this manner you can sell out and go into some other business.—Western Rural.

Food for Pigs.

Daily refuse is one of the products (if it may be so styled) of the dairy and creamery that assist in adding to the profit. Skimmilk, buttermilk and whey contain the nitrogenous matter of the milk, and are more valuable as food for pigs than corn, as such refuse contains all the elements of growth. The keeping of cows in order to supply milk to creameries necessarily demands the keeping of hogs also.